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TO THE
BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

WITH
ACCOMPANYING TUNES

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THE

HYMNAL COMPANION

TO THE

Book of Common Prayer

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WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES

THIRD EDITION

REVISED AND ENLARGED, 1890

UNDER THE MUSICAL EDITORSHIP OF

CHARLES VINCENT, MUS.DOC. OXON.

Organist of Christ Church, Hampstead, London

AND

D. J. WOOD, MUS.BAC. OXON.

Organist of Exeter Cathedral

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

SIR JOHN STAINER, MUS.DOC. OXON.

Professor of Music in the University of Oxford

Edward Henry Bickersteth

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Preface.

THE First Musical Edition was prepared by a committee of friends; and, as stated in the Preface, "It contains those venerable tunes of the English Church which have been so long and justly prized, and, through the kind courtesy of their authors and proprietors, a very large number of those modern or revised compositions which have made the last few years an era in Church music, and also several valuable original tunes now first offered for the service of the sanctuary. The most grateful thanks of the Editor of the Hymnal are due first to those friends who have consecrated to the compilation and arrangement of this work an amount of cultivated taste and earnest devotion, which no motives lower than the highest could have sustained,—among whom he cannot refrain from making affectionate mention of C. R. Cuff, Esq., who has been unwearied in this labour of love,—and then to those authors and proprietors of tunes who have so freely and generously placed their valuable compositions at our disposal. The tunes have as far as possible been selected by the Committee on the same principles which guided the Editor in the compilation of the hymns—namely, the selection of those upon which the Church of Christ appears to have set most plainly the broad stamp of her approval. A careful collation of many of the most popular modern Tune-books has proved that it is with tunes as with hymns: a very large number of the same tunes are found in every standard compilation. These form the wide and solid foundation of this Musical Edition of the Hymnal Companion. Other tunes, which are evidently rising into like general acceptance, have been adopted wherever permission could be obtained or purchased. While not a few compositions for hymns less generally known, or, as it is believed, less happily set to music before, have been contributed expressly for this work."

These words still in large measure apply to the present effort. But the Tune-book for this, the Third Edition of the Hymnal (1890), has been entirely revised and recast by Dr. Vincent, organist of Christ Church, Hampstead, and D. J. Wood, Esq., organist of Exeter Cathedral, as joint editors, who have had

throughout their work the advantage of the counsel, assistance, and great experience of Sir John Stainer, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. Their names are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of the work they now offer to the Church. I cannot speak too gratefully of the patient thought and toil they have devoted to revising the former Editions, of many contributions by themselves, and of their felicitous selection of tunes by other composers. I would also most warmly acknowledge the generous kindness of the compilers of H. A. and M. in allowing us to reprint several more of their choice copyright tunes; and the goodness of Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, in allowing us to draw freely from his large experience as one of the Editors of Church Hymns (S.P.C.K.), and from his intimate knowledge of modern Tune-books. Joseph Barnby, Esq., Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus.Doc., Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.Doc., Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus.Doc., Dr. E. J. Hopkins, and many others have contributed of their precious stores. And it is humbly hoped that the willing co-operation of so many eminent composers, and the counsel of so many skilled labourers and friends, has now placed this work among others in the front rank of the Tune-books of England's Church. E. H. EXON.

Editorial Note to the Third Musical Edition (1890).

The Musical Editors first desire to repeat the thanks which were tendered to the following composers and proprietors of copyrights, for tunes which were included (by their permission) in the *former editions* of the "Hymnal Companion," and are retained in the *present edition.* The tunes marked with a † were purchased, often on the most liberal terms, from their respective owners. The numbers refer to the present book.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN graciously permitted the use of *Gotha* (109), the composition of the lamented Prince Consort.

Thanks were also tendered to—

The Rev. HENRY ALLON for the use of *Houghton* (123), by the late Dr. Gauntlett, from the "Congregational Psalmist."

Mr. W. AMPS for *Venice* (167).

The late BISHOP OF ARGYLE AND THE ISLES for *Ewing* (249).

The late Sir HENRY W. BAKER, Bart. (on behalf of the Compilers of "Hymns

Ancient and Modern"), for most liberally allowing the use of *Eventide* (Monk) (20), *St. Columba* (26), *St. Matthias* (31), *Nicæa* (1), *Crüger* (130), *Hollingside* (299), *Stephanos* (377), *St. Cross* (190), *Southwell* (199), *St. Cuthbert* (261), *Kocher* (360), *All Saints* (421), *Pilgrims* (419), *Dominus regit me* (451), *St. Philip* (141), *Melita* (590), and *Metrical Litany Abba* (278). The Musical Editors feel the greater obligation for the permitted use of these admirable tunes, many of which are now indissolubly associated with the hymns they accompany, from the fact of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" having obtained so vast a circulation that its copyright compositions have a tenfold value. And at the same time they gratefully acknowledge that in assigning other tunes to hymns in this Hymnal they have often been assisted by the felicitous taste displayed in the Musical Edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

Mr. H. BAKER, Mus.Bac. Oxon, for his tune *Hesperus* (41).

Mr. W. S. BAMBRIDGE, for the use of *Prayer* (274), *Calvary* (283), and *Clewer* (539).

The Rev. S. M. BARKWORTH for *Fiat lux* (270), *Dilexi decorem* (388), and *Via crucis* (302).

The Rev. S. BARING-GOULD for *Eudoxia* (469).

Mr. JOSEPH BARNBY for *Holy Trinity* (140) and *St. Hilda* (196).

Mrs. CHARLES BERE for *Troyte's Chant No.* 1 (371) and *Troyte's Chant No.* 2 (585).

Mr. FRANK BRAINE for *St. Barnabas* (157), from "Hymns for the Church or Home Circle."

Rev. R. BROWN BORTHWICK for *St. Peter's*, *Reinagle* (18), and *Flensburg* (90).

The Proprietors of the BRISTOL TUNE-BOOK for *Fairfield* (413).

Mr. ARTHUR H. BROWN for †*Holy Church* (249) and for †*Metrical Litany* (200).

Dr. BUNNETT for †*Metrical Litanies* (262, 514).

Messrs. BURNS, OATES, and Co. for the use of *Macfarren* (46).

Messrs. BUSSELL and Co. for the use of *Euroclydon* (591), by the Rev. G. W. Torrance.

Mr. G. T. CALDBECK for *Pax Tecum* (280).

The CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY, with the sanction of James Turle, Esq., for *Westminster* (138) and *Cloisters* (343).

The Rev. R. R. CHOPE, who most kindly allowed us the use of any tunes in his valuable collection, upon acknowledging the source from which they were taken, of which permission we have largely availed ourselves, selecting *Herbert* (371), *St. Sylvester* (98), *St. Osmund* (364), *Magdalene* (160), *St. Alban* (359), *St. Lambert* (368), *St. Aelred* (592), and the arrangements of some other tunes.

The late Mr. J. T. COOPER, to whose musical judgment and patient cordial

co-operation the Committee of the *second edition* were so greatly indebted, not only for his editorial assistance, but also for the harmonies and re-arrangements of many tunes.

Messrs. CROSSLEY and CLARKE for the use of *St. John Damascene* (243), from "Hymns of the Eastern Church."

Mr. C. R. CUFF, for *Pastor* (177), *Rosslyn* (479), *St. Clement* (511), *Watton* (571), and *Metrical Litanies* (278, 402).

The Rev. T. DARLING for *Christ Church* (49), by Dr. Steggall.

Mr. J. H. DEANE for *Sorrento* (425).

The late Rev. Dr. DYKES, whose cordial sympathy and assistance will ever be remembered, composed for the Editor of the "Hymnal Companion" *Etiam et mihi* (172), *Olivet* (234), *Irene* (523), *Visio Domini* (533); and permitted us to use *Lux benigna* (22), *Nicæa* (1), *Barrington* (67), *Dies Iræ* (76), *St. Sylvester* (98), *St. Agnes* (147), *Hollingside* (299), *Magdalene* (160), *St. Bees* (145), *St. Cross* (190), *Sychar* (375), *Sanctuary* (214), *Hosanna* (217), *St. Cuthbert* (261), *Rivaulx* (263), *Dominus regit me* (451), *Melita* (590), *St. Aelred* (592).

The Lady VICTORIA EVANS-FREKE for *Lux Prima* (10), by Sir George Macfarren, Mus.Doc., *Ellers* (99), by Dr. E. J. Hopkins, and *Alleluia* (555) by Mr. Joseph Barnby.

Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus.Doc., for the use of *St. George* (57).

The late Dr. GAUNTLETT for the use of †*Vox Domini* (77), †*University College* (361), †*Triumph* (366), †*St. George* (346), †*St. Alphege* (249), †*St. Albinus* (213), †*St. Fulbert* (229), and †*Beaumaris* (444).

The Hon. and Rev. F. R. GREY for *Trinity* (39).

The late CANON HAVERGAL for having permitted us to make free use of the harmonies and arrangements contained in the "Old Church Psalmody"—a permission most courteously continued to us by his family since his lamented death. The tunes *Midian* (171), *Evan* (332), *Goldbach* (440), *Baca* (349), *Samos* (356), are his composition. And we are indebted to his daughter, the late Miss F. R. HAVERGAL, for *Hermas* (207), and *Rabenlei* (493), and for many valuable suggestions regarding other tunes.

The late Mr. T. HEWLETT for the use of *Dalkeith* (165).

Mr. H. S. IRONS for *Hope* (21), and *St. Osmund* (364).

Mr. J. LANGRAN, Mus.Bac. Oxon, for *Deerhurst* (232).

Mr. H. J. LESLIE for *Alpha* (273).

The late BISHOP OF LINCOLN for *Wordsworth* (304), with the sanction of Messrs. Rivingtons.

Messrs. MASTERS for †*Redhead* 47 (185), †*Redhead* 4 (552), †*Redhead* 76 (151), and †*Irby* (474).

The late Rev. W. MERCER for *Philippi* (37), and the arrangements of *Frankfort* (110), and *Hernhutt* (586).

Messrs. MORGAN and SCOTT for *In sinu Jesu* (301).

Messrs. NISBET for the use of *Tabor* (36), *Barrington* (67), *Lancashire* (78), *Greenland* (126), *Calvary* (195), *St. Asaph* (205), and *Evangelist* (Appendix 2), from the valuable Presbyterian Tune-book published by them.

Messrs. NOVELLO for †*Kensington New* (127), by J. Tilleard, *Mendelssohn* (87), *St. Mildred* (204), †*Castle Rising* (30), by the Rev. F. A. Hervey, †*St. Gertrude* (357), and †*St. Edmunds* (370), by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus.Doc., †*Nissi* (Appendix 16), and *Hebron* (544), by Mr. J. Barnby.

The late Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY for *Eastham* (80).

Mr. ARTHUR PATTON for †*Vigil* (66).

Mr. J. WALCH for *Sawley* (483).

Messrs. RICHARDSON for †*Stella* (Appendix 3), and †*O Paradise* (532).

Mr. SAMUEL SMITH for *Gaudete* (88).

Sir R. P. STEWART, Mus.Doc., for *Victory* (209), *Cœli enarrant gloriam* (132), *Ora labora* (352), *Rejoicing* (509), *Boston* (Appendix 12).

The late Rev. F. SOUTHGATE for *St. Agatha* (144).

Mr. T. L. SOUTHGATE for *Southgate* (300), by the late Mr. T. B. Southgate.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus.Doc., for *St. Patrick* (227), *Nearer Home* (247), *Cœna Domini* (441), and *Metrical Litany* (166).

Mr. JAMES TURLE, for *Lostwithiel* (578).

Dr. E. H. TURPIN for *St. Chrysostom* (259) from "Hymn Tunes" (Weekes).

The Executors of the late BISHOP TURTON for *Ely* (4).

To Dr. CHARLES VINCENT (one of the present Editors) for the harmony and arrangement of *Pax Tecum* (280), and for the following tunes composed for this work—†*Seaham* (309), †*Thornfield* (593), †*Southwick* (79), †*Glory* (248), †*Sunderland* (253), †*St. Athanasius* (296), †*St. Jude* (333), and †*Requiem* (546).

Mr. J. C. WADE for *Holy Cross* (500), and *Iver* (308).

The late Rev. EDWARD C. WALKER for *Kirkbraddan* (374).

Mr. J. C. WARD for the arrangement of *Ceylon* (583).

Mr. F. WEBER for *Paradise* (403).

The late Dr. SEBASTIAN WESLEY for †*Aurelia* (96).

And now, in addition to those already mentioned, the Musical Editors desire to thank most warmly the following composers for the excellent music they have composed for this, the third edition:—

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Mr. C. R. Cuff.
Dr. H. E. Edwards.
Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus.Doc.
Mr. Myles B. Foster.
Mr. Arthur M. Fox.
Dr. H. A. Harding.
Mr. Arthur Hervey.
Dr. Henry Hiles.
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Dr. W. H. Hunt.
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Mr. J. W. Ivimey.
Mr. D. Jaye.
Mr. C. Harford Lloyd, Mus.Bac.
Mr. H. E. Millar.
Mr. C. E. Miller.
Mr. H. Moreton.
Mr. J. T. Musgrave.
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Dr. Charles W. Pearce.
Mr. Walter Porter.
Miss May Rock.
Mr. Arthur F. Smith, Mus.Bac.
Mr. J. Granville Smith.
Sir John Stainer, Mus.Doc.
Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford.
Dr. Charles Steggall.
Mr. Charles E. Stephens.
Mr. E. H. Thorne.
Mr. Berthold Tours.
Mr. C. J. Vincent.
Mr. George F. Vincent.
Mr. W. S. Vinning.
Mr. C. Lee Williams, Mus.Bac.
Mr. J. C. Ward.
The Rev. W. G. Whinfield, B.A. Mus.Bac.
Miss E. M. Wren.

The Editors also desire to tender their sincere thanks to the following composers and proprietors for the permission (in many cases gratuitously given) to use their copyright tunes, which form such a valuable addition to the book :—

The Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for allowing the following further selection of copyright tunes from their valuable book :—*Alstone* (499), *Chalvey* (95), *Diademata* (235), *Evelyns* (463), *Gerontius* (136), *St. Beatrice* (61), and *Vox Dilecti* (285).

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Mr. Victor Bede for *Enfield* (510), and *Toiling on* (Appendix No. 4).

Mr. Benham Blaxland for *Bovey Tracey* (573), and *Cannes* (537).

Mr. W. B. Bexfield for *Bexfield* (435).

Mr. Josiah Booth for *Baynard* (286), and *Holy War* (143).

The Rev. J. Brown Borthwick for *Aberdeen* (457).

Mr. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN for *Saffron Walden* (536), and *St. Anatolius* (28).

Mrs. CAREY BROCK for the harmony of *All things bright* (491), by Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, *Moseley* (436), and *Vespers* (27), from the "Children's Hymn Book."

Mr. J. B. CALKIN for *Hornsey* (48), and *Nox Præcessit* (292).

Lady CARBERY for *Goss* (580), *Leigh* (208), *Ramoth* (43), *St. Sabbas* (377).

Mr. T. CASE for *Inverness* (355), and *Sheffield* (119), by the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus.Doc.

Messrs. CASSELL and Co. for the melody of *All things bright* (491) from "The Child's Book of Song and Praise."

Mr. G. F. CHAMBERS for *Maidstone* (389), from his "Parish Tune Book" (Warne and Co.).

Dr. E. J. CROW for *Ripon* (549).

Mr. C. R. CUFF for *Easter Eve* (202), and for many valuable suggestions.

Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS for *Sydcote* (125).

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Dr. EDWARD DEARLE for *Penitentia* (24).

Mrs. DOBSON for *Bayreuth* (40), and *Tranmere* (S. Reay) (112), from "Tunes New and Old."

Mr. F. DYKES, for kind permission to insert *St. Drostane* (118), *St. Godric* (129), and *Dies Dominica* (218), by his brother, the late Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes, to whom the Church is so deeply indebted.

Dr. H. J. EDWARDS for *Barnstaple* (317).

Mr. J. W. ELLIOTT for *Church Triumphant* (506) and *Day of Rest* (519).

Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus.Doc., for *Fatherland* (600), *Rock of Ages* (Appendix No. 16), and *St. Crispin* (596).

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Mr. MYLES B. FOSTER for *Dedication* (102).

Mr. ARTHUR M. FOX for *Brendon* (246).

Mrs. GAUNTLETT for *Huntingdon* (337).

Dr. H. A. HARDING for *Foel Fras* (375), and *St. Seiriol* (594).

The Rev. R. J. HAYNE for *Buckland* (502), *St. Cecilia* (117), and *St. Laurence* (51), by the late Dr. L. G. Hayne.

Mr. ARTHUR HERVEY for *Comfort to the Weary* (525).

The Rev. F. A. G. HERVEY, M.A., for *Lonsdale* (503).

Dr. HENRY HILES for *Evington* (250).

Dr. E. J. HOPKINS for *Brent Tor* (70), *Feniton Court* (71), *Midian* (143), *St. Hugh* (329), *St. Raphael* (45), *St. Zita* (185), *Whiteford* (334).

Mr. JOHN HOPKINS for *Paulinzelle* (228).

Dr. W. H. HUNT for *Birkenhead* (406).

The Rev. J. HURST for *Calvary* (201), *Gulworthy* (85).

Mr. J. W. IVIMEY for *Harrow* (100).

Mr. D. JAYE for *The Good Shepherd* (177) and *To the Work* (353).

Mr. C. E. KETTLE for *Harvington* (257).

Mr. JAMES LANGRAN, Mus.Bac., for *St. Agnes* (139).

The Rev. T. C. LEWIS, B.A., for *Gethsemane* (201).

Mr. C. HARFORD LLOYD, Mus.Bac., for *Pro mundi vitâ* (453).

Dr. W. G. MACLAGAN, Lord Bishop of Lichfield, for *Intercession* (168) and *Kensington* (193).

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Messrs. METZLER and Co. for *Holy Offerings* (Redhead) (393).

Mr. H. E. MILLAR for *St. Etheldreda* (107).

Mr. C. E. MILLER for *St. Faith* (416), *Waldrons* (316), and *Weary of Earth* (Appendix 11).

Dr. E. J. MONK for *Angel Voices* (558).

Mrs. MONK for *Everton* (169), by the late Dr. W. H. Monk.

Mr. H. MORETON for *Plymouth* (374).

Mr. J. T. MUSGRAVE for *Ford* (284), *Sherborne* (287).

Lord NELSON for *Pro Omnibus Sanctis* (Barnby) (422).

Messrs. NISBET and Co., for *Bethany* (232), *Everton* (121), *Heathlands* (13), *St. Leonard* (281), and *Mount Zion* (328).

Messrs. NOVELLO and Co. for *Almsgiving* (429), *Barnby* (153), *Lux Mundi* (175), *Paradise* (532), *St. Anselm* (269), *St. John's College* (293), and *Perfect Love* (524).

Sir HERBERT OAKELEY, Mus.Doc., for *Abends* (174) (this tune was specially composed for "Sun of my Soul," for which other tunes had already been chosen in former editions, and is, by permission of Sir Herbert Oakeley, used for Hymn 174), *Evangelium* (Appendix 13), and *Lux perpetua* (Appendix 14).

Mr. ARTHUR PAGE for *Cromer* (155), and *Cum Christo* (238), taken from his "Anthems for Male Voices" (to the same words).

The Rev. H. PARR for *Norton* (561), from "Church of England Psalmody,' and for much valuable information derived from that work.

Dr. HUBERT PARRY for *Jubilate* (128).

Dr. CHARLES W. PEARCE for *Lydford* (69)

Mr. E. PIERACCINI for *Santa Trinita* (342).

Mr. WALTER PORTER for *Ross* (414), and *Withernsea* (572).

Mr. SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac. Oxon, for *Ascension* (226).

Miss MAY ROCK for *St. Monica* (221).

Mr. JAMES SHAW for *Kirkstall* (423).

Mr. ARTHUR F. SMITH, Mus.Bac. Cantab, for *Wilne* (262).

Mr. J. GRANVILLE SMITH for *Birmingham* (376).

Mr. T. L. SOUTHGATE for *St. Bede* (334), by the late Mr. J. B. Southgate.

Sir JOHN STAINER, Mus.Doc., for *Breast the Wave* (358), *Covenant* (584), *Crucifixion* (194), *Dominus misericordiæ* (526), *Just as I am* (159), *Love Divine* (324), *Matrimony* (522), *Oxford* (288), *Rest* (401), *Sabaoth* (47), *Sudeley* (268), *St. Kerrian* (437), *St. Paul* (335), *Veni* (466), several of which were composed for this book.

The Musical Editors take this opportunity of expressing their indebtedness to Sir JOHN STAINER for most valuable advice, suggestions, criticisms, and kind assistance throughout their work.

Dr. CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD for *St. Basil the Great* (230).

Dr. CHARLES STEGGALL for *Monkwearmouth* (362), and *Morwellham* (303).

Mr. CHARLES E. STEPHENS for *St. Sebastian* (108).

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus.Doc., for *Falfield* (324), *Lacrymæ* (259), *Mount Zion* (328), *Shiloh* (470), *St. Theresa* (508), the harmonies of *Bethlehem* (83), and for permission to insert *Radford* (38), by the late Dr. S. S. Wesley, *Ruth* (501), by the late Mr. Samuel Smith, and *St. Clement* (Appendix 8), by the Rev. C. C. Scholefield.

Mr. E. H. THORNE for *Laus Deo* (265).

Mr. BERTHOLD TOURS for *St. Mark* (170).

Mr. C. J. VINCENT for *Houghton-le-Spring* (23).

Mr. GEORGE F. VINCENT for *Ashbrook* (242), *Moorlands* (481), and *Supplication* (345).

Mr. W. S. VINNING, Mus.Bac. Cantab, for *Lansdowne* (91).

Mr. J. C. WARD for *Universe* (122), and for the harmonies of *Ceylon* (583) and *Old 32nd* (Appendix No. 1).

Mr. F. G. WESLEY for *Alleluia* (380), by the late Dr. S. S. Wesley, and *Leyden* (176), by Spohr, arranged by Dr. Wesley, both from Dr. S. S. Wesley's "European Psalmist."

The Rev. W. G. WHINFIELD, B.A., Mus.Bac., for *Worcester* (551).

Mr. C. LEE WILLIAMS, Mus.Bac., for *Gloucester* (467).

Mr. C. E. WILLING for *Melton* (203).

Miss E. M. WREN for *Rachel* (476).

All copyright tunes are marked by an asterisk * in the alphabetical index of tunes: the harmonies of many other tunes are copyright, and the property of the publishers.

Great efforts have been made to discover the authors of tunes and owners of copyright: but if any cases have eluded their vigilance, the Editors can only

throw themselves on the kind indulgence of those whose permission would gladly have been sought.

Adaptations have been excluded as much as possible; a few exceptions have been made where such appear to have endeared themselves to congregations to whom the former edition was familiar; in such cases, however, an alternative tune, or reference to another suitable tune, has been given.

Double Bars are placed in the music, throughout the book, to correspond with the ending of every line of each hymn; they are intended to guide the eye of the singer, who has to look from the words to the music and *vice versâ*. They do not imply a pause: when such is intended it is indicated by the usual character 𝄐

It is hoped, however, that this remark will not tend to a too rigid and mechanical rendering of the time of the tunes—a result as much to be deprecated as the unnecessary pauses sometimes made.

The Musical Editors confidently hope that the music of the *third edition* of the Hymnal Companion will prove acceptable to the many congregations who use the book, and that it will assist in making the musical portion of our Church service more congregational, reverent, and devotional.

Charles Vincent.
D. J. Wood.

September 19*th*, 1890.

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The tunes marked with an asterisk * have been added in this Revised and Enlarged Edition.

S.M.

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*St. Mary Tavy	8 8, 8 8, 8 8	Joseph Barnby	310
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Marks of Expression.

p signifies *piano*, soft.
pp ,, *pianissimo*, very soft.
mp ,, *mezzo-piano*, moderately soft.
f ,, *forte*, loud.
ff ,, *fortissimo*, very loud.
mf ,, *mezzo-forte*, moderately loud.
cr ,, *crescendo*, by degrees, note by note louder and louder.
di ,, *diminuendo*, by degrees, note by note softer and softer.

Each mark of expression is intended to continue in force till the next occurs.

un signifies that the verse is to be sung *in unison*.

For Index of First Lines, see page 734.

Morning Prayer.

"VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY WITHOUT SIN."

1. NICÆA.

P.M.

J. B. DYKES.

A - men.

* In verse 2 omit the ties and slurs.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy."—REV. iv. 8.

p HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
mf Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
f God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.

mf Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
cr Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
f.di Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not [see,
mf Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

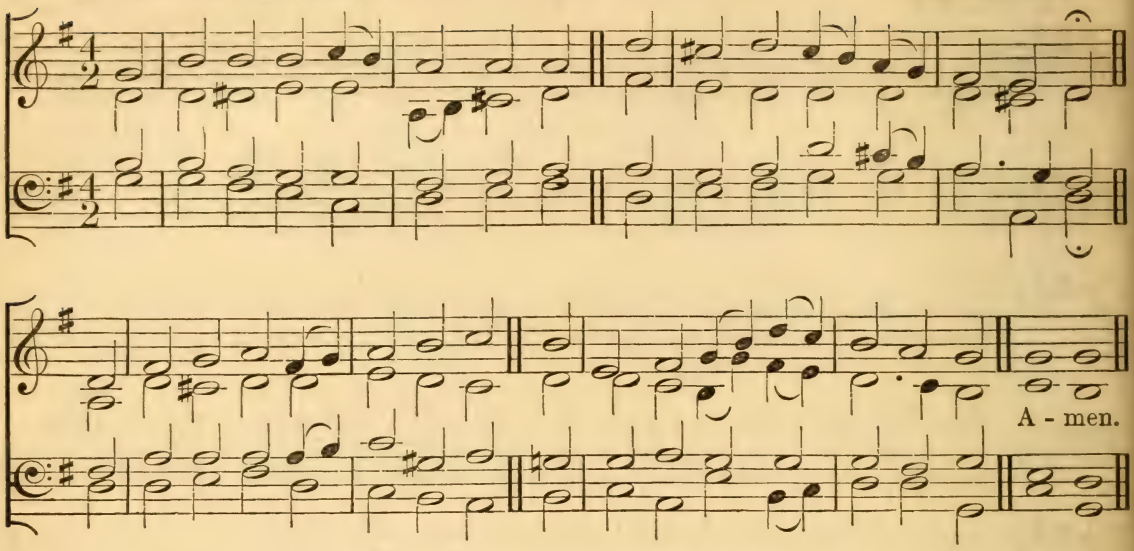
f Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
f.cr Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
ff God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity. Amen.

An alternative Tune to this Hymn will be found in Appendix, No. 1.

2. MORNING HYMN.

L.M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON.



"*I myself will awake early.*"—PSALM cviii. 2.

PART I.

f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

mp Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

mf Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

f Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

PART II.

mf Glory to Thee who safe hast kept
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

p Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

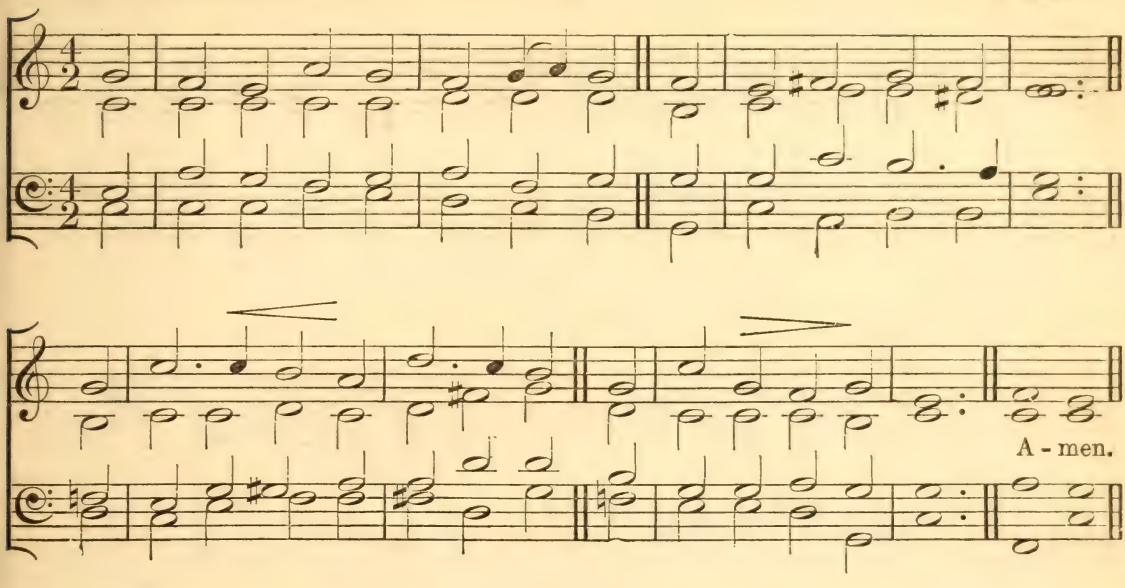
cr Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
f That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

un Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

3. THANKSGIVING.

C.M.

J. BARNBY.



"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—1 COR. x. 31.

mp MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
cr For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy name be blest.

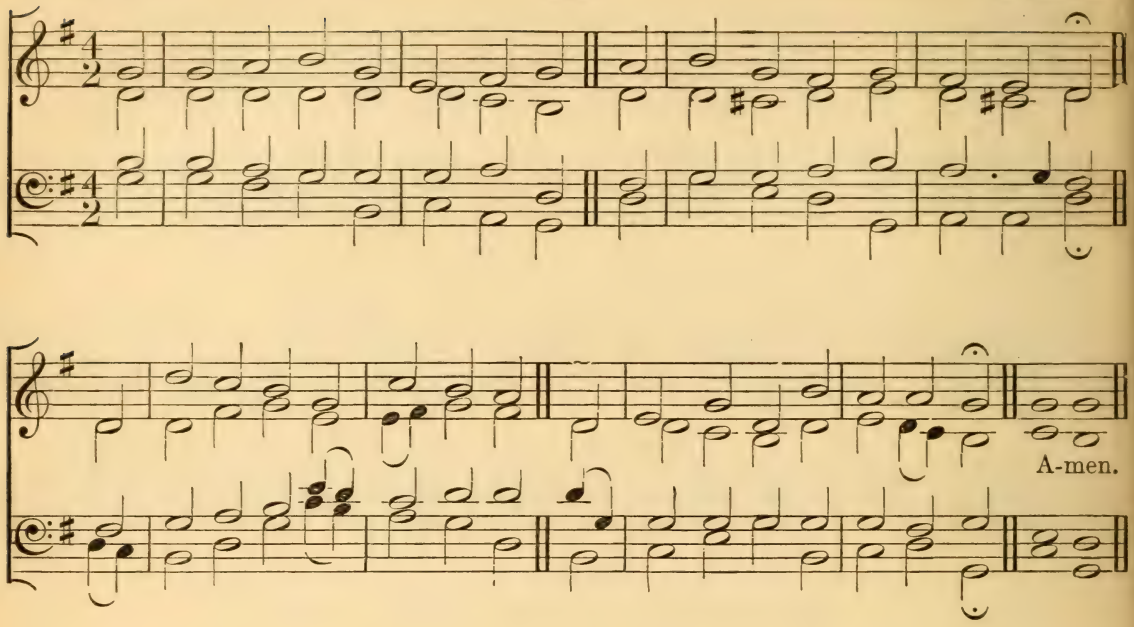
mf Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
p Do all in Jesus' name.

mf My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

Morning Prayer.

4. ELY. L.M. T. TURTON.



"*I am the light of the world.*"—JOHN viii. 12.

f O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night:

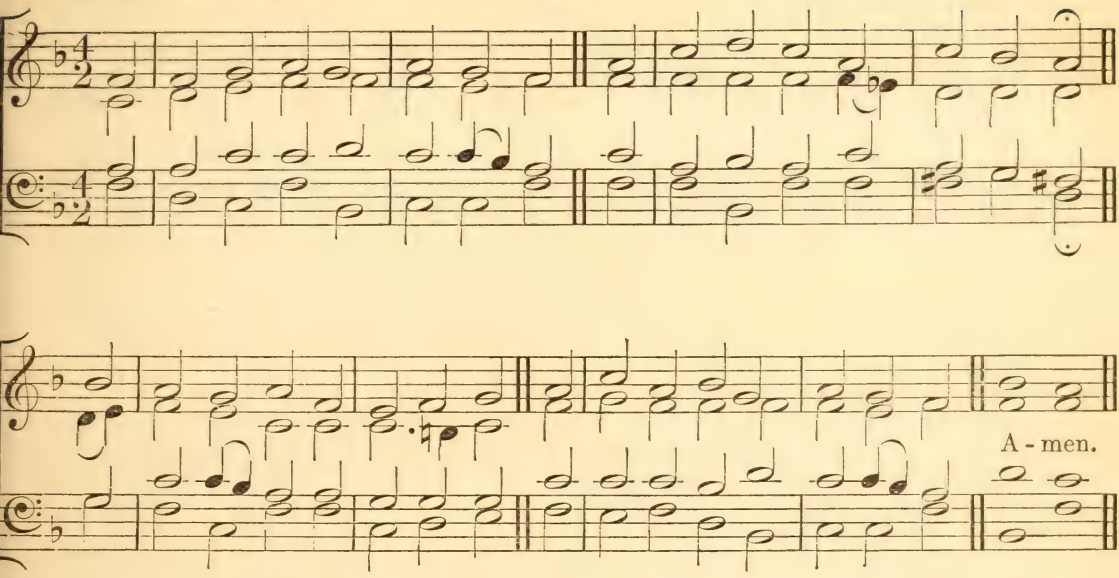
mf Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

May faith deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

Oh hallow'd be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noon-day light;
p And hope our sunset, calm and bright

f O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee. Amen.

5. ST. AMBROSE. L.M.



"His compassions fail not: they are new every morning."—LAM. iii. 22.

mf NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

p New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

mf If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

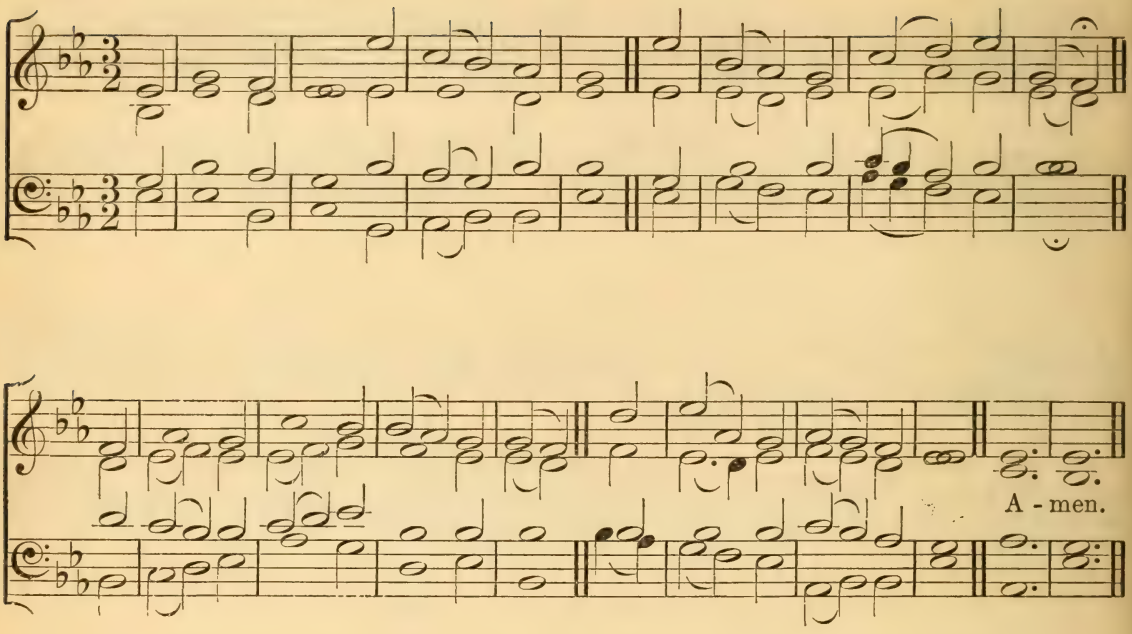
p Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
cr And help us, this and every day,
mf To live more nearly as we pray.

Amen.

6. MANCHESTER.

C.M.

R. WAINRIGHT.



"The preparations of the heart in man are from the Lord."—PROV. xiv. 1.

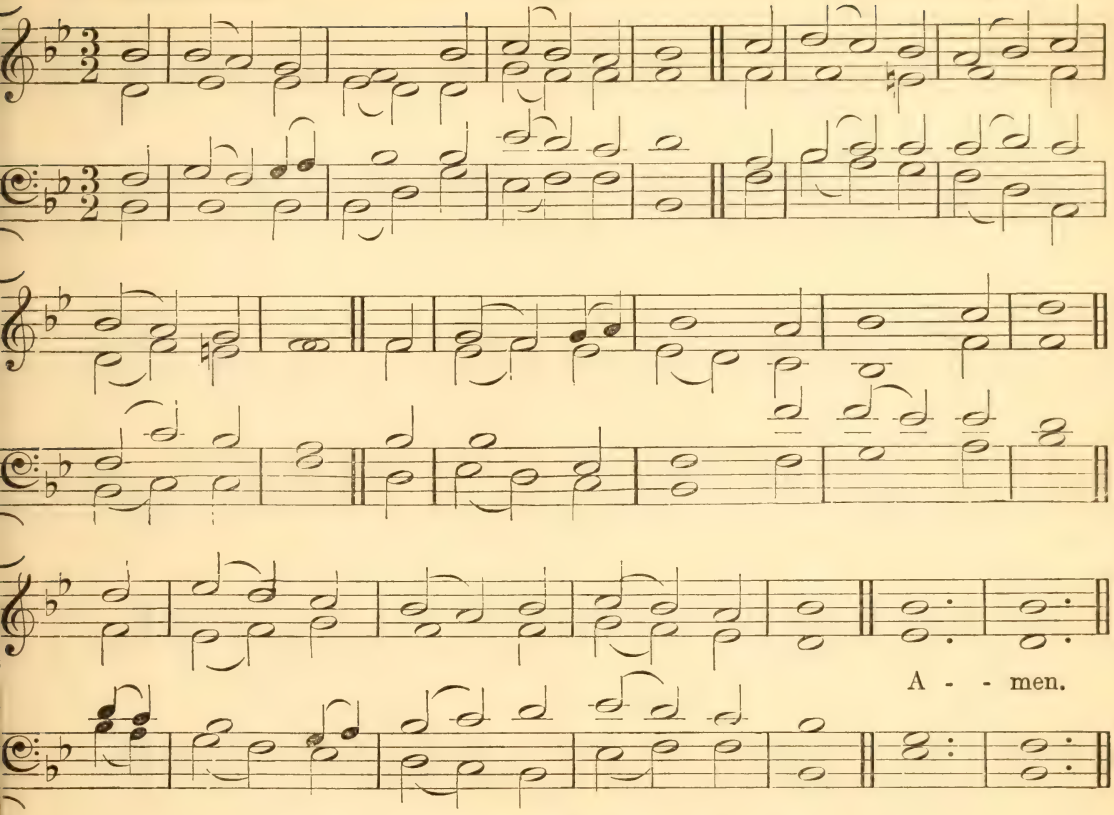
mp LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
pp Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
mp We may, we must draw near.

mf We perish, if we cease from prayer:
Oh grant us power to pray;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way. Amen.

7. WAREHAM.

L. M.

W. KNAPP.



"*When I awake, I am still with Thee.*"—PSALM cxxxix. 18.

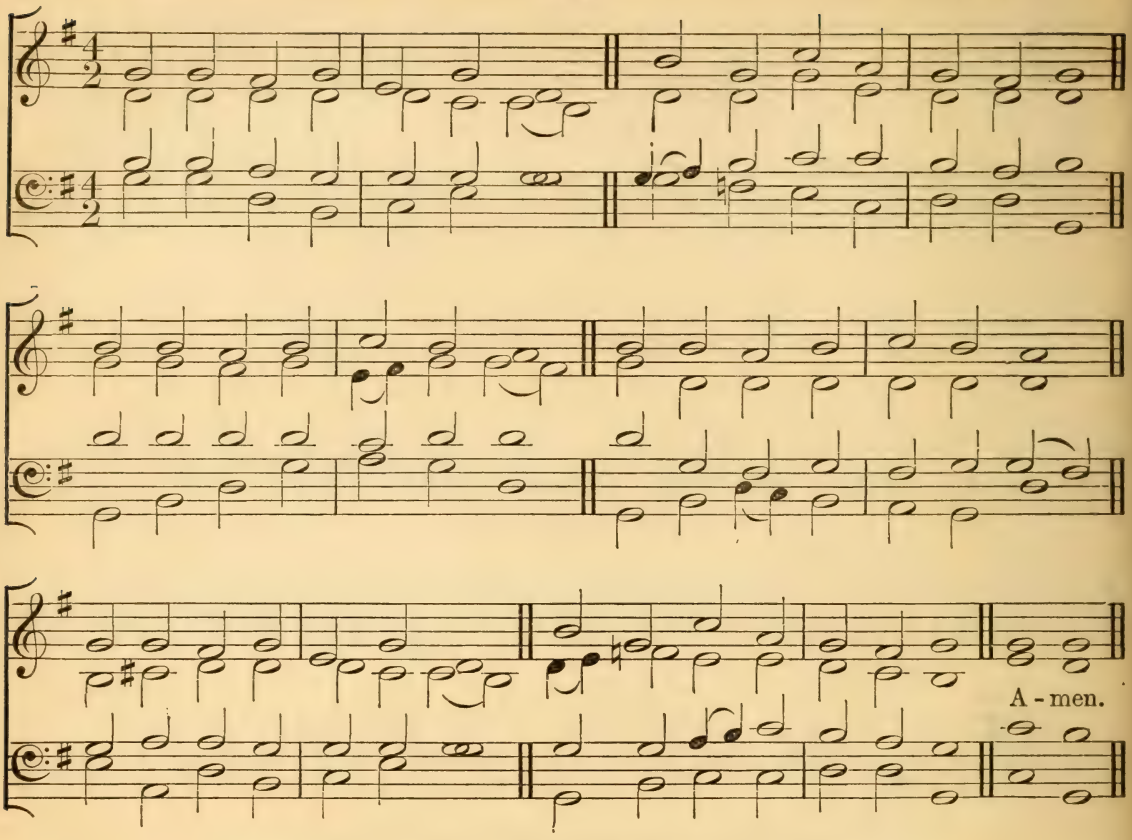
f MY God, how endless is Thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
mf And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

p Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
mf Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my slumbering powers.

f I yield my life to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Amen.

8. MADRID.

Six 7s.



"Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise."—MAL. iv. 2.

f CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

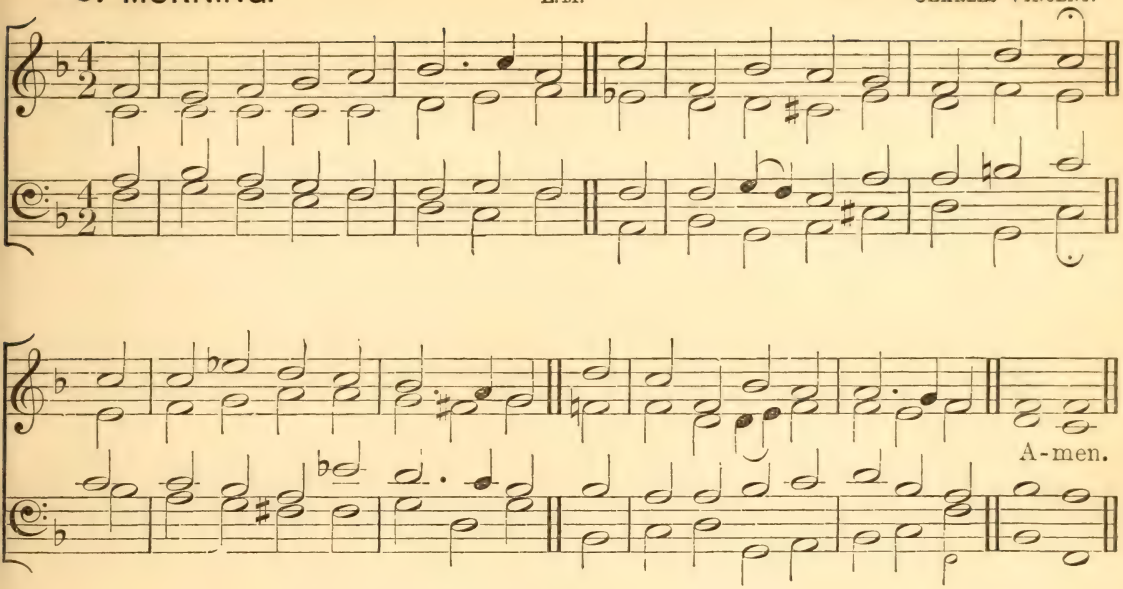
p Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
cr Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
cr More and more Thyself display
f Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

9. MORNING.

L. M.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning to praise Thee."—PSALM lxv. 8.

mf THE morning breaks, and slumbers sweet
Pass dreamlike from my opening eyes:
O God, before Thy mercy-seat
Let my first thoughts as incense rise.

p I laid me down in peace to rest
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing:
mf I wake refresh'd, sustain'd, and blest,
Of Thy unslumbering care to sing.

It is Thy sun which shines on me,
Thy heaven above, Thy earth beneath;
And every pulse, fresh, full, and free,
Is quicken'd by Thy Spirit's breath.

Food, raiment, culture, home, sweet home,
A brimming wellspring of delight,
And all the love, where'er I roam,
Which makes earth beautiful and bright,—

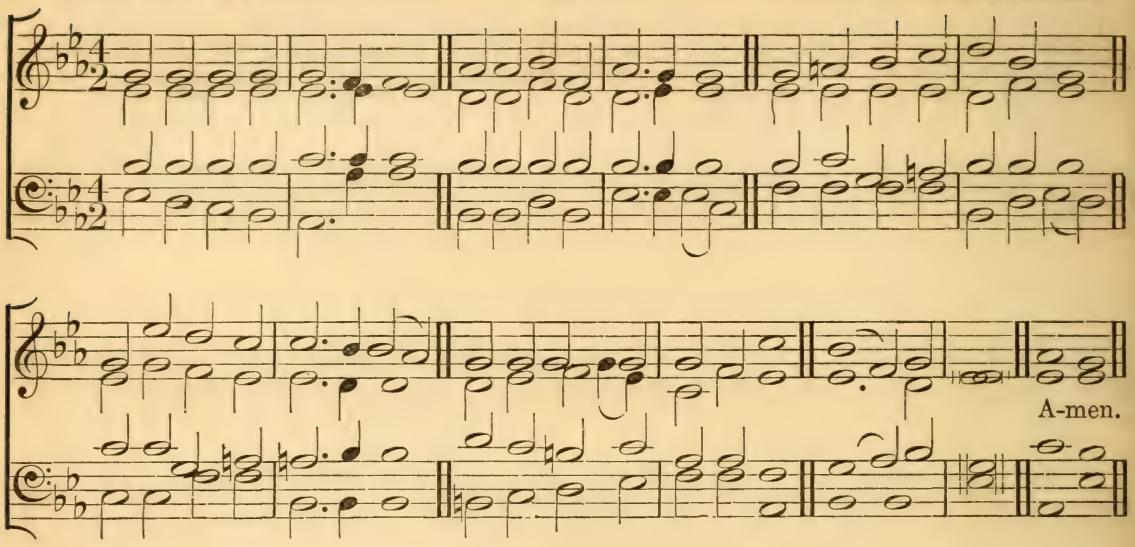
All, all are Thine: Thy bounty lifts
My soul in grateful praise to heaven;
But dearer than Thy choicest gifts
Thyself the Giver, freely given.

cr I love Thee for Thy gifts, but most
That Thou art what Thou art, and mine,
f O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My Father, Saviour, Friend Divine.
Amen.

10. LUX PRIMA.

7s. 3.

G. A. MACFARREN.



"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord."—PSALM v. 3.

f JESU, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays,
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

mp As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew;
Showers of blessing over all
p Softly fall.

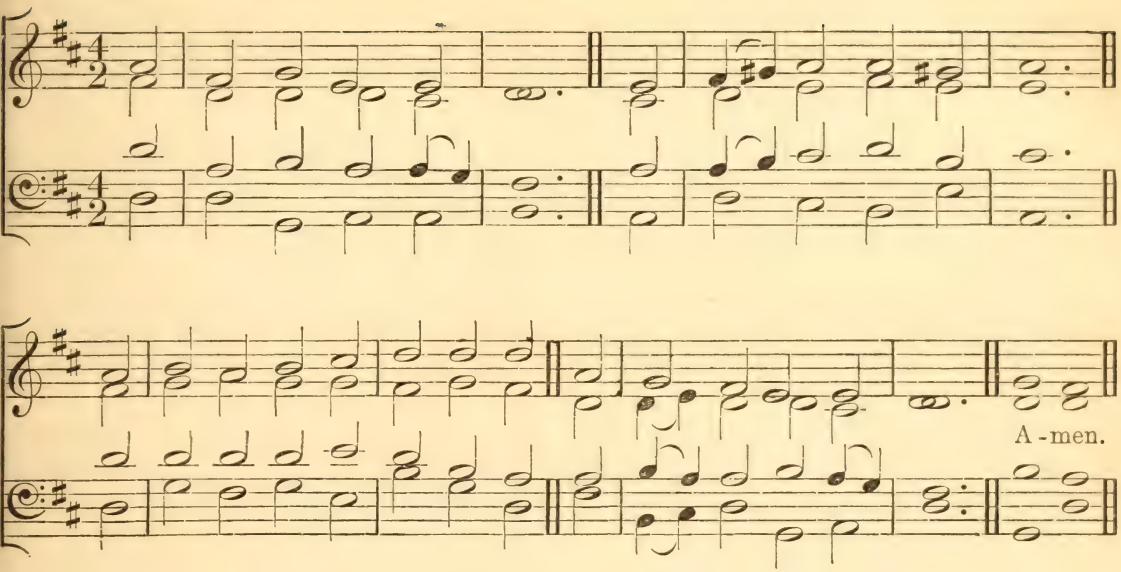
mf Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

Oh, our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still.

Lead us all our days and years
In Thy strait and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
cr Where Thy people, fully blest,
p Safely rest. Amen.

11. SWABIA.

S.M.



"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—PSALM lv. 17.

mf COME to the morning prayer,
Come let us kneel and pray;
f Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

mf At noon beneath the Rock
Of Ages rest and pray;
p Sweet is the shadow from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

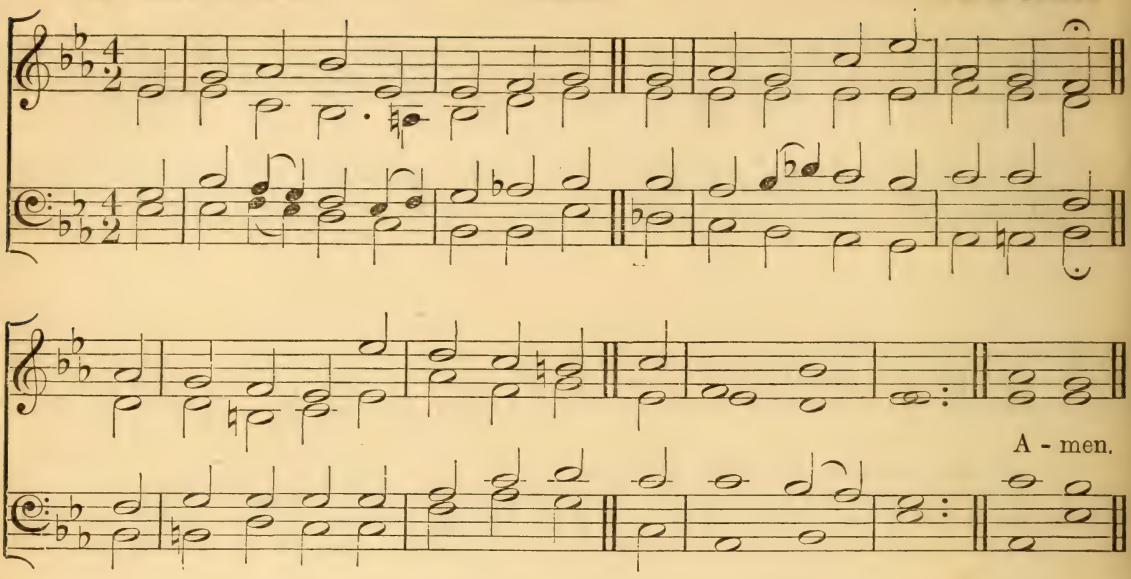
mf At eve shut to the door,
Round the home-altar pray,
And finding there the house of God,
di At heaven's gate close the day.

p When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray. Amen.

12. CORNHILL.

8.8.8.4.

E. H. THORNE.



"*The hour of prayer.*"—ACTS iii. 1.

mf MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?

mp Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

cr For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

f Then is my strength by Thee renew'd;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

mp No words can tell what blest relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.

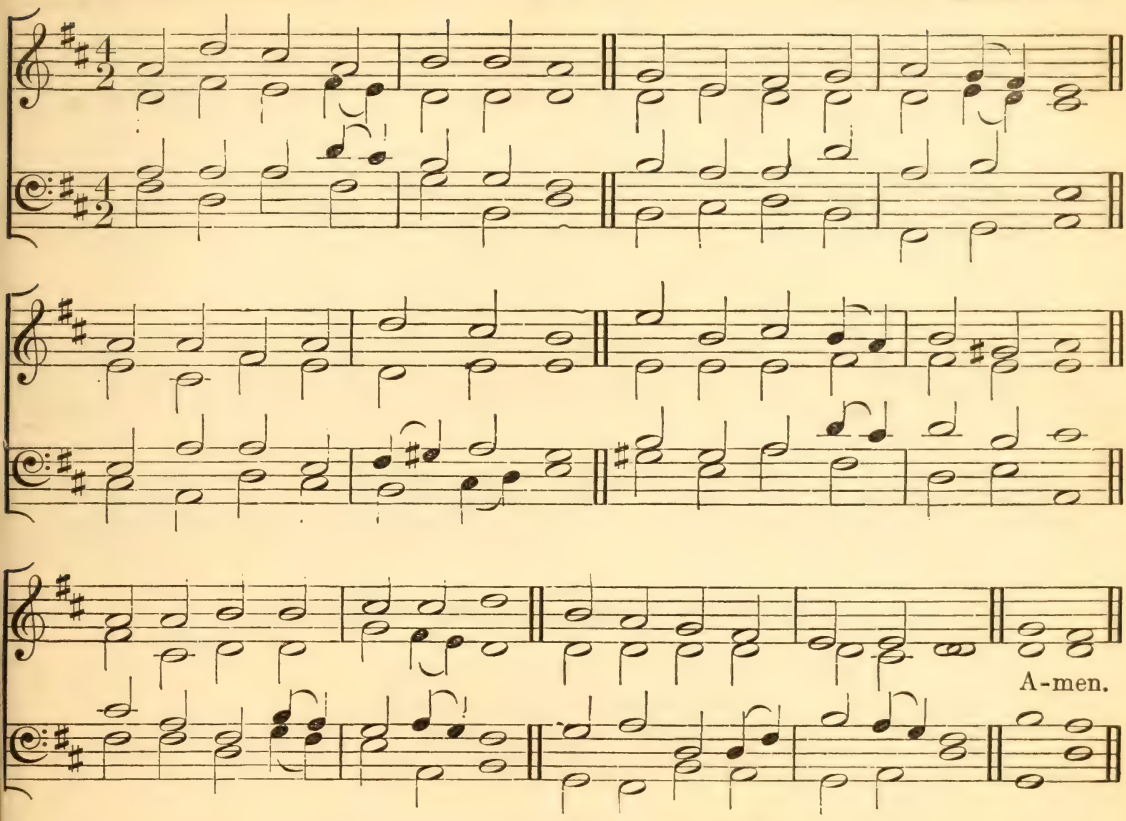
p Hush'd is each doubt; gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

mf Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. Amen.

13. HEATHLANDS.

Six 7s.

HENRY SMART.



"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."—PSALM cxix. 117.

mf AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
p If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
cr Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

mf We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
p Turn not from us while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

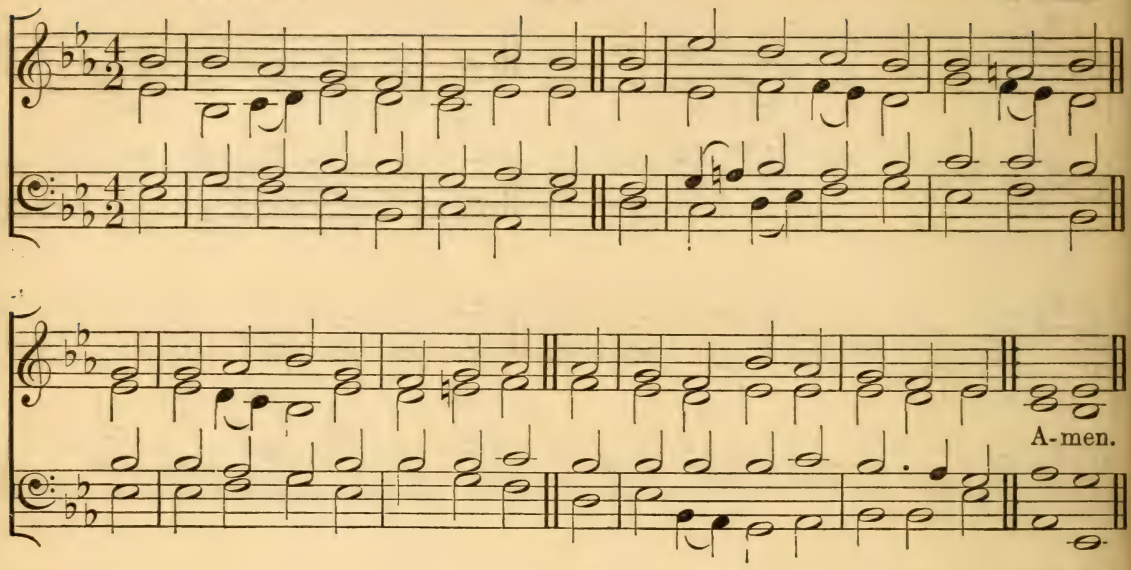
mf Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
f So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

14. MELCOMBE.

L. M.

S. Webbe.



"*The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar.*"—Leviticus vi. 13.

mf O Thou, who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

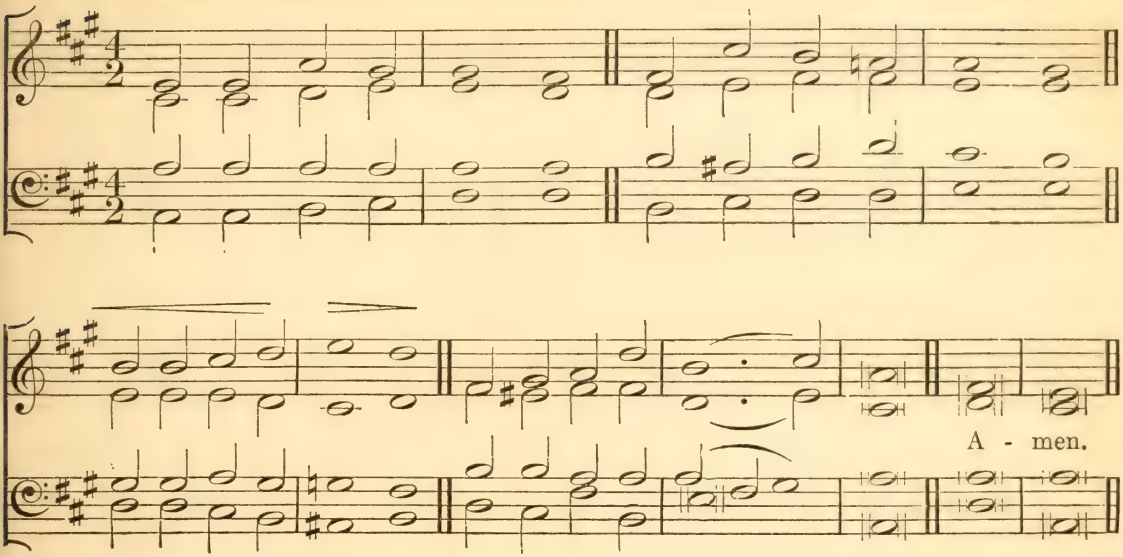
There let it for Thy glory burn
Unquench'd, undimm'd in darkest days,
p And trembling to its source return
cr In humble prayer and fervent praise.

mf Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me:

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
cr Till death Thy endless mercy seal,
f And make the sacrifice complete. Amen.

15. NOMEN DOMINI. [First Tune.] 6.6.6.6.

J. Barnby.



"O God, Thou art my God: early will I seek Thee."—Psalm lxiii. 1.

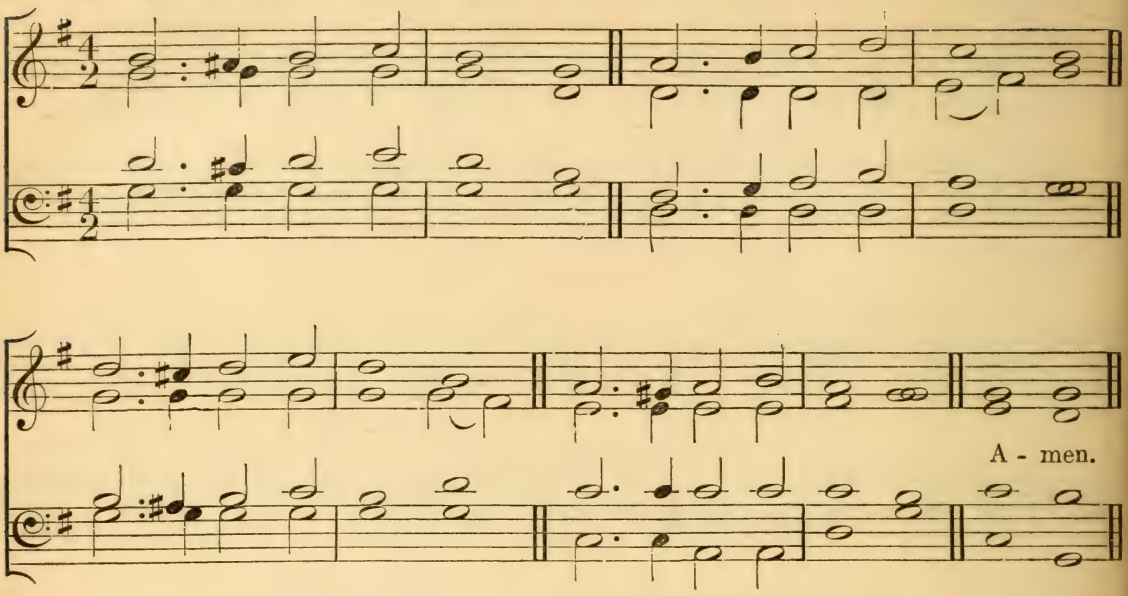
mp Holy Father, hear me;
Thou art my defender,
Be Thou ever near me,
Loving, true, and tender.

Jesus, blessèd Master,
Lord of Life and glory,
cr Bid the hours fly faster,
Till I kneel before Thee.

p Comforter benignest,
Who abiding in me
All my need divinest,
Move me, draw me, win me.

mf Holy, Holy, Holy,
Come and leave me never,
p Thine abode most lowly,
Only Thine for ever. Amen.

15. ST. ALBAN'S. [Second Tune.] 6.6.6.6.



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Be Thou ever near me,
Loving, true, and tender.

Jesus, blessèd Master,
Lord of Life and glory,
cr Bid the hours fly faster,
Till I kneel before Thee.

p Comforter benignest,
Who abiding in me
All my need divinest,
Move me, draw me, win me.

mf Holy, Holy, Holy,
Come and leave me never,
p Thine abode most lowly,
Only Thine for ever. Amen.

16. WARRINGTON.

L.M. R. HARRISON.

A - men.

"Walk before Me, and be thou perfect."—GENESIS xvii. 1.

mf FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see·
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

f For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

17. MOZART. [First Tune.] L.M. Mozart.

A - men.

"When wilt Thou come unto me?"—Psalm ci. 2.

mf Come to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon,
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

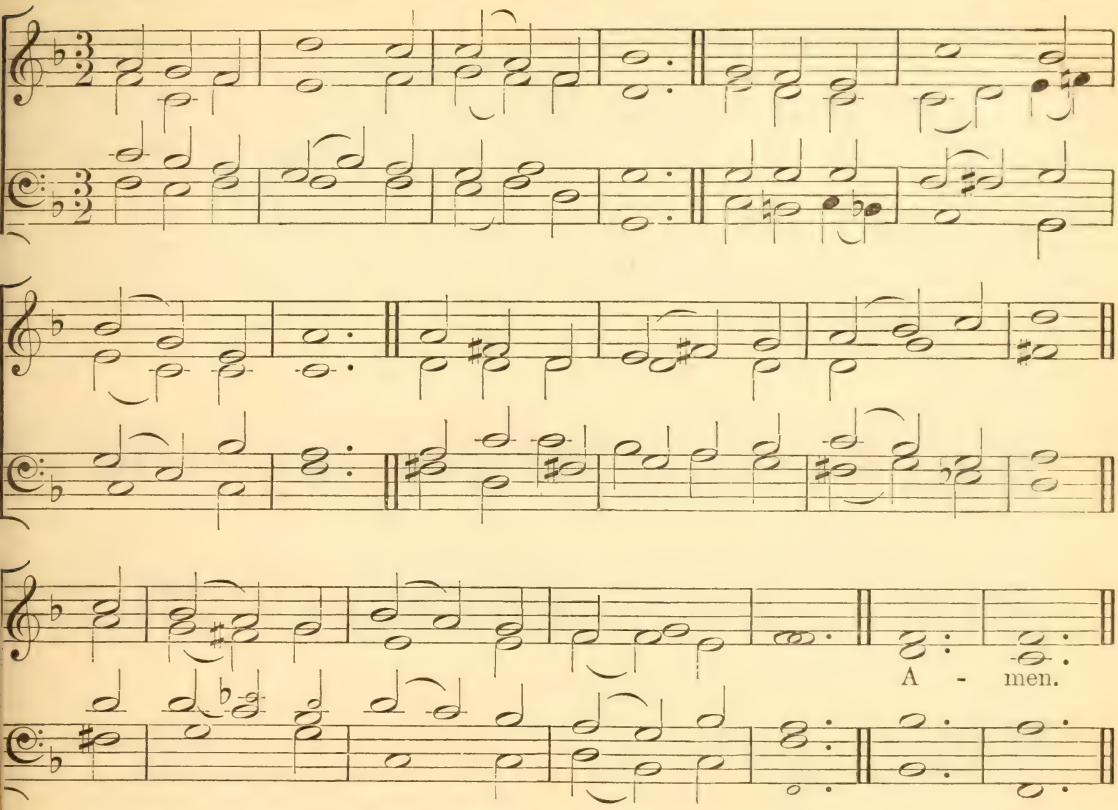
mp Come to me in the evening shade,
And, if my heart from Thee hath stray'd,
Oh bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like Thine evening star

Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds its balmy power;
p Let my lone spirit find her rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

mf Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
f Then, Saviour, bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art, Thy child may be. Amen.

17. FAIRCOMBE. [Second Tune.] L.M.

D. J. Wood.



"When wilt Thou come unto me?"—Psalm ci. 2.

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Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

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Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

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Oh bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like Thine evening star.

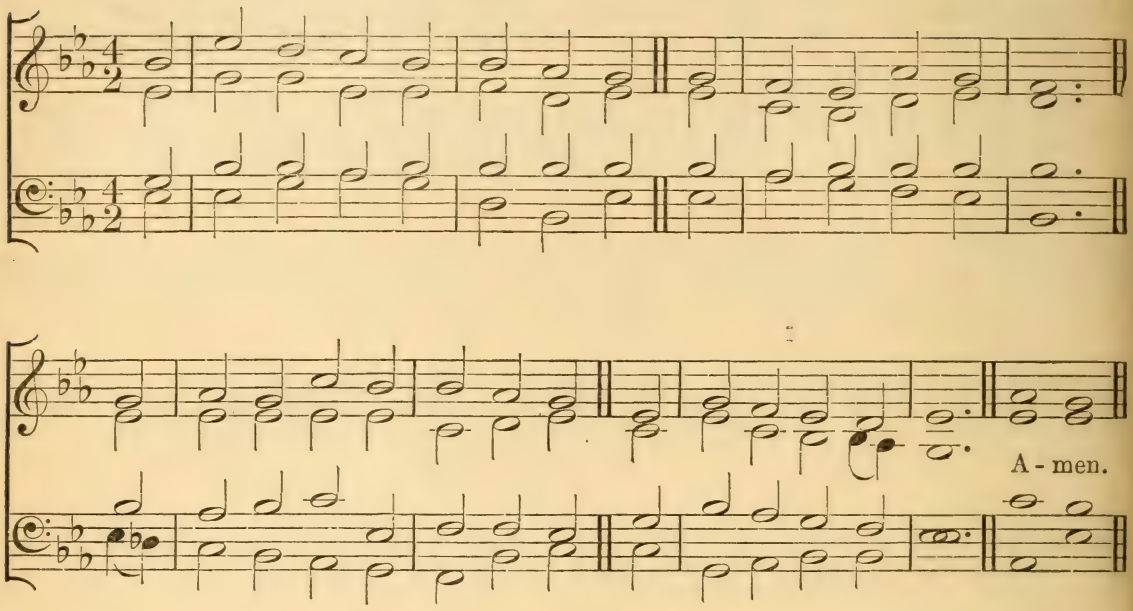
Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds its balmy power;
p Let my lone spirit find her rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

mf Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
f Then, Saviour, bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art, Thy child may be. Amen.

MIDDAY.

18. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—COLOSSIANS iii. 17.

mf BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
p And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

mf Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Reveal'd and ruled by Thee.

cr Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

mf Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. Amen.

See also Hymns 68, 272 273, 308, 346, 347, 348, 350, 352, 356, 467, 557, 564.

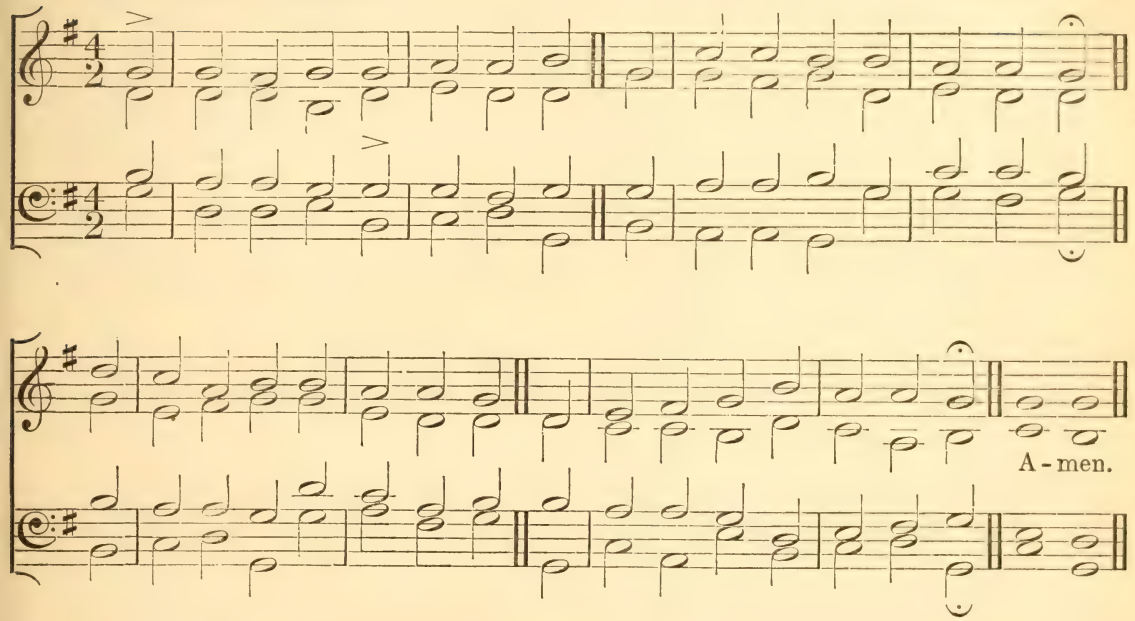
An alternative Tune to this Hymn will be found in Appendix, No. 2.

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS, WE BESEECH THEE, O LORD."

19. TALLIS' CANON.

L.M.

T. TALLIS.



"Under His wings shalt thou trust."—PSALM xci. 4.

f GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

mp Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
p Teach me to die, that so I may
cr Rise glorious at the awful day.

mf Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

p When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

ff Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen

20. EVENTIDE.

10s.

W. H. MONK.

A - men.

"Abide with us; for the day is far spent."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

mf ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
cr O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

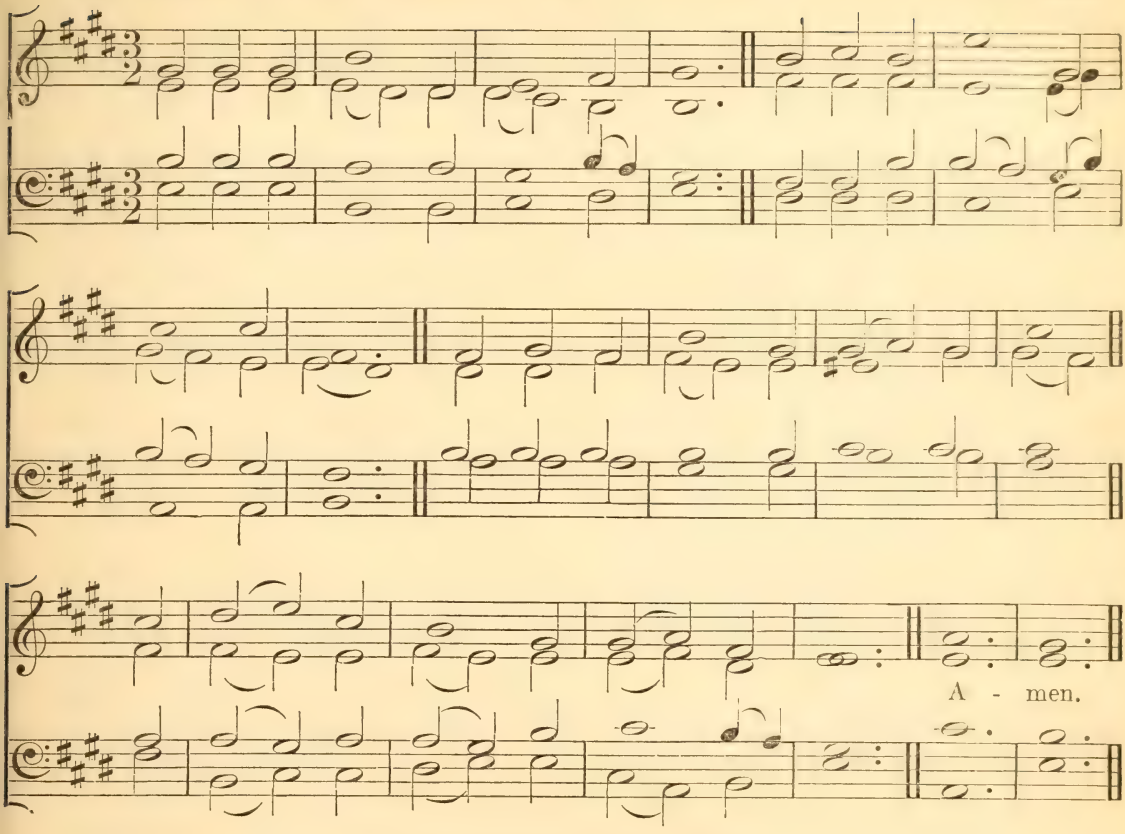
mp Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? [with me.
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide

mf I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness: [thy victory?
f Where is death's sting? where, grave,
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

p Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
cr Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; [vain shadows flee;
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen.

21. HOPE. [First Tune.] L.M. H. S. Irons.



"I will lay me down in peace."—Ps. iv. 8.

mf Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

pp When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

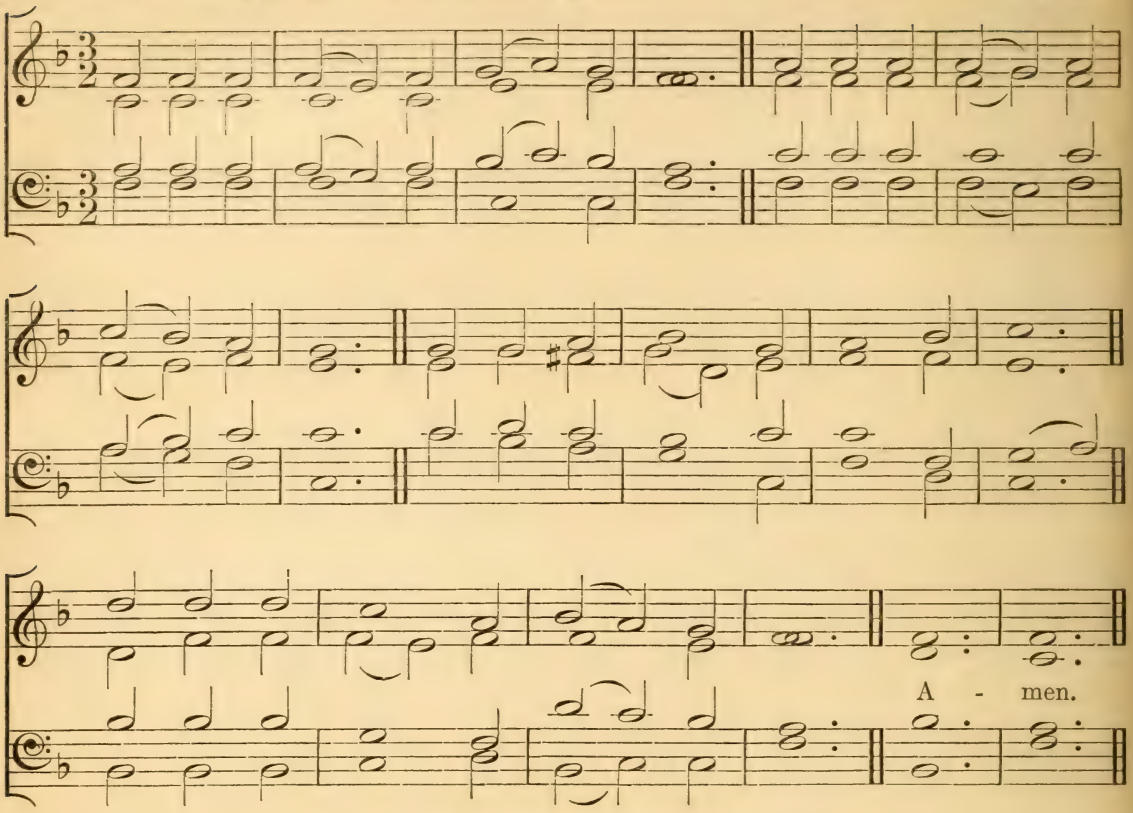
mf Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
cr Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

mf Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
di Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
pp Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

cr Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Amen.

21. HURSLEY. [Second Tune.] L.M. P. Ritter.



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Oh may no earthborn cloud arise,
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For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
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Let him no more lie down in sin.

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With blessings from Thy boundless store;
di Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
pp Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

cr Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Amen.

22. LUX BENIGNA.

10s. 4s.

J. B. Dykes.

p

cres.

A - men.

"In the daytime also He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire."—Ps. lxxviii. 14.

mp Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on. [home;
The night is dark, and I am far from
Lead Thou me on.
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

p I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on; [now
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

mf So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
p Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

An alternative Tune to this Hymn will be found in Appendix, No. 14.

23. HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING. 11s. 10s.

C. J. VINCENT.

A - men.

"*The Lord was my stay.*"—2 SAMUEL xxii. 19.

mf O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour thro' all its changes guide;

p Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouch'd by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
cr With dawning glories of the eternal day.

mf Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.

24. PENITENTIA. 10s. E. DEARLE.

A - men.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE xv. 18.

mp FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

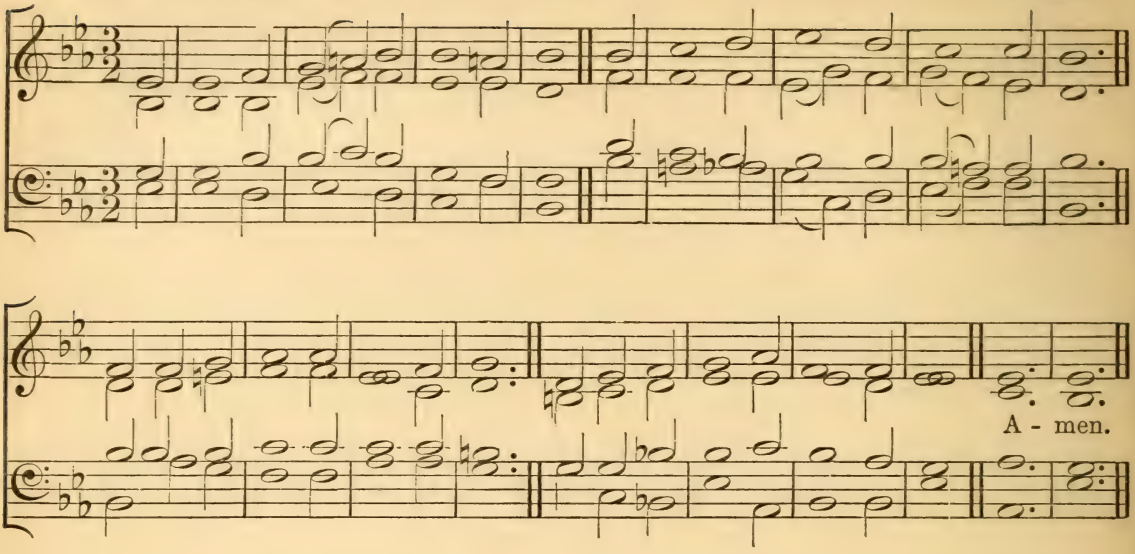
f Oh we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

p Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
mf But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

mp Oh by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh by that love which every love excels,
Oh by that blood so freely shed for sin,
cr Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.
Amen.

25. ANGELUS.

L. M. G. JOSEPHI.



"At even they brought unto Him all that were diseased."—MARK i. 32.

mf AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
p Oh, in what divers pains they met!
f Oh, with what joy they went away!

mp Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
cr What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

mp O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

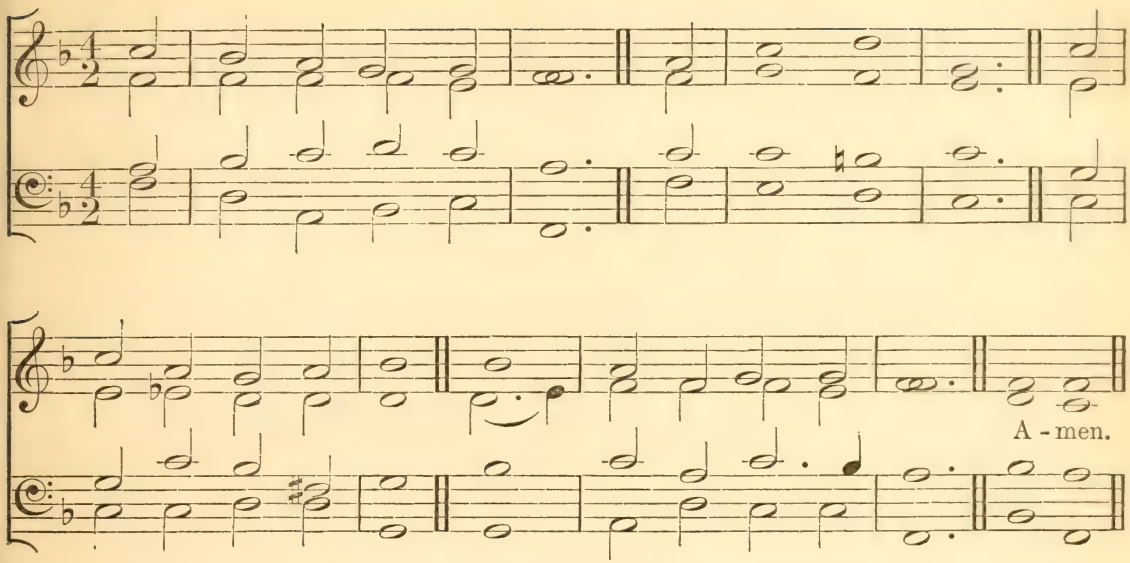
And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

mf O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
p Hear in this solemn evening hour,
cr And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

26. ST. COLUMBA. 6.4.6.6. H. S. IRONS.



"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."—PSALM cxli. 2.

mp THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
cr Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

pp As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd;

mf So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

mp So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

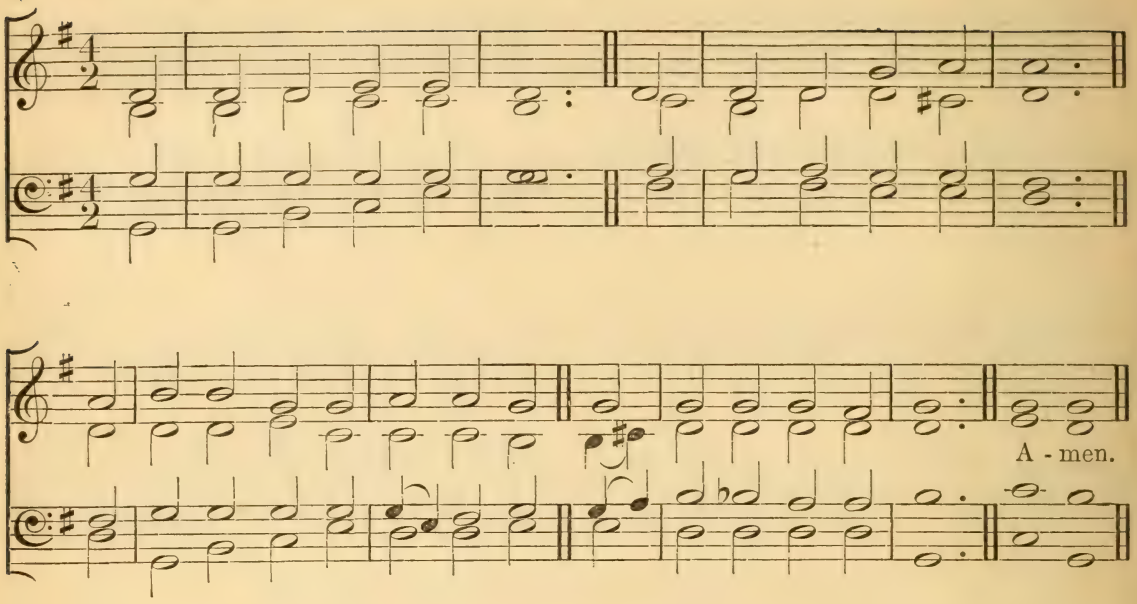
Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

mf Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

f One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

27. VESPERS.

S.M.



"I meditate on Thee in the night watches."—PSALM lxiii. 6.

mp THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

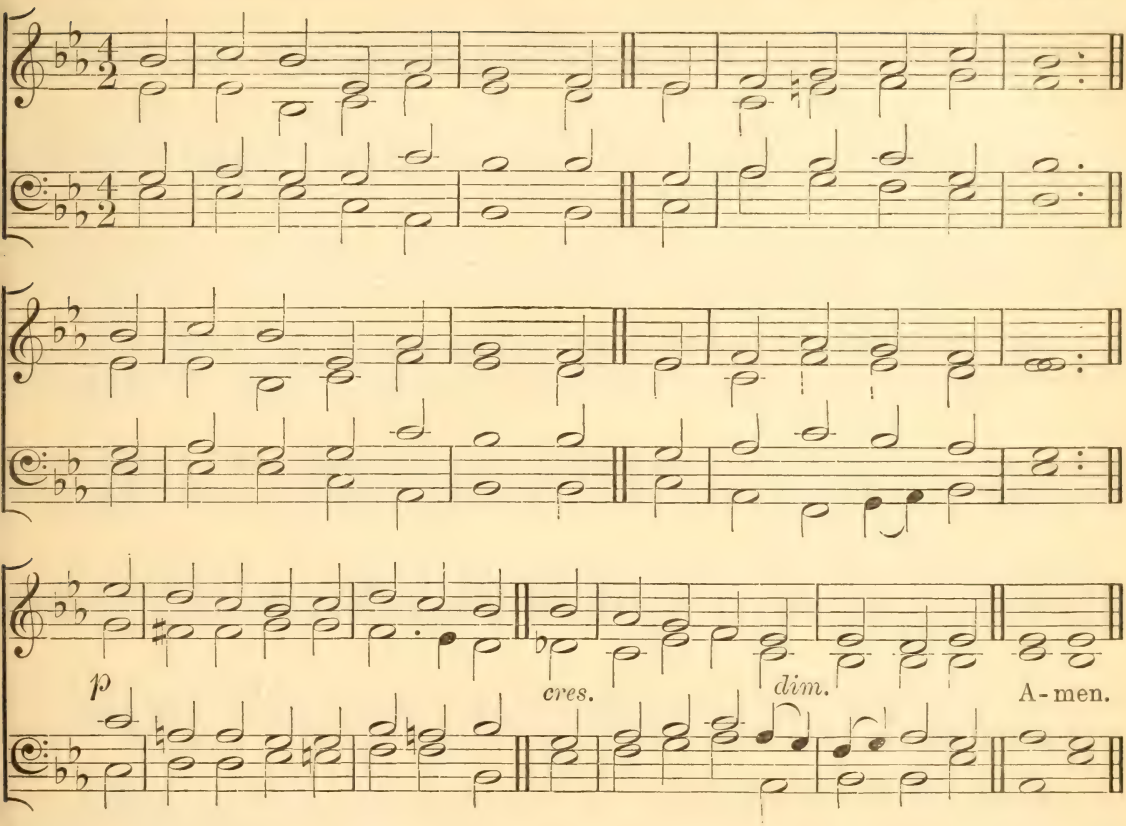
p Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
f O Sun of righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore. Amen.

The Doxology No. 16 may be sung to above Tune—all kneeling—at the close of Evening Service.

28. ST. ANATOLIUS.

P.M.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



"Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."—PSALM iv. 8.

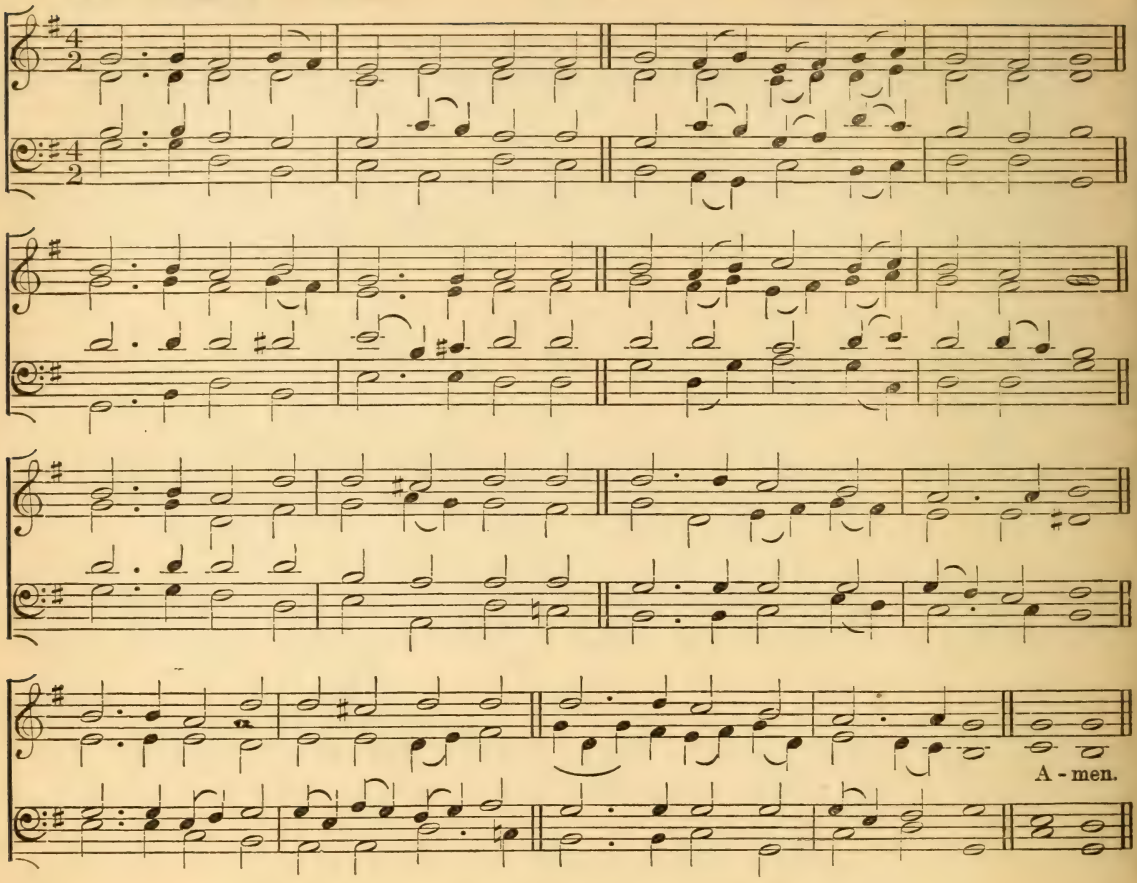
mf THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee:
di I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
pp O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

mf The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
di And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
pp O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

mf The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
di And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
pp O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

mf Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
di How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
p O loving Jesu, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.
Amen.

29. ITALIAN CHORAL. D. 8s. 7s.



"He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."—DEUTERONOMY xxxi. 6.

mp FATHER, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
cr Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
mf Thou art He, who never weary
Watchest where Thy people be.

p Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

p Never fail us nor forsake us;
May sweet sleep our strength renew,
mf And the freshening morn awake us
Thy loved service to pursue.

p Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
cr Till the perfect day before us
f Breaks in everlasting light. **Amen.**

30. CASTLE RISING.

D.C.M.

F. A. J. HERVEY.

A - men.

"The things which are not seen are eternal."—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 18.

mf THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
di How fast they fade away:
cr Oh for the pearly gates of heaven;
Oh for the golden floor;
Oh for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more!

mp The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:

cr Oh for a heart that never sins;
Oh for a soul wash'd white:
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

mf Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
cr But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
p Oh by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,
Oh by Thy life laid down,
mf Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

31. ST. MATTHIAS.

Six 8s.

W. H. MONK.

A-men.

"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light."—ISAIAH lx. 20.

mf O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
cr Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, be our light.

mp The day is gone, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

mf Forgive us, Lord; yea, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Let not our works with self be soil'd
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

mp For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day, &c.

mf O Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thy holy Presence with us be.
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light. Amen.

32. UPSAL.

8s. 4s.

JOHANN CRUGER.

A - men.

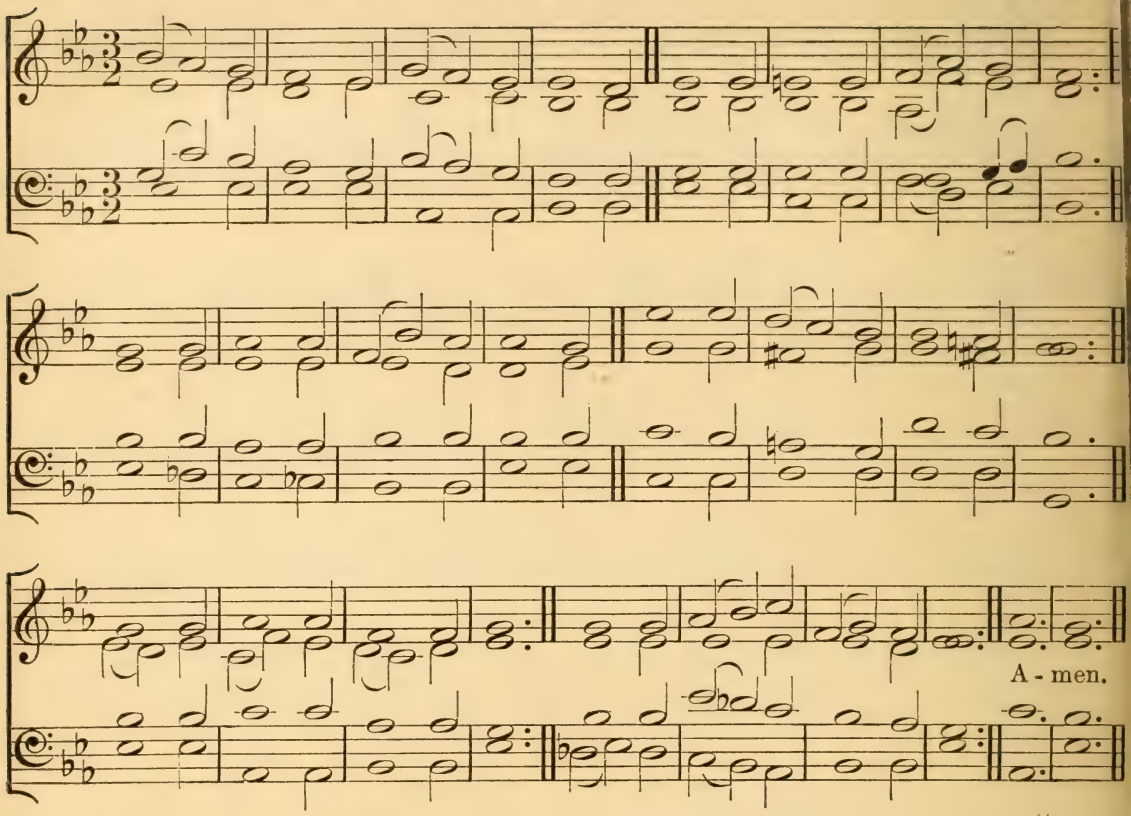
"I will keep it night and day."—ISAIAH xxvii. 3.

mf GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
mp May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

mf Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
p And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
cr When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
f But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high. Amen.

33. STEPNEY. [First Tune.] 8s. 7s. 7s.

W. Bayley.



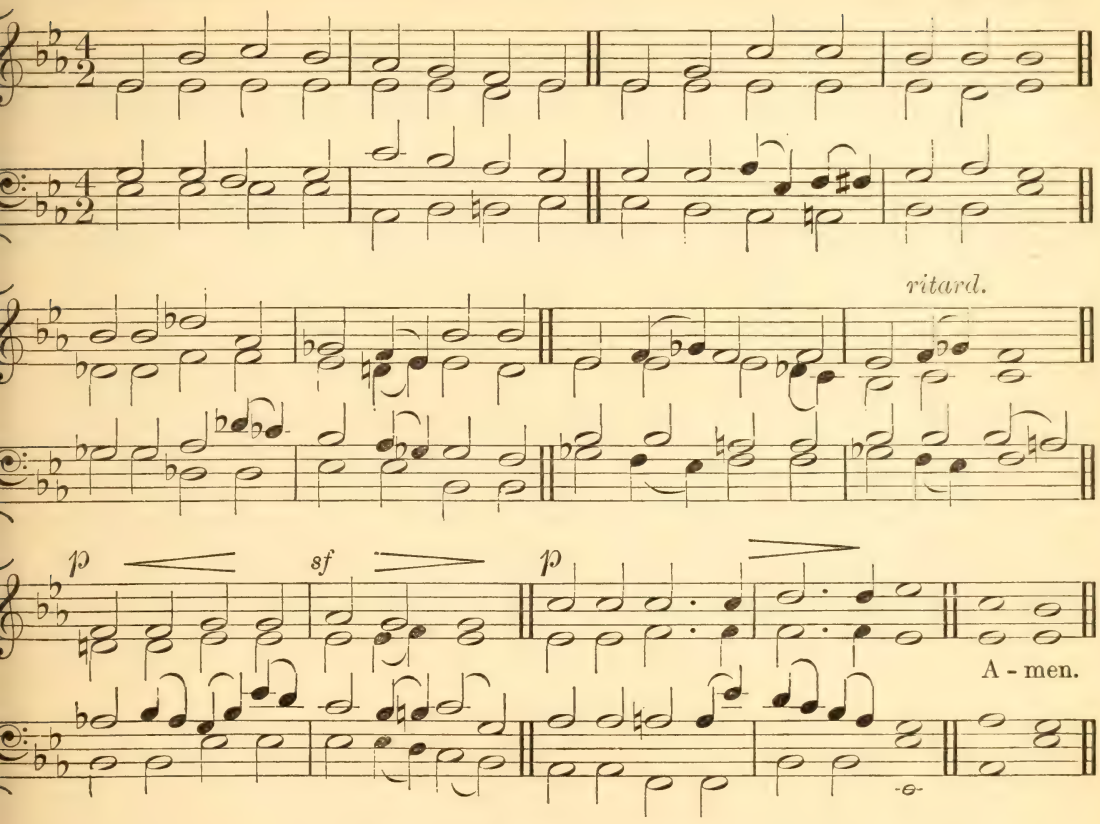
"*The Lord is thy keeper.*"—Psalm cxxi. 5.

mp Through the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
mf Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

mp Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
p And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

33. BARGATE. [Second Tune.] 8s. 7s. 7s.

D. J. Wood.



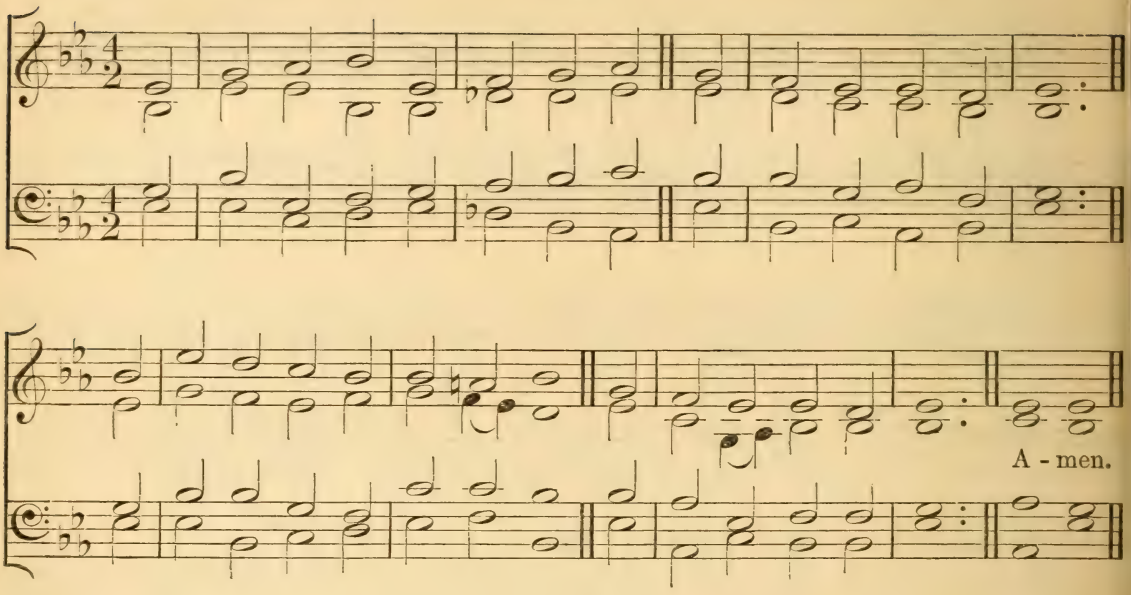
"*The Lord is thy keeper.*"—Psalm cxxi. 5.

mp Through the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
mf Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

mp Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
p And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

34. DUNDEE.

C.M.



"I am the Almighty God, walk before Me."—GENESIS xvii. 1.

mf LORD, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
di And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

mp While others in God's prisons lie
Bound with affliction's chain,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pain.

f 'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans
With good success each day;
This crown, together with myself,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

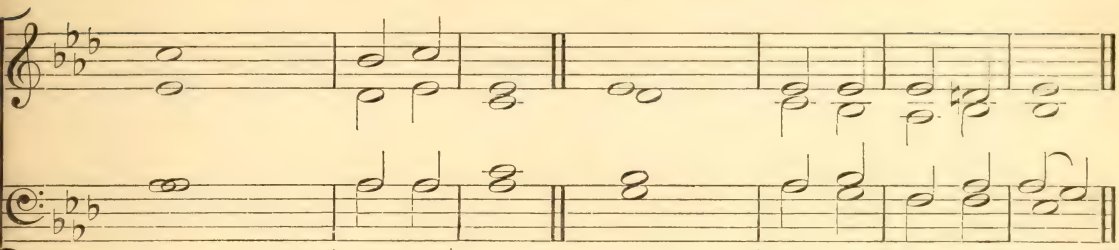
ff Oh let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosanna to Thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King. Amen.

35. DOUBLE CHANT.

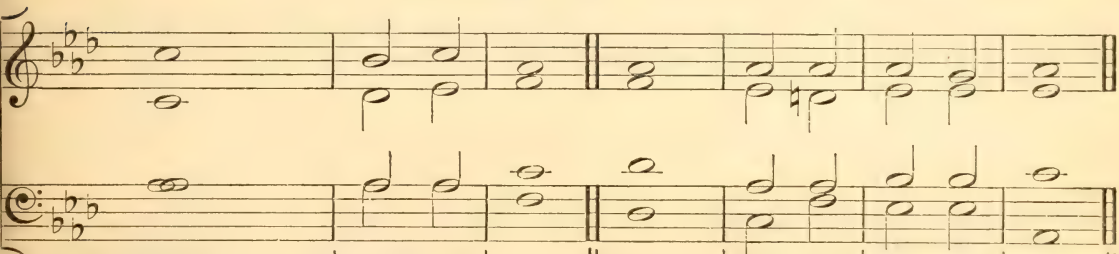
P.M.

W. JACOBS.

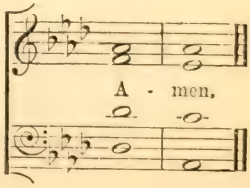
"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—ROM. xiii. 11.



mp 1.	ONE swéetly . . .	so-lemn	thought	Comes . . .	to me	o'er and	o'er,—
cr 2.	Néarer my	Father's	house,	Whére the . .	ma - ny	mansions	be ;
p 3.	Néarer the	bound of	life	Whére we . .	lay our	bur - den	down ;
p 4.	But the wáves of that	si - lent	sea	Roll	dark up -	- on my	sight,
cr 5.	Fáther, per - - -	fect my	trust,	Stréngthen the	grasp of	my	faith :
p 6.	Feel Thee néar . .	when my	feet	Are . . .	slip - ping	o - ver the	brink ;



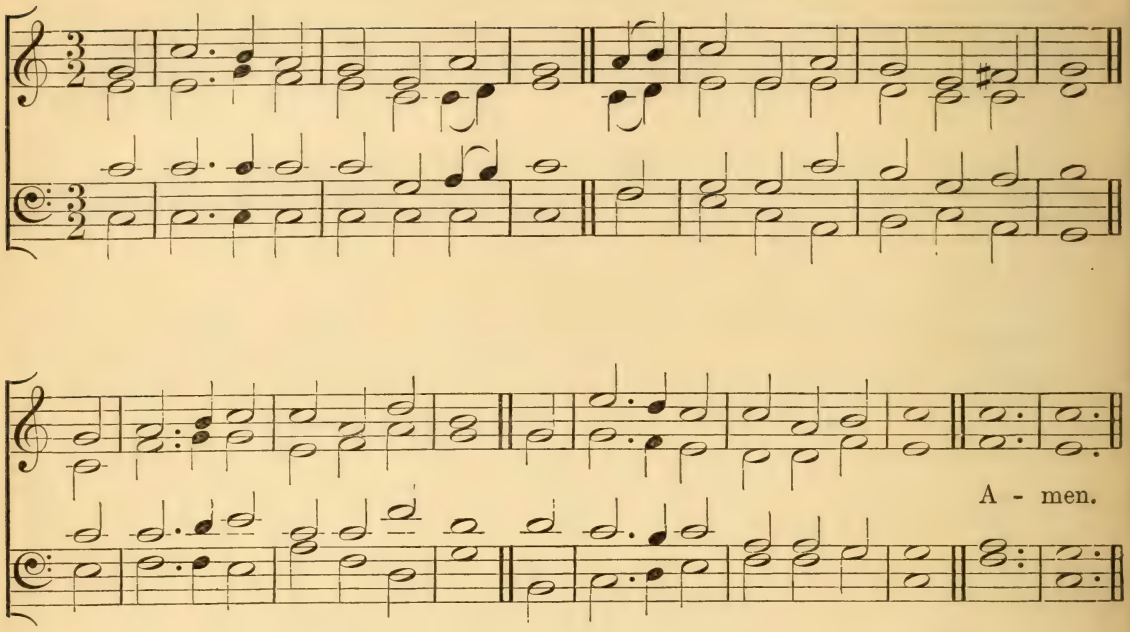
1.	I am néarer	home to -	- day	Thán I .	ever have	been be -	- fore ;
2.	Néarer the	great white	throne,	Near -	- er the	crys - tal	sea ;
3.	Néarer	leav-ing the	cross,	Néarer	gain -	ing the	crown.
cr 4.	Which brightly the .	o - ther	side	Break .	on a	shore of	light.
5.	Let me feel Thee néar	when I	stand	Alóne .	on the	shore of	death ;
6.	For it máy be I'm . .	near - er	home,	Néarer .	now	than I	think.



36. TABOR.

8s.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



"*He shall give His angels charge over thee.*"—PSALM xci. 11.

mf INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.

If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

p Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.

mf Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
f And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine. Amen.

37. PHILIPPI.

Ten 7s.

M. Costa.

A - men.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

mp Father, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanish'd, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace;
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Grant Thy children sweet repose:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee
Pray that we may pardon'd be.

Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

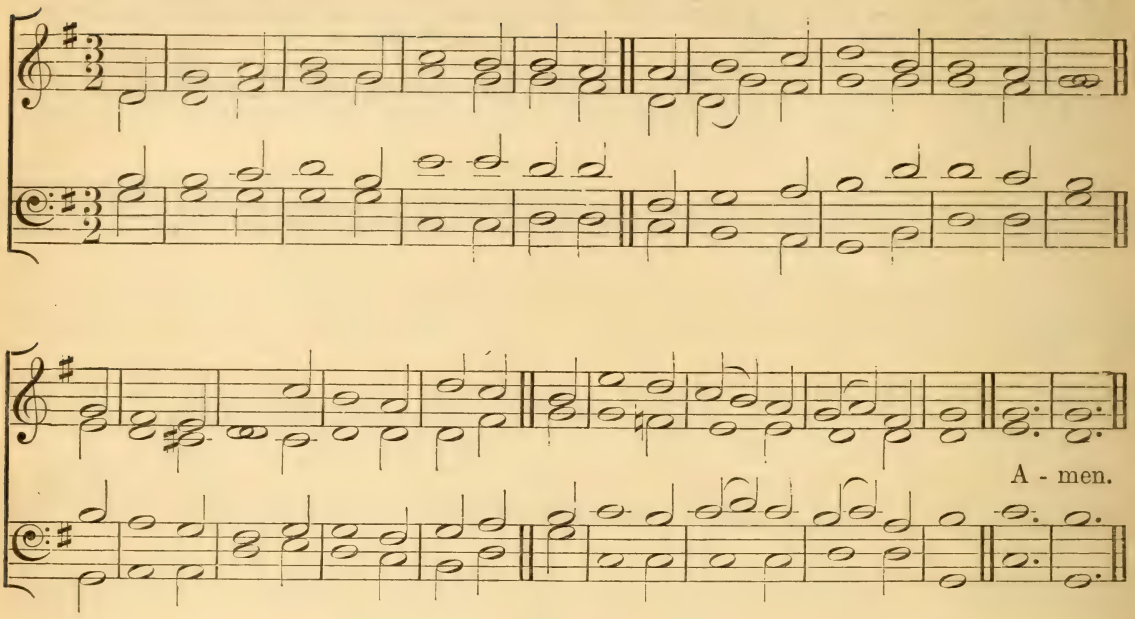
mf Blessèd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O God, most present art
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let Thy angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed;
f Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise. Amen.

An alternative Tune to this Hymn will be found in Appendix, No. 9.

38. RADFORD.

9s. 8s.

S. S. Wesley.



"Their office was to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even."—1 Chron. xxiii. 30.

mf The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

mf We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

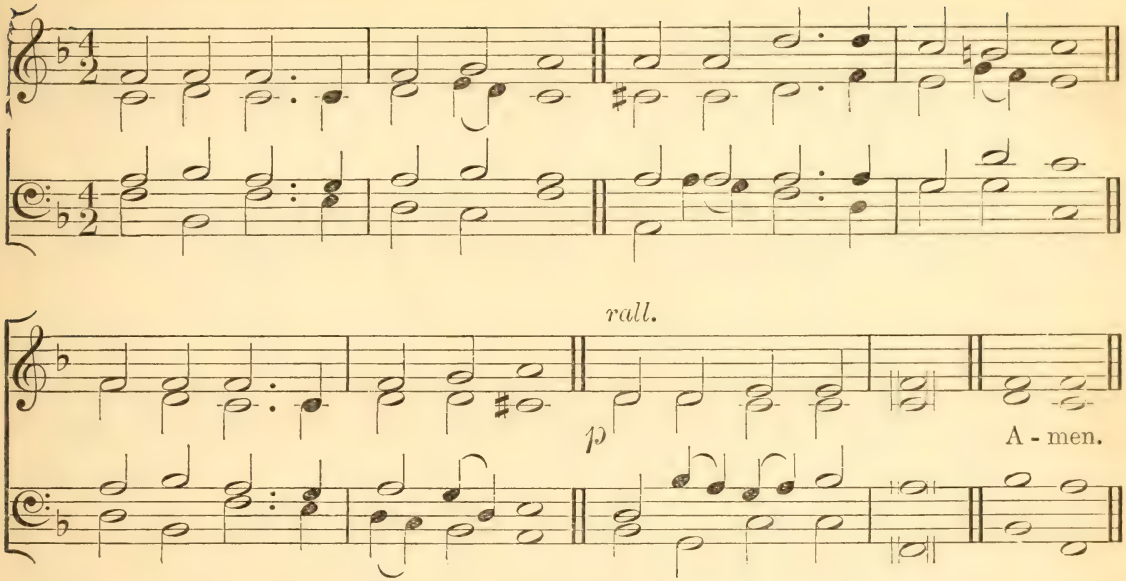
The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

cr So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
f But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

May be sung to "St. Clement," No. 8 in Appendix.

39. TRINITY.

7s. 5. F. R. GREY.



"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—PSALM xxvii. 1.

mf THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
di Holy chant and psalm.

f Light of lights, with morning, shine:
Lift on us Thy light divine;
di And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

mp Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
pp Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

mf Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
cr With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

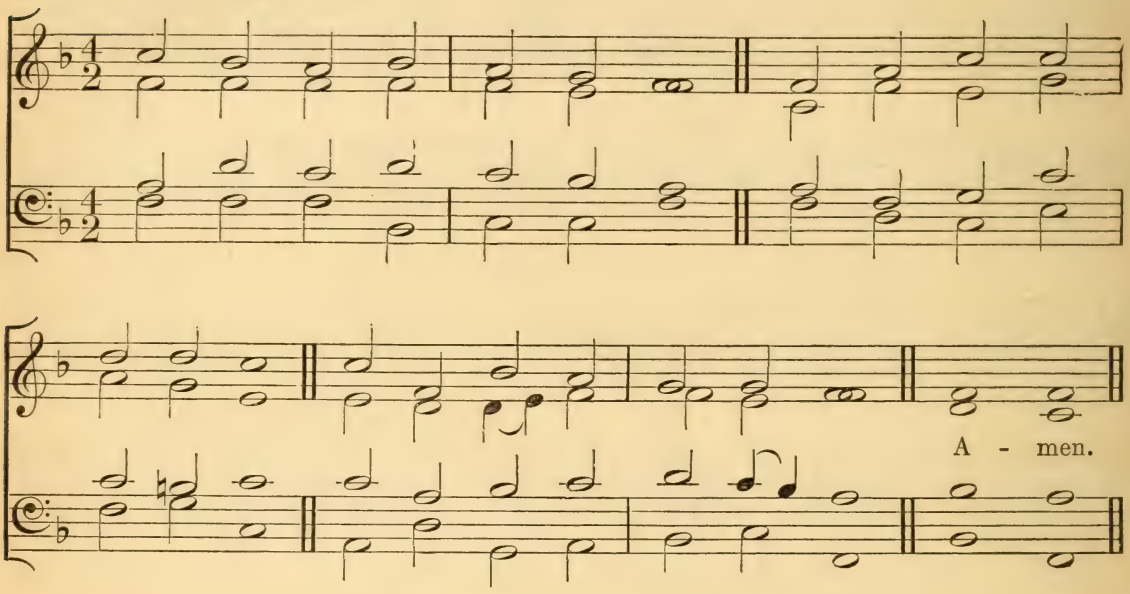
May be sung to "Capetown," No. 44.

See also Hymns 275, 280, 300, 369, 394, 395, 468, 469, 545, 567, 570.

The Creed of Saint Athanasius.

"THE CATHOLIC FAITH IS THIS : THAT WE WORSHIP ONE GOD IN TRINITY, AND TRINITY IN UNITY."

40. BAYREUTH. 7.7.7.



"Canst thou by searching find out God?"—JOB xi. 7.

f MIGHTY Father, blessèd Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Evermore Thy will be done.

Threefold is Thy glorious might,
Threefold is Thy name of light
Veil'd before our mortal sight.

cr Threefold let our praises be,
Great Mysterious One, to Thee,
Undivided Trinity.

p Into mystery deeper higher
Thou dost awfully retire
Lowliest reverence to inspire;

That within the golden door,
Sense and sight must wait before,
Faith may enter and adore.

pp Mystery—'tis all around;
Mystery—but holy ground;
Where Thy mercy may be found.

cr O my God, mine all Thou art:
Take my whole in every part,
Body, spirit, mind, and heart.

Threefold is Thy love to me;
Threefold let my graces be,
Faith, and hope, and charity.

f Thus shall best Thy will be done,
Mighty Father, blessèd Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

See also Hymns 1, 263, 264, 265, 266, 278, 577.

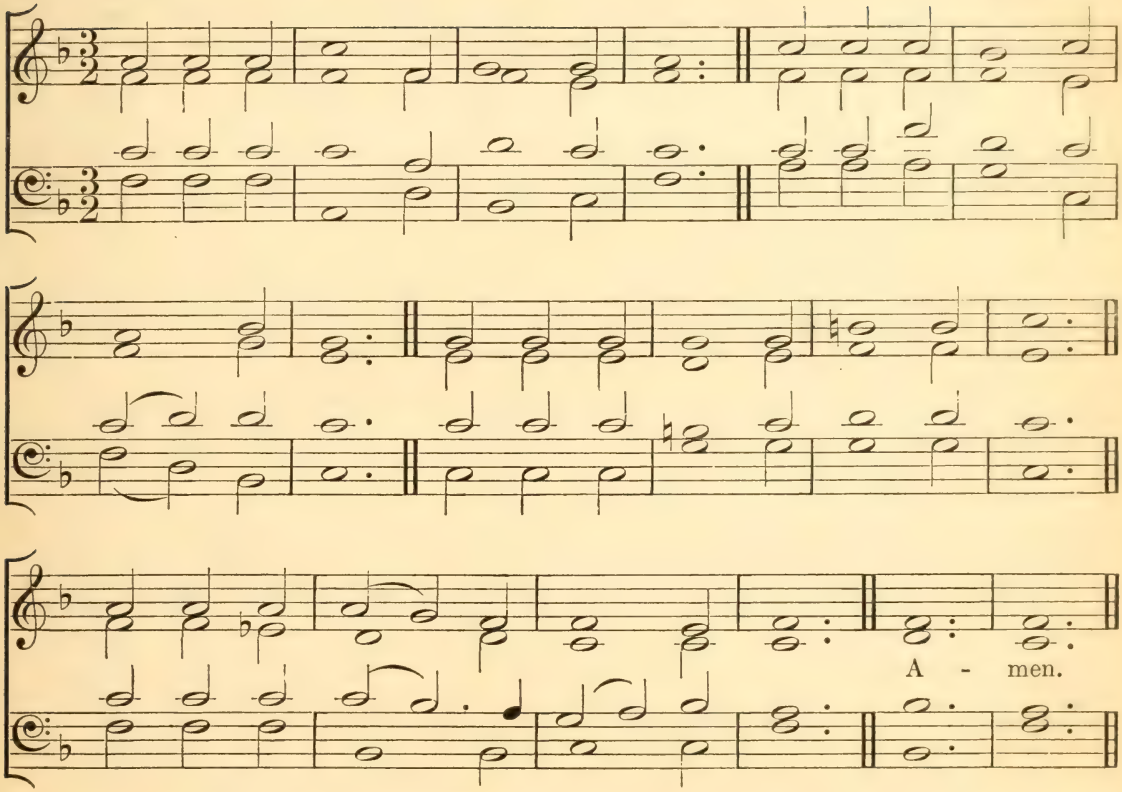
The Litany.*

WEDNESDAY.

41. HESPERUS.

L.M.

H. BAKER.



"Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."—MATT. xviii. 20.

p THOU, in whose name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
cr Fulfil to us Thine own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O Lord.

mf To-day, our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

Thou by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be Thou our counsel, strength, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share;
Give steadfast wills Thy cross to bear;
p And when life's working days are past
Give rest with all Thy saints at last.
Amen.

* The Litany, or General Supplication, to be sung or said after Morning Prayer upon Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, &c.—*Rubric.*

FRIDAY.

42. ROCKINGHAM.

L.M. E. MILLER.

A - men.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross."—MATT. xvi. 24.

p O JESU, crucified for man,
cr O Lamb, all glorious on Thy Throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
di The mystery of Thy love unknown.

We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
mf And gladly for Thine own dear sake
p In paths of pain to follow Thee.

mf As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh may we bear Thy marks below
In conquer'd sin and chasten'd life.

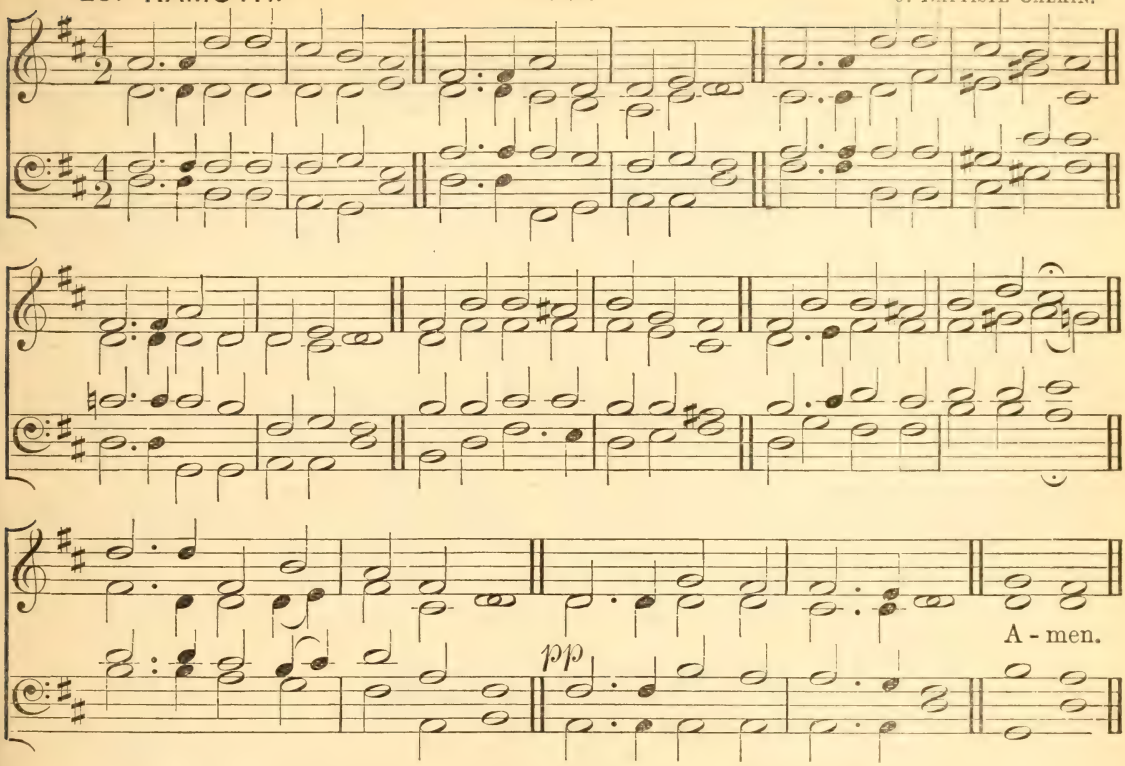
And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
cr From warfare pass to triumph there,
And through the cross attain the crown. Amen.

43. RAMOTH.

D. 7s.

J. Baptiste Calkin.



"In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."—Heb. ii. 18.

p Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh by all Thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

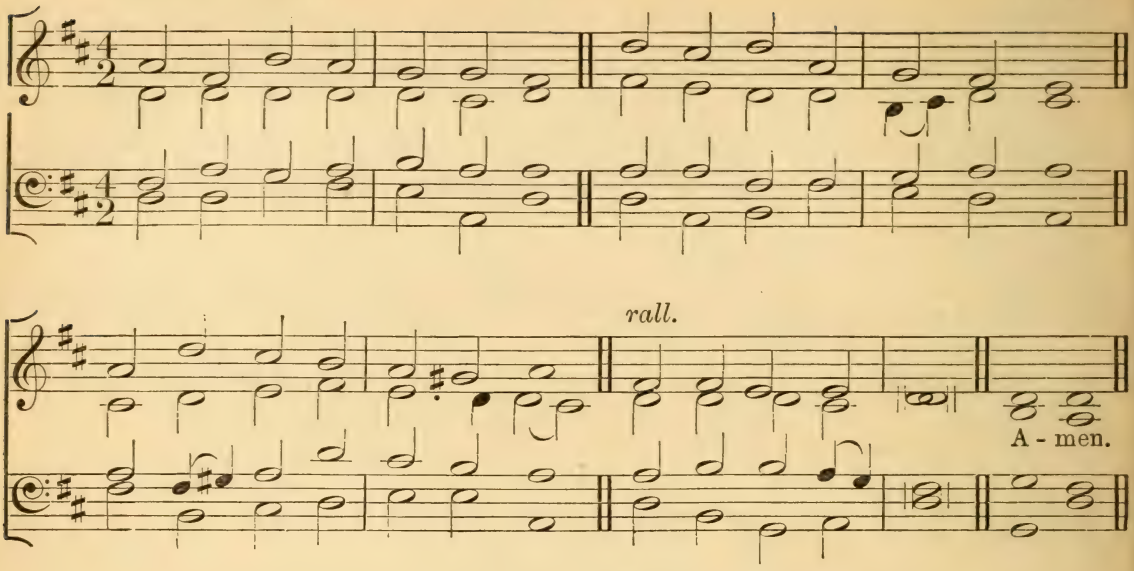
mp By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

mp By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold:
From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

mp By Thy wrestlings with despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
cr Held in vain the rising God:
ff Oh from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
di Listen, listen to the cry
p Of our solemn litany. Amen.

44. CAPE TOWN. 7.7.7.5. F. Filitz.



"*Hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry.*"—Lamentations iii. 56.

mf Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
p Jesus, hear and save.

mf Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
p Didst not scorn a virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save.

mf Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
p Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

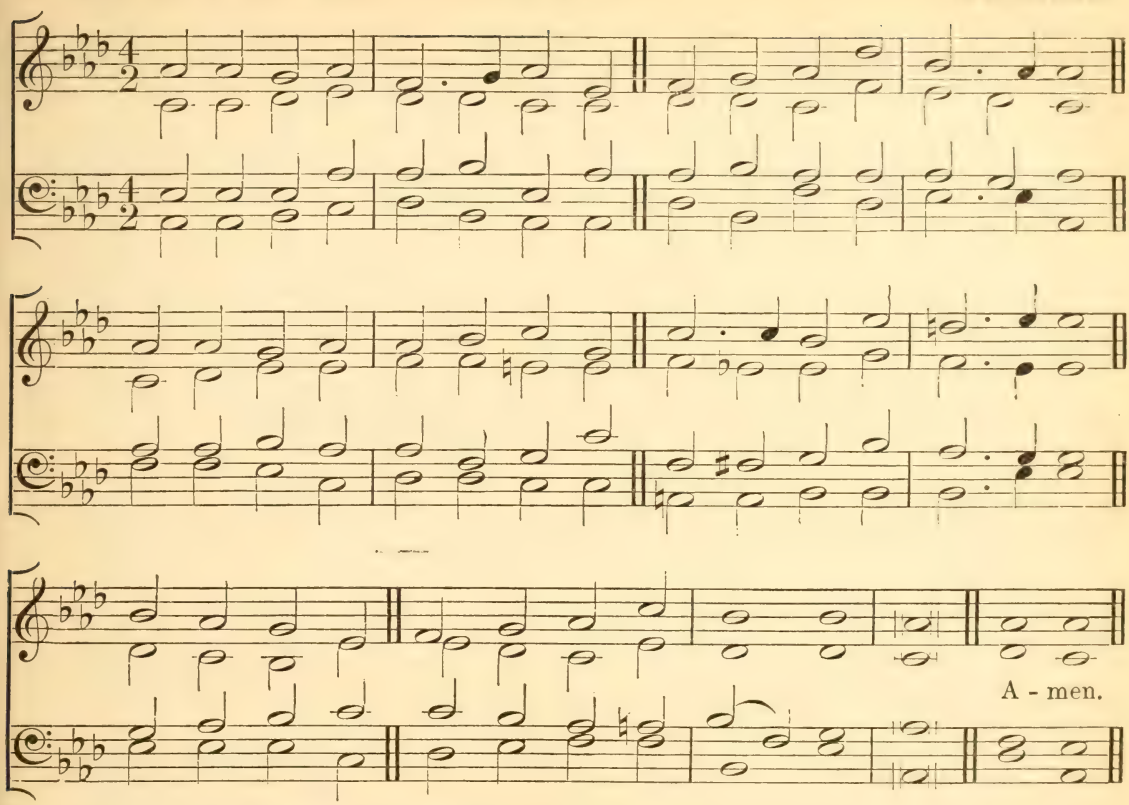
f Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
ff Lord of lords, and King of kings,
p Jesus, hear and save.

mf Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
di Hear us now, and hear us then,
p Jesus, hear and save. Amen.

45. ST. RAPHAEL.

8s. 7s. 4.

E. J. HOPKINS.



"Let my supplication come before Thee; deliver me, according to Thy word."—PSALM cxix. 170.

mf JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
p By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

mf From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy, &c.

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy, &c.

mf When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy, &c.

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy, &c.

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cr May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay:
p By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

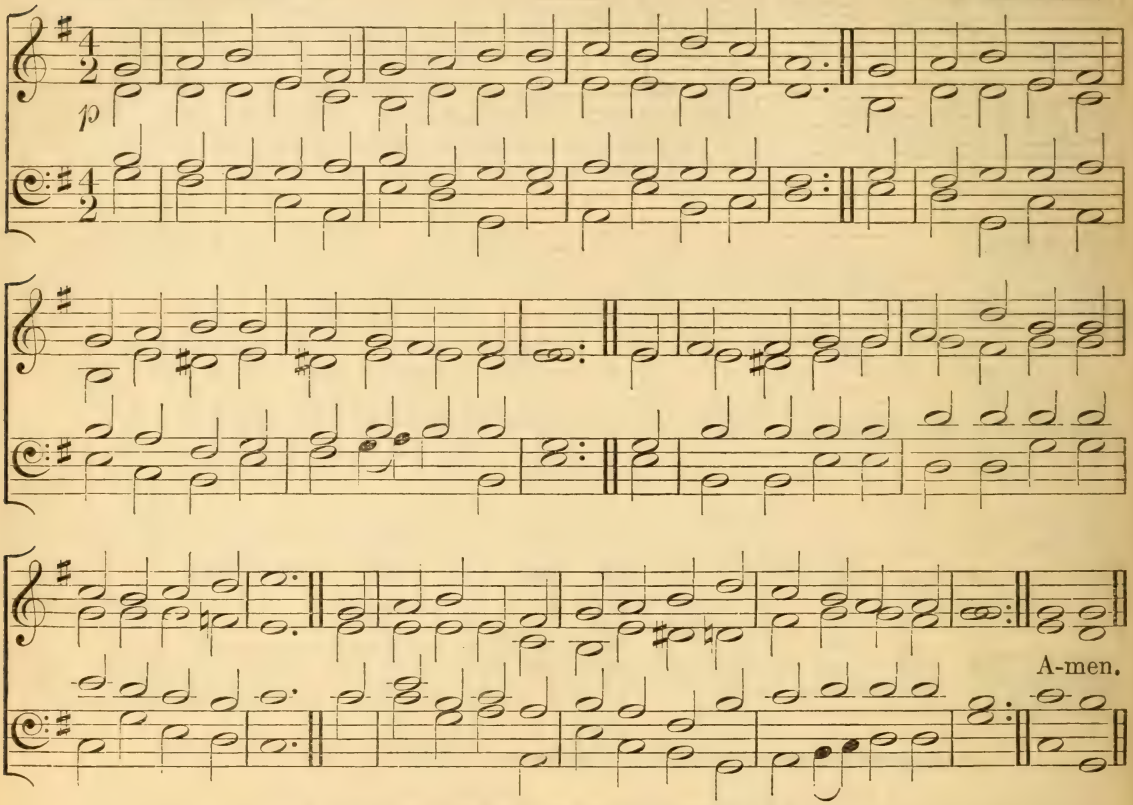
See also Hymns 166, 262, 549.

"FAVOURABLY WITH MERCY HEAR OUR PRAYERS."

IN TIME OF DROUGHT OR FLOOD, OF DEARTH, OR WAR, OR PLAGUE.

46. MACFARREN.

D.C.M. G. A. MACFARREN.



O Lord, correct me, but with judgment."—JEREMIAH x. 24.

mp GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, oh, turn us not away!
cr But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

mp Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less we own,
cr Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown;
mp When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,
cr To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried, and help in Thee was found.

p With one consent we meekly bow beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land;
cr With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord, then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

47. SABAOTH.

P.M. JOHN STAINER.

With energy—rather fast.

Unison. *Harmony.*

Slow. *p* *pp*

"*Peace shall be upon Israel.*"—PSALM CXXV. 5.

f GOD the all-terrible! King, who ordainest [nings Thy sword;
Great winds Thy clarions, the light-
di Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

f God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
di Watching invisible, judging unheard,
p Doom us not now in the hour of danger:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

mp God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word:
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

LAST VERSE. *Very slow.* *cres.* *cres.*

pp

So shall Thy chil-dren, in thank-ful de - vo - tion, Laud Him who saved them from per - il ab - horr'd,

f *rall.* *Unison.* *Slow.* *Harmony.*

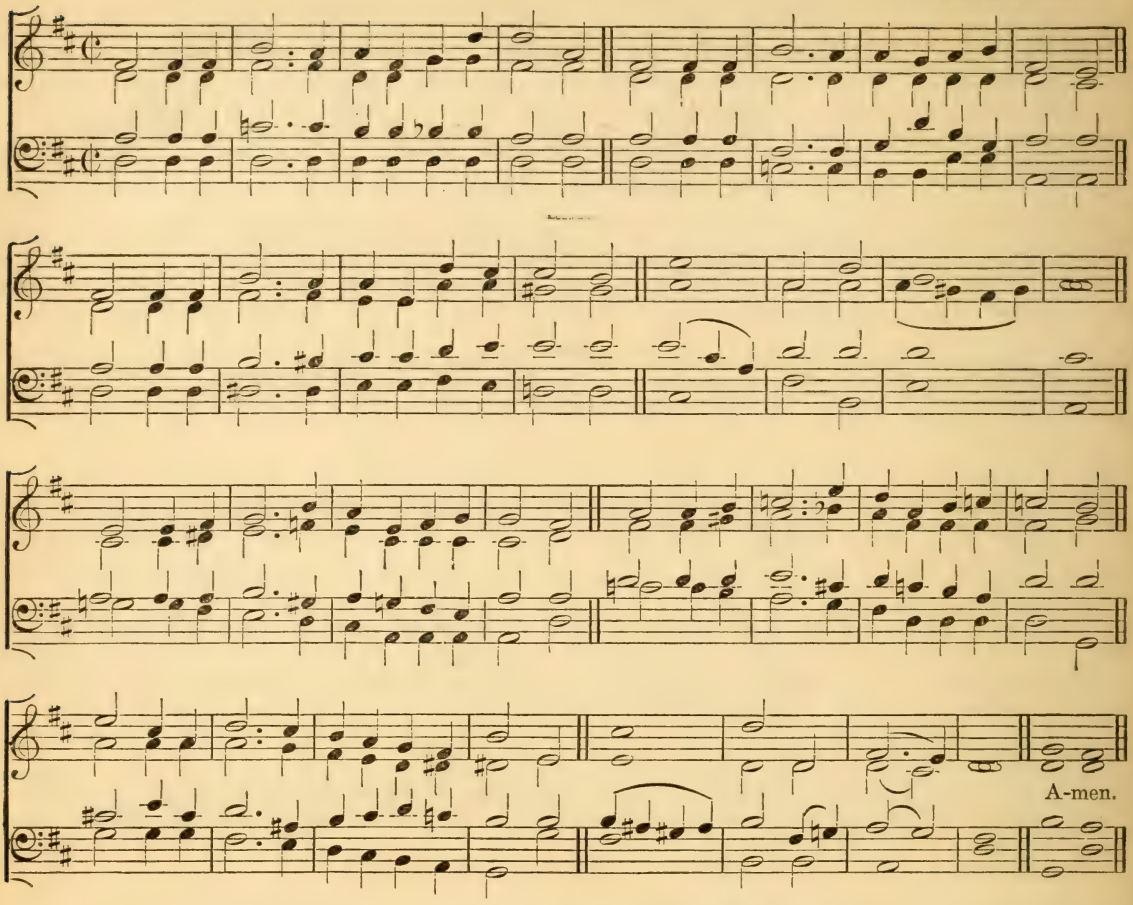
p *ff*

Sing-ing in cho - rus from o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. A - men.

48. HORNSEY.

D. 11s. 5.

J. Baptiste Calkin.



"Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name."—Psalm lxxix. 9.

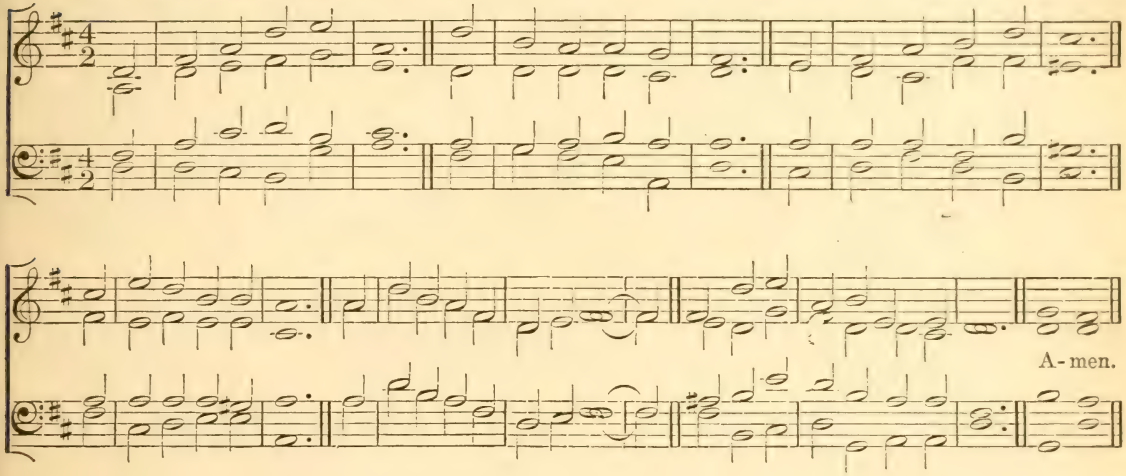
mf Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
cr Hear and receive Thy church's supplication,
f Lord God Almighty.
mf See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
cr Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
f Thou canst preserve us.

mf Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
cr Lord, o'er Thy church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
p Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
mf Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
mp Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
p Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

An alternative Tune (4 lines) is given in Appendix, No. 10.

ROGATION DAYS.

49. CHRISTCHURCH. 6s. 8s. CHARLES STEGGALL.



"Lord, Thou hast been favourable unto Thy land."—PSALM lxxxv. 1.

mf To Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
Oh! hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
f O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

mf Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
mf O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

f Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

mf The powers ordain'd by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
f O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

mf The church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
f O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

mf The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.
f O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

p Oh! let us love Thy house,
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows
And loyal homage pay.
f O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

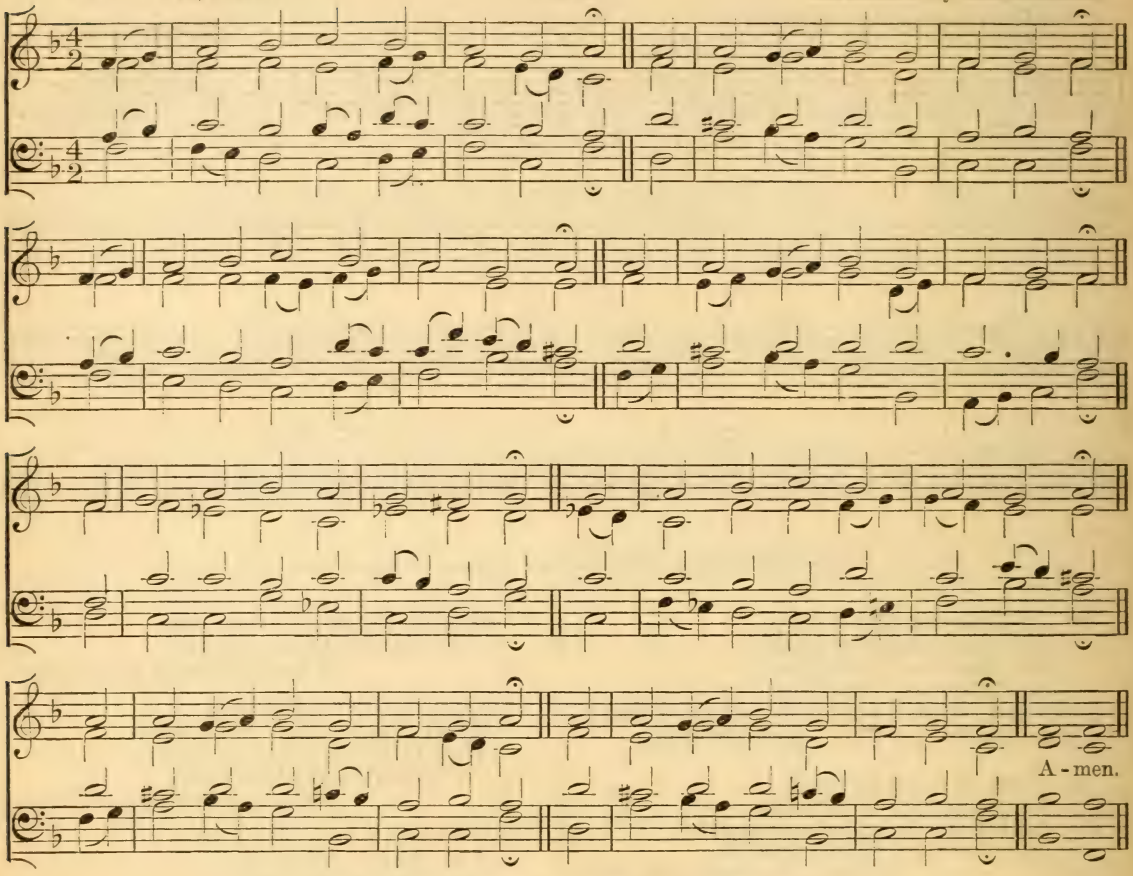
p Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
f O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

p Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
cr And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
f O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.
Amen.

IN THE EMBER WEEKS.

50. CHORALE.

D.L.M. Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN.



"God be merciful unto us, and bless us."-- PSALM lxvii. 1.

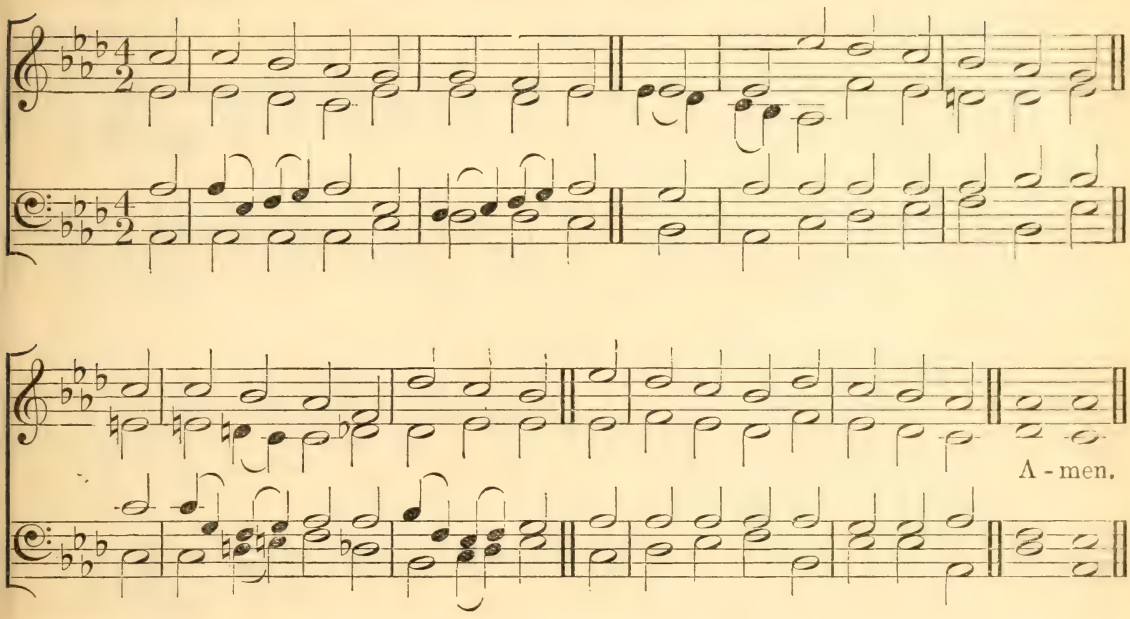
mf LORD, cause Thy face on us to shine;
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine:
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love Thy earthly dwelling-place;
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
f And all Thy power and glory see,
Within Thy hallow'd sanctuary.

mf Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things:
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless:
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
Let many in the judgment day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
f Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Save those who preach and those who hear.

p O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease:
cr One is our faith, and one our Lord:
One body, Spirit, hope, reward;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom Thy church and people call.
f Oh may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in Thee. Amen.

51. ST. LAURENCE.

L.M. L. G. HAYNE.



"*Thy blessing is upon Thy people.*"—PSALM iii. 8.

mf O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
di And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love,

mf Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That all Thy church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

cr Oh! bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

f If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given.
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality. Amen.

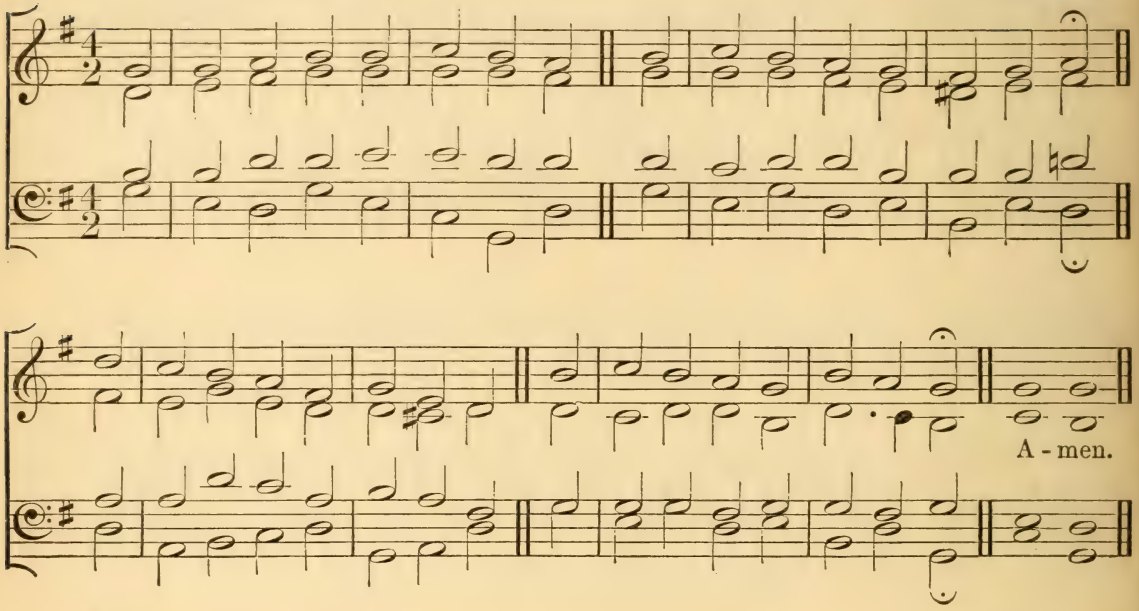
See also Hymns 596, 597, 598.

FOR THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

52. COMMANDMENTS.

L.M.

C. GOUDIMEL.



"*Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.*"—PSALM lxxx. 3.

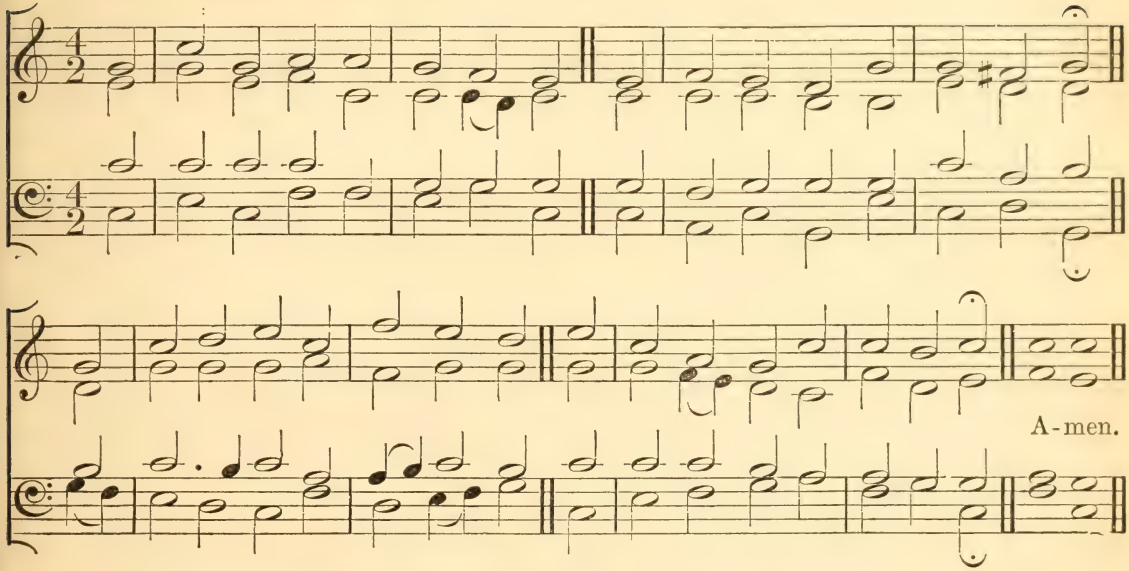
mf THOU Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
p We are in port if we have Thee.

mf The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright;
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

f O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
di Hear Thou in heaven Thy children's cry,
p And in our hour of need be nigh. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR ALL CONDITIONS OF MEN.

53. WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.



"I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh."—ACTS ii. 17.

f O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

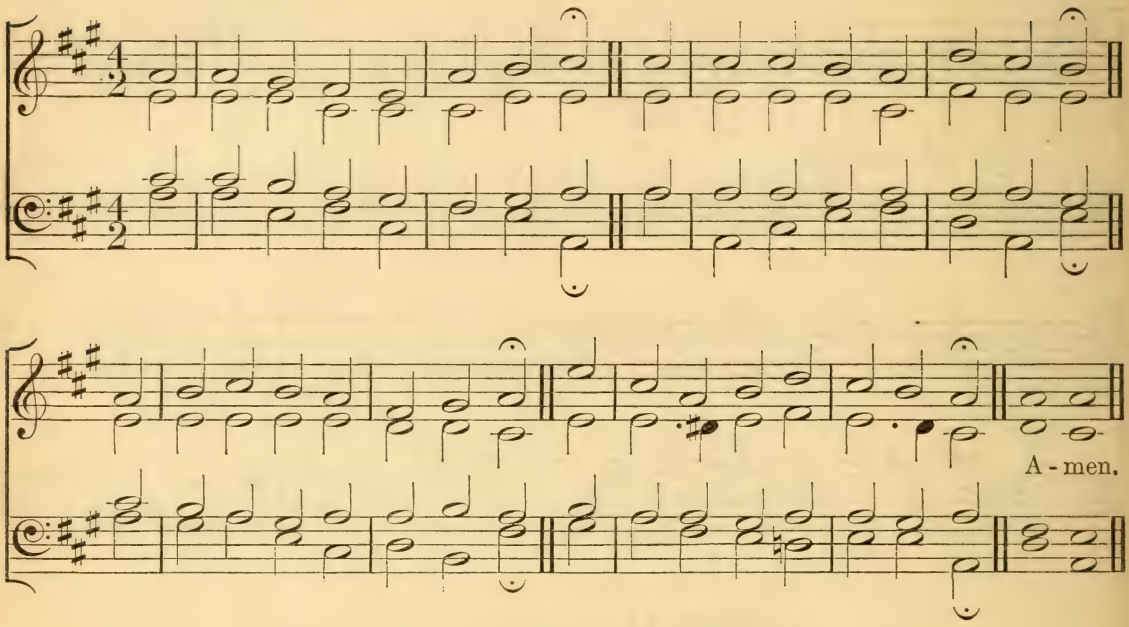
mp O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
cr Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

f Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
ff The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

54. OLD HUNDREDTH.

L.M.



"*Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.*"—PSALM C. I.

f BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

mf His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
p And, when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
cr He brought us to His fold again.

ff We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

un Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. **Amen.**

May be sung in the key of G; see No. 554.

55. NUN DANKET.

P.M.

A-men.

"This God is our God for ever and ever."—PSALM xlviii. 14.

f Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
mp Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

mf Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

un All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Holy Ghost,
Supreme in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

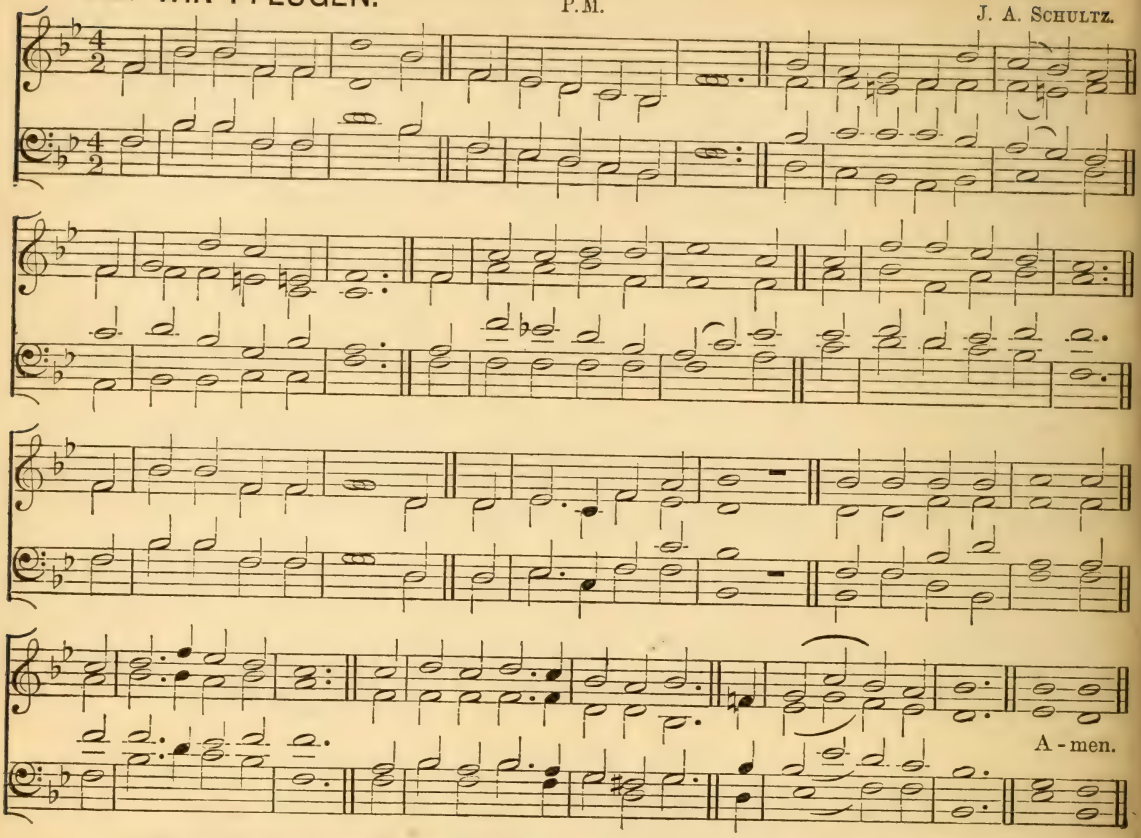
See also Hymns 550, 552, 558, 572, 586.

HARVEST.

56. WIR PFLÜGEN.

P.M.

J. A. SCHULTZ.



"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."—PSALM cxlv. 15.

mf WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

mf He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
cr Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us, &c.

mf We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love. Amen.

57. ST. GEORGE (ELVEY). D. 7s.

G. Elvey.

A-men.

"He shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psalm cxxvi. 6.

f Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
ff Come to God's own Temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

mf All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
cr First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

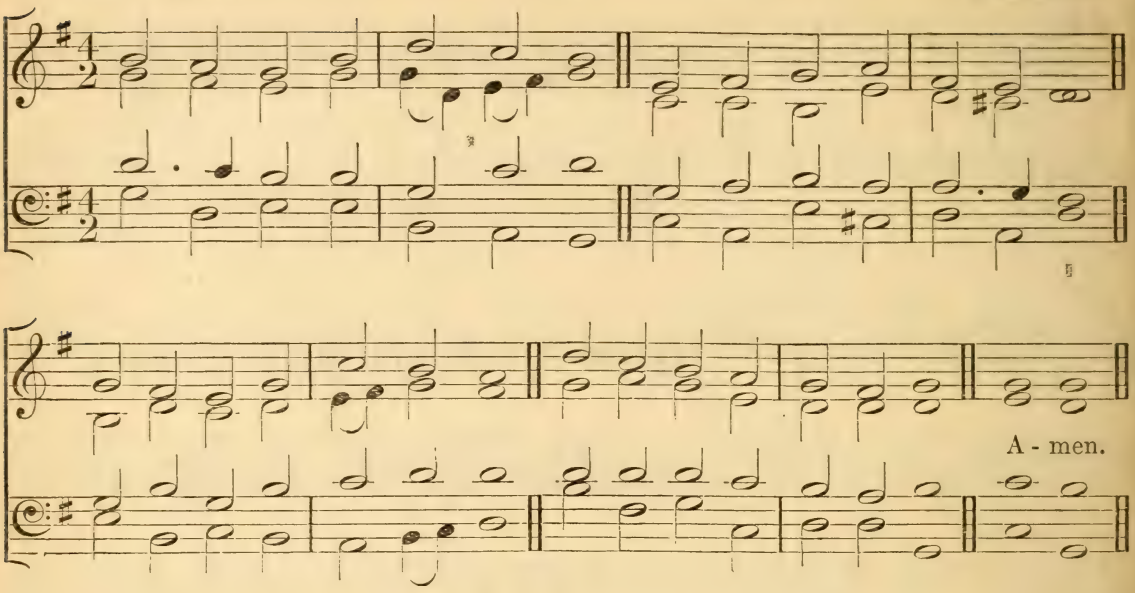
mf For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home:
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
f But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

f Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
cr There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
ff Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.
Amen.

58. VIENNA.

7s.

J. H. KNECHT.



"Who giveth food to all flesh; for His mercy endureth for ever."—PSALM cxxxvi. 25.

F *f* PRAISE, O praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

D *mf* Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
F *f* For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

C *mp* And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
F *f* For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

D *mf* Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
F *f* For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

C *mf* And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
F For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

D *f* Praise Him for our harvest-store:
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
F For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

C *mp* And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
F *f* For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

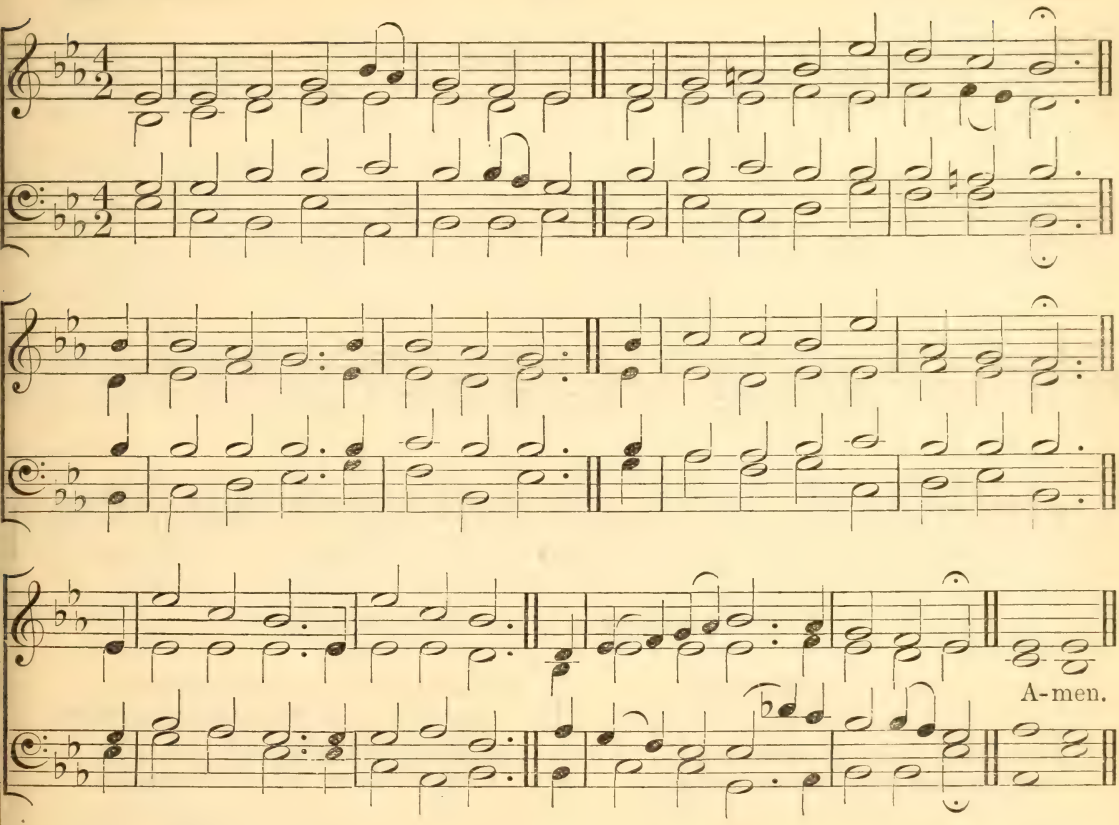
F *un* Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.
Amen.

It is recommended that the 1st verse be sung "Full," the last verse "Full in Unison," and the other verses "Dec." or "Can." as marked, the last two lines always being "Full."

59. EATON.

Six 8s.

Z. WYVILL.



"They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest."—ISAIAH ix. 3.

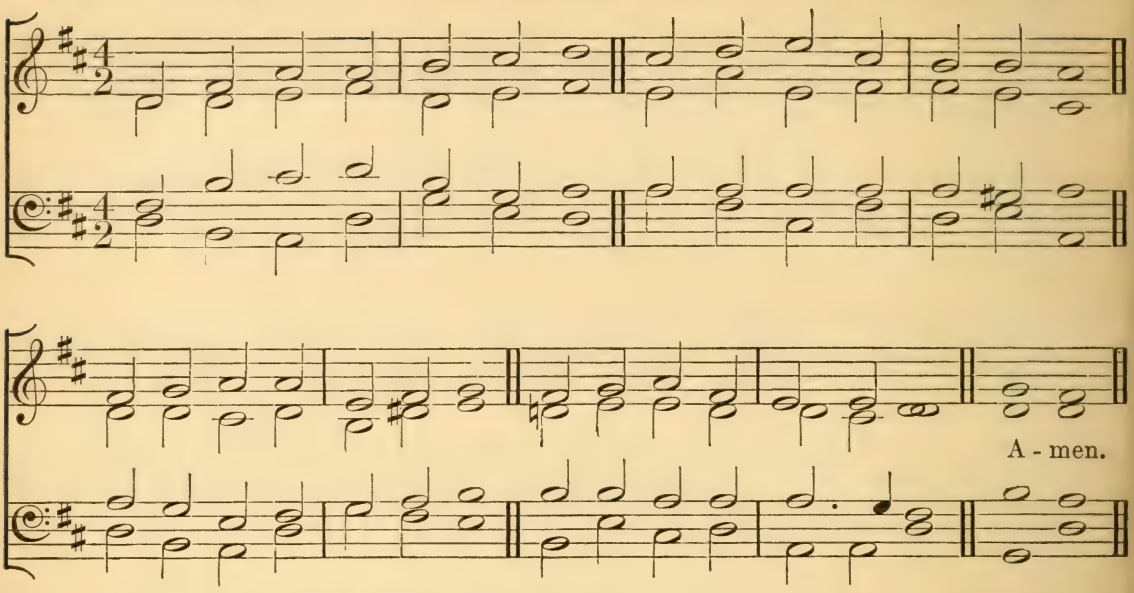
mf LORD of the harvest, Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd;
f Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
Oh let our hearts in tune be found.

mf If spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If summer warms the fruitful earth;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripen'd grain,
f Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

f But chiefly, when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
ff We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

mf Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
cr New every year
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.
Amen.

60. LUBECK. 7s.



"I will joy in the God of my salvation."—HABAKKUK iii. 18.

f PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

mf For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's refreshing juice;
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

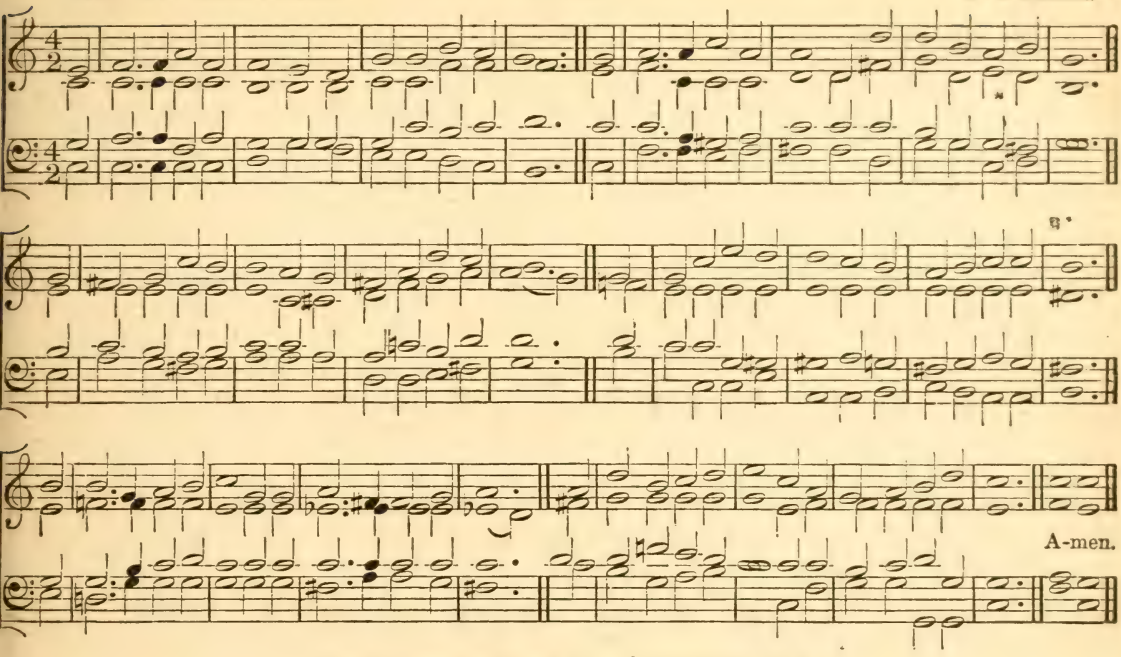
f These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

mp Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

mf Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
cr And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone. Amen.

61. ST. BEATRICE. 7s. 6s. J. F. BRIDGE.



"Behold a sower went forth to sow."—MATTHEW xiii. 3.

mf THE sower went forth sowing,
p The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
cr Till out the green blade crept;
And warm'd by golden sunshine
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whiten'd
To harvest once again.
f Oh praise the heavenly Sower
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watch'd and water'd duly,
And ripen'd for our need.

mf Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
p With feet and hands that bleed;
mf Here in His church 'tis scatter'd,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
f Oh, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

p Within a hallow'd acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
For though the growth be hidden,
cr We know that they shall rise;
Yea even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
f Oh summer land of harvest,
Oh fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

mf One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
cr And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;
p And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
mf O holy awful Reaper,
p Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
pp And cast us not away. Amen.

See also Hymns 327, 429, 556, 583.

FOR PEACE AND DELIVERANCE.

62. BENEDICTION.

D. 8s. 7s.

A - men.

"Let the people praise Thee, O God."—PSALM lxvii. 3.

f LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
mf While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before Thee,
Seek Thy face, Thy mercies sing;
f Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard Thy church, and guide our Queen.

mf Peace and health, and every blessing,
Are Thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before Thy throne:

f Young and old, O God, before Thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our land, and save our Queen.

mf Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favour'd nation
May those mercies ever last;
f And Thy servants still before Thee
Songs of ceaseless praise will sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless Thy people, bless the Queen.
Amen.

63. EIN' FESTE BURG.

P.M. MARTIN LUTHER.

A - men.

"Praise ye the name of the Lord; praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord."—PSALM CXXXV. I.

f REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
ff Let all His saints adore Him.

p When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
cr Oh trust in Him, whate'er betide
His love is all sustaining;

f Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
O praise our God alway;
ff Let all His saints adore Him.

un Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him. Amen.

See also Hymns 586, 599, 600.

Advent.

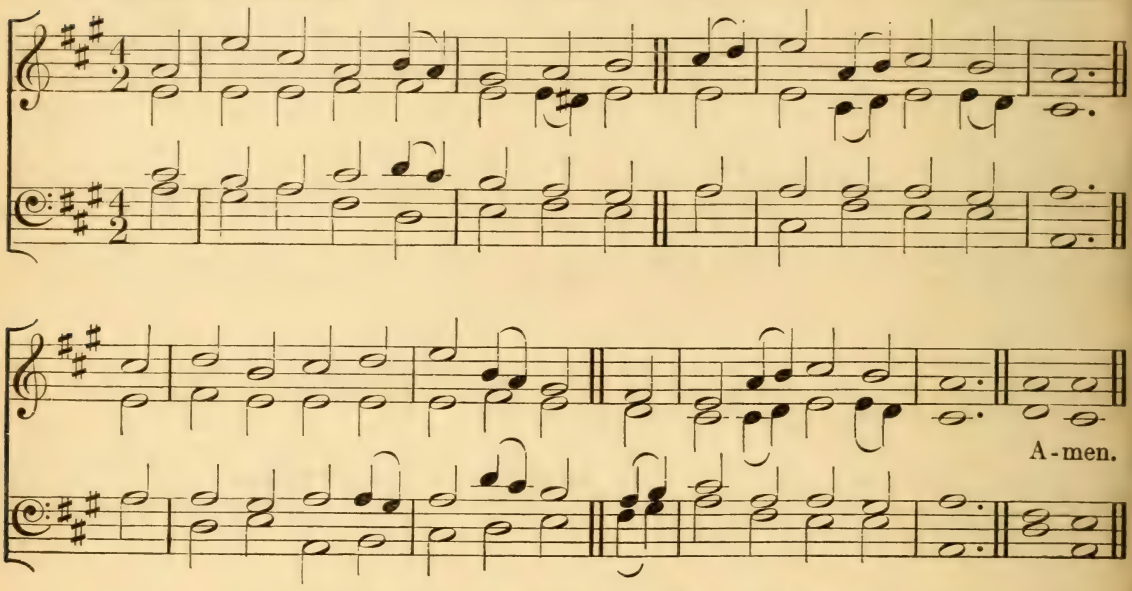
"WHO FOR US MEN AND FOR OUR SALVATION CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN."

"HE SHALL COME AGAIN WITH GLORY TO JUDGE BOTH THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

64. ST. STEPHEN.

C.M.

W. JONES.



"He hath visited and redeemed His people."—LUKE i. 68.

f HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
ff The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

mf He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

p He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
cr And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

un Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name. Amen.

[See Collect for Second Sunday in Advent.]

65. CANAAN.

7s. 6s.

CHARLES VINCENT.

A - men.

"That we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."—ROMANS xv. 4.

mf THERE is a land of promise,
Which drinks the rain of heaven,
By everlasting charter
To Zion's pilgrims given;
cr But travellers to glory
May walk therein at will,
And with its flowers and fruitage
Their longing souls fulfil.

mf There is a feast of gladness
By Royal bounty spread,
The new wine of the kingdom,
The true and living bread.
And whoso thirsts and hungers
Is there a bidden guest;
di There grief forgets her weeping,
p The weary are at rest.

mf There is a harp of music,
By God's own fingers strung,
With sweeter songs enwoven
Than flow from angel's tongue;
p And all who mourn may listen
To those soft healing strains,
cr Until the heavenly harpings
Have chased their bosom's pains.

mf There is a blessèd vision,
God's own apocalypse,
Whose far-off joys and splendours
All dreams of man eclipse:
cr Jerusalem the holy
Lit from the sapphire Throne,
Its pearls and gold and crystal,
f Faith claims them for her own.

mf That Fatherland of promise,
That banquet of delight,
That more than mortal music
That vision infinite,—
What are they but the dowry
God to His church has given
In giving her as heir-loom
The oracles of heaven?

p Man, like the grass of morning,
Droops ere the evening hour,
His goodliness and beauty
Fade as a fading flower:
cr But who may shake the pillars
Of God's unchanging Word?
f Amen: Himself hath spoken;
Amen: thus saith the Lord.

[See Collect for Third Sunday in Advent.]

66. VIGIL.

P.M. ARTHUR PATTON.

A - men.

"*Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.*"—ROMANS xiii. 11.

f HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake:
Jesus Himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
mf Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
f Wake, brethren, wake.

mf Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch;
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
p Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
c E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch.

mf Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work:
There's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work.

This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work.

mp Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray:
Would ye His heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray.
p Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near.
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

f Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise:
cr Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise.
ff What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise. Amen.

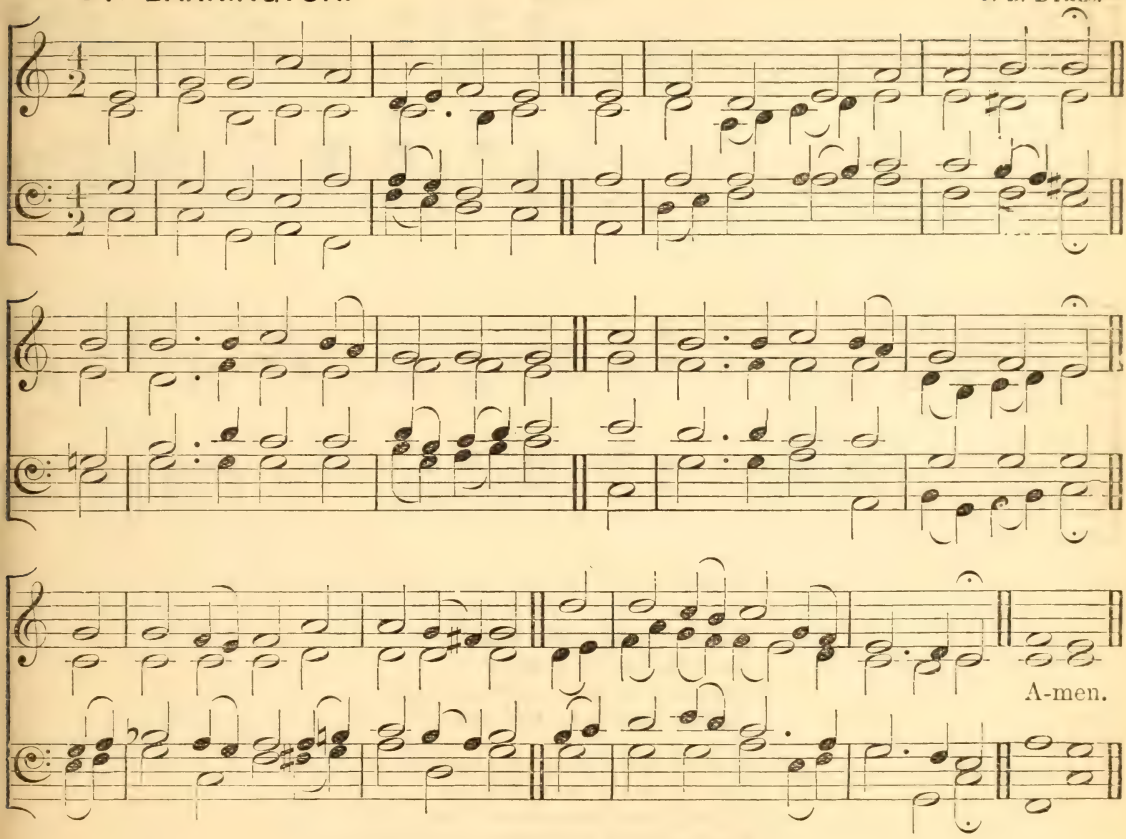
Advent.

[See Collect for Fourth Sunday in Advent.]

67. BARRINGTON.

Six 8s.

J. B. Dykes.



"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."—Isaiah lix. 20.

mf Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
p That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear:
ff Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mf Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us victory o'er the grave:
ff Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

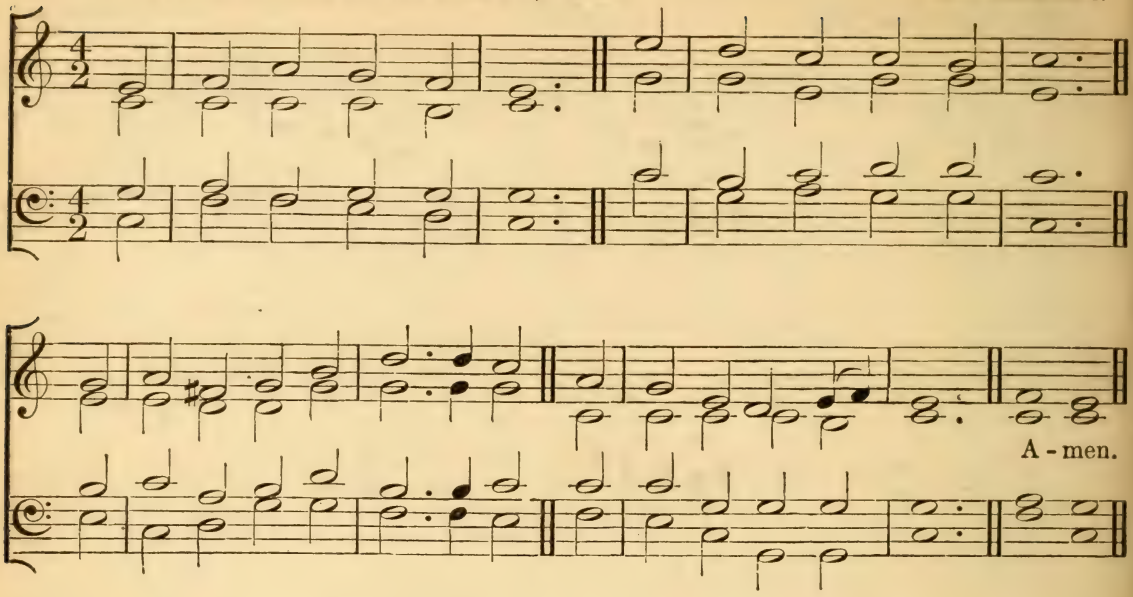
mf Draw nigh, Thou Dayspring, who shalt cheer
And comfort by Thine Advent here,
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom:
ff Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

mf Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate will ope to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery:
ff Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

mf Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes from Sina's height
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe:
ff Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

68. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning."—LUKE xii. 35.

mf YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,
p And while we speak, He's near;
mf Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

f Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

mf Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
cr And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. Amen.

69. LYDFORD.

Six 8s.

CHARLES W. PEARCE.

cres. e rall.

MAJOR. *a tempo.*

f

A- men.

"*In Thy light shall we see light.*"—PSALM xxxvi. 9.

mf OH quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
f Oh quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

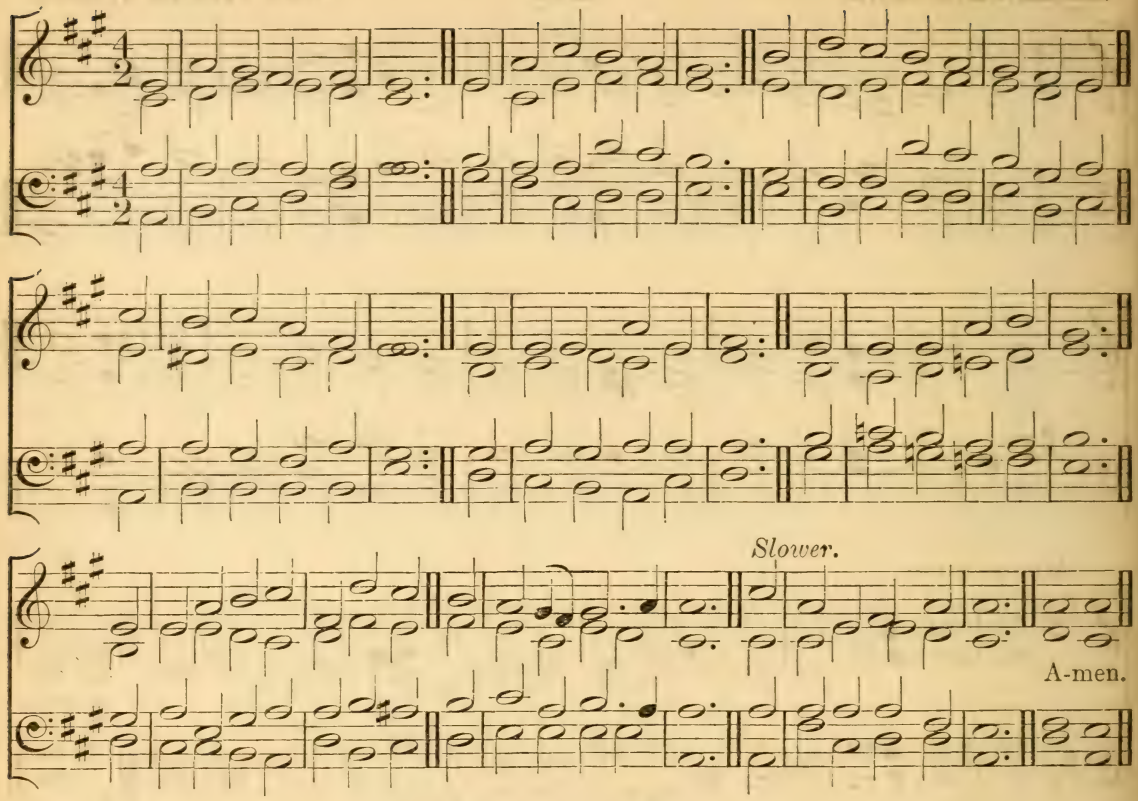
mf Oh quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
f Oh quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scatter'd people one.

mf Oh quickly come, true Life of all;
p For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
f Oh quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

mf Oh quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way:
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
f Oh quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.
Amen.

70. BRENT TOR.

P.M. E. J. HOPKINS.



"*Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*"—REVELATION xxii. 20.

mp THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set;
And still, of her dear Lord bereft,
She weeps a mourner yet.
f Come, then, Lord Jesus, come.

mp Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
p And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
cr We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
f Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

mp The serpent's brood increase
The powers of hell grow bold:
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
cr How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?
f Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

mf We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
f Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
ff Come then, Lord Jesus, come.
Amen.

71. FENITON COURT.

8s. 7s.

E. J. Hopkins.

A - men.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John xiv. 3.

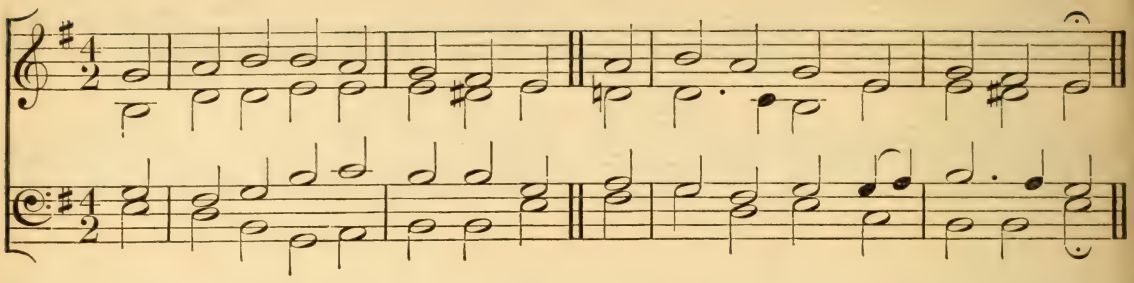
f Jesus came—the heavens adoring—
Came with peace from realms on high;
di Jesus came for man's redemption,
p Lowly came on earth to die:
mf Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
di Came in deep humility.

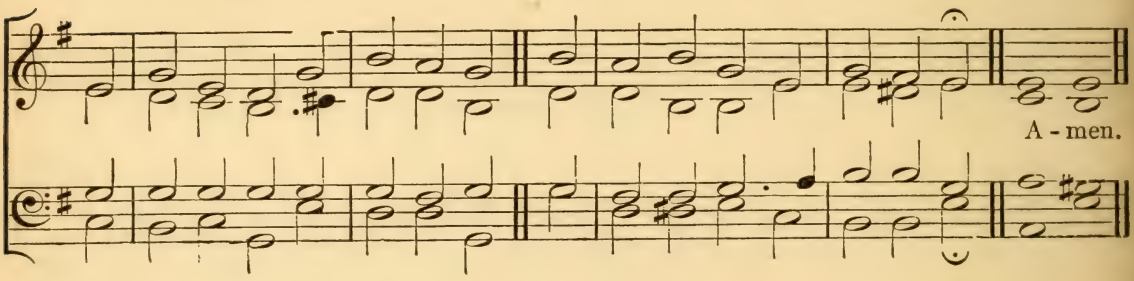
mf Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bow'd with care:
cr Jesus comes again in answer
To our earnest heart-felt prayer;
f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

f Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeem'd to heaven;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

ff Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
di Let us then our homage pay,
f Hallelujah! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.

72. OLMUTZ. L. M.





"*They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure.*'—PSALM cii. 26.

f THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
di What power shall be the sinner's stay?
p How shall he meet that dreadful day?

f When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
cr When louder yet, and yet more dread,
ff Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

p Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
cr Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
di Though heaven and earth shall pass away. Amen.

73. HELMSLEY.

8s. 7s. 4.

M. MADAN.

A - men.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."—REVELATION i. 7.

f Lo, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
ff Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

mp Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
p Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

mf Those dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

f Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

ff Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
Oh come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down. Amen.

74. LUTHER'S HYMN.

P.M.

A - men.

"The time of the dead is come, that they should be judged."—REVELATION xi. 18.

f GREAT God, what do I see and hear:
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
ff The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
p Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

mf The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

p But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
pp The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet Him.

un Great God, what do I see and hear:
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
p Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
cr And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

75. SINAI.

P.M. O'BRIEN.

A - men.

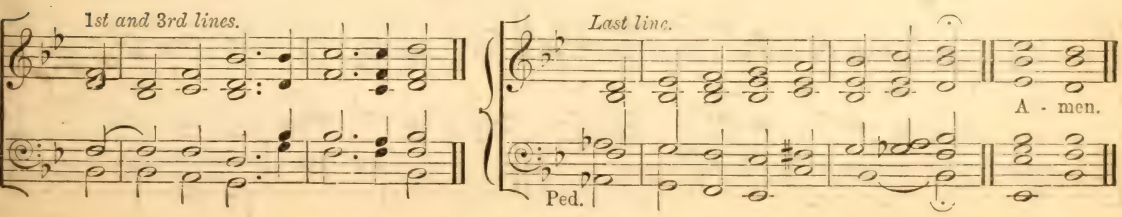
"Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven."—HEBREWS xii. 26.

f THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
ff The rocks were rent asunder.

p The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

mf The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
cr Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
ff With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated. Amen.

Organ Accompaniment ad lib.



This hymn may be sung to "Luther's Hymn," No. 74.

76. DIES IRÆ.

P.M. J. B. DYKES.

"The Lord grant him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day."—2 TIMOTHY i. 18.

DAY of wrath, O day of mourn-ing! See the Cru - ci - fied re-turn-ing,

mp

Heaven and earth in ash - es burn - ing! Oh what fear man's bo - som rend-eth,

dim. *p*

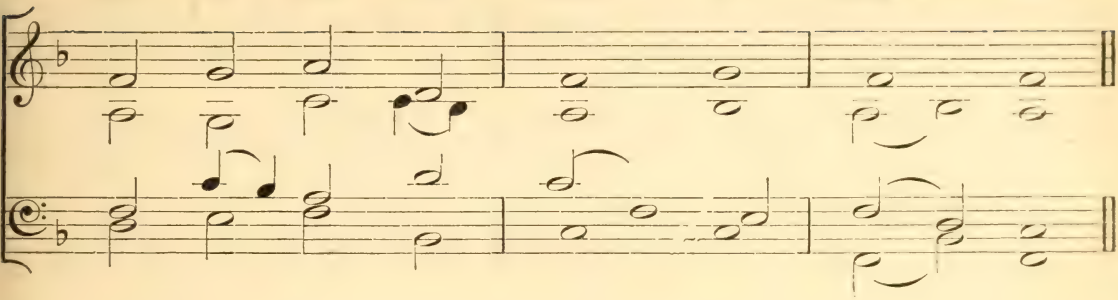
When from heaven the Judge des - cend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de - pend - eth!

dim.

Won-drous sound the trum-pet fling-eth; Thro' earth's se - pul - chres it ring - eth;

cres.

All be - fore the throne it bring - - eth.



f Death is struck, and nature quaking:
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

p What shall I, frail man, be pleading;
Who for me be interceding;
When the just are mercy needing?
cr King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.
mf Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation.

p Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

mp Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.
With Thy favour'd sheep, oh, place me;
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

Sixth verse over leaf.

Sixth Verse.

Low I kneel with heart sub - mis - sion; See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion:

p

Organ Accompaniment ad lib.

p

Save, oh, save me from per - di - tion. Ah, that day of tears and mourn-ing

dim. *pp*

From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg-ment must pre - pare him;

dim. *f* *ff*

Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him. *mp* Lord, all pity - ing, Je - su blest,

dim. *pp rall. cres.*

Grant us Thine e - - ter - nal rest. A - - - - - men.

pp

dim.

77. VOX DOMINI.

9s. 8s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Slowly.

A - men.

"*The mighty God, even the Lord hath spoken.*"—PSALM l. 1.

f THE mighty God, the Lord hath spoken,
And bids the trembling earth draw nigh:
The silence of long ages broken,
He speaks in thunder from the sky.

Forth from the heavenly Zion shining,
In perfect beauty He appears:
Love, wisdom, majesty combining,
Bright are the diadems He wears.

ff A fiery stream devours before Him,
And cloud and tempest veil His form:
The countless hosts of heaven adore Him,
Amidst the darkness and the storm.

mf He speaks, and all the nations tremble;
Heaven, earth, and hell His voice obey:
In solemn awe His saints assemble,
The world's dim shadows flee away.

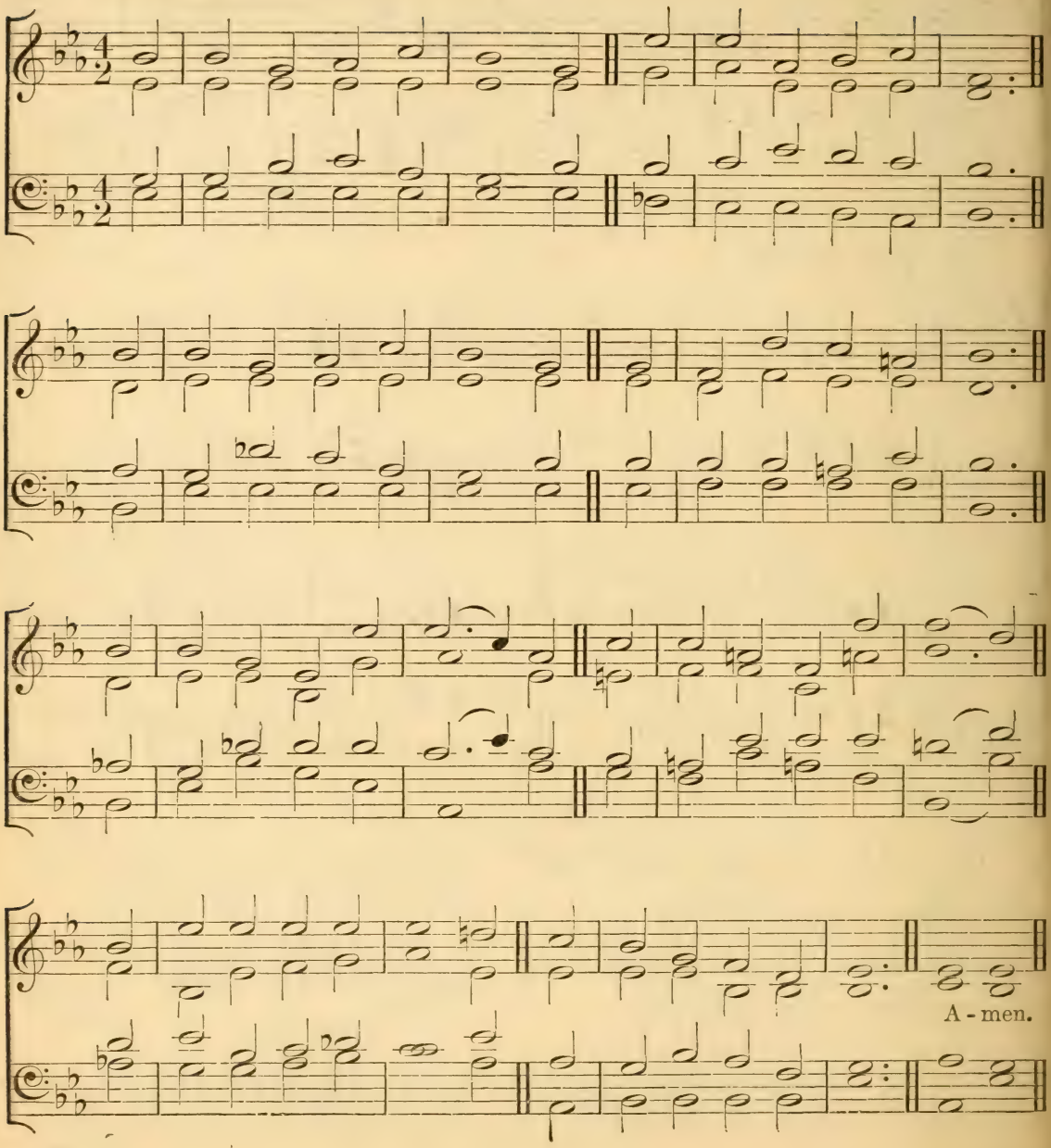
mp Oh, who can stand, when Thou appearest
In robes of majesty divine?
Though now each contrite sigh Thou hearest,
cr What terrors then will round Thee [shine!

mf O mighty God, O Lord most holy,
Prepare us for Thy judgment day:
And now to contrite hearts and lowly,
Thy pardoning healing grace display.
Amen.

78. LANCASHIRE.

7s. 6s.

H. Smart.



Advent.

"*At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.*"—MATTHEW xxv. 6.

f REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh:
Up, pray and watch and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

mp See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
mf The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go meet Him, as He cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

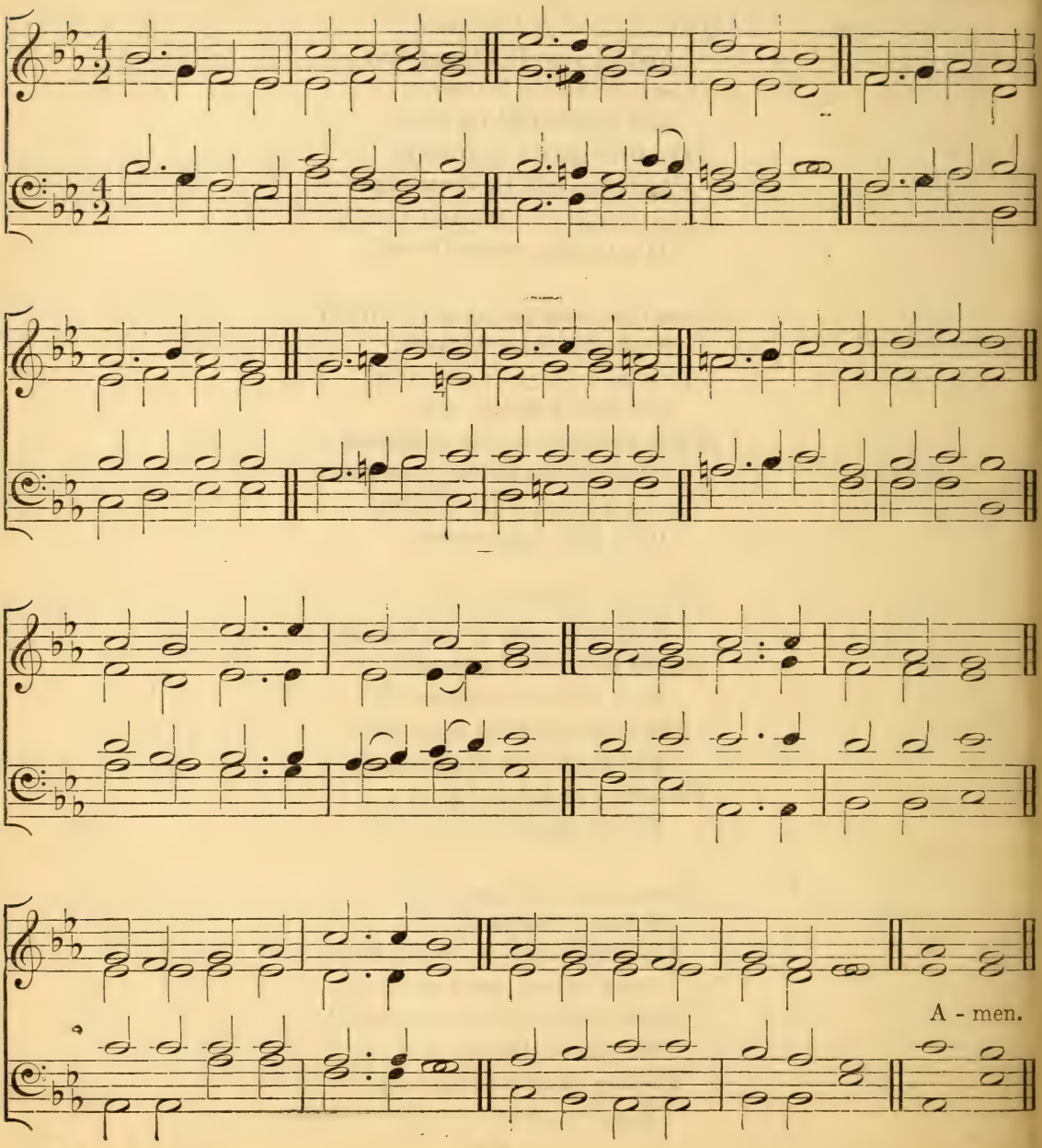
cr Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
f Until in songs of triumph
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand:
ff Up, up! ye heirs of glory;
The Bridegroom is at hand.

mf Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear:
Arise, Thou Sun, so long'd for,
O'er this benighted sphere:
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
That brings us unto Thee. **Amen.**

79. SOUTHWICK.

P.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.



Advent.

"*I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.*"—JOHN xvi. 22.

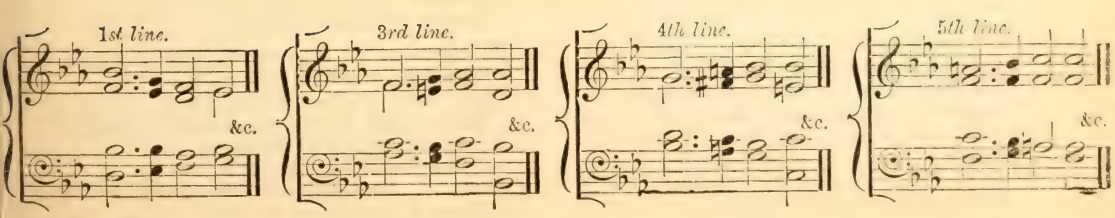
f THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
cr In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
p, *cr* Coming:—in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
p, *cr* Coming:—O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

f Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
cr We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
f What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

mf Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
p While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
cr Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

f Oh the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee my own belovèd Lord;
cr Every tongue Thy name confessing;
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord,
ff Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and own'd. Amen.

Organ Accompaniment ad lib.



80. EASTHAM.

P.M.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.

A - men.

"The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him."—2 THESSALONIANS ii. 1.

f TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
mf 'Tis finish'd, all is finish'd,
Their fight with death and sin:
ff Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

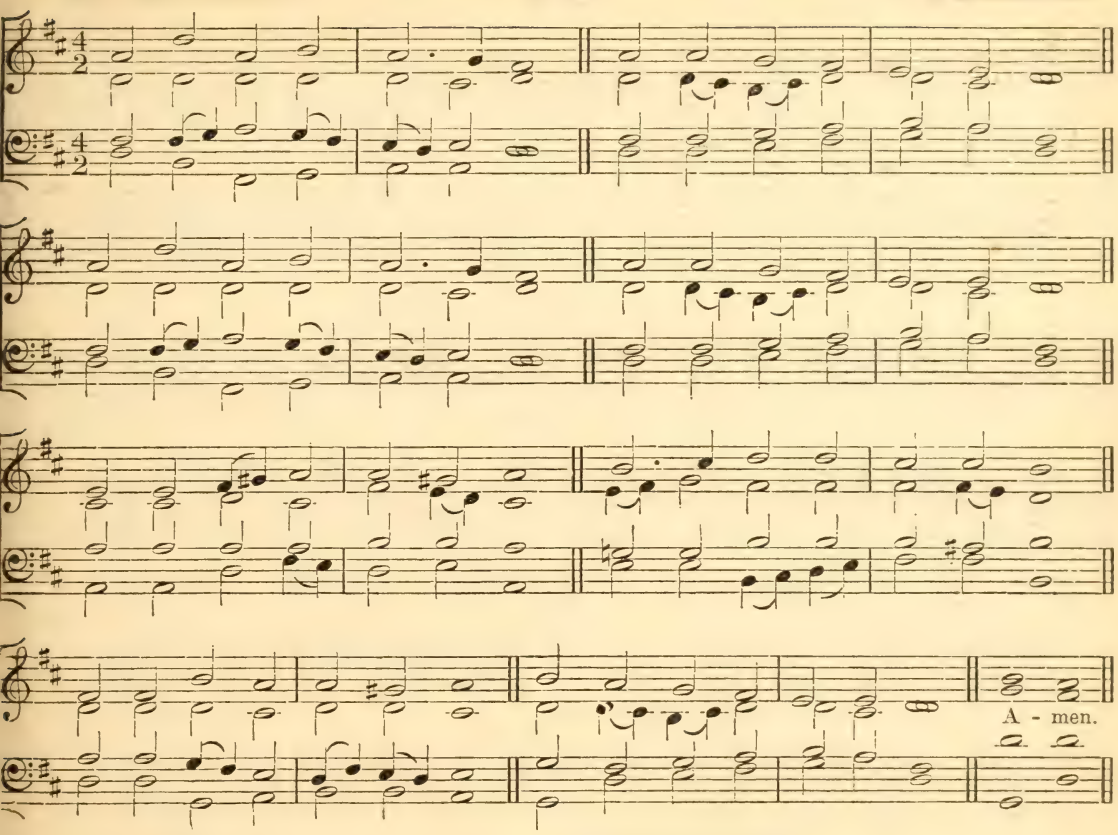
f What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
cr Oh day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
ff Oh joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

mf Oh then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
di What knitting sever'd friendships up
Where partings are no more!
mp Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
cr Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

mf Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
cr Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
f Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
ff Show in the heavens Thy promised sign:
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

81. SALZBURG.

D. 7s. J. ROSENMÜLLER.



"*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"—REVELATION xix. 6.

f HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
cr Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
ff Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

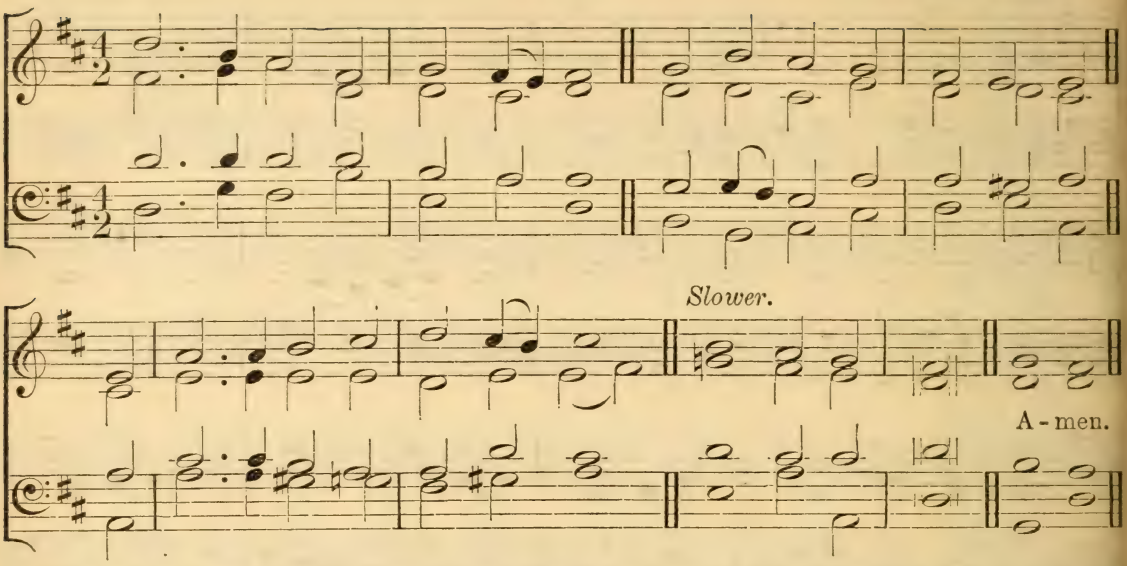
f Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
di See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
p Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—'tis done;
cr And the kingdoms of this world
f Are the kingdoms of His Son.

ff He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
di Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
ff Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all. Amen.

82. LIGHT.

7.7.8.4.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—JOHN viii. 12.

mf LIGHT, that from the dark abyss
Madest all things, none amiss,
cr To share Thy beauty, share Thy bliss,
Come to us: come.

f Light, that dost o'er all things reign,
Light that dost all life maintain;
O Light, that dost create again,
Come to us: come.

p Light of men, that left the skies,
Light that look'd through human eyes,
pp And died in darkness as man dies,
Come to us: come.

cr Light that stoop'd to rise and raise,
f Soar'd to God above our gaze,
And still art with us all the days,
Come to us: come.

mf Light that makest manifest,
Beautifiest, hallowest,
Light in Thy joyous strength at rest,
Come to us: come.

mp Leave us not to say we see,
While we shut our eyes to Thee,
pp Who knockest very patiently:
Enter, and come.

mf All our good is Thine alone;
All our evil is our own;
Oh drive it from before Thy throne,—
Come to us: come.

Works of darkness put away;
With Thy harness us array
cr To walk in light and wait for day,
And Thee to come.

p We have done great wrong to Thee,
cr Yet we do belong to Thee;
Oh make our life one song to Thee.
Come to us: come.

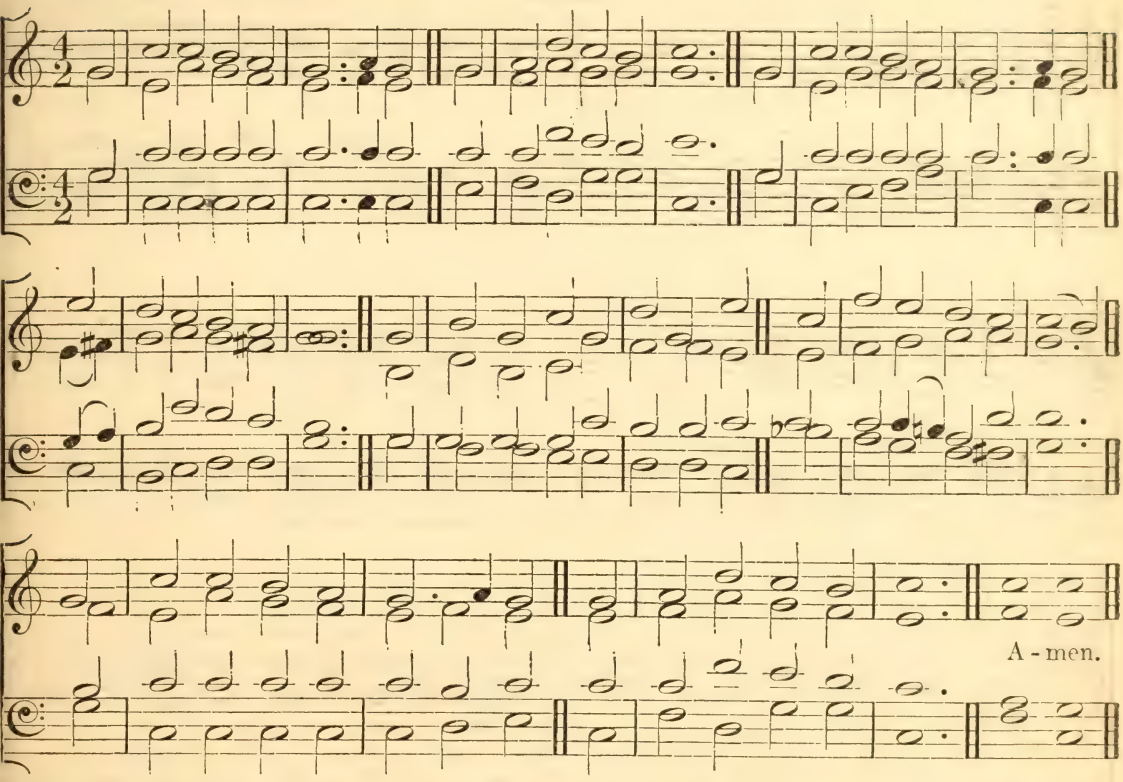
Come in all the majesty
di Of Thy great humility;
ff Come, the whole world cries out to Thee,
Come to us: come. Amen.

See also Hymns 109, 115, 117, 120, 121, 130, 559, 563.

"When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb."

83. BETHLEHEM.

D.C.M.



"Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii. 11.

mf While shepherds watch'd their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
ff "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

f "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

mf "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

mp Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.

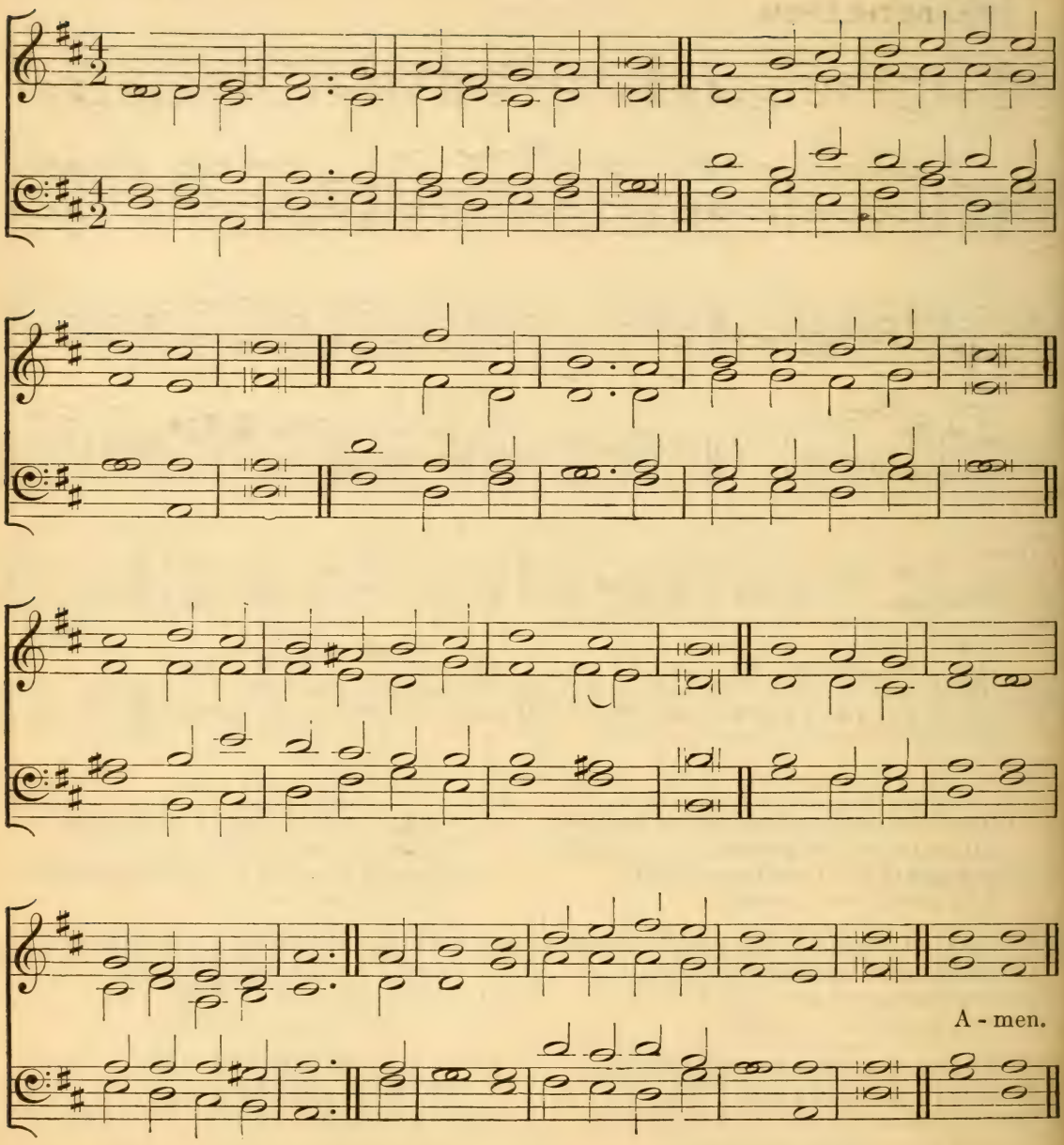
f "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." Amen.

May also be sung to "Nottingham," No. 105, or "Winchester Old," No. 113.

84. STOCKPORT.

Six 10s.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT.



Christmas.

"*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.*"—LUKE ii. 10.

f CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born:
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

mf Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

f He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
p Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

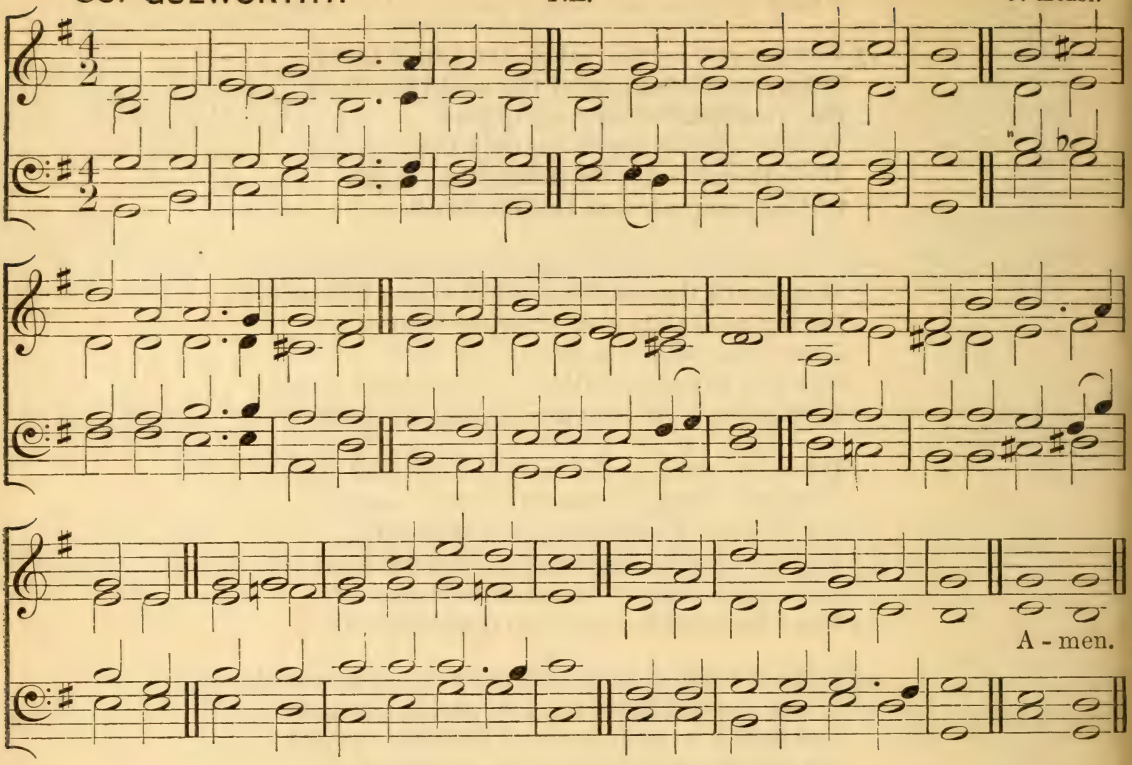
mf To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
p Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
cr Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

f Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King. Amen.

85. GULWORTHY.

P.M. J. Hurst.



"*God was manifest in the flesh.*"—1 Timothy iii. 16.

f Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

mf He is here, whom seers aforetime
Chanted while the ages ran;
Whom the faithful word of prophets
Promised since the world began;
Long foretold, at length appearing,
Praise Him every child of man,
Evermore and evermore.

f Blessèd was the day for ever,
When by God the Spirit's grace
From the womb of virgin mother
Came the Saviour of our race,
When the Child, the world's Redeemer,
First display'd His sacred face.
Evermore and evermore.

ff Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
All dominions bow before Him,
And exalt His wondrous might;
Let no tongue of man be silent;
Let each voice and heart unite,
Evermore and evermore.

mf Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
mp Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
cr Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

ff Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

86. ADESTE FIDELES.

P.M.

JOHN READING.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."—LUKE ii. 15.

f 1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - umph-ant, Oh come ye, Oh
2. God of.... God, and Light of Light be - got - ten, *p* Lo, He ab -
3. *f* Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
4. *f* Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - su, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Born up - on earth, be -
- - hors not the Vir - gin's womb; *f* Ve - ry..... God, be -
ci - ti - zens of heaven a - bove, Glo - ry to God, all
Thee be..... glo - ry given; Word of the Fa - ther,

p Trebles only.

Org. (Alto.)

- hold the King of an - gels; *p* Oh come, let us a - dore Him, *cr* Oh come, let us a -
- got - ten, not cre - a - ted; *cr* Oh come, let us a -
glo - ry in the high - est; *cr* Oh come, let us a -
now in flesh ap - pear - ing; *cr* Oh come, let us a -

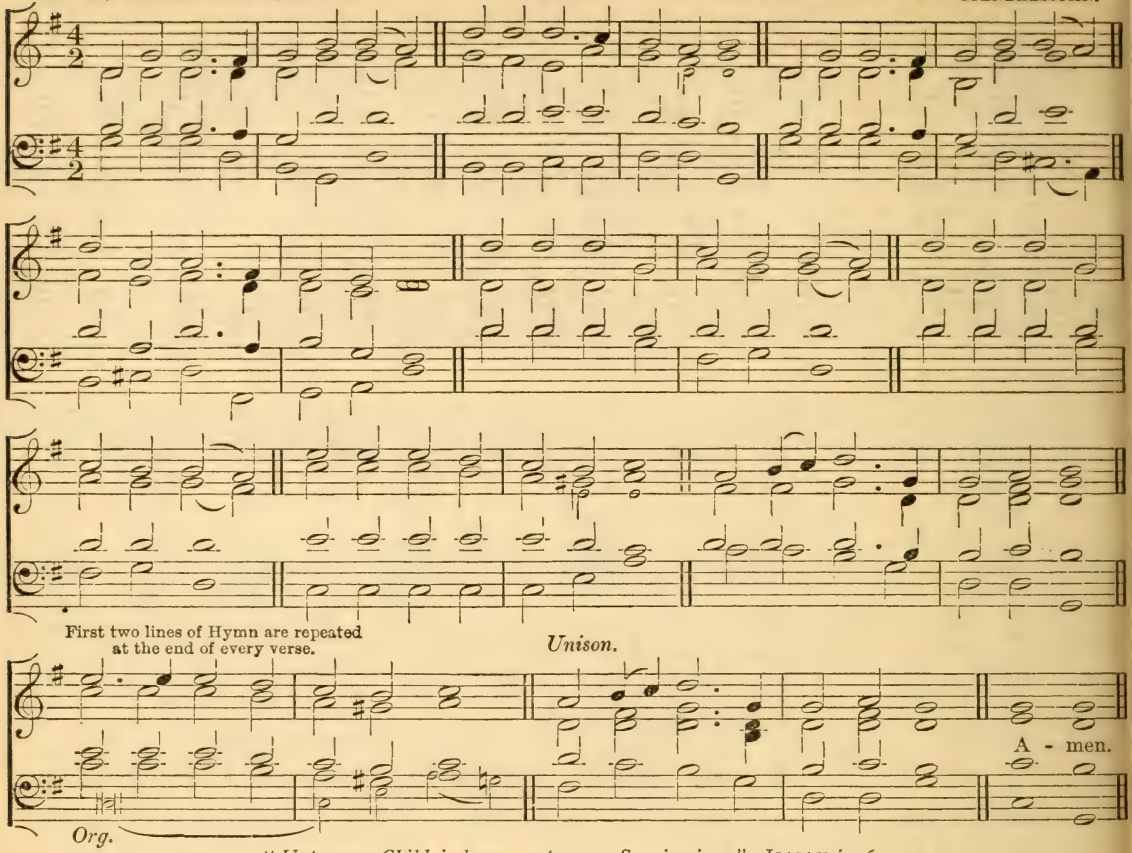
Org. (Tenor.)

f

- dore Him, *f* Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men.

(Bass.)

87. MENDELSSOHN. D. 7s. MENDELSSOHN.



"Unto us a Child is born: unto us a Son is given."—ISAIAH ix. 6.

f HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;*
p Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
cr God and sinners reconciled!
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
ff Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

f Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
di Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
p Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
cr Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

f Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
mp Mild, He lays His glory by,
cr Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

mf Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
cr Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
Stamp Thy image in its place;
Oh to all Thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing heart. Amen.

* *Or, as originally written—* { Hark! how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings!

88. GAUDETE.

8s. 6s. 4.

S. Smith.

p *cres.* *f* *p* *f*

A - men.

"They shall call His name Emmanuel."—Matthew i. 23.

f Joy fills our inmost heart to-day:
The royal Child is born:
And angel hosts in glad array
His Advent keep this morn.
ff Rejoice, rejoice! The incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel.

mp Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
cr And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
ff Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

mf For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
ff Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

f Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
ff Rejoice, rejoice! The incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel. Amen.

89. MARGARET.

P.M. J. R. MATHEWS.

A-men.

"The King of glory shall come in."—PSALM xxiv. 7.

mf THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
di But in Bethlehem's home there was found [no room
p For Thy holy Nativity.
mp Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

f Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
di But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on [earth,
p And in great humility.
mp Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
di But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
mp Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
cr That should set Thy children free;
di But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary.
mp Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
p Thy cross is my only plea.

f When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
mp Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!"
cr And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.
Amen.

* In some of the verses it will be found necessary to divide these minims into crotchets.

90. FLENSBURG.

D.C.M. Adapted from SPOHR.

rall.

A - men.

"Behold the angels of God ascending and descending."—GENESIS xxviii. 12.

mf IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
di From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
cr Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King:—
p The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

mf Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats,
O'er all the weary world:
mp Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
cr And ever o'er its Babel sounds
p The blessèd angels sing.

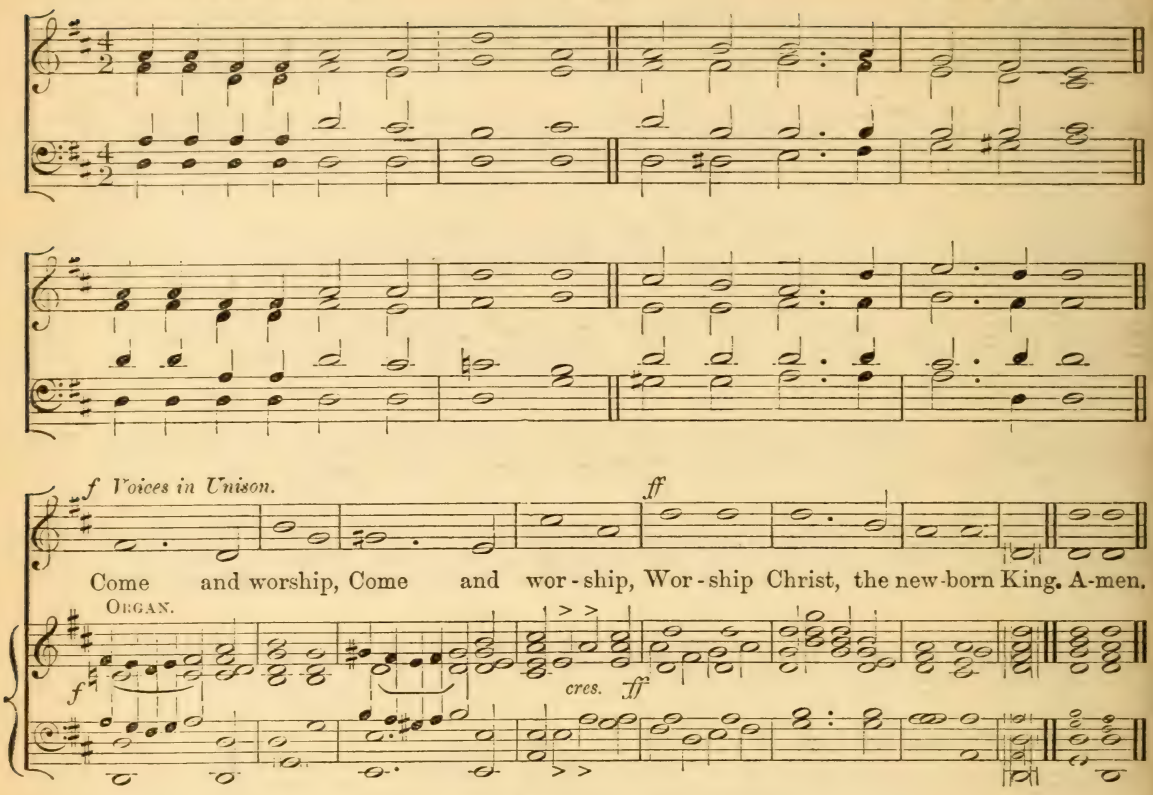
mp O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
cr Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
mf Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

mf For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
cr When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
f When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
ff And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

91. LANSDOWNE.

8s. 7s. 4.

WILLIAM S. VINNING.



"We are come to worship Him."—MATTHEW ii. 2.

f ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mf Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night;
cr God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
f Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

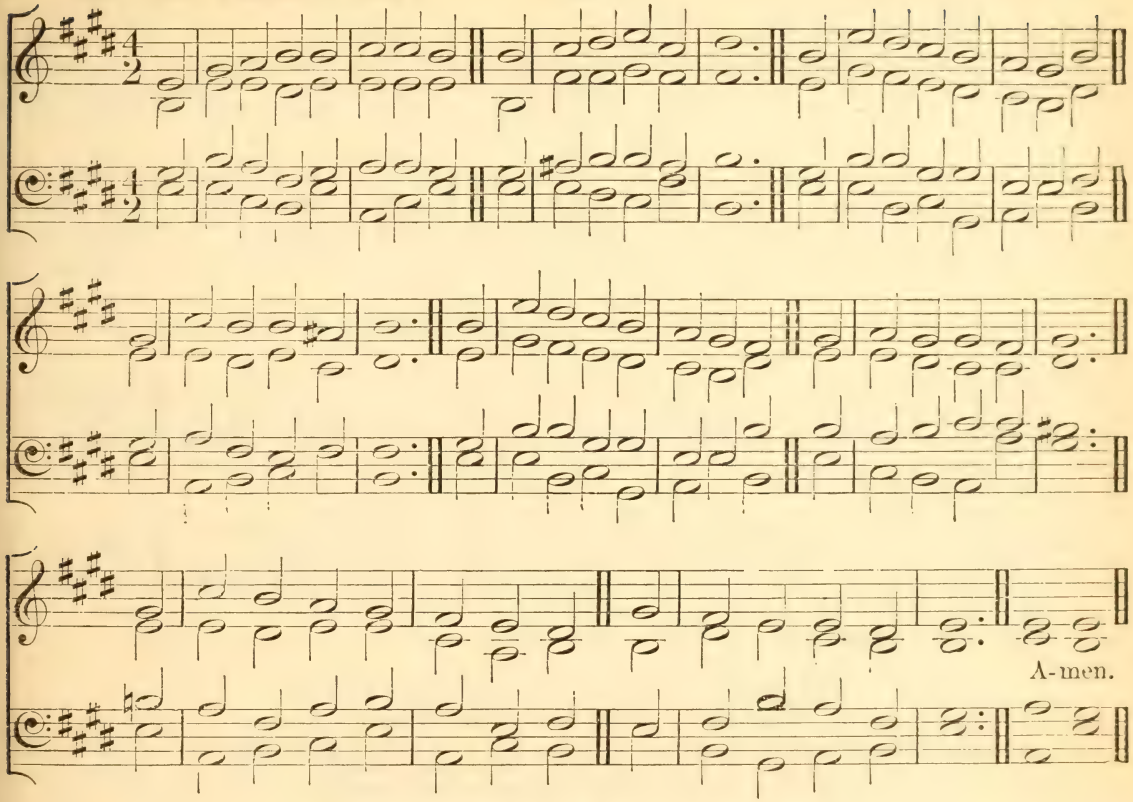
mf Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
f Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mf Saints before the altar bending,
p Watching long in hope and fear,
cr Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
f Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Amen.

Alternative Tune will be found in the Appendix, No. 5.

See also Hymns 136, 137, 472, 473, 474, 475.

92. OLD EIGHTY-FIRST. D.C.M.



"Ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."—1 PETER iv. 13.

f THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar.
Who follows in His train?
mp Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
cr Who patient bears His cross below,
f He follows in His train.

mf The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.
di Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
cr He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
f Who follows in His train?

ff A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came: [knew
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame,
f They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
di They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
f Who follows in their train?

ff A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
f They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
di Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

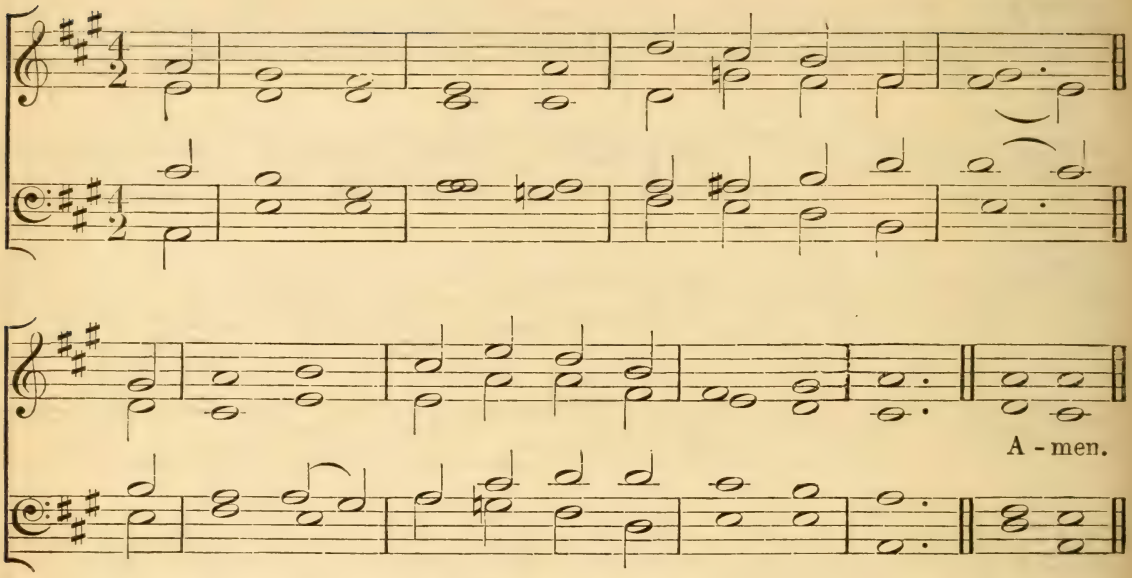
May be sung to "St. Ann's," No 279.

See also Hymns 232 (part ii.) 403, 424, 578.

93. ST. CYRIL.

10s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved."—JOHN xiii. 23.

mf O LIGHT of Light, whose glory is to dwell,
Effulgent God, with God invisible:

O Life of Life, whose fountain unexplored
Flows where archangel's wing hath never soar'd:

O Love of Love, whose uncreated rest
Is the fruition of Thy Father's breast:

O Light, whose dayspring, dawning from on high,
Shone in Thy loved apostle's heart and eye:

O Life, whose quickening Spirit breathed the word
Of heavenly wisdom in his accents heard:

O Love, whose bosom, in its woes serene,
Suffer'd his love and sorrow there to lean:

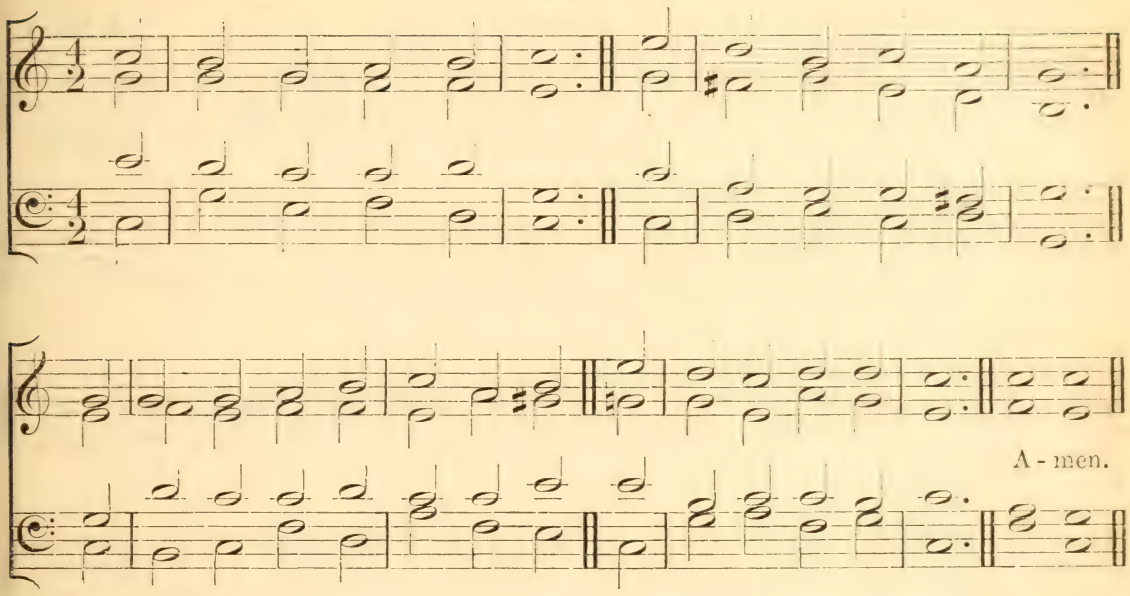
cr O Life, Light, Love, unchanging evermore,
Upon Thy church Thy grace and glory pour;

f Until, beyond all storms of earthly strife,
She gains the light of everlasting life. Amen.

See also Hymns 17, 403, 427.

94. NARENZA.

S. M.



"Thy children shall come again."—JEREMIAH xxxi. 17.

mf GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin,
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

f Glory to Thee, O Lord;
di For now, all grief unknown,
p They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown.

mf Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They pass'd unconsciously the flood,
And safely gain'd the shore.

Glory to Thee, for all
The ransom'd infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
p And reach'd the quiet land.

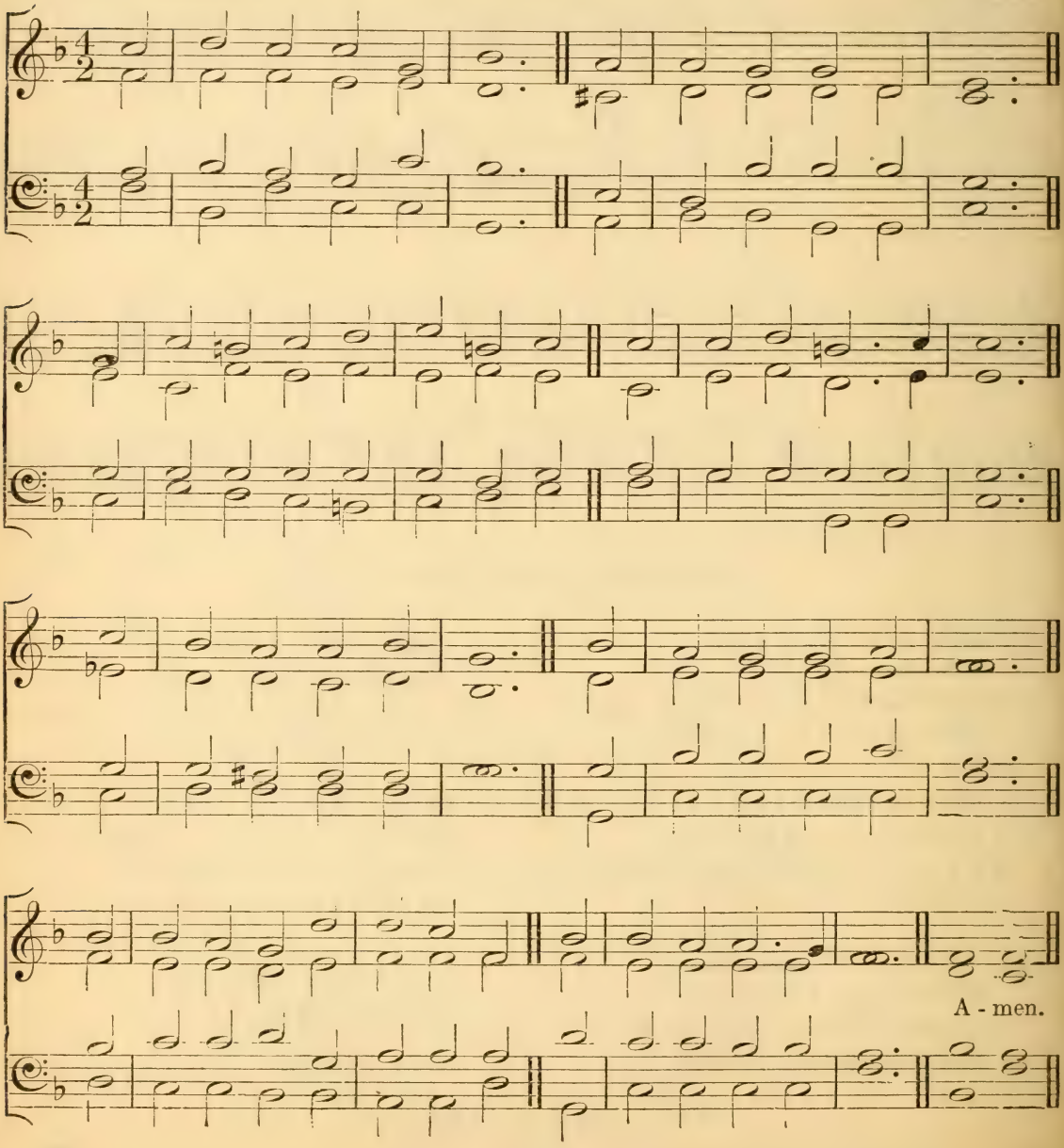
mf Oh that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
Oh that, as free from wilful sin,
We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
cr In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy name. Amen.

This Tune is also given in B flat at No. 431.
See also Hymns 403 476 499.

"THE LIVING, THE LIVING, HE SHALL PRAISE THEE, AS I DO THIS DAY"

95. CHALVEY. D.S.M. L. G. HAYNE.



Sunday after Christmas: Close of the Year.

"A little while, and ye shall see Me."—JOHN xvi. 16.

mp A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
di And we shall be with those at rest
p Asleep within the tomb:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mp A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
di And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mp A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
di And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mp A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mf A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

f 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
mp.f Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
mf Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
di Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away. Amen.

96. AURELIA.

D. 7s. 6s.

S. S. Wesley.

A - men.

"Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."—Psalm cii. 29.

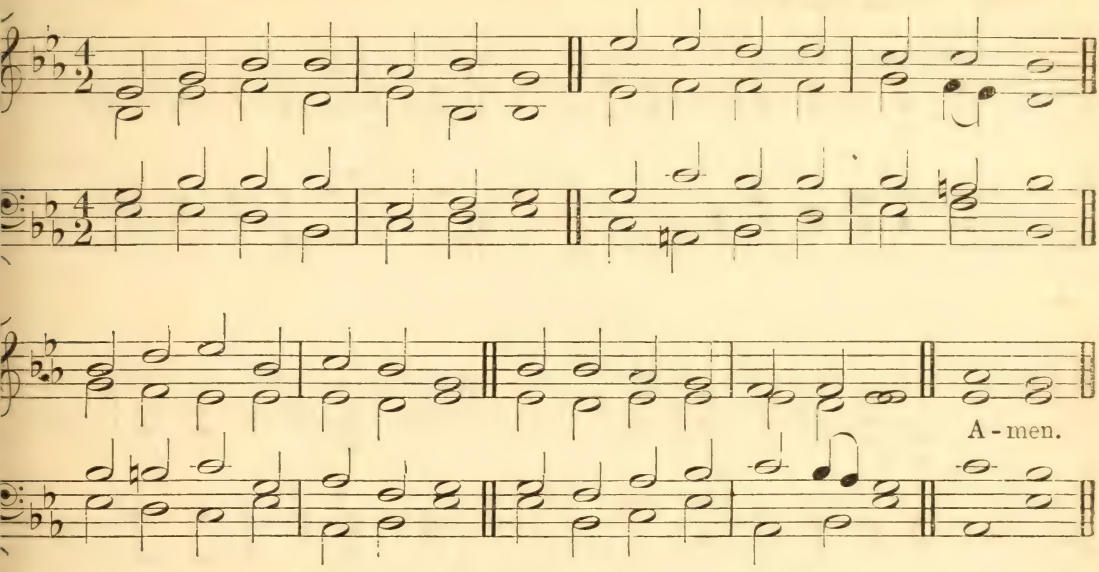
f O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

mp Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
p A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

mf O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
cr Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast bless'd.

f Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore. Amen.

97. CULBACH. 7s.



"The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us."—PSALM CXV. 12.

mf FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
f Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.

mf In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay·
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

pp Whosoe'er death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread;
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

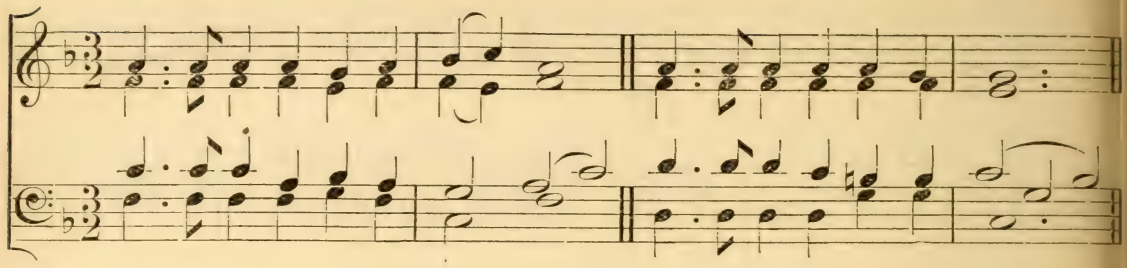
mf Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

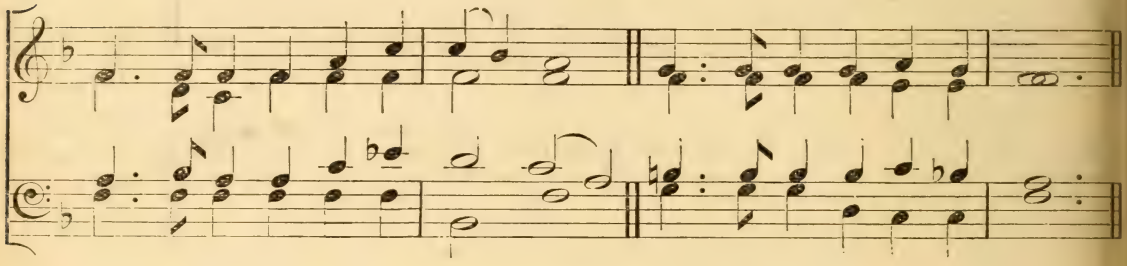
f So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
ff Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

98. ST. SILVESTER.

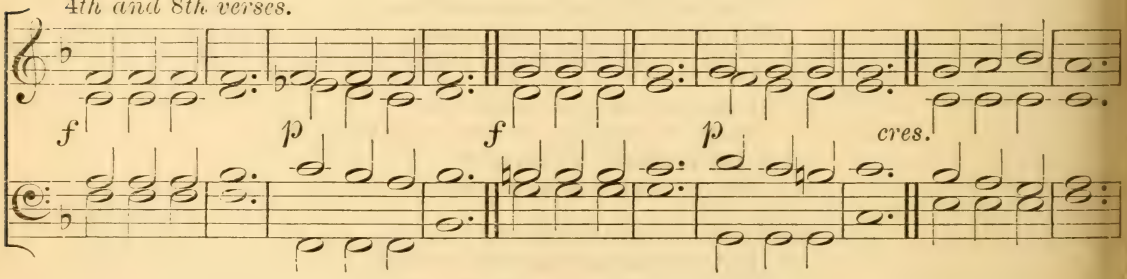
P.M.

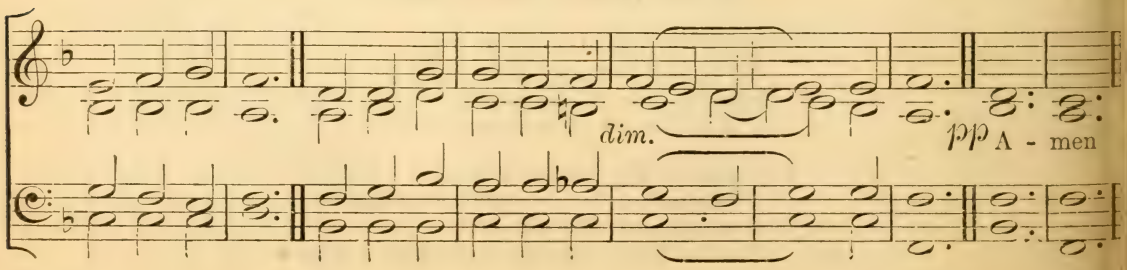
J. B. Dykes.





4th and 8th verses.





Sunday after Christmas: Close of the Year.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—PSALM XC. 12.

mf DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
p Oh, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

mf Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
cr Wake, oh wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

mp Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending,
pp Or eternity of woe.

mf Life passeth soon:
pp Death draweth near:
mf Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
p With Thee to die,
f With Thee to reign through eternity.

mp As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
cr For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

mf Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

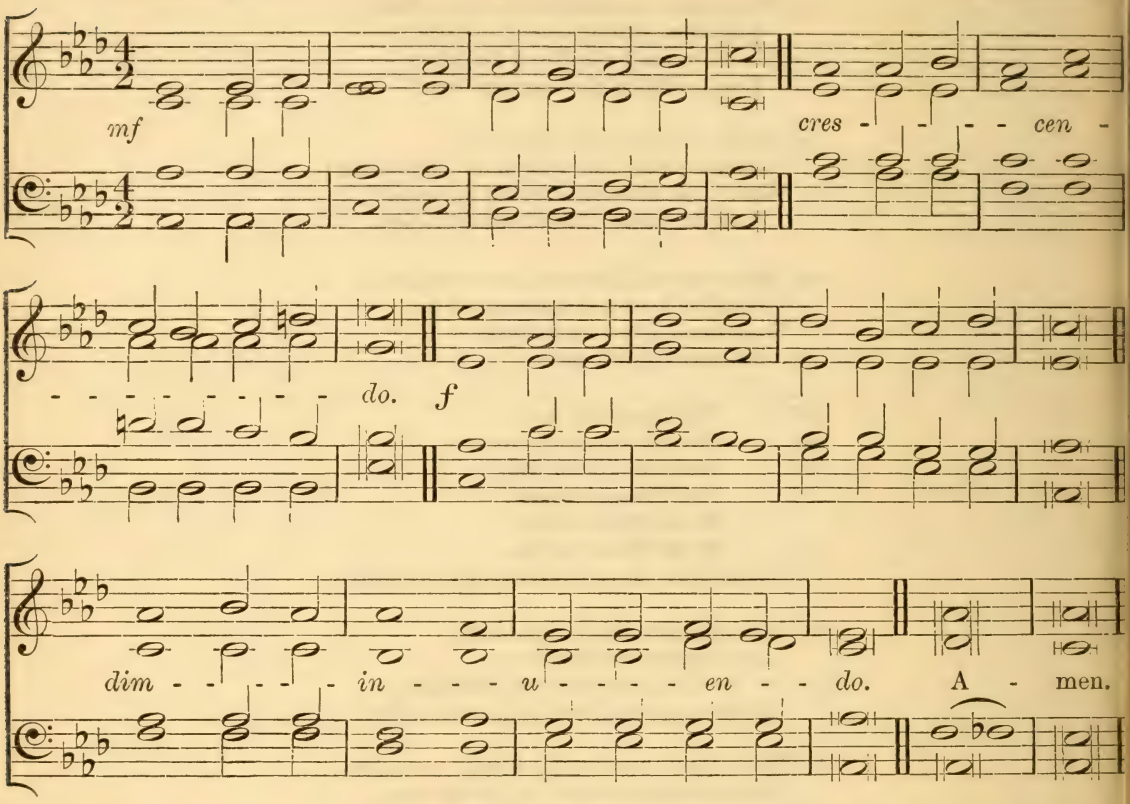
f Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
ff Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

mf Life passeth soon:
pp Death draweth near:
mf Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear:
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
f With Thee to reign through eternity. Amen.

The Circumcision of Christ: New Year.

"By Thy holy nativity and circumcision, Good Lord, deliver us."

99. ELLERS. 10s. E. J. Hopkins.



"When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His name was called Jesus."—Luke ii. 21.

mp O Jesu, consecrate to God always,
Baptized in blood for us from infant days,
cr Be Thine, O Lord, by holy prayer and vow
The year we enter by Thy mercy now.

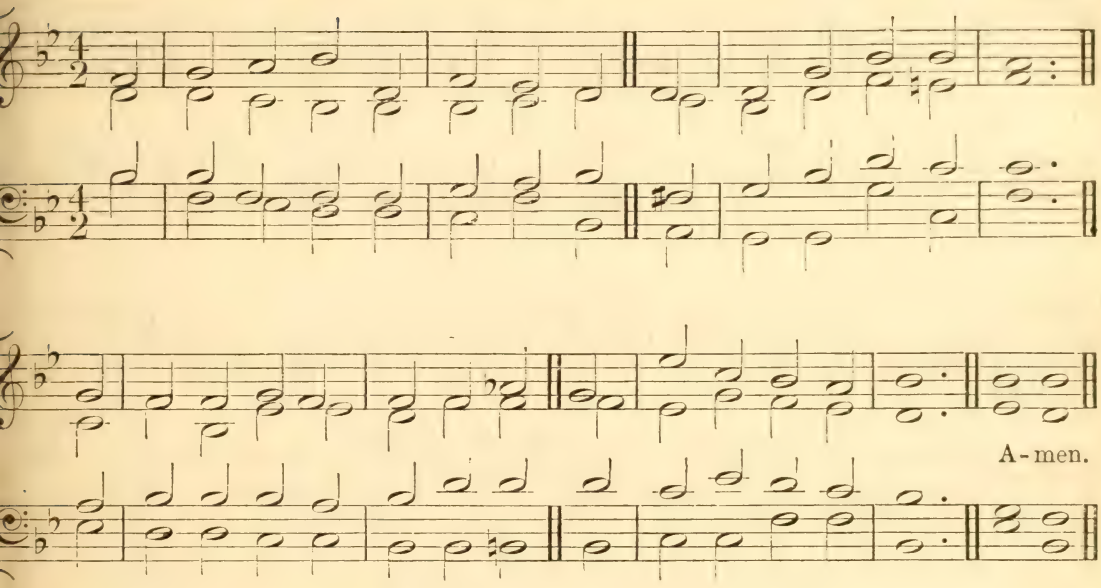
mf We know not, Master, and we would not know,
What shall befall us day by day below;
di Or if the angel of Thy will and love
This year shall bear us to Thy rest above.

cr But well we know Thy tenderness and power
Will never faint nor fail us hour by hour,
di And all our supplications blend in one,—
p Thy will in us, Thy will by us be done. Amen.

100. HARROW.

C.M.

J. W. IVIMEY.



"*His Son, made under the law, to redeem them.*"—GALATIANS iv. 4, 5.

mf O WORD Incarnate, full of grace,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Thy boundless love we humbly trace
Whose life for us was given.

We bless Thee for the saving name
This day embraced by Thee,
p And seal'd with suffering and shame
Our souls from guilt to free.

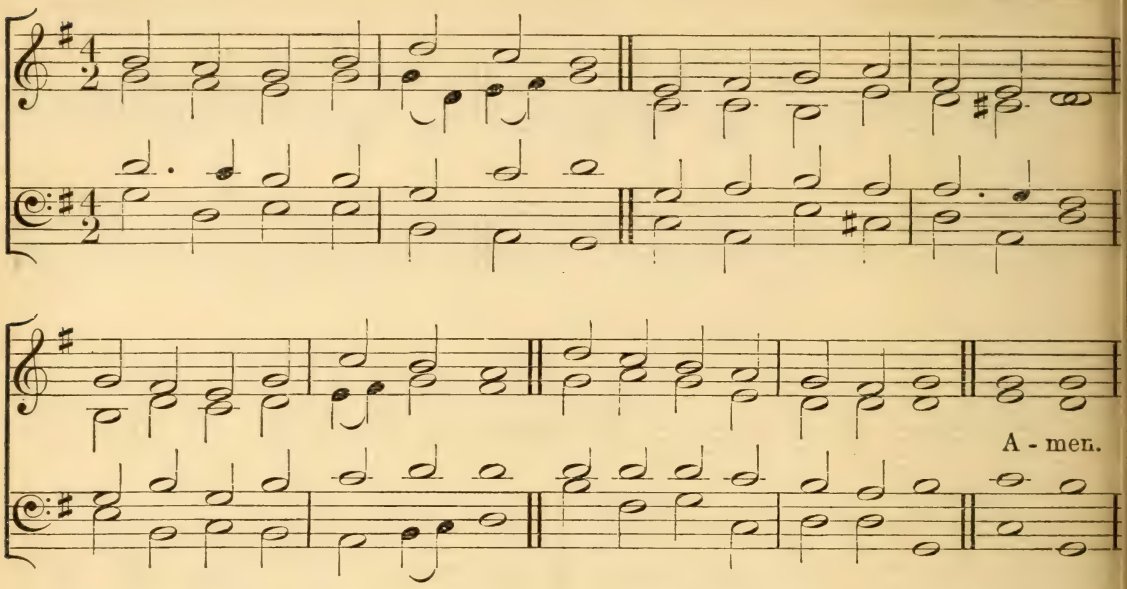
mf How shall we praise Thee, Holy Child,
For love so great as Thine,
di And gifts confirm'd by seals more mild
Of blessings all Divine.

mp Oh, may we through its shadowing veils
Thy law's deep wonders see,
And where our mortal vision fails
Rest evermore on Thee.

All carnal lust and vain desire
From us, dear Lord, remove;
cr And fill our hearts with holy fire,
The fire of heavenly love.

f From strength to strength, from grace to [grace,
Oh, lead us onward still,
Till cleansed and pure before Thy face
We stand on Zion's hill. Amen.

101. VIENNA. 7s. J. H. KNECHT.



"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATTHEW i. 21.

f CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

Yes: none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

mf That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
di Shall we madly cast away?

f Rather gladly for that name
Bear the cross, endure the shame:
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

mf Jesus, who dost condescend
To be call'd the sinner's Friend,
cr Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy name to-day. Amen.

102. DEDICATION.

D. 7s. 5s.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

A - men.

"That God in all things may be glorified."—1 PETER iv. 11.

mf FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
p Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
cr This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify Thy name.

mf Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

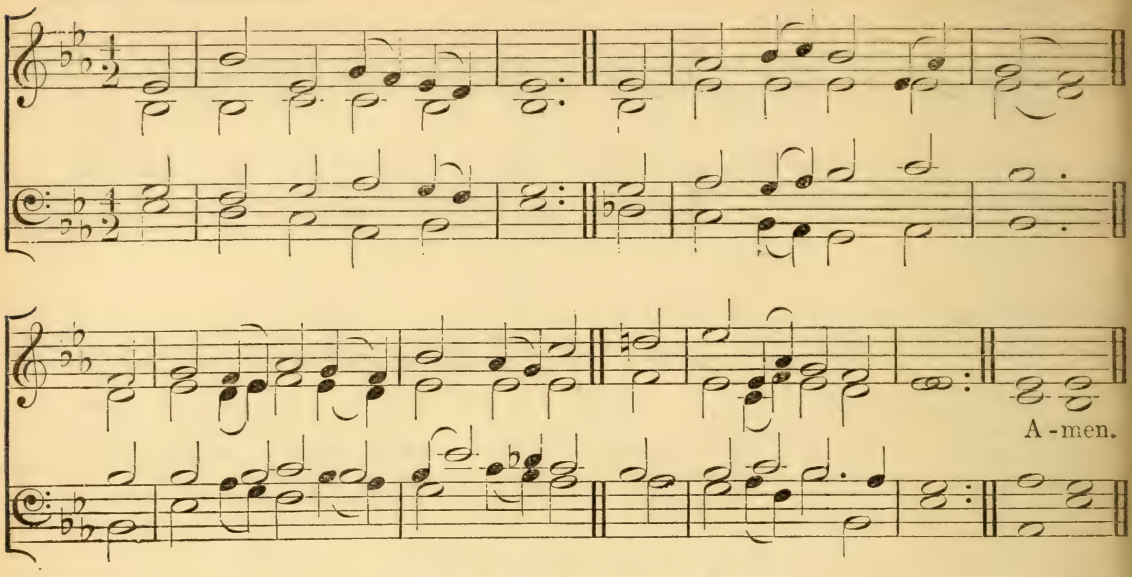
If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
cr If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
f Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

p If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
cr Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy name." Amen.

103. CARLISLE.

S.M.

C. LOCKHART.



"*My times are in Thy hand.*"—PSALM xxxi. 15.

mf MY times are in Thy hand,
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
p A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

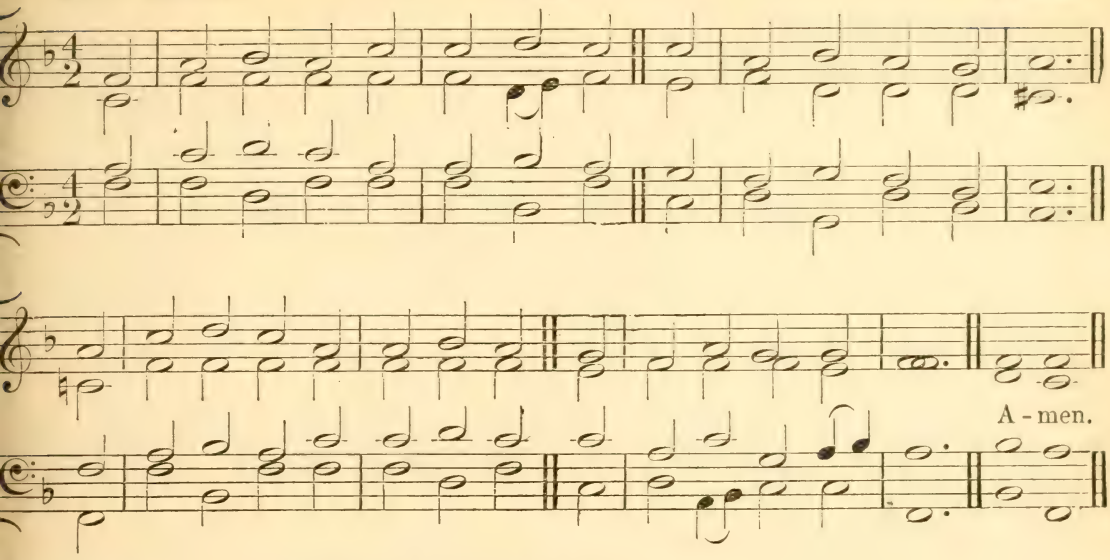
mf My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
p The hand my cruel sins had pierced
cr Is now my guard and guide.

f My times are in Thy hand;
I'll always trust in Thee,
And after death at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be. Amen.

104. MILAN.

C.M.

T. Tallis.



"*Then shall the Lord be my God.*"—Genesis xxviii. 21.

f O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
di Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

mf Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
di And at our Father's loved abode
p Our souls arrive in peace.

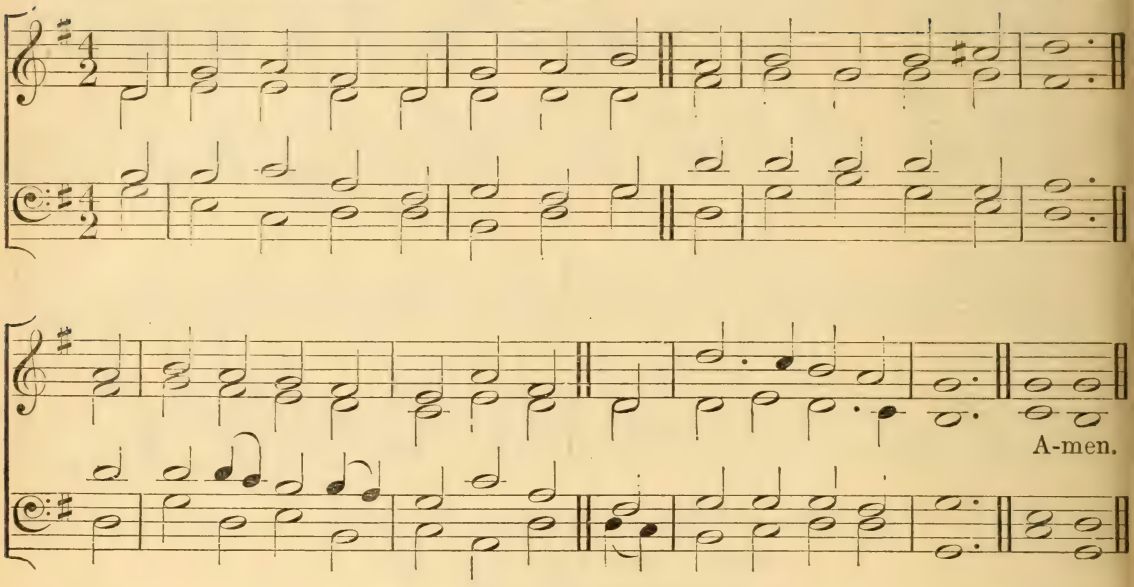
mf Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
f And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

See also Hymns 15, 292, 303, 305, 534.

The Epiphany.

BY THE LEADING OF A STAR.

105. NOTTINGHAM. C.M. J. CLARKE.



"The star which they saw in the east went before them."—MATTHEW ii. 9.

f O THOU who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

mf Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
cr Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

mf As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

f O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art. Amen.

106. DIX.

Six 7s.

C. Kocher.

A - men.

"I am the bright and morning star."—Revelation xxii. 16.

f As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

mf As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

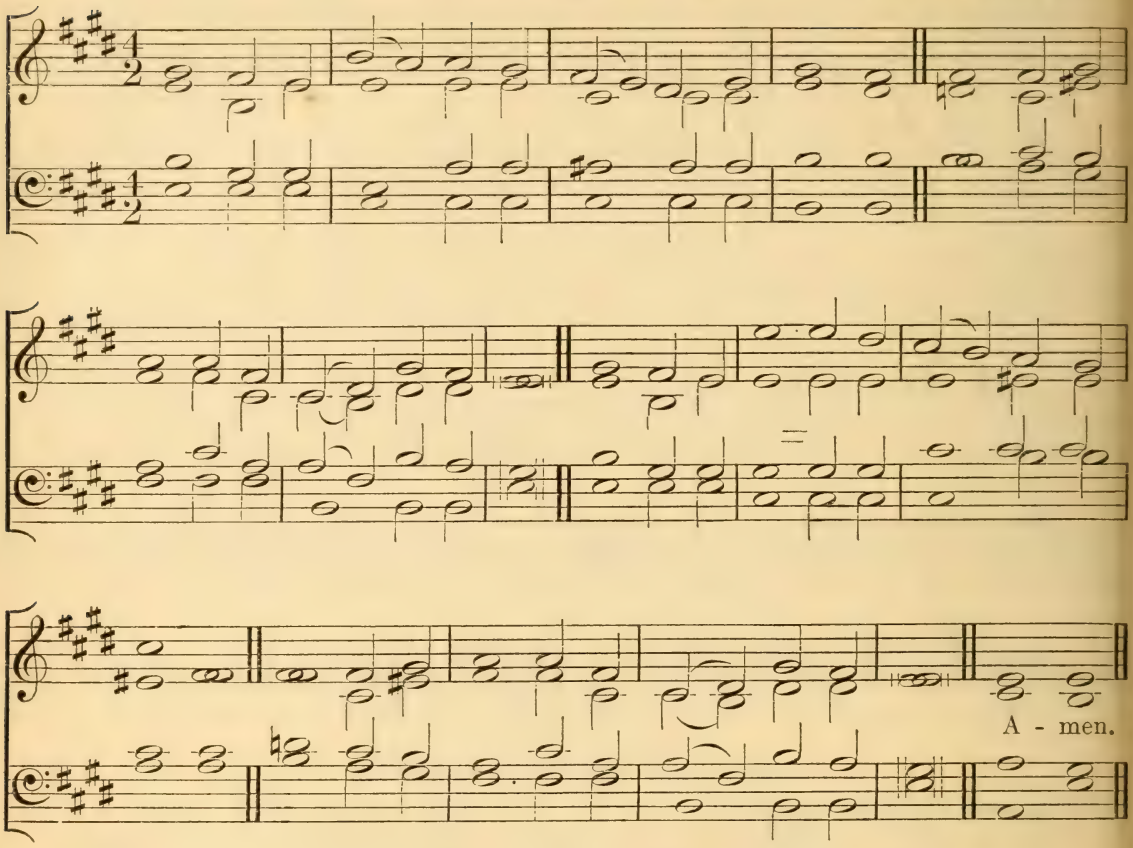
As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

p Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
cr And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
f Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

ff In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen

107. EPIPHANY HYMN. [First Tune.] 11s. 10s.

Adapted from Mendelssohn.



"Until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."—2 Peter i. 19.

mf Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
di Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

p Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
cr Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
f Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

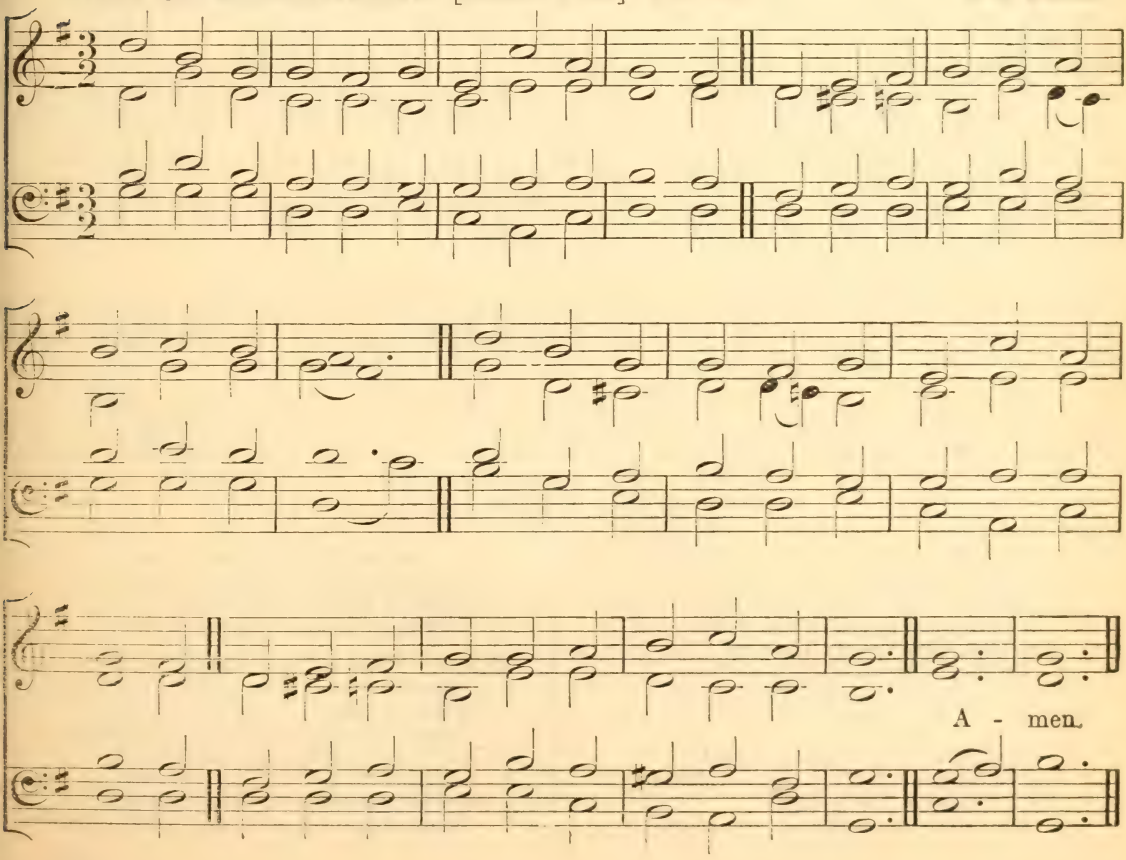
mf Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

f Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

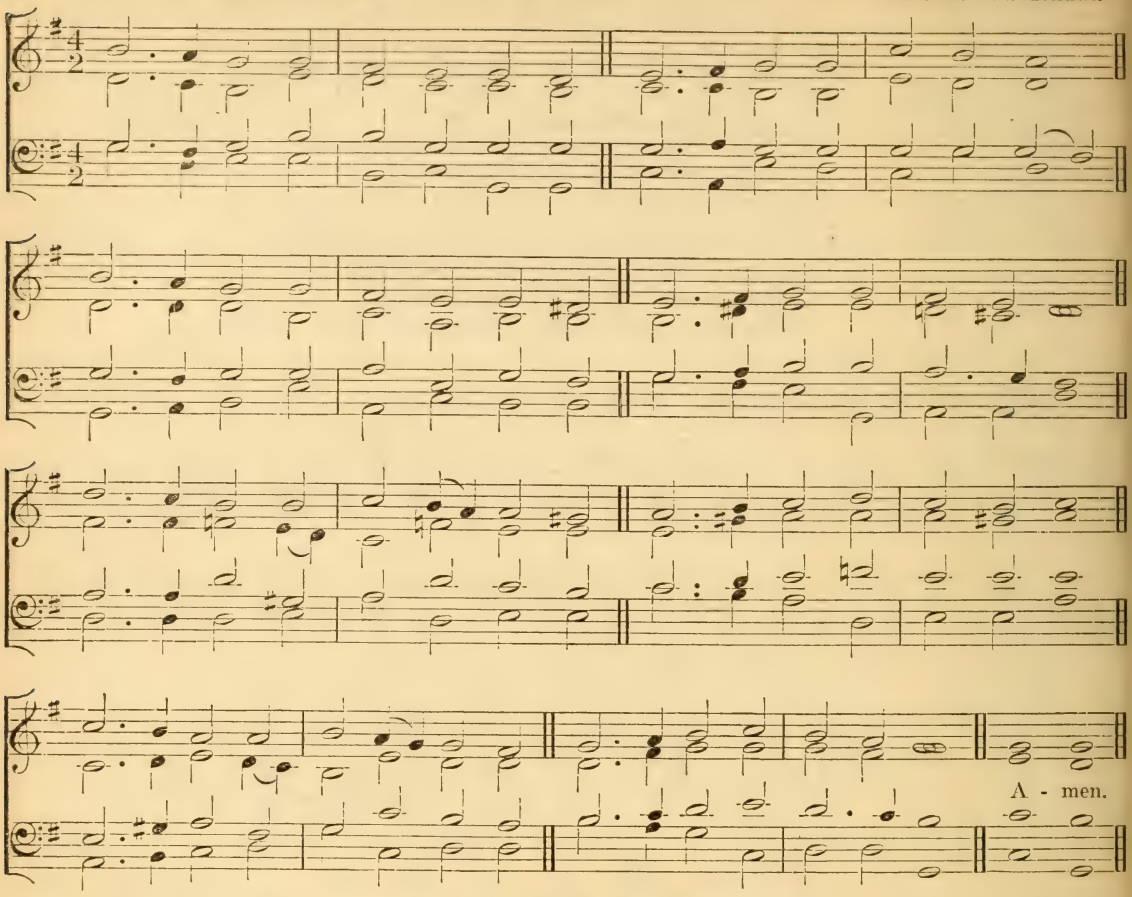
107. ST. ETHELDREDA. [Second Tune.] 11s. 10s.

H. E. Millar.



108. ST. SEBASTIAN. D. 8s. 7s.

CHARLES E. STEPHENS.



"*A light to lighten the Gentiles.*"—LUKE ii. 32.

f HAIL! Thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind,
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

mf Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.

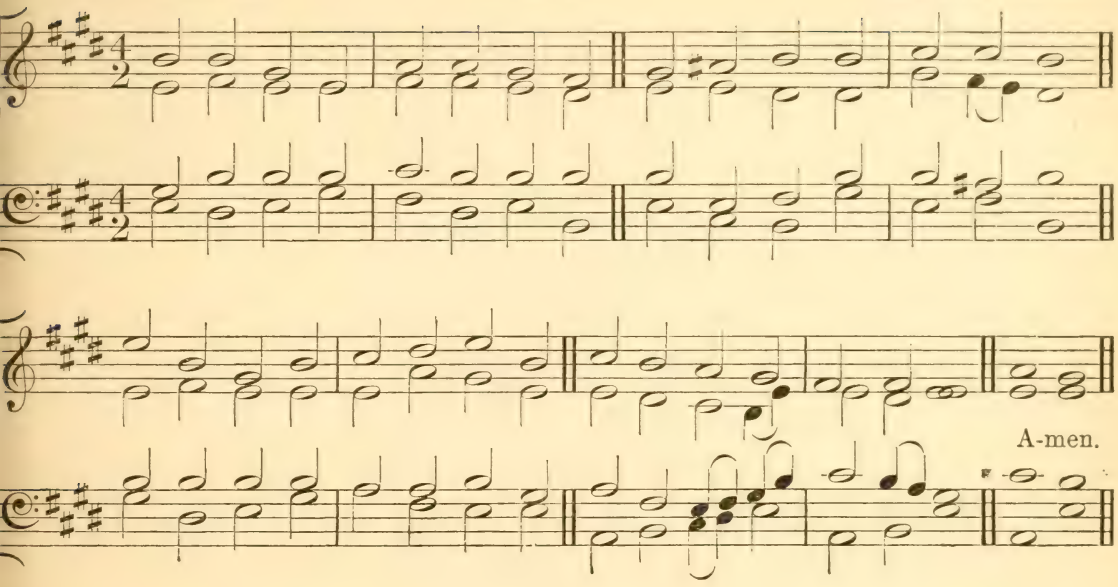
Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
p Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

f Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour;
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temples seek Thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise. **Amen.**

109. GOTHA.

8s. 7s.

The PRINCE CONSORT.



"*The Desire of all nations shall come.*"—HAGGAI ii. 7.

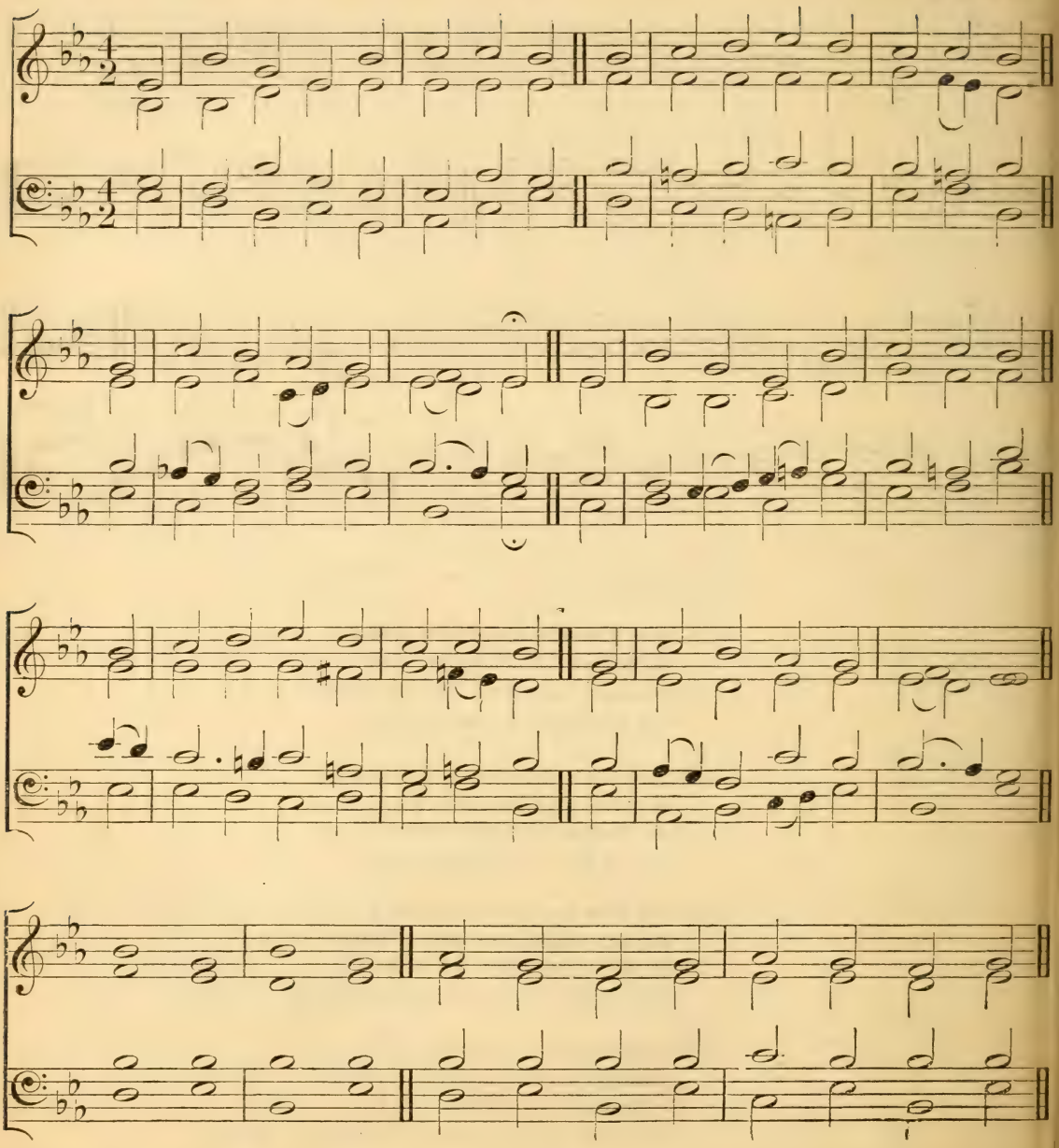
mf COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

f Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

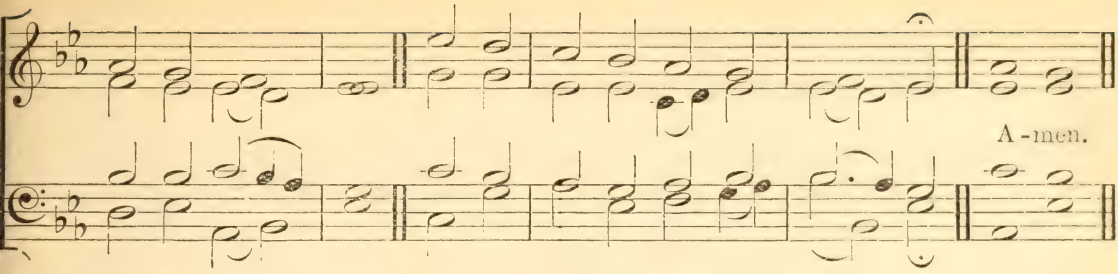
cr Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

mf By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
f By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious Throne. Amen.

110. FRANKFORT. P.M. P. NICOLAI.



The Epiphany.



"*Christ is all, and in all.*"—COLOSSIANS iii. 11.

f How bright appears the morning star
With mercy beaming from afar;
The host of heaven rejoices;
O righteous branch, O Jesse's rod,
Thou Son of man, and Son of God,
We too will lift our voices.
p Jesus, Jesus,
Holy, holy, yet most lowly,
cr Draw Thou near us:
Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.

mf Though circled by the hosts on high
He deign'd to cast a pitying eye
Upon His helpless creature;
f The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest seraphim adored,
di Assumed our very nature.
p Jesus, grant us,
Through Thy merit to inherit
Thy salvation:
cr Hear, oh hear our supplication.

mf Then will we to the world make known
The love Thou hast to outcasts shown
In calling them before Thee;
cr And seek each day to be more meet
To join the throng, who at Thy feet
Unceasingly adore Thee.
p Living, dying,
cr From Thy praises, mighty Jesus,
Shrink we never;
f Sing we forth Thy name for ever.

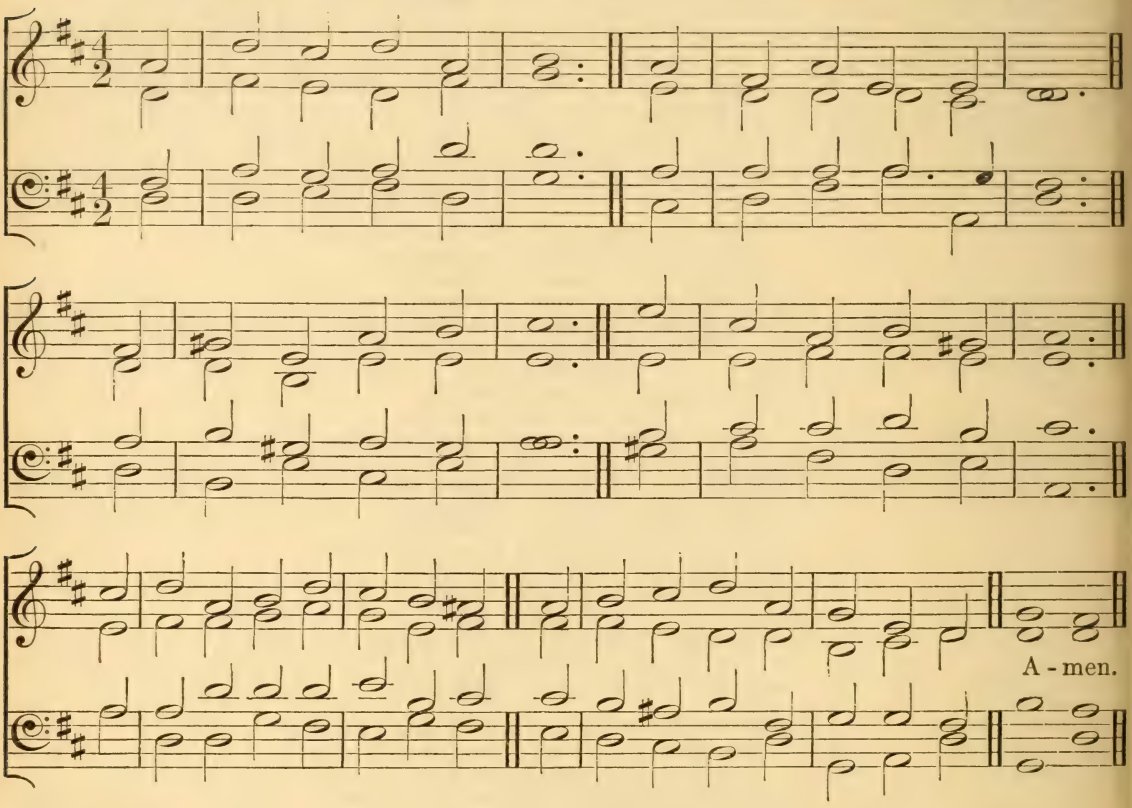
ff Rejoice, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply:
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For this, His incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know Thy salvation.
Amen, amen:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise be given
Evermore by earth and heaven. Amen.

See also Hymns 82, 136, 138.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE TO MAKE KNOWN THY SAVING HEALTH UNTO ALL NATIONS.

111. CROFT'S 148th PSALM. 6s. 8s.

W. CROFT.



"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings."—ISAIAH lii. 7.

f BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
ff The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home,

mf Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
cr Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
ff The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

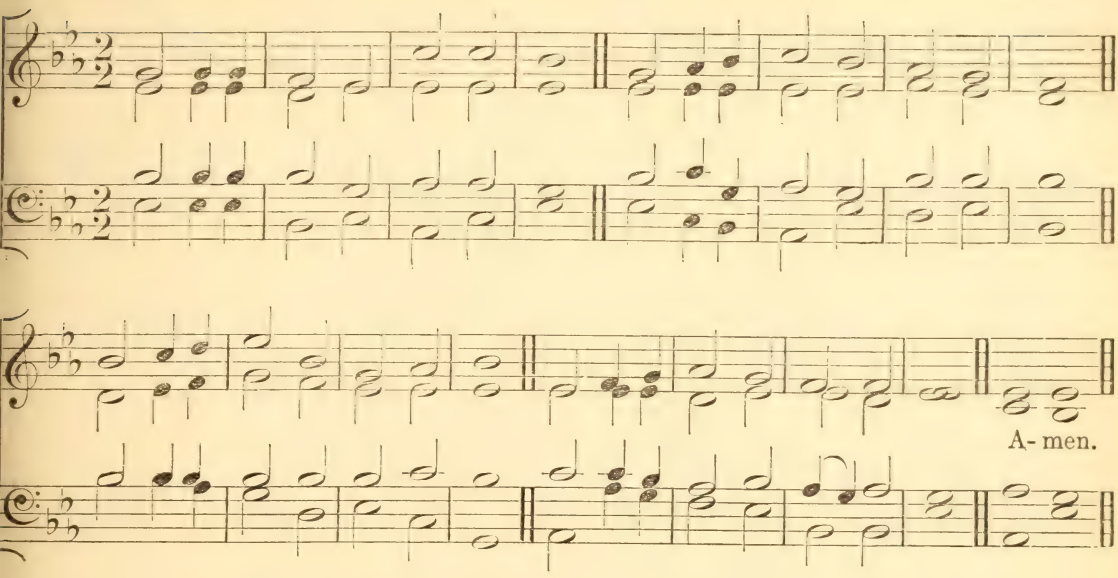
mf Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb:
cr Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
ff The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

mf Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
p The gift of Jesus' love:
ff The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
Amen.

112. TRANMERE.

L.M.

S. Reay.



"Awake, awake; put on strength, O arm of the Lord."—Isaiah li. 9.

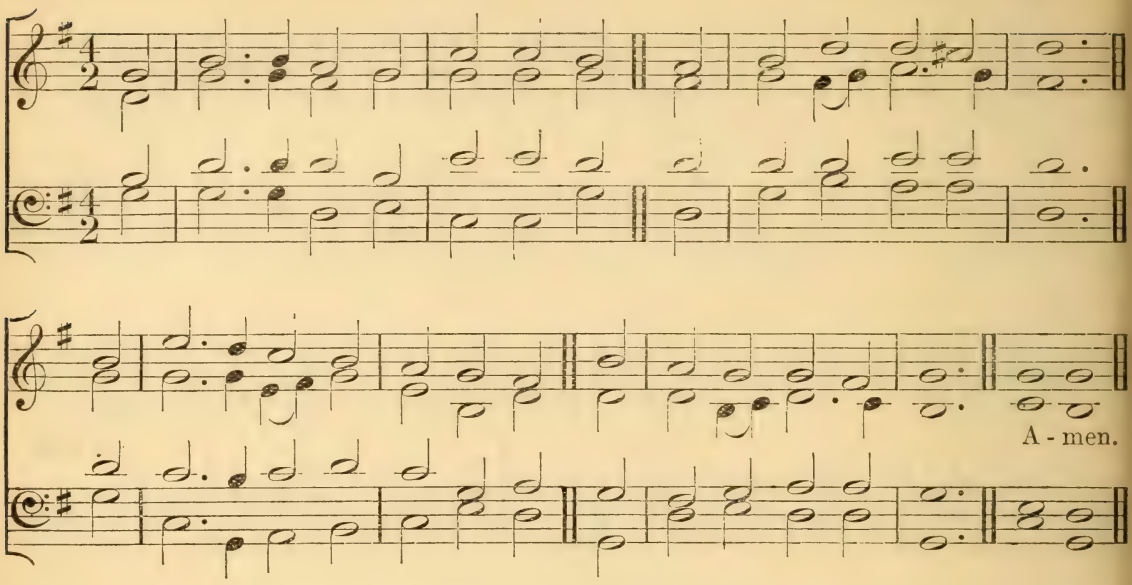
f Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone;
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

mf Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

f Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. **Amen.**

113. WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.



"The armies which were in heaven followed Him."—REVELATION xix. 14.

f LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass;
Ye bars of iron yield:
And let the King of glory pass;
The cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

mf A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,
Ye warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallow'd footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

p Though few and small and weak your bands,
cr Strong in your Captain's strength
f Go to the conquest of all lands:
All must be His at length.

mf Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet
In His great judgment day.

f Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,
In Jesus' name be strong!
To Him shall every creature bow,
And sing the triumph-song:—

ff Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bar of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass;
The cross hath won the field. Amen.

114. ST. DENIS.

11s.

W. H. CALLCOTT.

A - men.

"God Himself is with us for our Captain."—2 CHRONICLES xiii. 12.

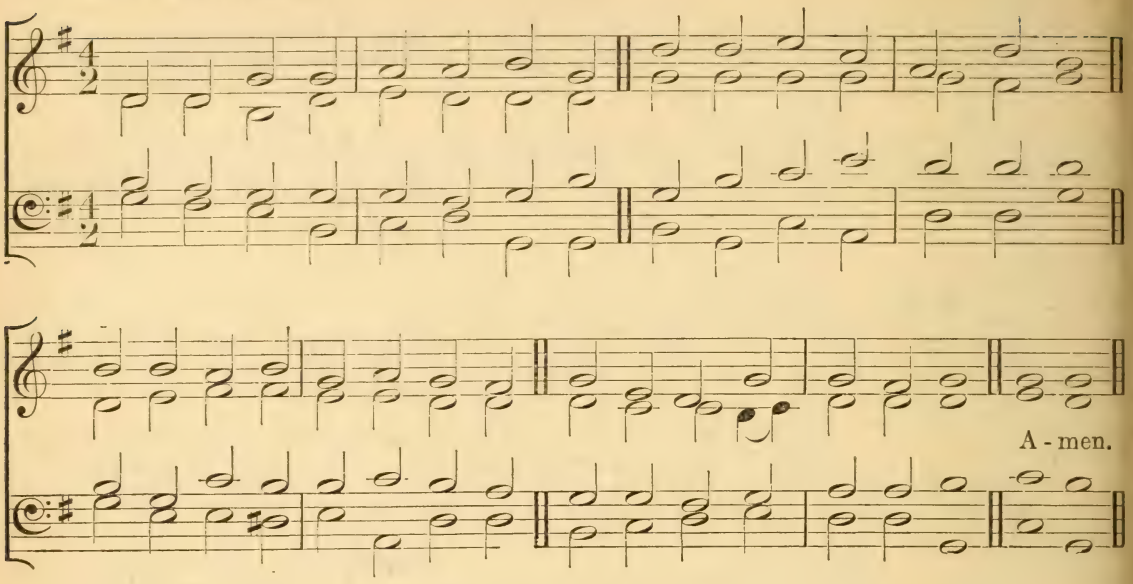
mf HARK! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,
cr Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war.
f God is with our armies, He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.

ff Go, thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy way;
Night upon the mountains changes into day;
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own thee victor over all.

mf O Thou blessèd Saviour reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh.
cr Bid the glorious mission speed from sea to sea,
ff Till the whole creation worship only Thee. Amen.

115. STUTTGART.

8s. 7s.



"*The Lord shall be King over all the earth.*"—ZECHARIAH xiv. 9.

f ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His kingdom glorious;
He will reign through endless day.

Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

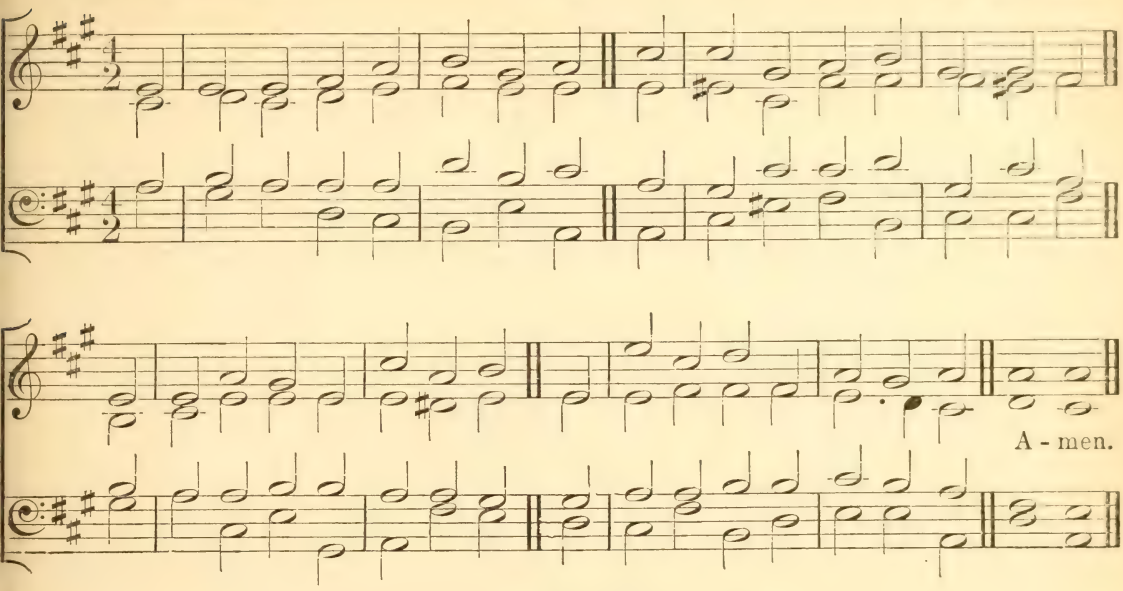
mf Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
p Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

f Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign. Amen.

116. BIDDENHAM.

L.M

T. R. MATTHEWS.



"*God is able to graff them in again.*"—ROMANS xi. 23.

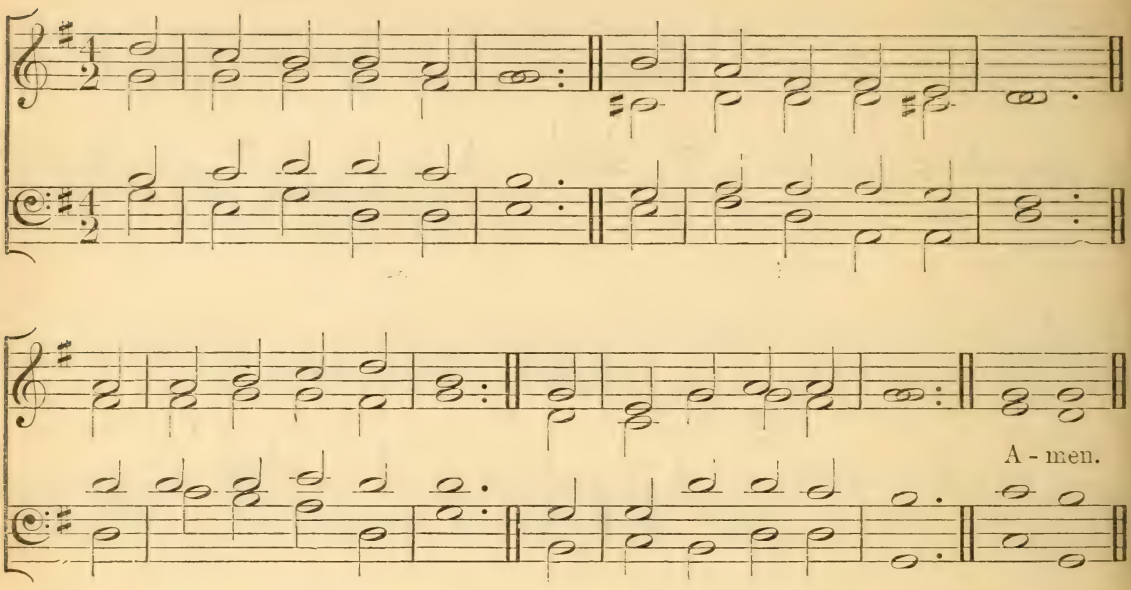
mf OH why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around;
p Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

mf O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to see Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised king.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

f Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise. Amen.

117. ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6. L. G. HAYNE.



"Thy Kingdom come."—MATTHEW vi. 10.

mf THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

p Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

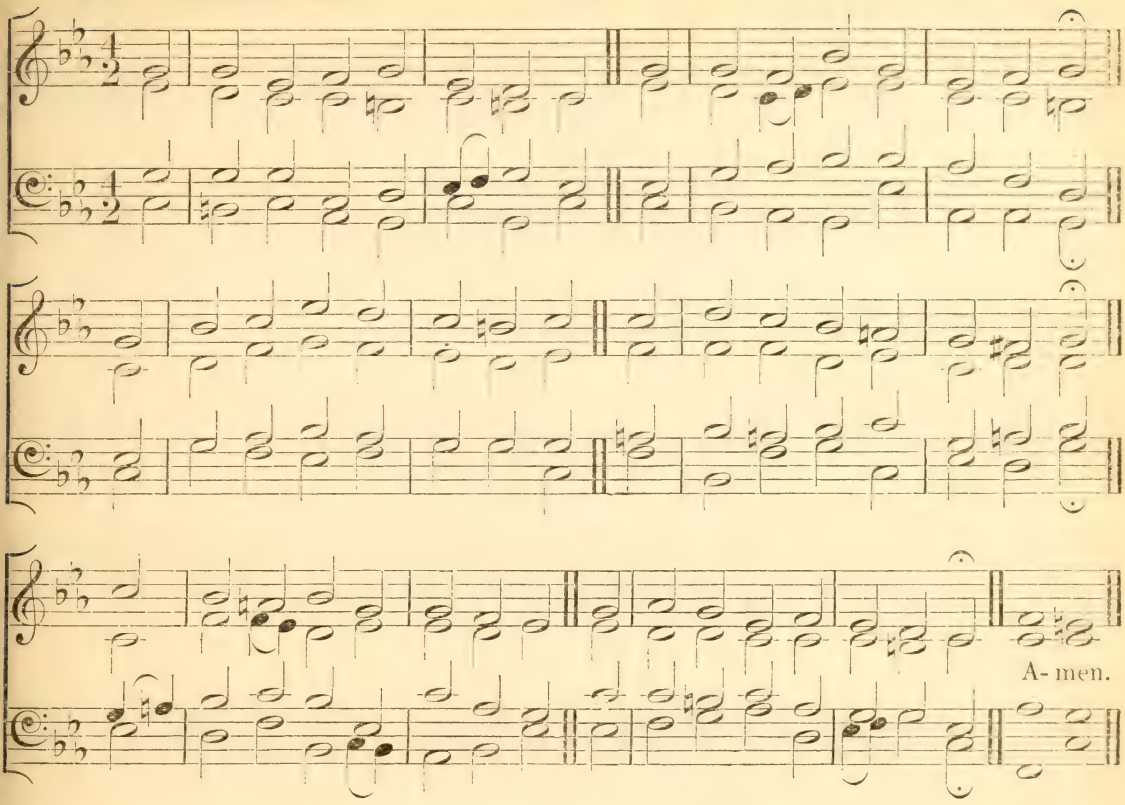
mf We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

p Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
cr Arise, O morning Star,
f Arise, and never set. Amen.

118. VATER UNSER.

Six 8s.



"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—ACTS xvi. 9.

p THROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
cr The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
di "Come o'er and help us, or we die."

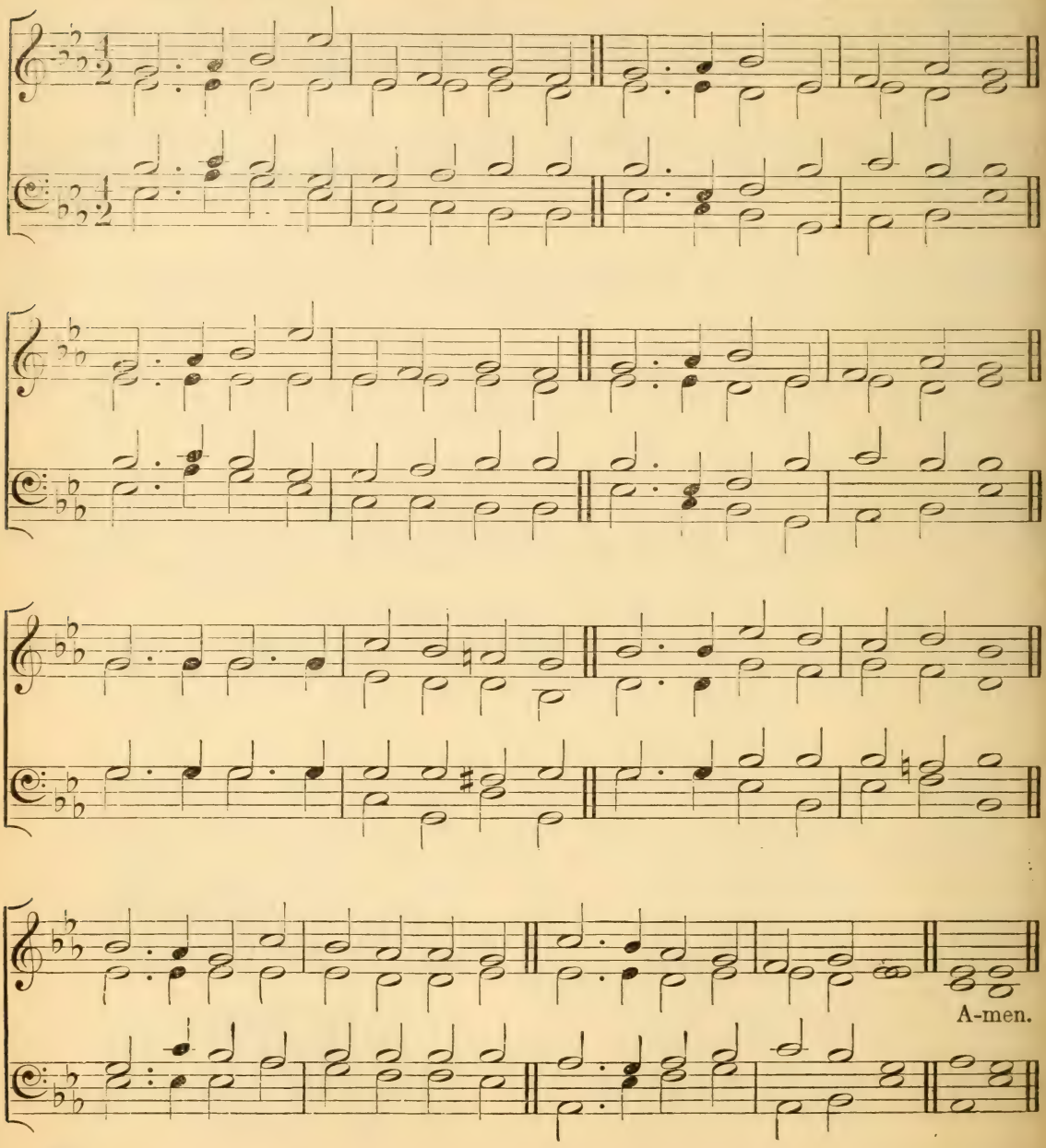
p How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
mf These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
p "O ye that live, behold we die!"

mf By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it roll'd,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
p "Oh hear and help us, lest we die."

mf Yet with that cry from Macedon;
The very ear of Christ rolls on;
"I come; who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare My way;
My voice is crying in their cry:
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
cr Oh by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die.
Amen.

119. SHEFFIELD. D. 8s. 7s. W. STERNDALE BENNETT.



Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

"*Joy cometh in the morning.*"—PSALM xxx. 5.

mf LORD, Thy ransom'd church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear;
cr Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous death hath wrought.

f Praise for these glad showers of blessing,
Earnests of the latter rain;
Praise for grateful hearts confessing
Thou hast quicken'd us again:
cr That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the Father's pleasure
Prospers in Thy pierced hand.

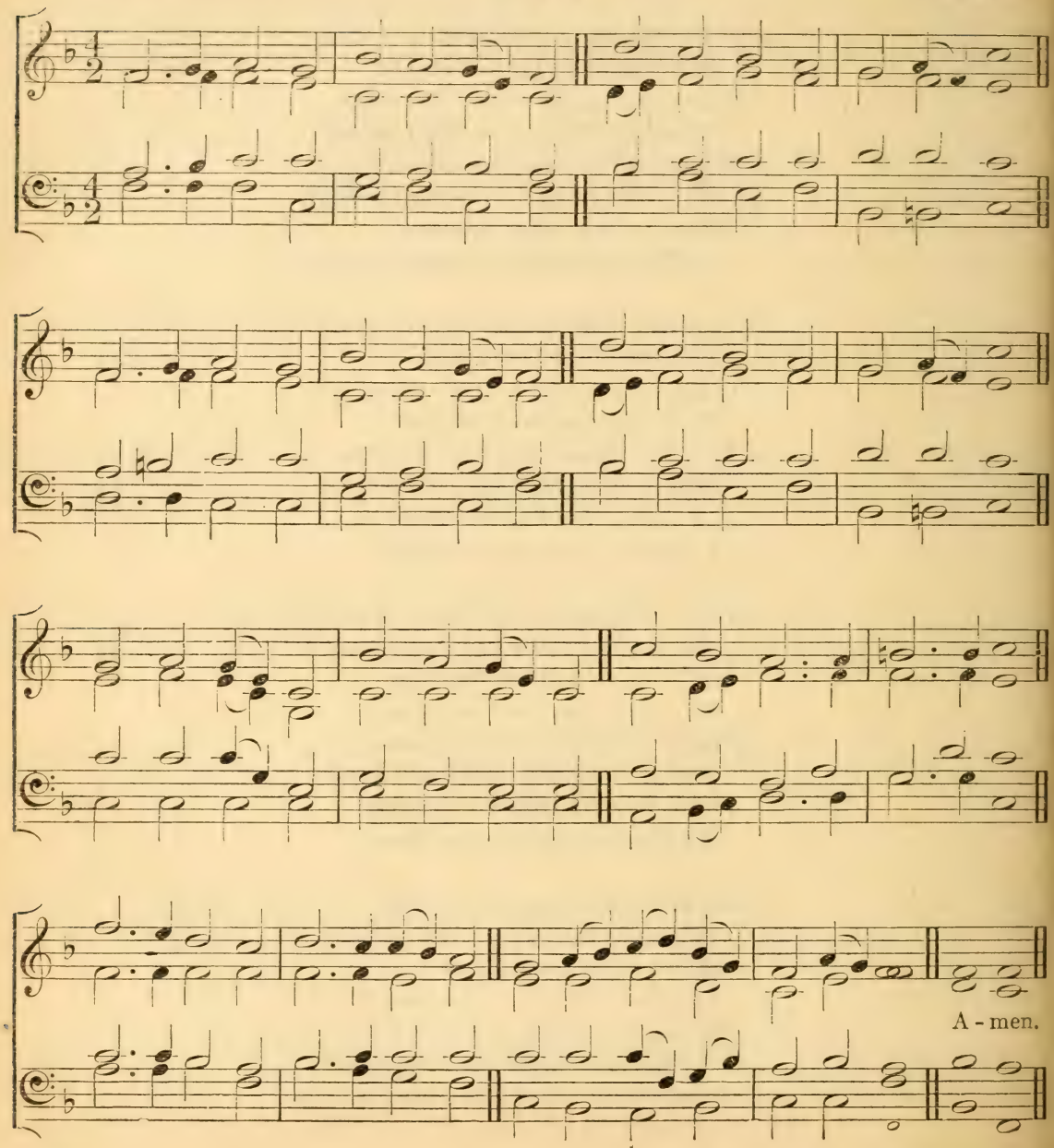
mf Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering throng;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song:
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

f Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear name;
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy cross proclaim:
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come.
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home. Amen.

120. AUSTRIA.

D. 8s. 7s.

J. HAYDN.



"*The voice of a great multitude, saying, Alleluia.*"—REVELATION xix. 6.

mf HARK, creation's Alleluia,
Rising from a thousand shores,
Vibrates sweet as angel voices,
Loud as many waters, roars,—
f "Blessing, glory, power, salvation
To our God upon the throne,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Infinite, supreme, alone."

mf On and on, from dawn to sunset,
Borne on every changeful wind,
From the myriad-minded peoples
Of the hoary climes of Ind,
From the ransom'd sons of Afric,
From old Sinim's crowded lands,
From the freeborn wanderers roaming
Araby's unconquer'd sands.

From the coasts of ice to regions
Where perpetual summer smiles,
From the sunny-hearted children
Of the far Pacific isles,
From the numbers without number
Of rejoicing Christendom,
From the watchers for His advent
Who will soon to Zion come;

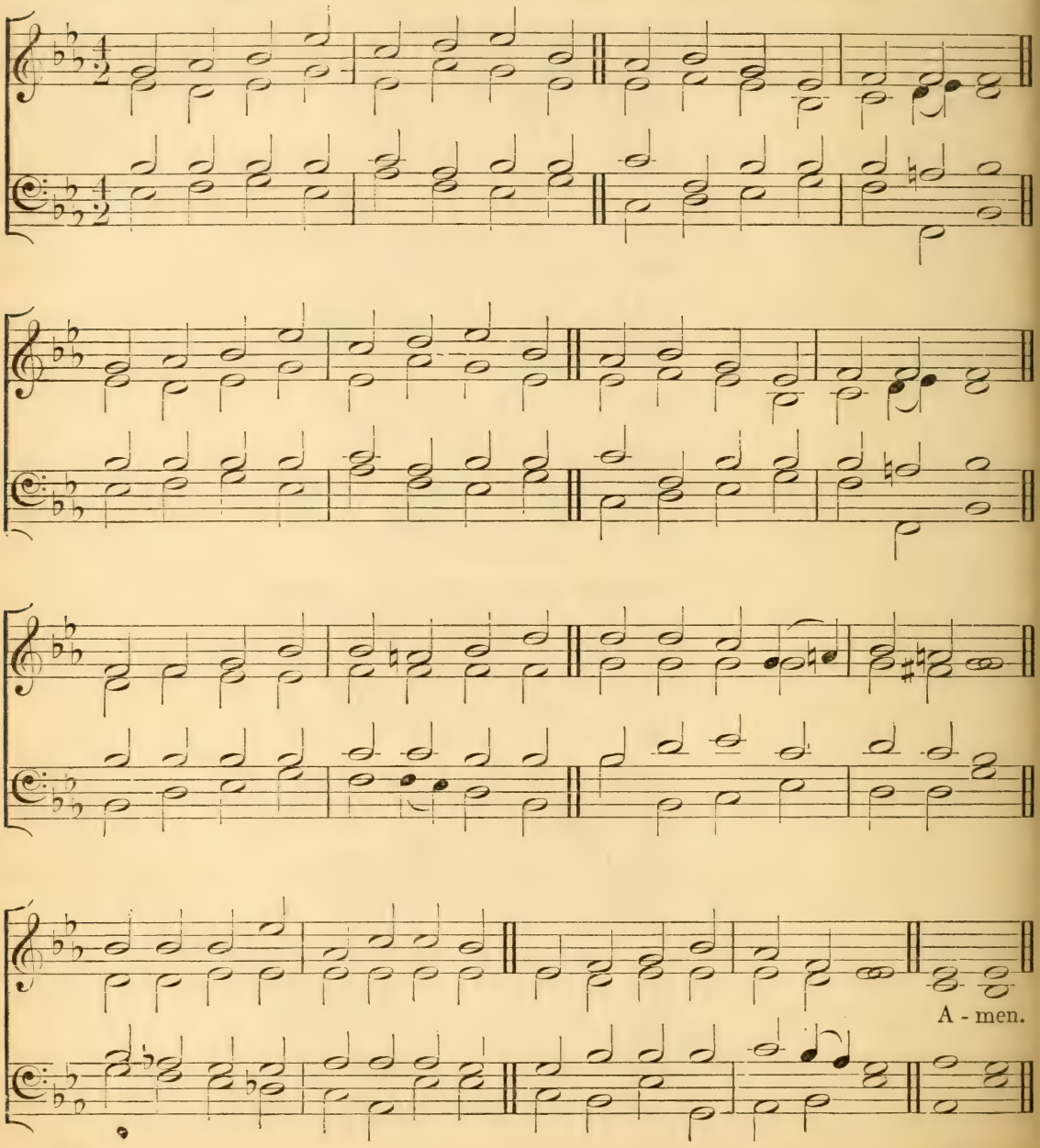
cr Gathering strength from every nation,
Every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Hark, that everlasting anthem,
Hark that glorious tide of song,
Floods the valleys with its music,
Echoes from the lasting hills,
f Onward, upward, till the temple
Of the living God it fills.

p Hark, it mingles with the raptures
Of the armies of the sky,
Who have pass'd through tribulation
Into perfect rest on high,
cr Clothed in robes of spotless beauty,
Palms of triumph in their hand,
mf Harping on their harps Hosannas,
As before His face they stand:

f "Glory unto Him who loved us,
Him who wash'd us with His blood,
Kings and priests henceforth for ever
To our Father and our God.
ff Alleluia! saints and angels,
Raise your loudest loftiest strains:
Alleluia! hell is vanquish'd:
God the Lord Almighty reigns." Amen.

121. EVERTON (SMART). D. 8s. 7s.

HENRY SMART.



"*Look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.*"—JOHN iv. 35.

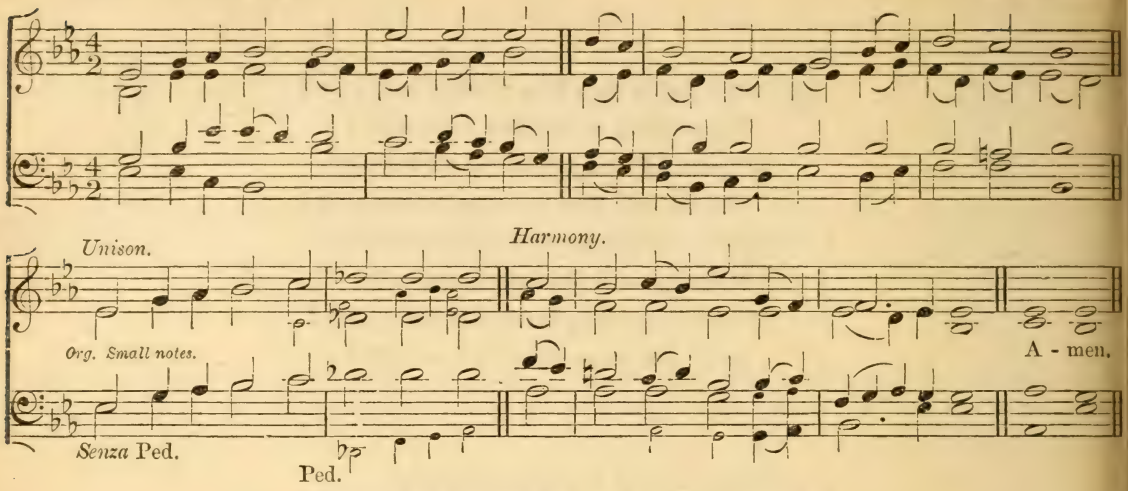
mf LORD, her watch Thy church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping,
When shall break the promised day?
di See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
p Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
cr Shall the strong retain the spoil?

mf Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word.
cr Give the word; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
f Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

ff Then the end: Thy church completed,
All Thy chosen gather'd in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banish'd sin:
p Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
ff Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping,
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign. Amen.

122. UNIVERSE.

L.M. J. C. WARD.



"*He shall have dominion from sea to sea.*"—PSALM lxxii. 8.

f JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

mf To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

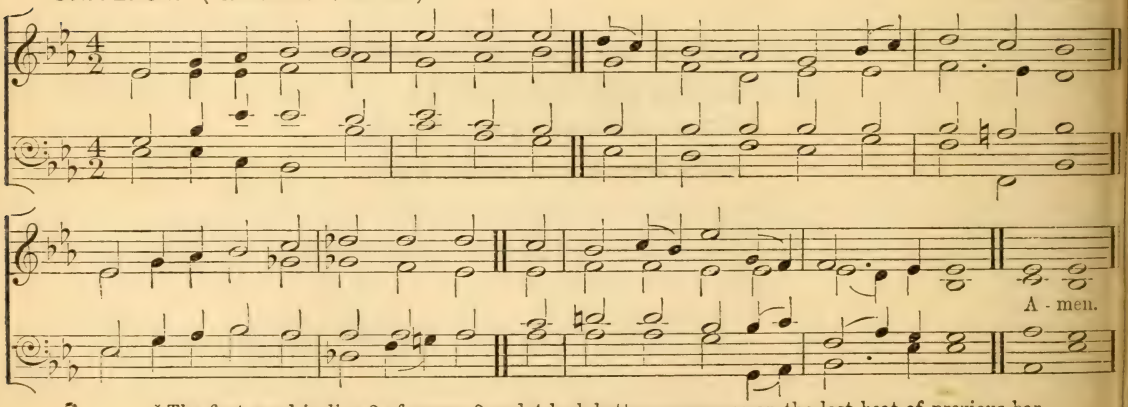
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;

**p* And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

f Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
*The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

ff Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again;
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

UNIVERSE. (SIMPLIFIED VERSION.) J. C. WARD.



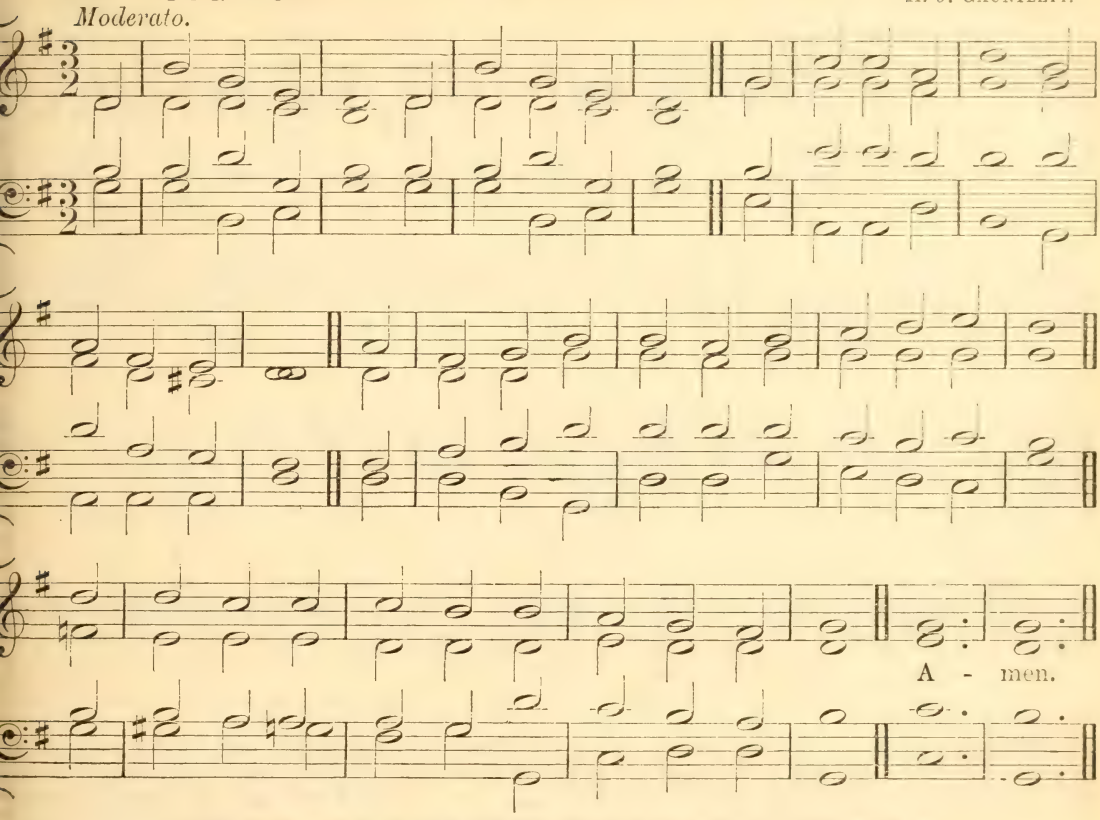
* The first word in line 3 of verses 3 and 4 had better commence on the last beat of previous bar in which case the next two notes must be slurred.

123. HOUGHTON.

10s. 11s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Moderato.



"Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth for evermore."—PSALM cxiii. 2.

f Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name.
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh; His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son
di The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
p Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

f Then let us adore, and give Him His right:
All glory, and power, all wisdom, and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
cr And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love. Amen.

May also be sung to "Hanover," No. 579.

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King."—(P.B.V.)—PSALM xcvi. 10.

124. EPENETUS.

P.M.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it out! Tell it
Tell it out!.....

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!.....

out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing: Tell it
.....

..... Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out! *cr* Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion that He shall in-crease, That th

out! Tell..... it out! Tell it out!

migh-ty King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace: *ff* Tell it out with ju-bi-la-tion tho' the

waves may roar, That He sit-teth on the water-floods, our King for ev-er-more. Tell it

Tell it

out among the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

Tell it out!.....

out! Tell it out! Tell it out!..... Tell it out! Tell it

out among the nations, bid them shout and sing: Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! A-men.

out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell..... it out!

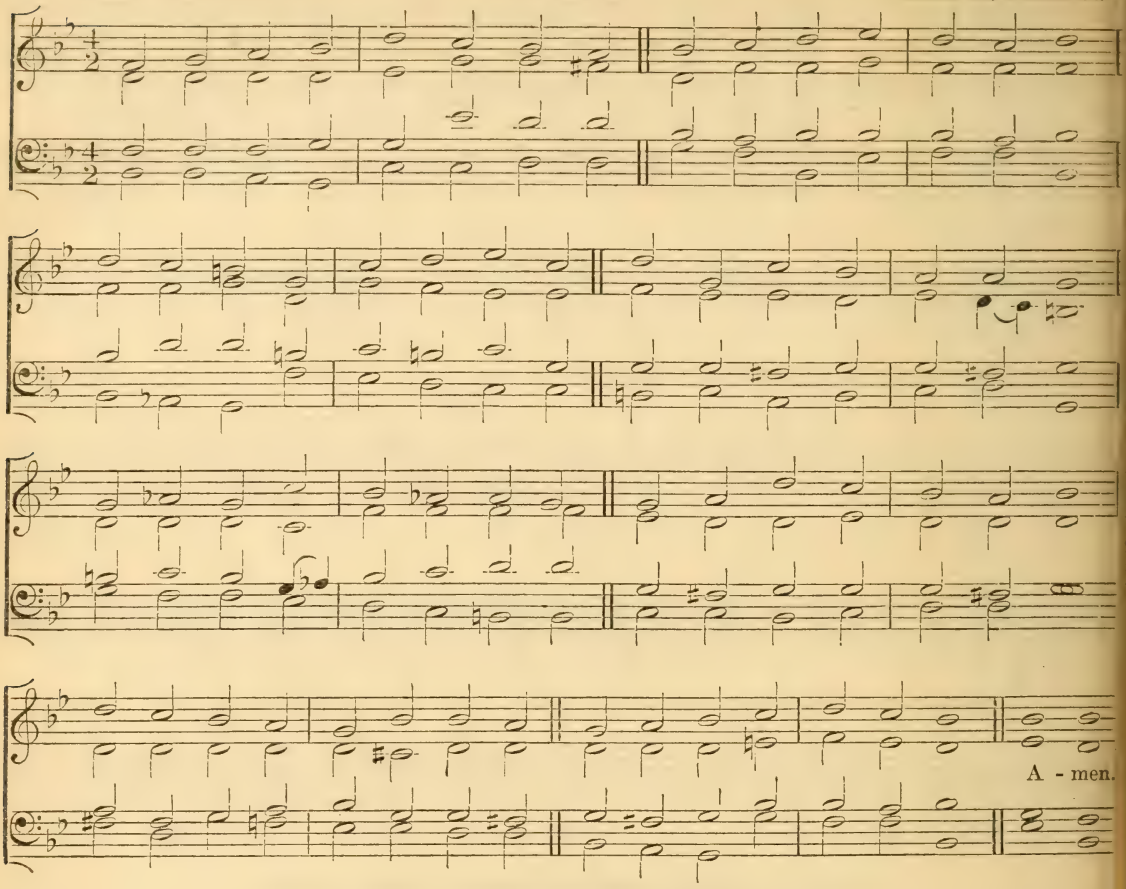
mf Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns,
Tell it out, tell it out!
cr Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains,
Tell it out, tell it out!
p Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumph'd o'er the grave.

f Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen that His reign is love:
Tell it out, tell it out!
cr Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
ff Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea. **Amen.**

125. SYDCOTE.

D. 8s. 7s.

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.



"*So shall He sprinkle many nations.*"—ISAIAH lii. 15.

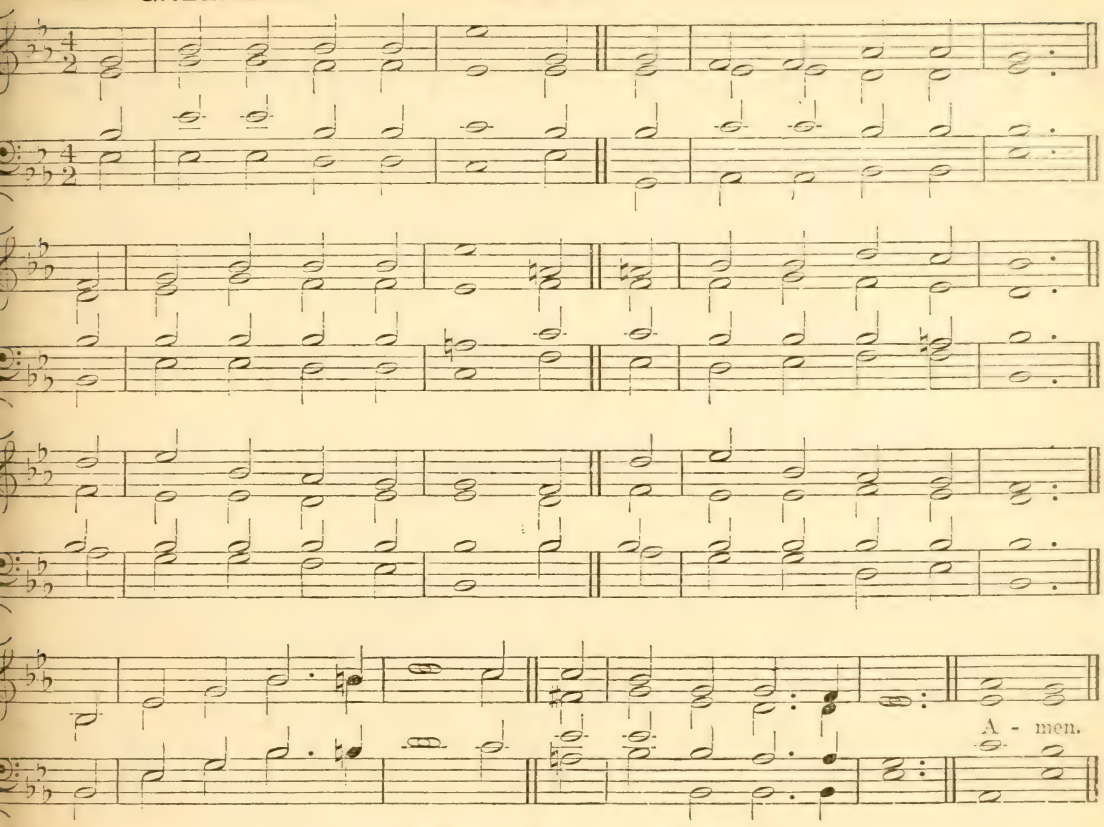
mf SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the nations unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
f Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

mf Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
p Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
cr Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
di Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

mf Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the [sight
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
cr Give the word and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

126. GREENLAND. D. 7s. 6s.



"Come over and help us."—ACTS xvi. 9.

mf FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
dr And only man is vile:
mp In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
p The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

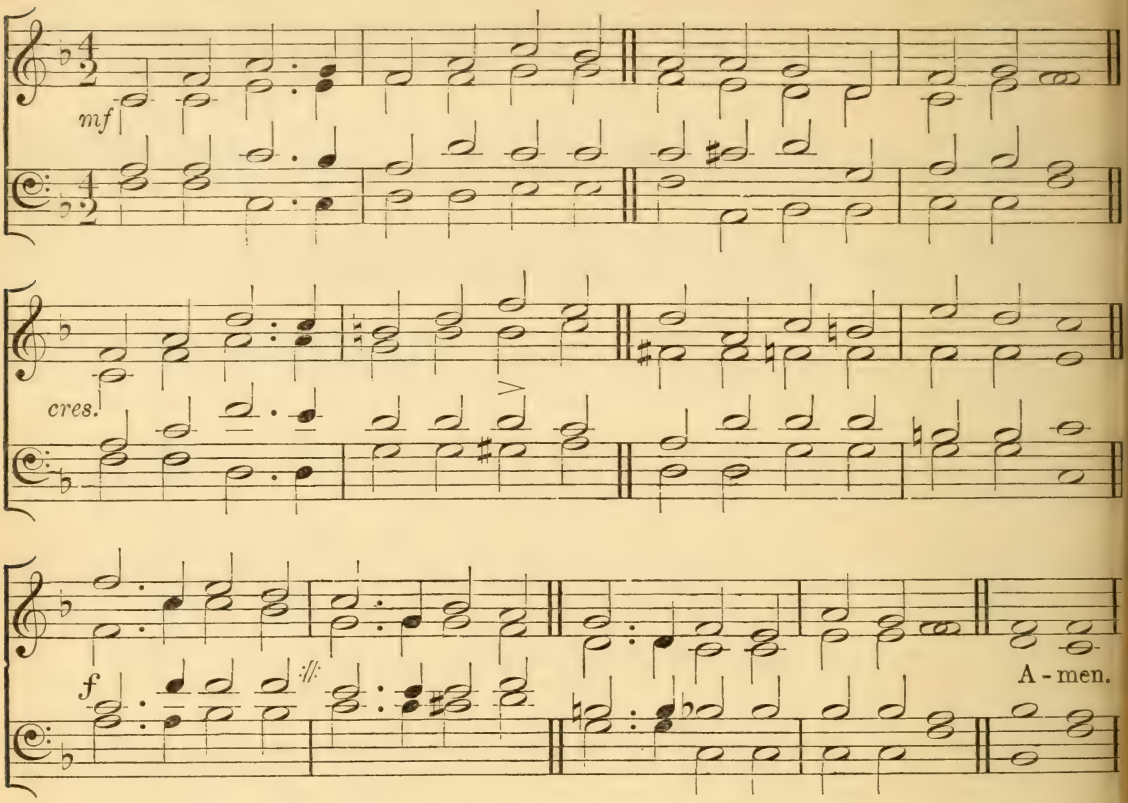
mf Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
ff Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

f Waft, waft, ye winds, His story.
And you, ye waters, roll;
cr Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
ff Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

May be sung to "Crüger," No. 130. Also Appendix, No. 13.

127. KENSINGTON NEW. 8s. 7s. 4.

J. TILLEARD.



"*Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*"—MATTHEW xxviii. 20.

mf SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them:
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed
Now they go to free the slaves; [them;
Be Thou with them,
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
cr Oh, be with them:
Lead them safely by the hand.

mp Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
cr Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

mf In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee:
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be:
cr Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

f There to reap in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone. Amen.

128. JUBILATE.

D. 7s. 6s.

C. H. HUBERT PARRY.

Animato.

A - men.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound."—LEVITICUS XXV. 9.

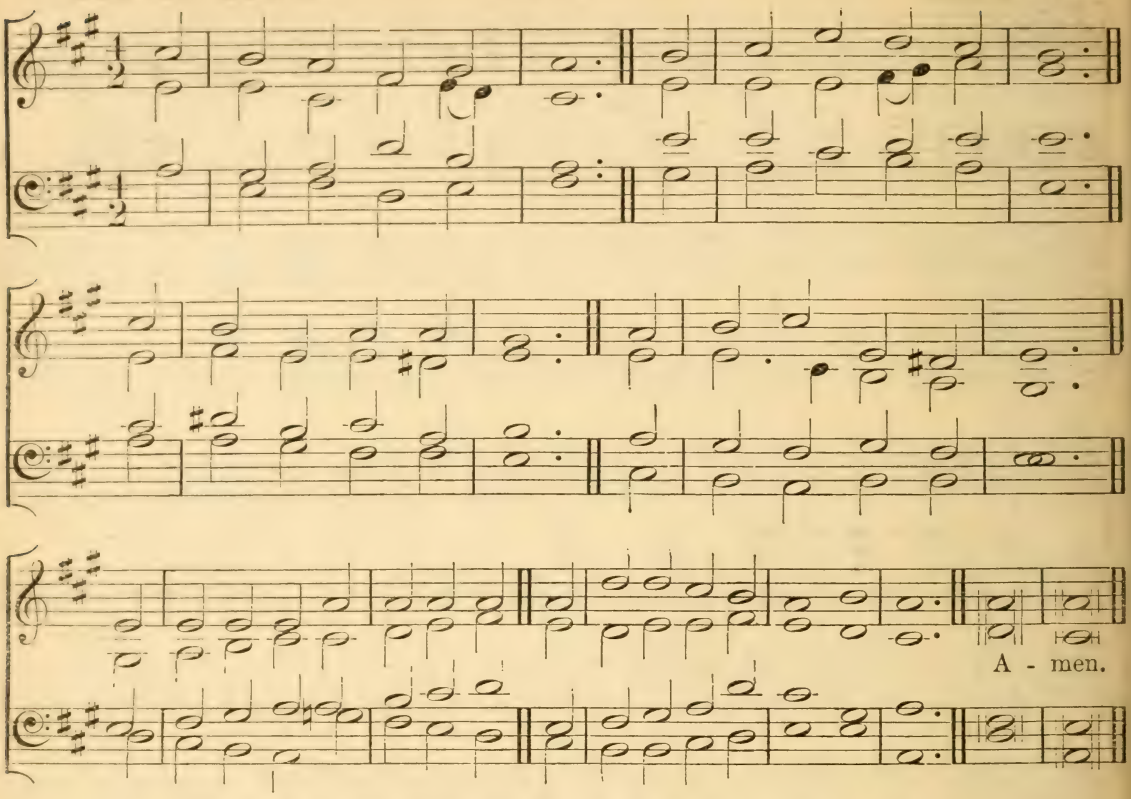
f O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is fill'd with praise.
cr Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
ff The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

mf O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
cr The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
mf Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransom'd souls.

Not unto us—Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due;
p Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
mf Not unto us—in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

f Great God of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore.
cr Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
ff Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all. Amen.

129. ST. GODRIC. 6s. 8s. J. B. DYKES.



"Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord, for He cometh."—PSALM xcviii. 8, 9.

f HILLS of the North, rejoice,
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice,
Valley and lowland, sing:
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings and victory.

mp Isles of the Southern seas,
p Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lull'd be your restless waves:
cr He comes to reign with boundless sway,
f And make your wastes His great highway.

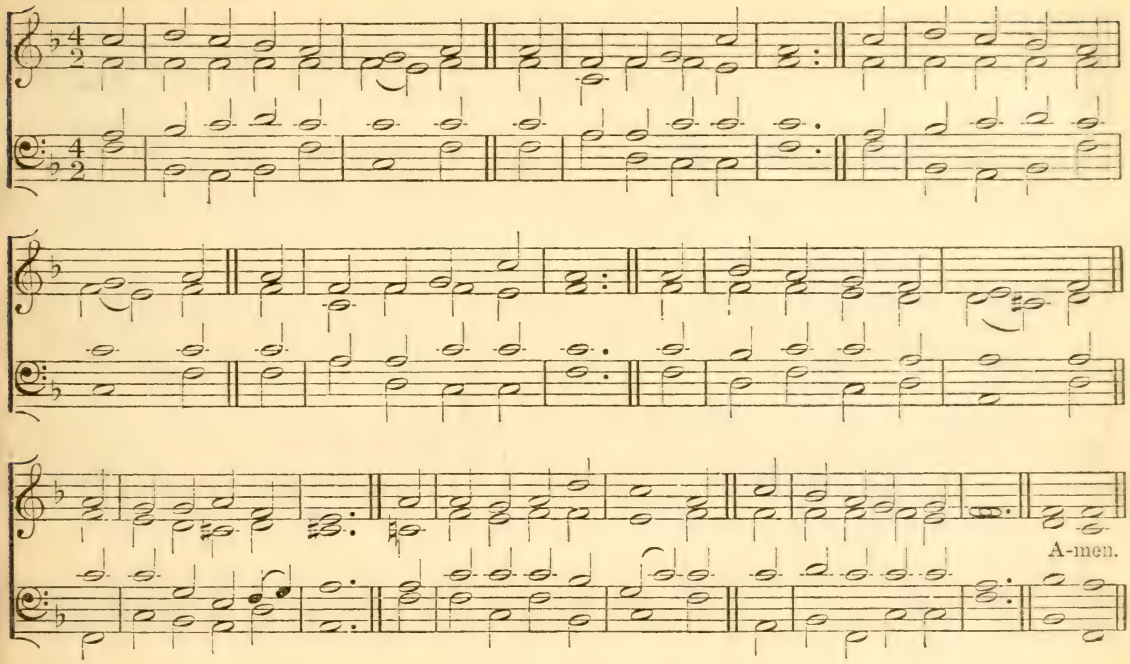
cr Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free:
f The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawn'd the everlasting day.

cr Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song:
f High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

ff Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free:
We come to live and reign in thee.
Amen.

130. CRÜGER.

D. 7s. 6s.



"Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed."—PSALM lxxii. 17.

f HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mf He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
p Shall peace, the herald, go;
cr And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

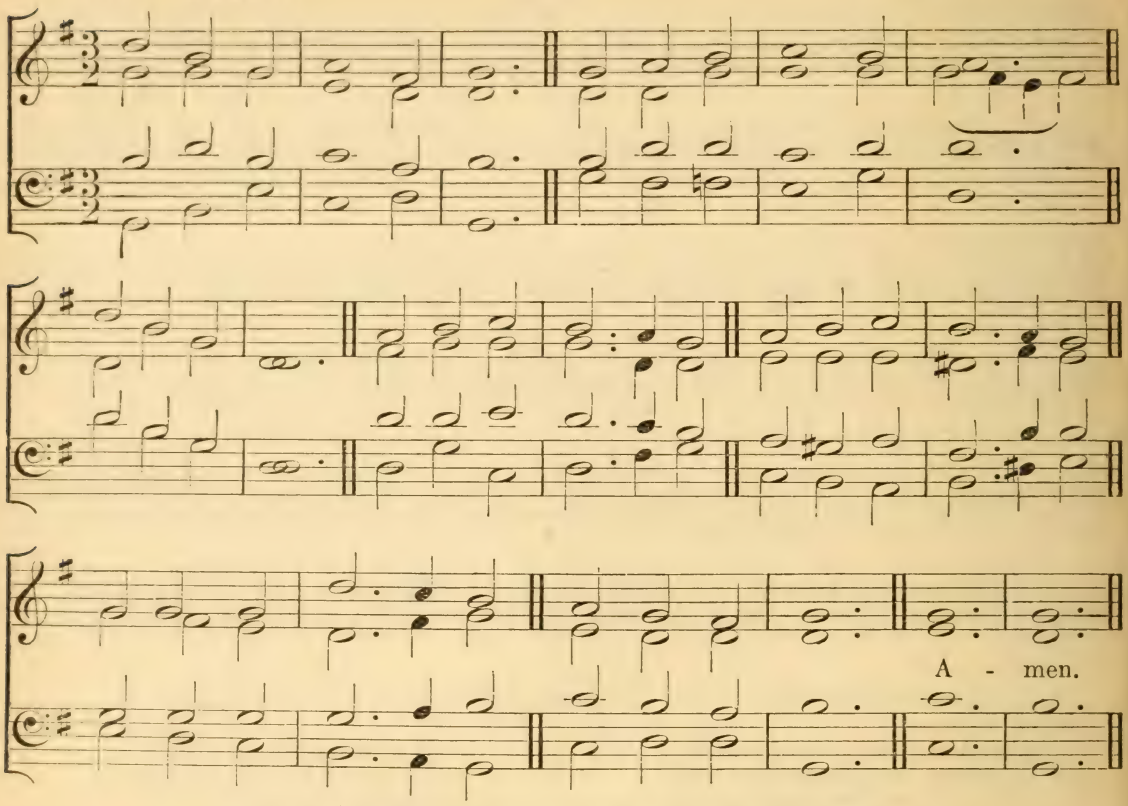
mf Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

cr To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread, and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

ff O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-bless'd.
f The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
p His changeless name of love. Amen.

131. MOSCOW.

6s. 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.



"God said, Let there be light: and there was light."—GENESIS i. 3.

f THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
cr And took their flight,
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
f Let there be light.

mf Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
cr Healing and sight,
p Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh now, to all mankind,
f Let there be light.

mp Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
cr Speed forth Thy flight:
p Move on the water's face,
cr Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
f Let there be light.

f Holy and Blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
cr Wisdom, Love, Might,
ff Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light. Amen.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Fiat Lux," No. 270.

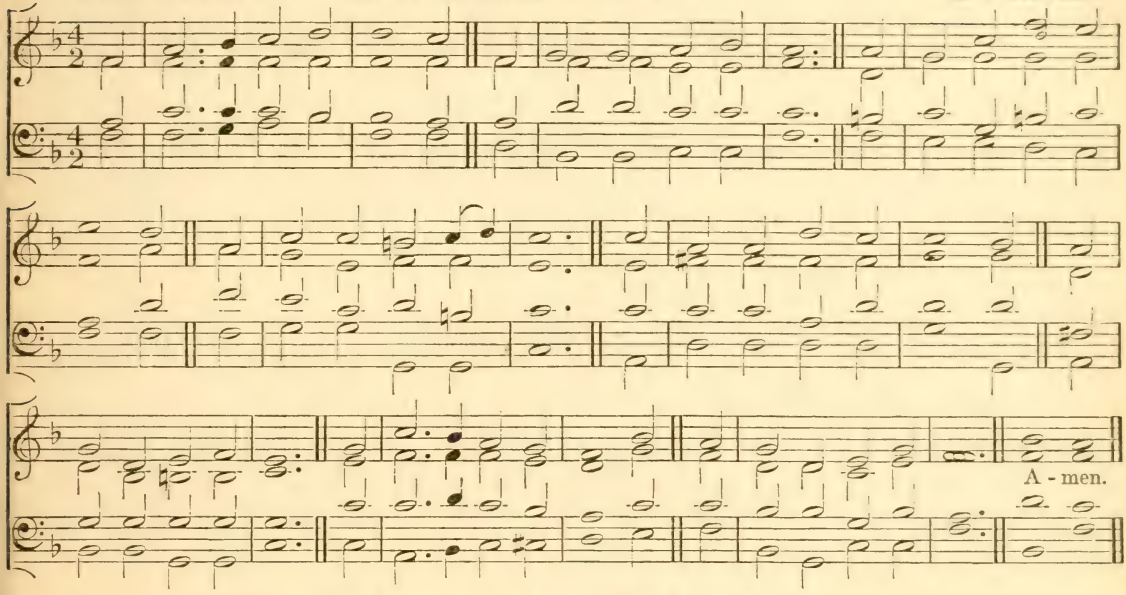
See also Hymns 53, 81, 404, 406, 435, 453, 554, 563.

"CLEANSE THE THOUGHTS OF OUR HEARTS."

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

132. CŒLI ENARRANT GLORIAM. D. 7s. 6s.

R. P. STEWART.



"The heavens declare the glory of God."—PSALM xix. 1.

mf THE heavens declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thy power;
cr Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour:
Night unto night, replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying
The wonders of Thy hand.

f The sun with royal splendour
Goes forth to chant Thy praise;
di And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise:
f O'er every tribe and nation
That music strange is pour'd;
The song of all creation
To Thee, creation's Lord.

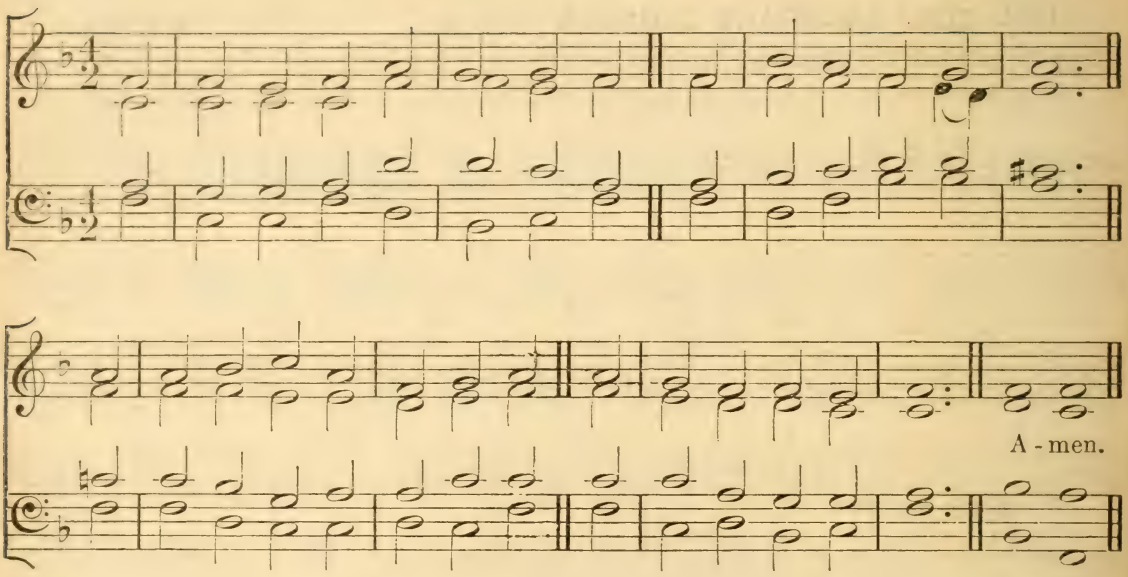
mf How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given;
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven:
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day!

Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness
Rejoice the humble heart;
p And guilty fear and sadness
From contrite souls depart:
mf Thy word hath richer treasure
Than dwells within the mine,
And sweetness beyond measure
Attends Thy voice divine.

p Oh, who can make confession
Of every secret sin;
Or keep from all transgression
His spirit pure within?
But let me never boldly
From Thy commands depart,
Or render to Thee coldly
The service of my heart.

f All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound Thy praises still:
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to Thee. Amen.

133. ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. T. RAVENSCROFT.



"*O Lord, how manifold are Thy works.*"—PSALM civ. 24.

mf THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

f The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love;
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

mf The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
> But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

p The dew of heaven is like Thy grace
It steals in silence down;
cr But where it lights, the favour'd place,
By richest fruits is known.

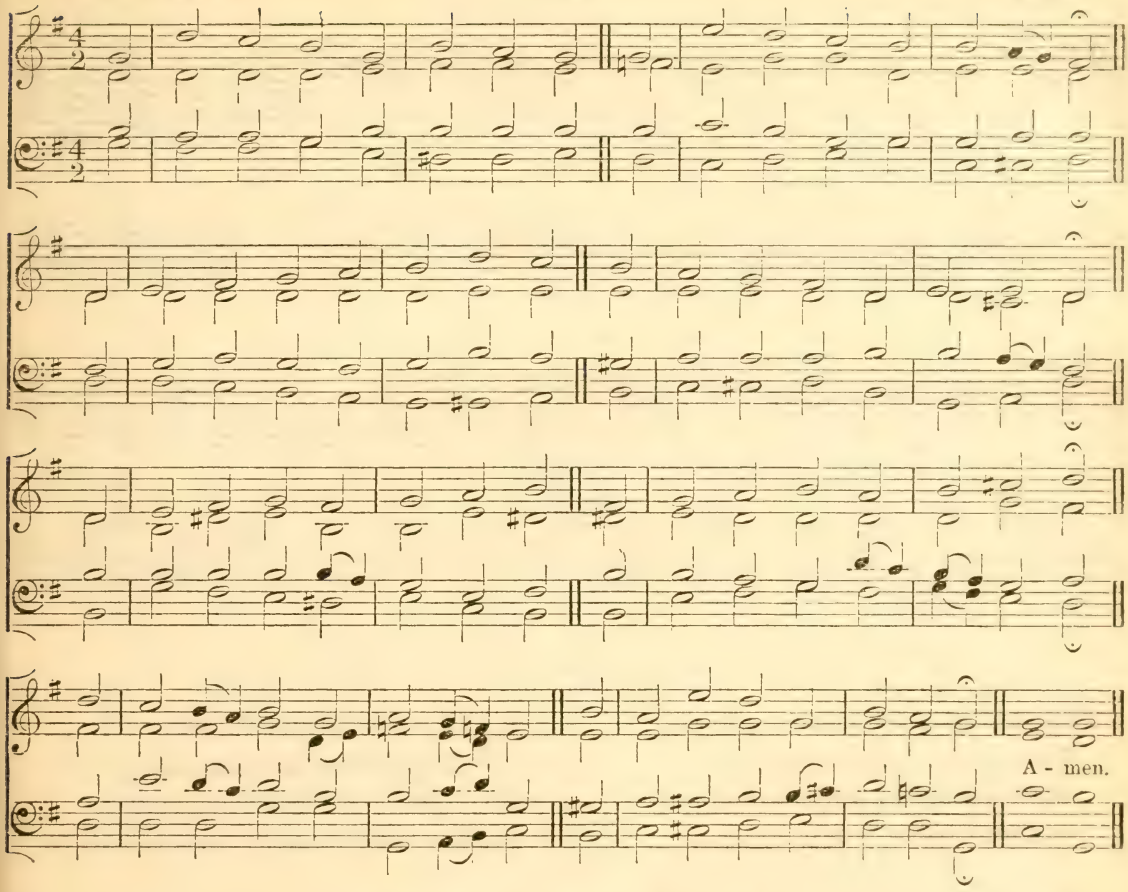
f One name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

mf Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

134. ISCA.

D.L.M.

D. [illegible]



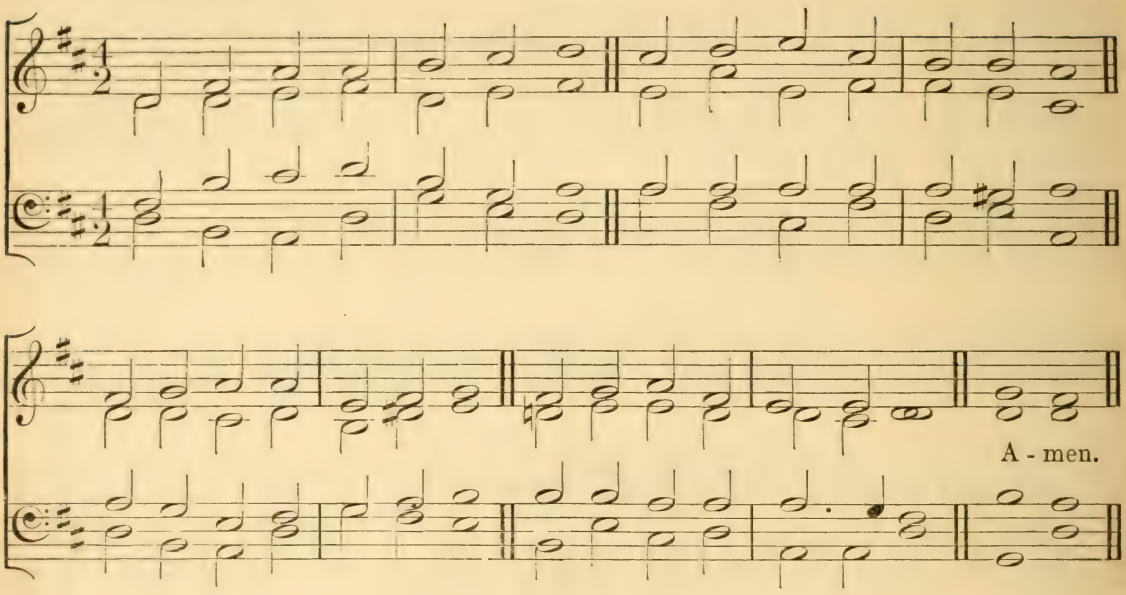
"Day unto day uttereth speech."—PSALM xix. 2.

f THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

mf Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
cr Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
mf In reason's ear they all rejoice,
cr And utter forth a glorious voice;
f For ever singing as they shine,
ff "The Hand that made us is divine."
Amen.

135. LUBECK. 7s.



"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—JOB xxxviii. 7.

f SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
mp When the Prince of Peace was born;
cr Songs of praise arose when He
f Captive led captivity.

p Heaven and earth must pass away:
mf Songs of praise shall crown that day:
cr God will make new heavens and earth;
f Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

p And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
cr No: the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

f Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

p Borne upon their latest breath,
cr Songs of praise shall conquer death:
f Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
Amen.

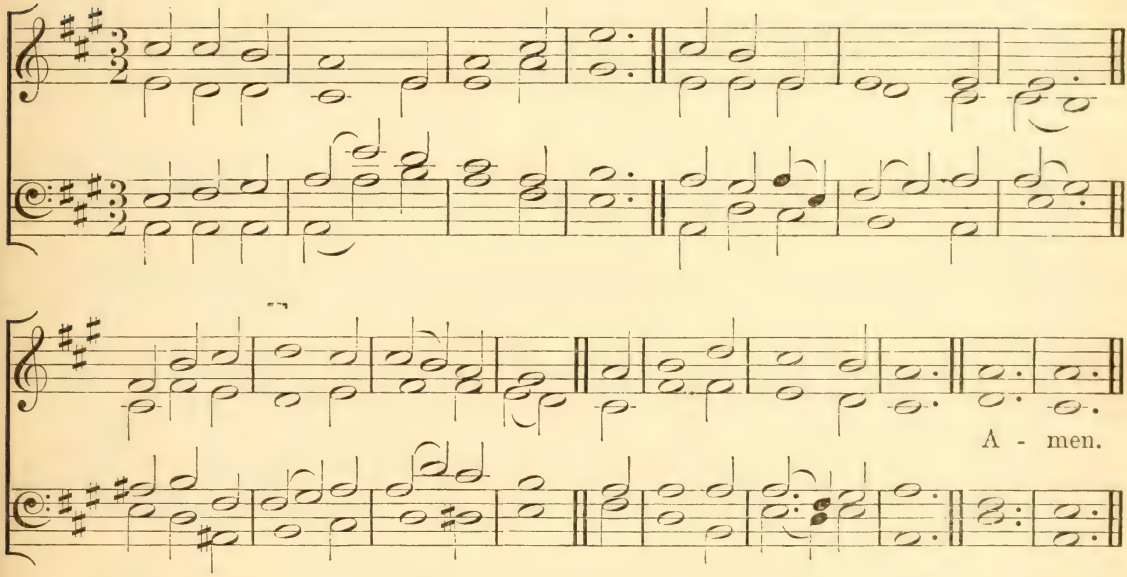
See also Hymns 579, 582, 585.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

136. GERONTIUS.

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—GENESIS iii. 15.

f PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

mf Oh loving wisdom of our GOD!
p When all was sin and shame,
cr A second Adam to the fight
f And to the rescue came.

mf Oh wisest love! that flesh and blood,
p Which did in Adam fail,
cr Should strive afresh against their foe,
f Should strive and should prevail;

mf And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
p God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

mf Oh generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

p And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
cr Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

f Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

137. HOLMEDALE.

D. 8s. 7s.

D. J. Wood.

p

Unison.

Harmony.

ff

Org.

A-men.

"The Word was God: the Word was made flesh."—John i. 1, 14.

p Who is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
Coldly in a manger laid?

f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

p Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

p Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?

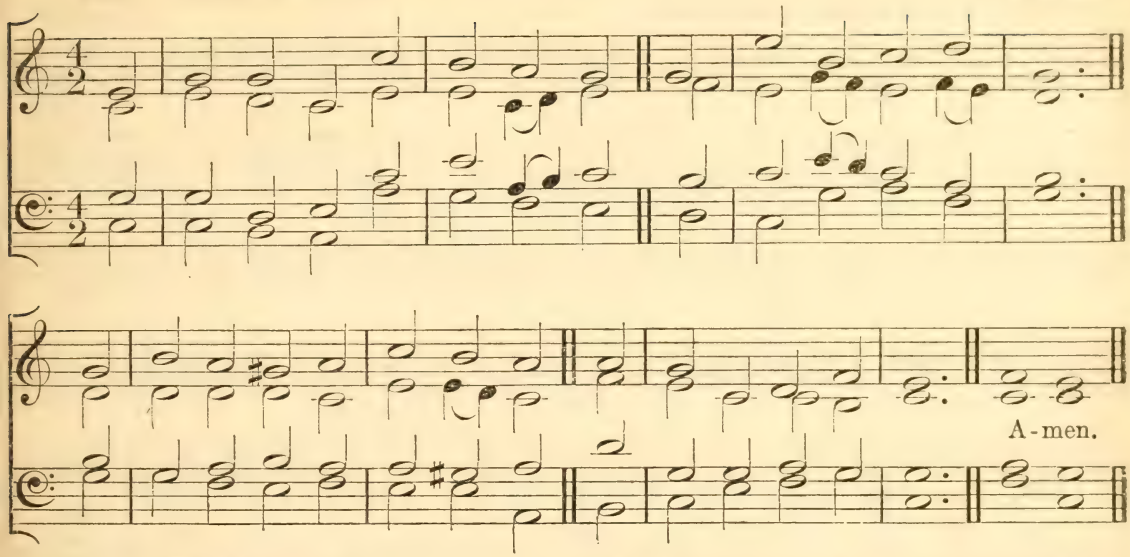
f 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judgment
All His foes beneath His throne.

p Who is this that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
On the cross with sinners number'd,
Pierced by nails and crown'd with thorns?

f 'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

May be sung to "Stuttgart," No. 115.

138. WESTMINSTER. C.M. J. TURLE.



"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us."—JOHN xvii. 21.

mf LORD JESUS, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
p Thou one with us on Calvary,
f We one with Thee above.

mf Such was Thy love, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down;
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
di In all our misery one.

p Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by Thee;
The sting, the curse, the wrath were Thine
cr To set Thy members free.

f Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

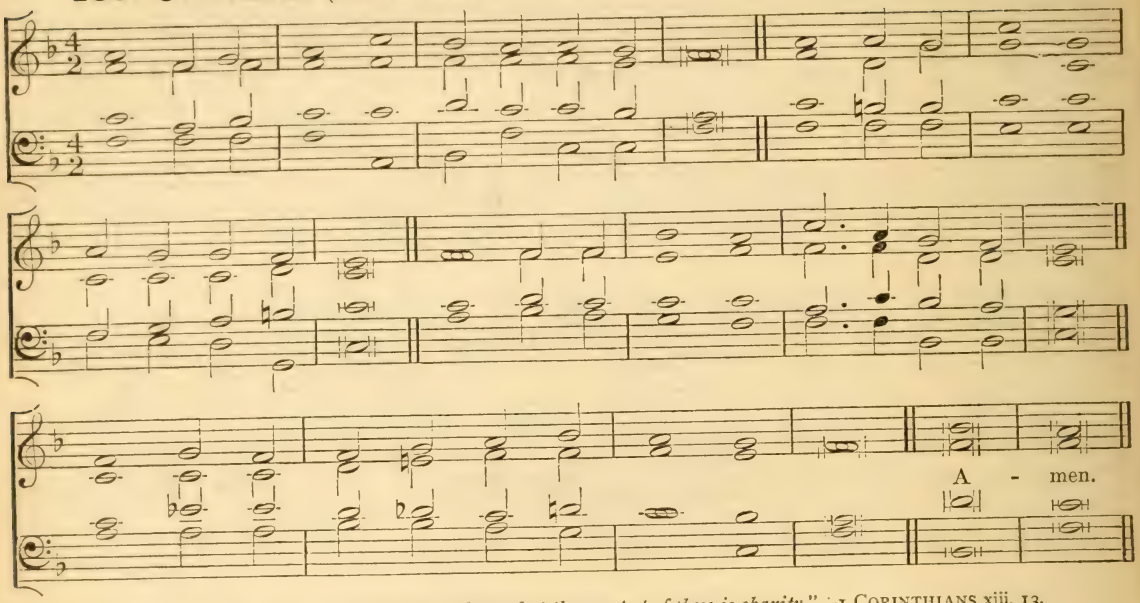
mf Ere long shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That we in Thee are one. Amen.

See also Hymns 82, 93, 407, 473.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

139. ST. AGNES (LANGRAN). 10s.

J. LANGRAN.



"*Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*"—1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 13.

mf O HOLY Spirit, whom our Master sent
Rich with all treasures from the throne above,
cr We pray Thee for Thy gift most excellent,
Thy greatest, Thine unfailing gift of Love.

mf 'Tis not for us with one commanding word
To heal the sick, or chase the hosts of hell,
In tongues unknown to make Thy mysteries heard,
Or things of God with lips inspired to tell.

Those signs are past; the written word is ours;
And Satan trembles at the might of prayer:
The shield of faith can quell the evil powers,
And hope's bright helmet save us from despair.

These yet abide; but we would covet still
One gift, exalted faith and hope above:
di Grant us the new commandment to fulfil,
p And even as Jesus loved us, so to love.

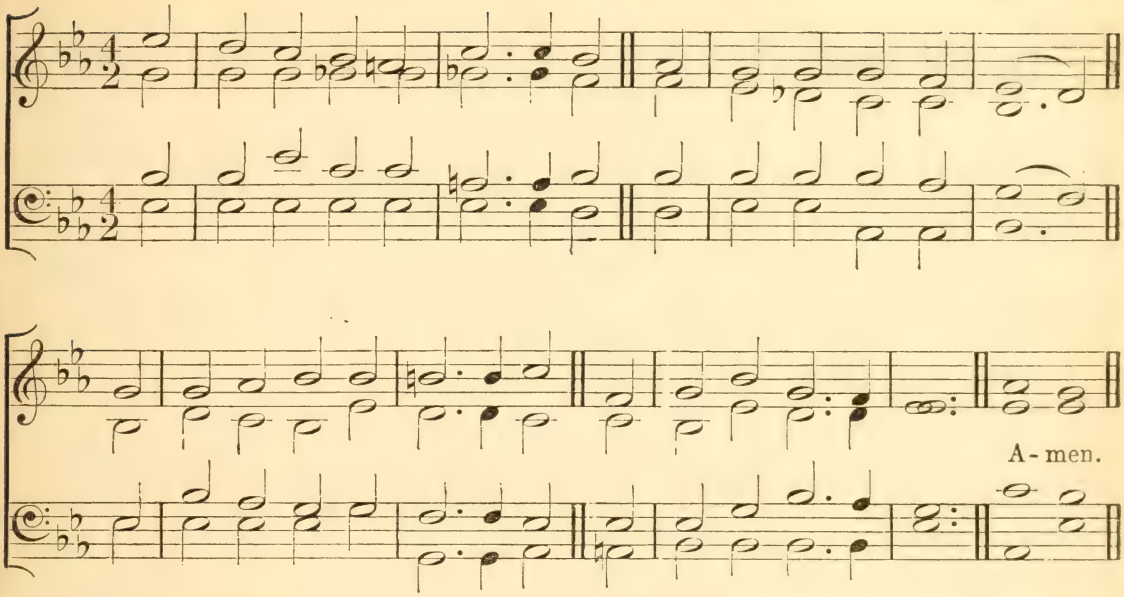
mp Grant us to follow His long-suffering path,
Joying in truth, yet helping them that fall,
To think no evil, give no place to wrath,
But bear, believe, endure, and hope for all.

f So when at length we know as we are known,
And all the shadows are for ever past,
He who is Love may see in us His own,
And all in Him be perfect love at last. Amen.

140. HOLY TRINITY.

C.M.

J. Barnby.



"*Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps.*"—1 Peter ii. 21.

mp Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
cr So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

mf Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

p If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
di We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
pp Father, Thy will be done.

mf Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

cr Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

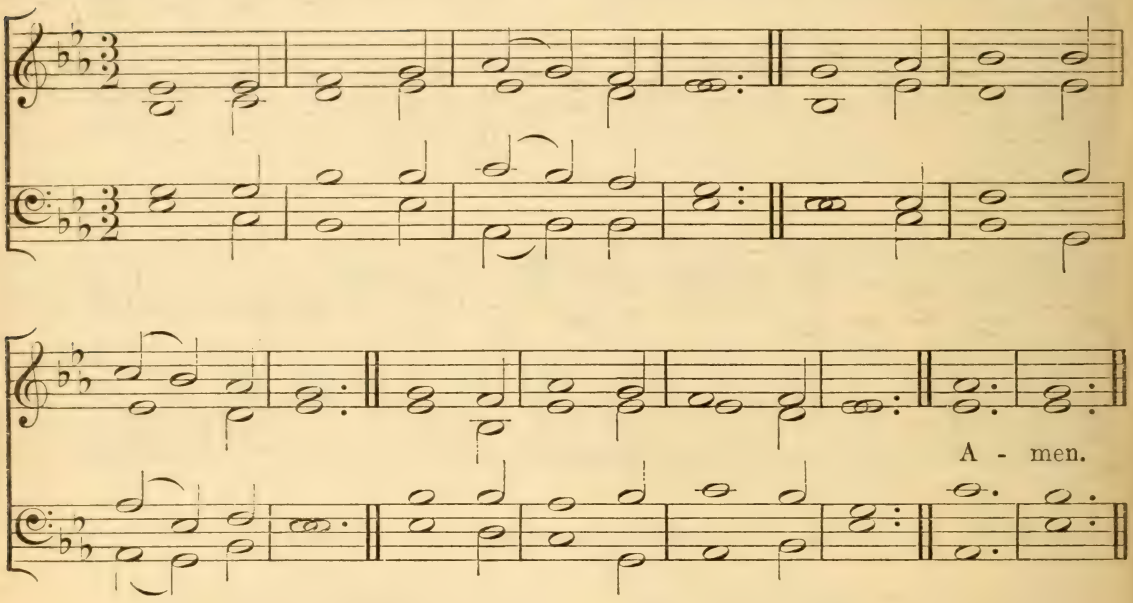
May also be sung to "St. Agnes" (Dykes), No. 147.

See also Hymns 330, 428, 430, 431, 432, 535.

"CREATE AND MAKE IN US NEW AND CONTRITE HEARTS.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

141. ST. PHILIP. 7.7.7. W. H. MONK.



"Let them say, Spare Thy people, O Lord; and give not Thine heritage to reproach."—JOEL ii. 17.

p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

mf Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
p Ere it close for evermore.

pp By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

mf Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place

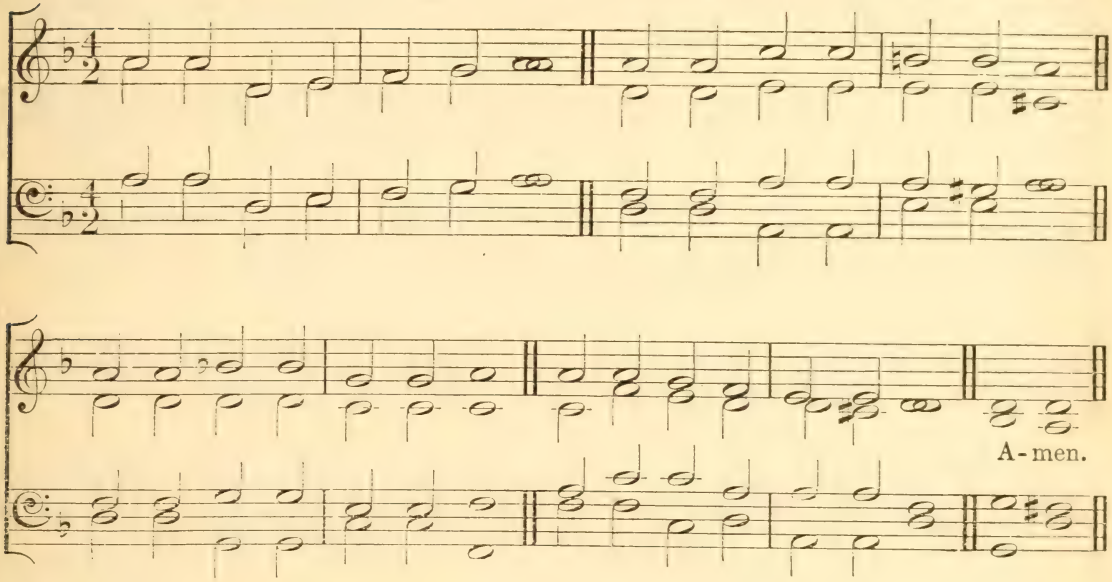
On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardon'd round Thy throne. Amen.

[See Collect for first Sunday in Lent.]

142. HEINLEIN.

7s.

MICHAEL HEINLEIN.



"Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil."—LUKE iv. 1, 2.

mf FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted still, yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching day by day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

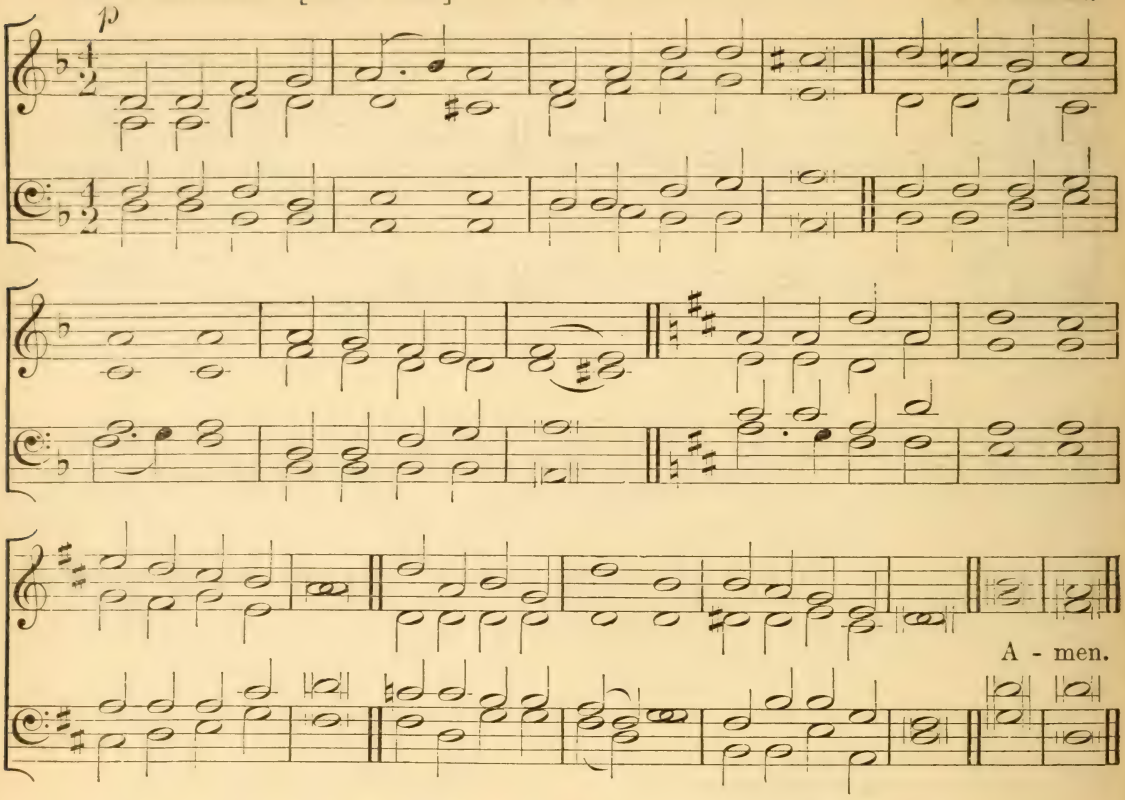
Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of will,
And, like Thee, by fast and prayer
Wrestle with the powers of ill?

What if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh and spirit shall assail?
cr Thou, his vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

mp Watching, praying, struggling thus,
cr Victory ours at last shall be;
Angels minister to us
As they minister'd to Thee.

mf Only may we hear Thy voice,
Only cling, Lord, to Thy side;
f That with Thee we may rejoice
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

143. MIDIAN. [First Tune.] 11s. E. J. Hopkins.



"This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."—Mark ix. 29.

p Christian, dost thou see them on the holy ground,
cr How the hosts of darkness compass thee around?
ff Christian, up and smite them, counting gain but loss:
Smite them, Christ is with thee, soldier of the cross.

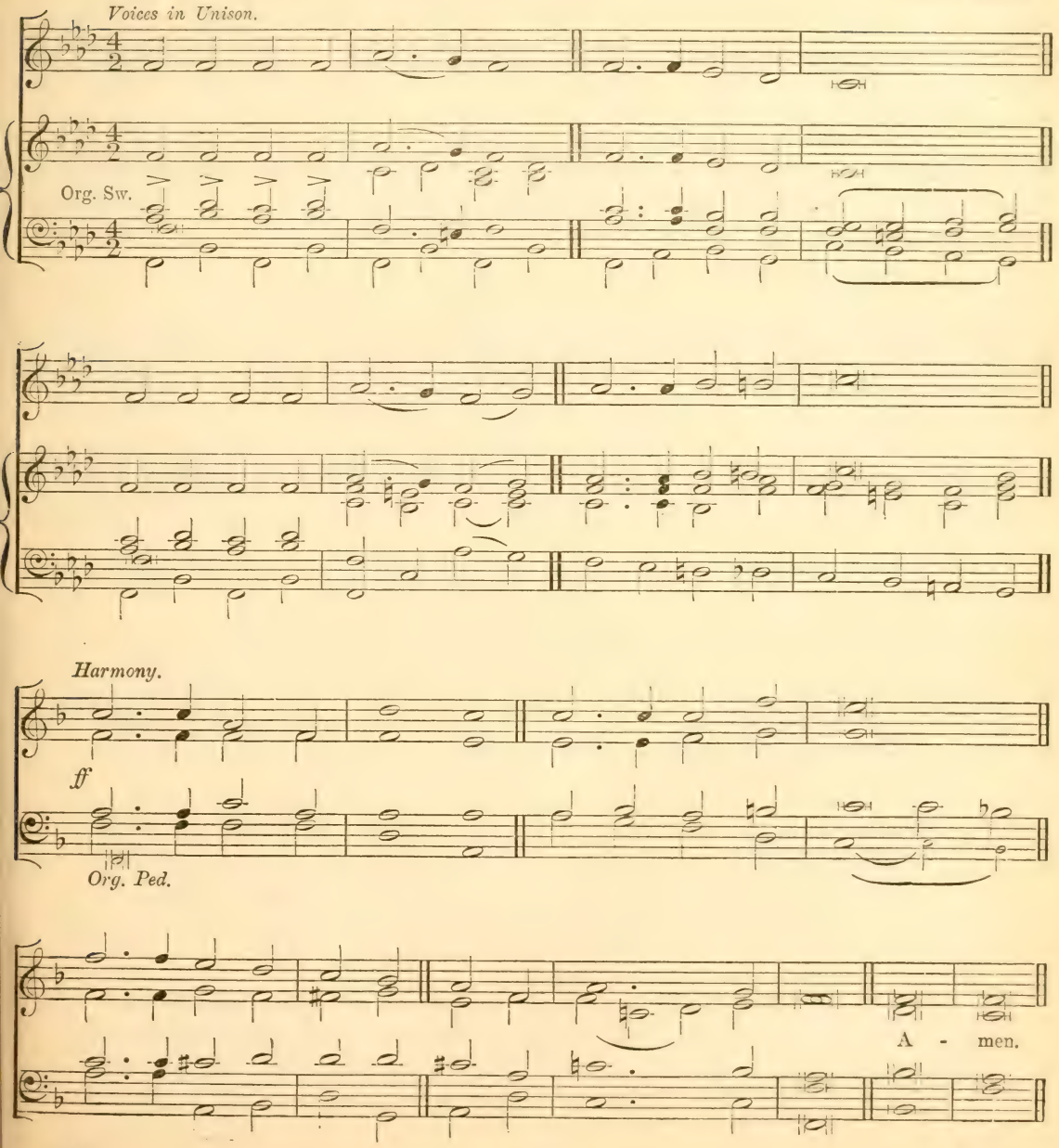
p Christian, dost thou feel them, how they work within
cr Striving, tempting, luring, goading unto sin?
f Christian, never tremble; never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict now by prayer and fast.

p Christian, dost thou hear them, how they speak thee fair,
"Quit thy weary vigil, cease from fast and prayer?"
f Christian, answer boldly, "While I breathe, I pray!"
cr Peace shall follow battle, night shall end in day.

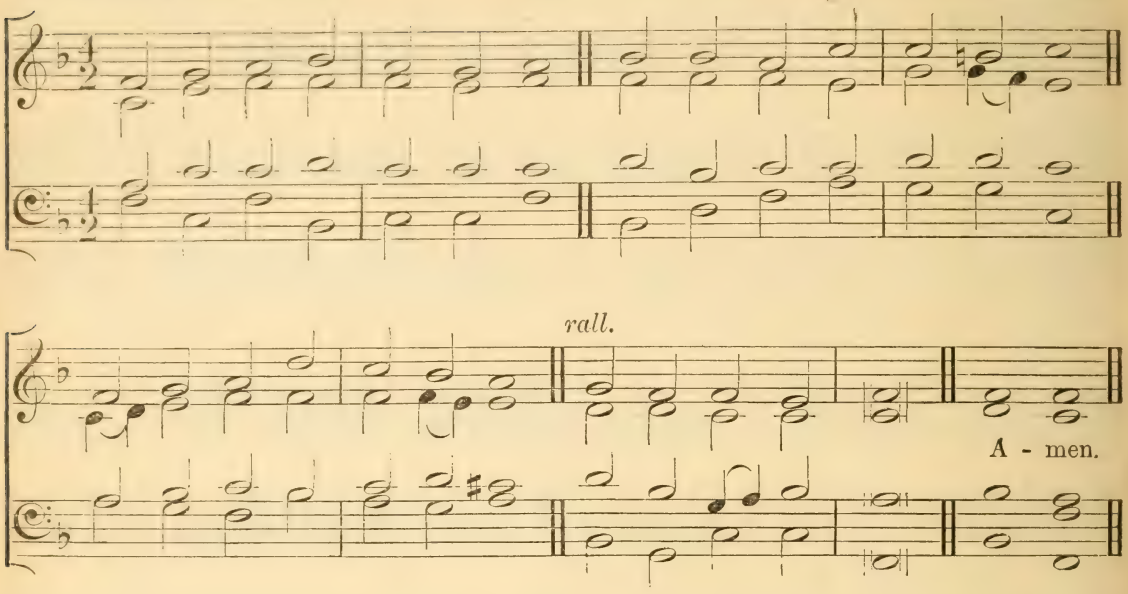
mf Well I know thy trouble, O My servant true;
p Thou art very weary, I was weary too;
cr But that toil shall make thee one day all Mine own,
f And the end of sorrow shall be near My throne. Amen.

143. HOLY WAR. [Second Tune.] 11s.

Josiah Booth.



144. ST. AGATHA. 7s. 5. F. SOUTHGATE.



"Out of the depths have I cried ***unto*** *Thee, O Lord."*—PSALM CXXX. 1.

p THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesu, hear my cry.

In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
cr But that Thou canst save from sin,
p To Thy cross I fly

cr Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound,
Surely so may I.

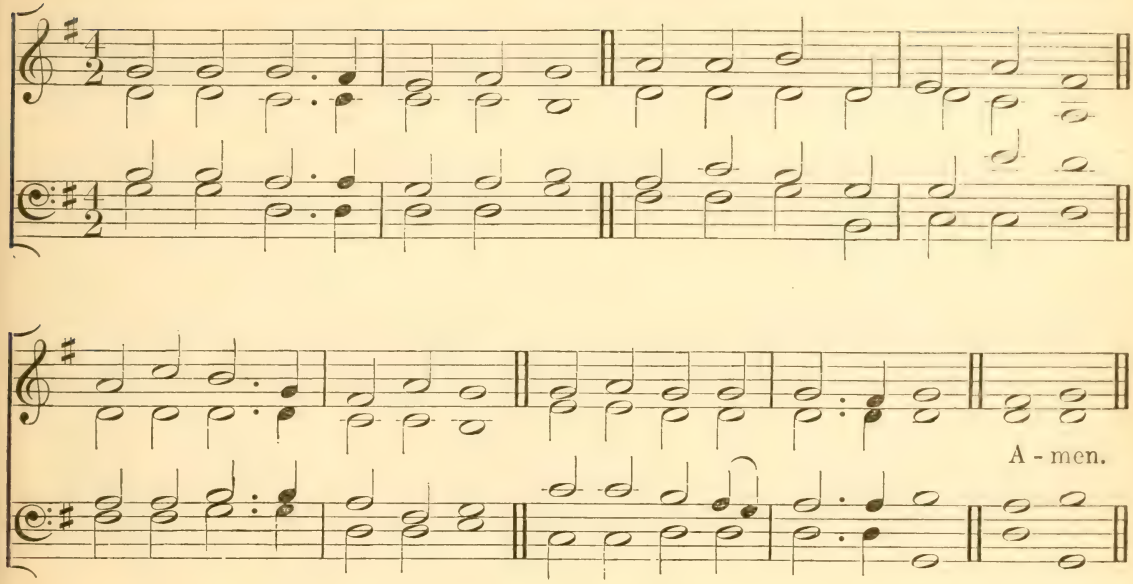
mf There on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer,
di Jesu, save me from despair,
Save me, or I die.

p When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesu, be Thou nigh. Amen.

145. ST. BEES.

7s.

J. B. DYKES.



"*God be merciful to me a sinner.*"—LUKE xviii. 13.

mp SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
p God be merciful to me.

mp Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
p God be merciful to me.

mp Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

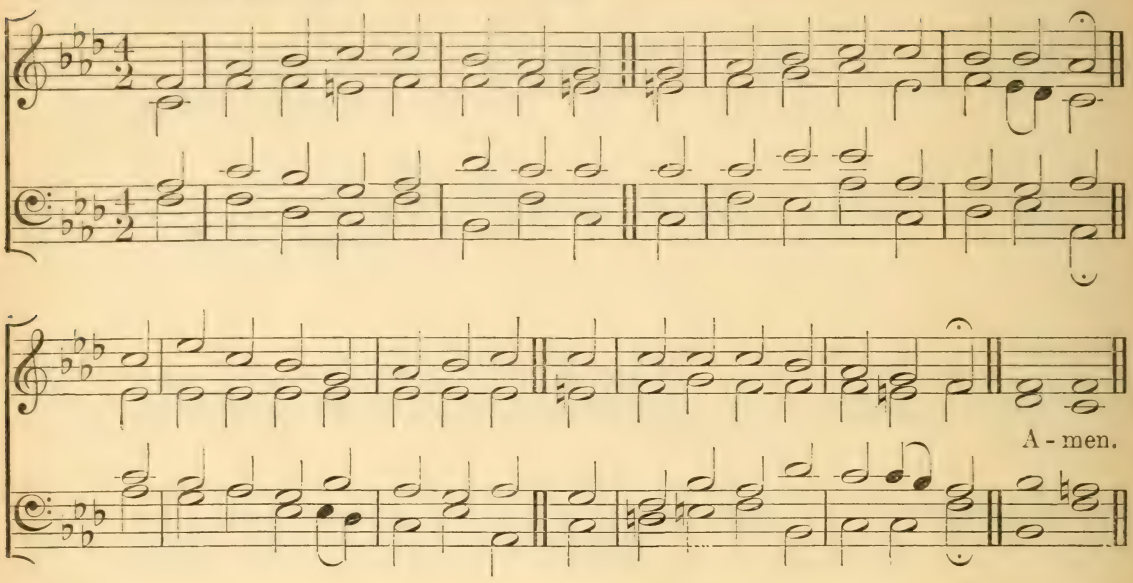
cr From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but Thine:
p God be merciful to me.

mf There is One beside the Throne,
And my only hope and plea
f Are in Him, and Him alone:
p God be merciful to me.

f He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
p God be merciful to me. Amen.

146. BABYLON'S STREAMS. L. M.

THOMAS CAMPION.



"*I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only.*"—PSALM lxxi. 16.

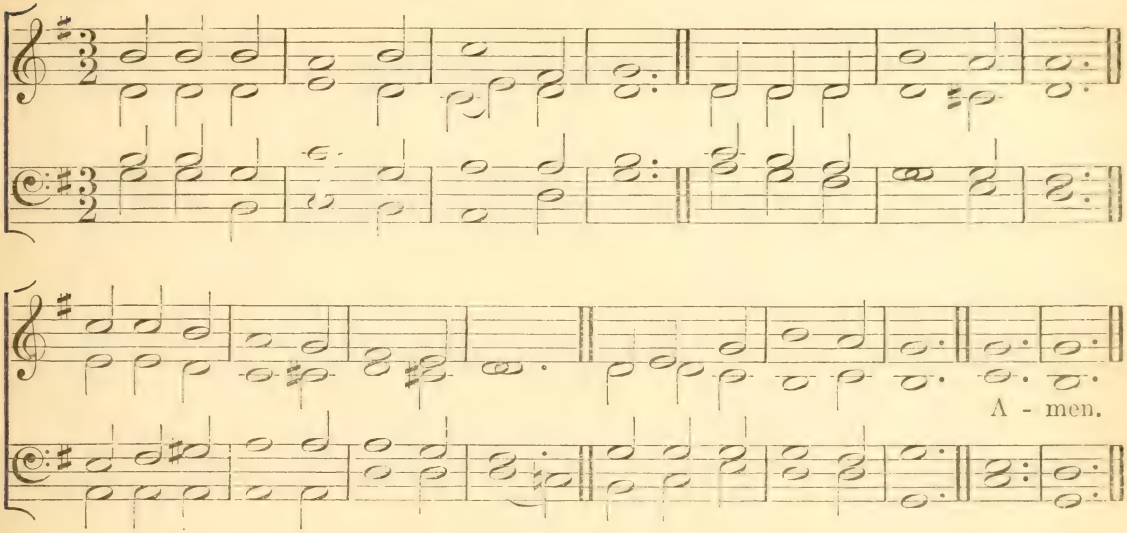
p How shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its grief make known,
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through Christ alone.

cr Father, in Him, we claim our part,
For Thy Son's sake accept us now,
In Him well pleased Thou always art,
Well pleased with us through Him be Thou.

mf Oh look on Thine Anointed One;
Thy gift in Him is all our plea;
Our righteousness,—what He hath done;
Our prayer,—His prayer for us to Thee.

cr So while He intercedes above,
In His dear name may we believe,
f And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost souls receive. Amen.

147. ST. AGNES (DYKES). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

mf APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

mp Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

p Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

mf Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
cr I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

mf Oh wondrous love, to bleed and die,
p To bear the cross and shame,
cr That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name. Amen.

148. ANDENKEN.

S.M.

J. BARNBY.

Slow.

A - men.

"Remember me, O Lord."—PSALM cvi. 4.

p LORD JESUS, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
cr From earthborn passions set me free.
And make me pure within.

p Lord Jesus, think on me
With many a care oppress'd;
cr Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

mf Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
cr Point Thou the heavenly way.

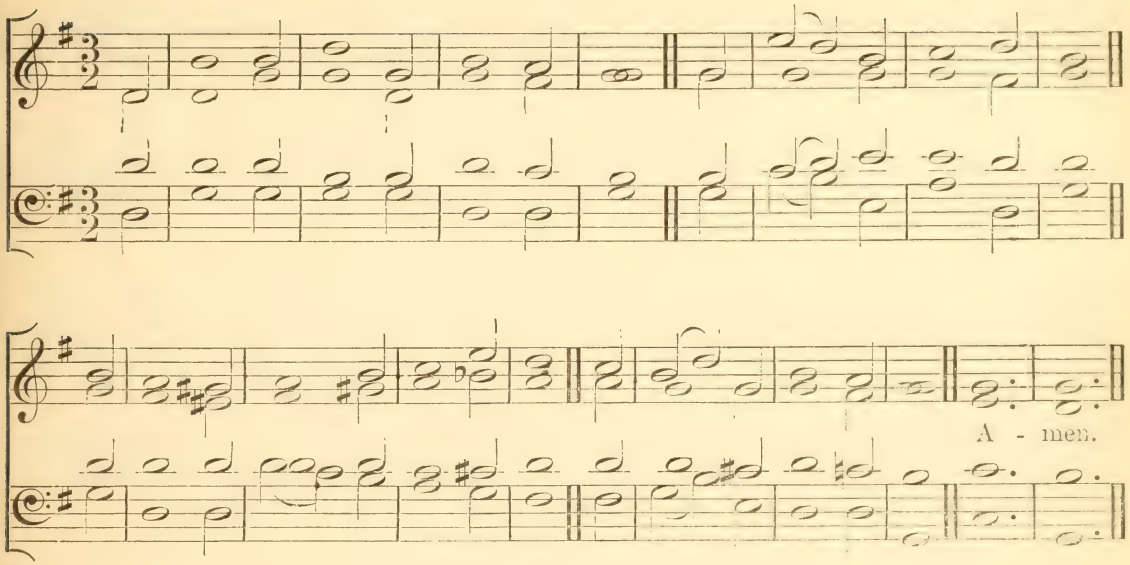
p Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
cr I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

mf Lord Jesus, think on me,
cr That I may sing above
f To Father, Holy Ghost, and Thee
The songs of praise and love. Amen.

149. SPOHR.

C.M.

Adapted from SPOHR.



"My soul thirsteth for God."—PSALM xlii. 2.

mp As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
cr So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

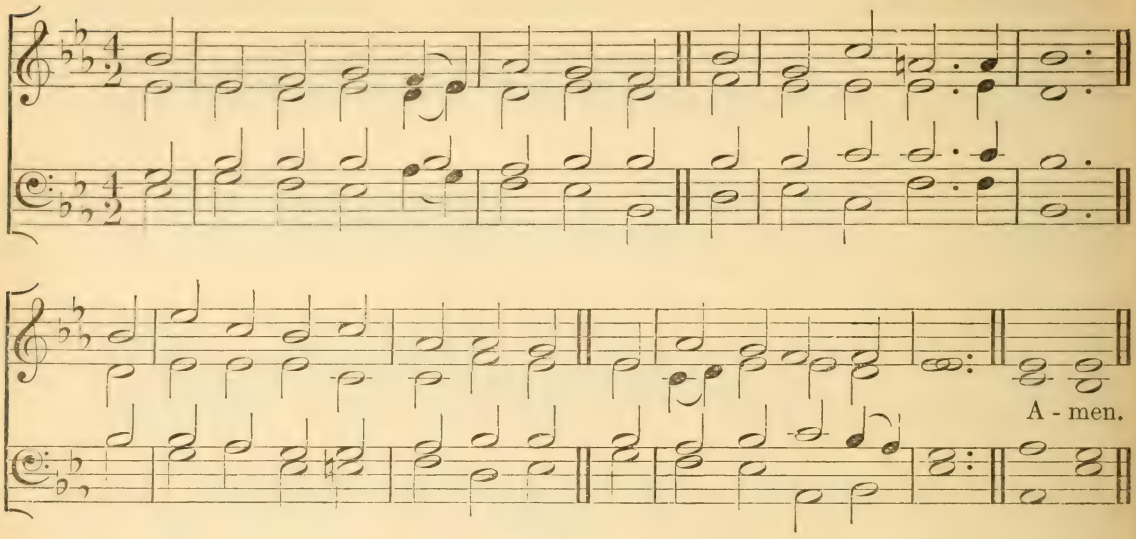
p Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cr Trust God, who will employ
f His aid for thee and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

p For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
cr Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

mp Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cr Hope still, and thou shalt sing
f The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring. Amen.

May also be sung to "Holy Trinity," No. 140.

150. ST. BERNARD. C.M. J. RICHARDSON.



"*He healeth the broken in heart.*"—PSALM cxlvii. 3.

mp WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
cr One only hand, a piercèd hand,
mf Can salve the sinner's wound.

mp When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
cr, p One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

mp When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
cr, p One only stream, a stream of blood,
mf Can wash away the blot.

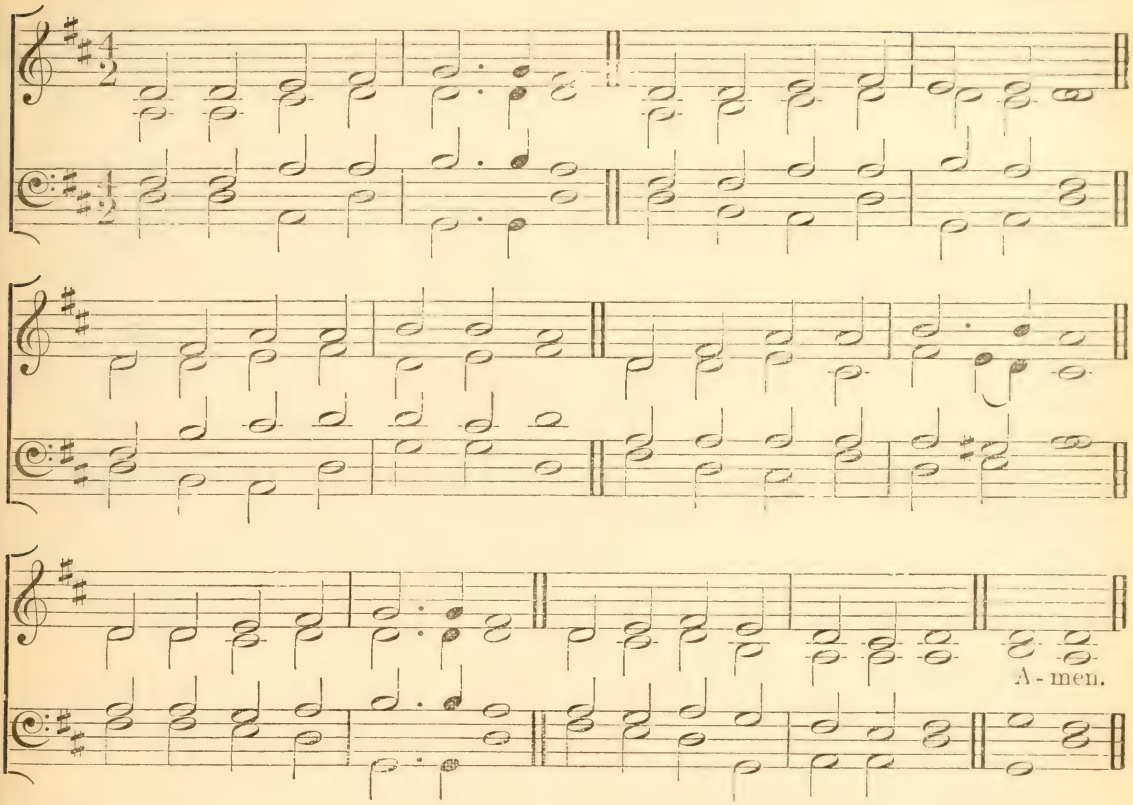
mp 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

mf Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
di We have no shelter from our sin,
p But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

151. REDHEAD (No. 76).

Six 7s.

R. REDHEAD.



"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock."—EXODUS xxxiii. 22.

mp ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
cr Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

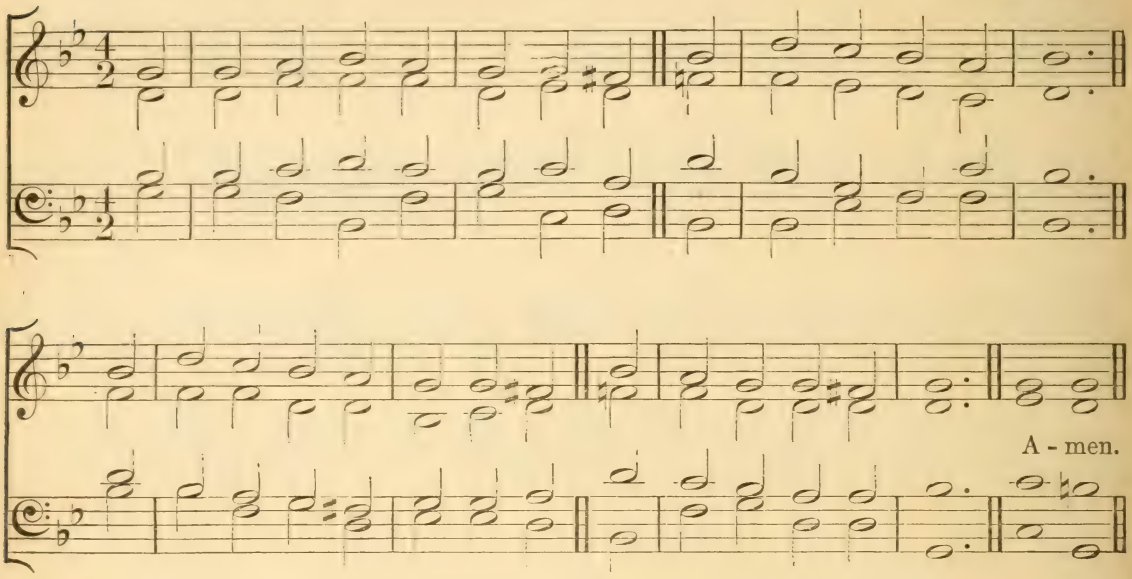
mf Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

p Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
cr Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

mp While I draw this fleeting breath,
p When my eyelids close in death,
cr When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
di Rock of ages, cleft for me,
pp Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

An alternative Tune to this Hymn will be found in Appendix, No. 15.

152. WINDSOR. C.M. G. Kirby.



"*Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.*"—Lamentations iii. 41.

mp Lord, when we bend before Thy Throne,
And our confessions pour,
cr Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

p Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
And penitence impart;
mf And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

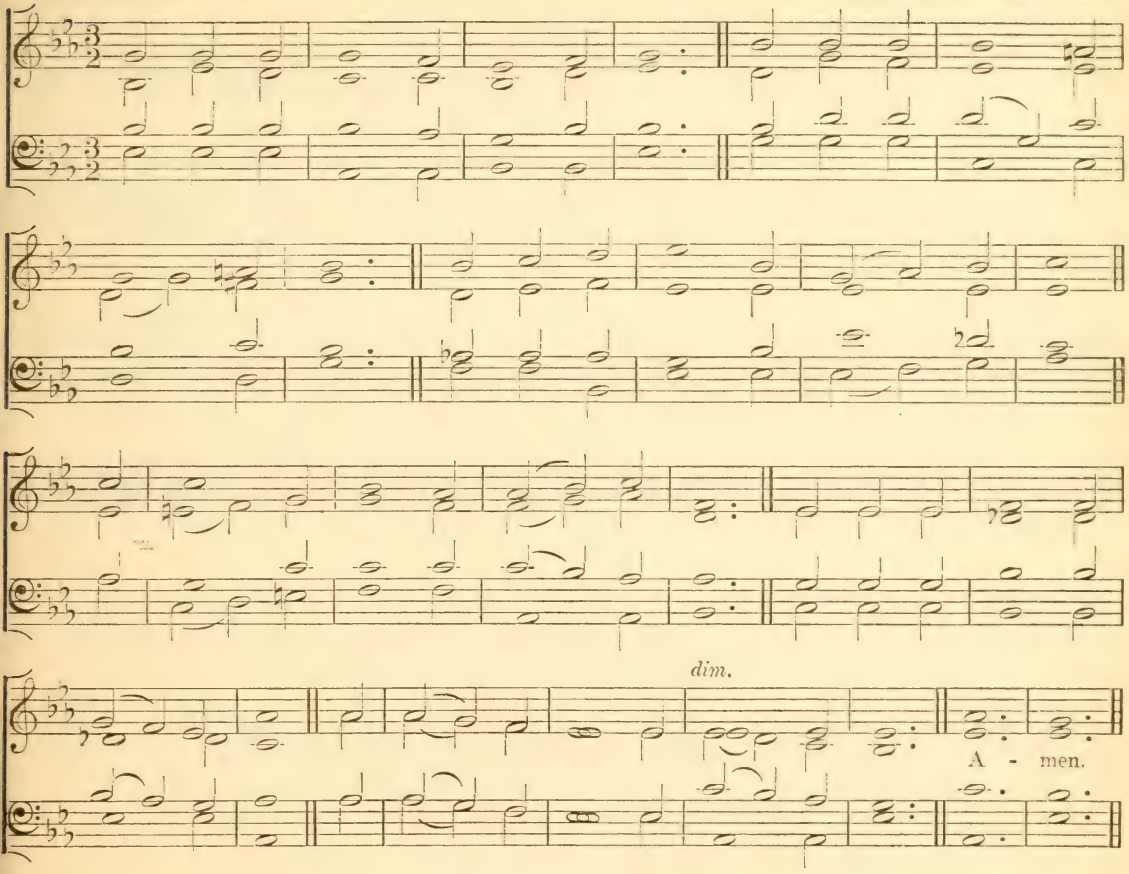
When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

cr Let faith each meek petition fill,
mf And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

153. BARNBY.

Six 8s.

J. BARNBY



"Behold, we come unto Thee; for Thou art the Lord our God."—JEREMIAH iii. 22.

mp WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn:
cr I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

mf O Jesu, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

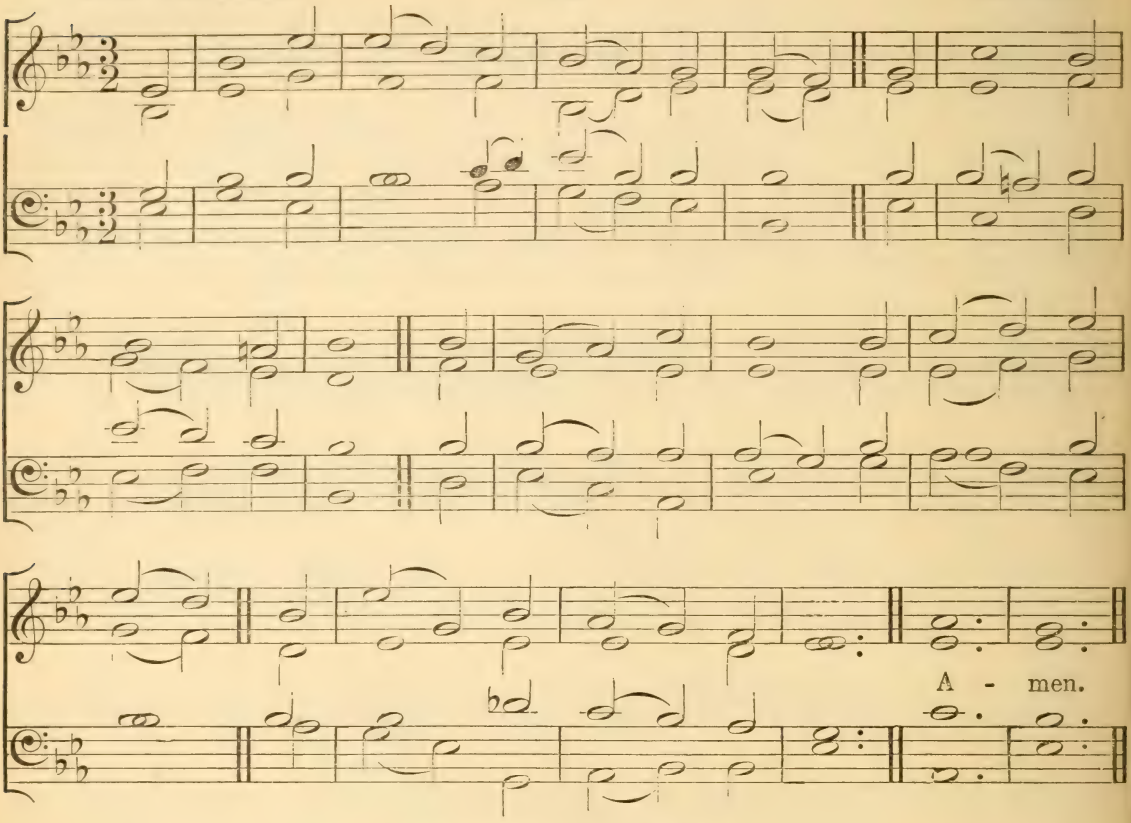
mp Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
cr The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

mp Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within;
cr That I may dread Thy gracious power
And never dare offend Thee more.
Amen.

154. ABRIDGE.

C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



"*Lord, remember me.* —LUKE xxiii. 42.

mf O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
di In all sorrows, conflicts, woes,
p Dear Lord, remember me.

mp When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
cr Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
p In love remember me

mp When trials sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee,
cr Oh let my strength be as my day;
p For good remember me.

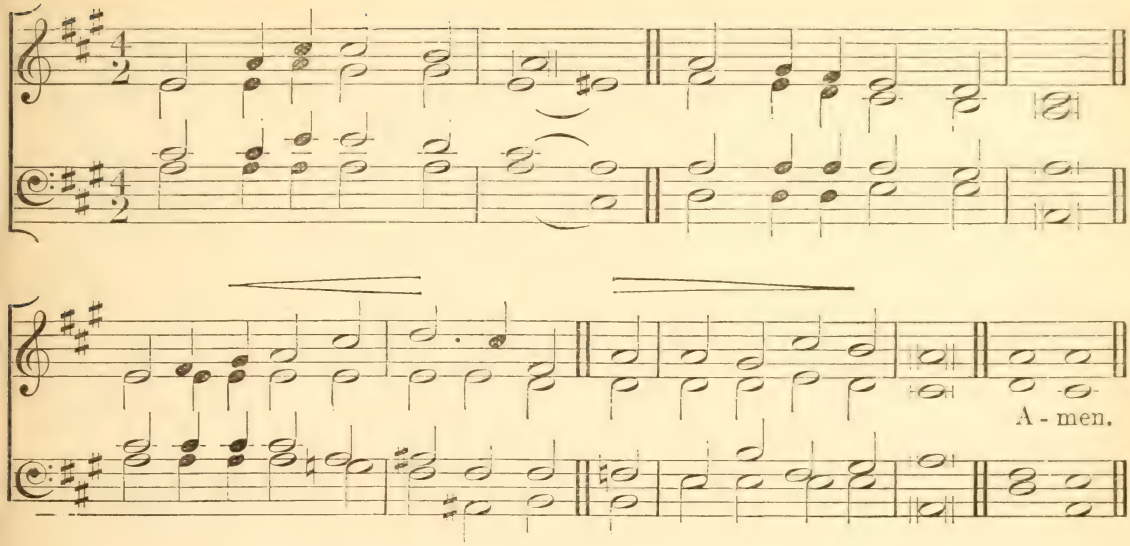
mp If on my face for Thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be;
mf All hail reproach, and welcome shame
If Thou remember me.

di And oh, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
p Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me. Amen.

155. CROMER.

S.M.

ARTHUR PAGE.



"We wept, when we remembered Zion."—PSALM CXXXII. 1.

mp FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

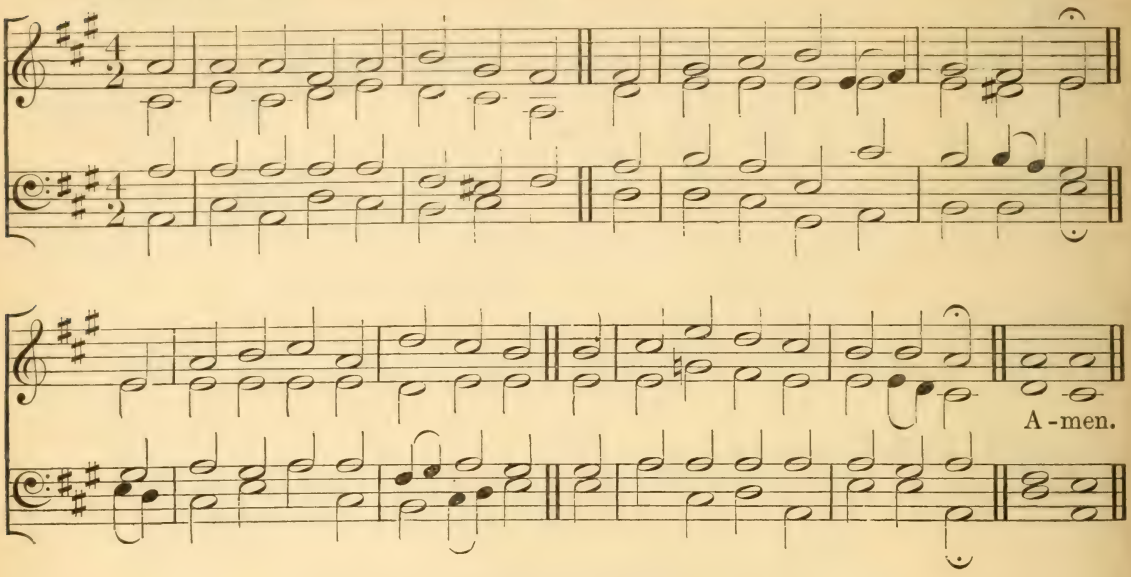
My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

cr To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

mf God of my life be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

156. BRESLAU.*

L.M.



"Come: for all things are now ready."—LUKE xiv. 17.

mf COME, weary souls, in Christ your Lord
To more than Paradise restored,
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

mp A pardon written with His blood,
The favour and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

p The guiltless shame, the calm distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder, Why such love to me?

f The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
di The sight that veils the seraph's face,
pp The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love. Amen.

* For another Arrangement of this Tune see Hymn No. 351.

157. ST. BARNABAS.

6s. 4s.

W. R. BRAINE.

Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died. A - men.

"For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great."—PSALM XXV. 11.

mp No; not despairingly
Come I to Thee:
No; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
cr Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

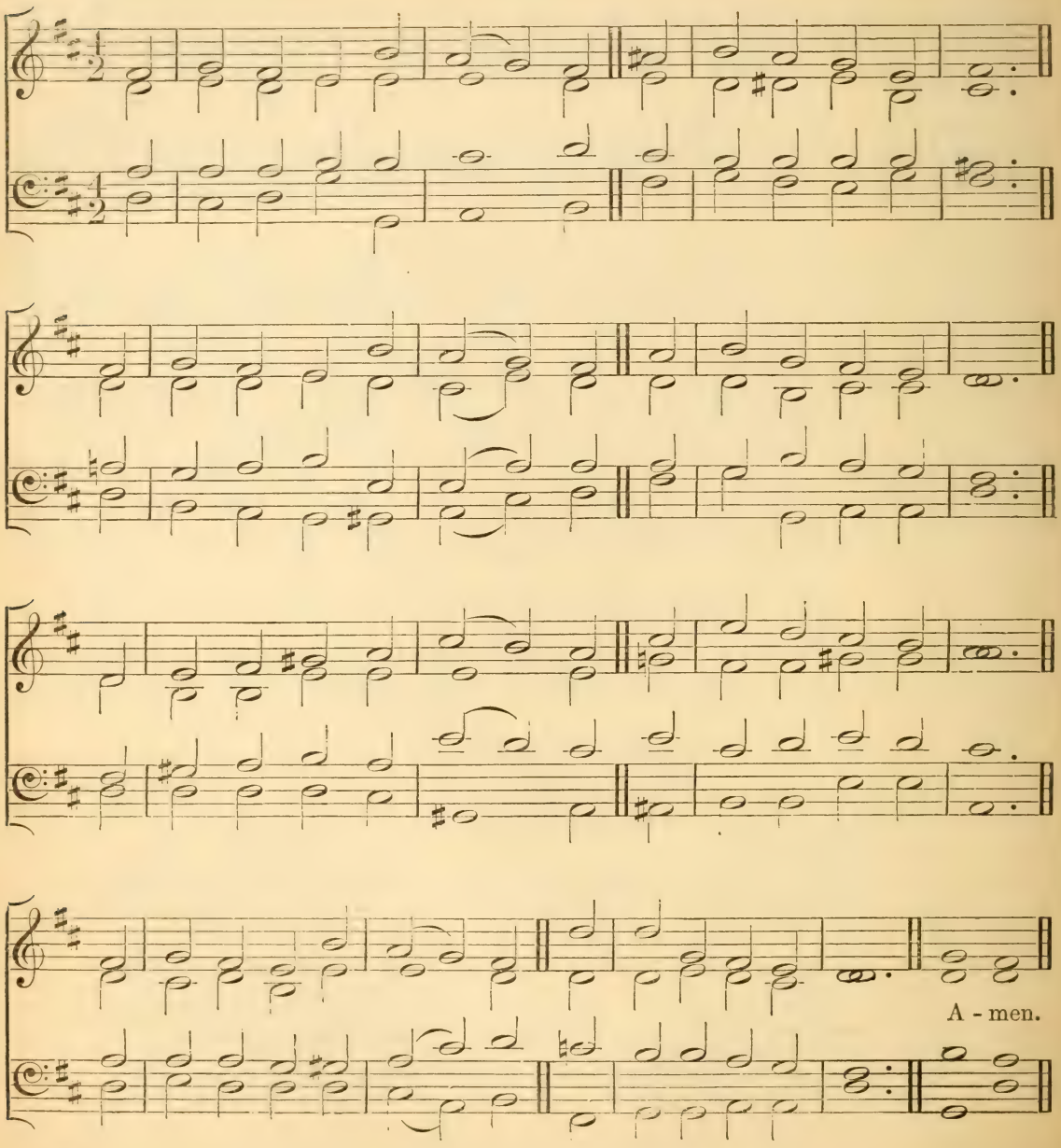
mp Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
cr Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

mf Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Low at Thy pierced feet,
Saviour, I fall:
p Oh let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

cr Then all is peace and light
This soul within:
Thus shall I walk with Thee
The Loved unseen,
mf Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between. Amen.

The repetition of the 6th line of words may be avoided, if desired, by omitting the music between the 4th and 5th double bars.

158. EXMOUTH. D. 7s. 6s. D. J. Wood.



"*Without Me ye can do nothing.*"—JOHN xv. 5.

mf I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
di Whose precious blood redeem'd me
p At such tremendous cost;
mf Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

mp I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
cr But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

mp I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
di And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

mf I could not do without Thee,
p For years are fleeting fast,
pp And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be pass'd;
cr But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
mf I know Thou wilt be near me,
pp And whisper, "It is I." Amen.

159. JUST AS I AM.

8s. 6.

JOHN STAINER.

Slow.

A - men.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

p JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
cr O Lamb of God, I come.

p Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
cr O Lamb of God, I come.

p Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
cr O Lamb of God, I come.

p Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

mf Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
cr Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

f Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

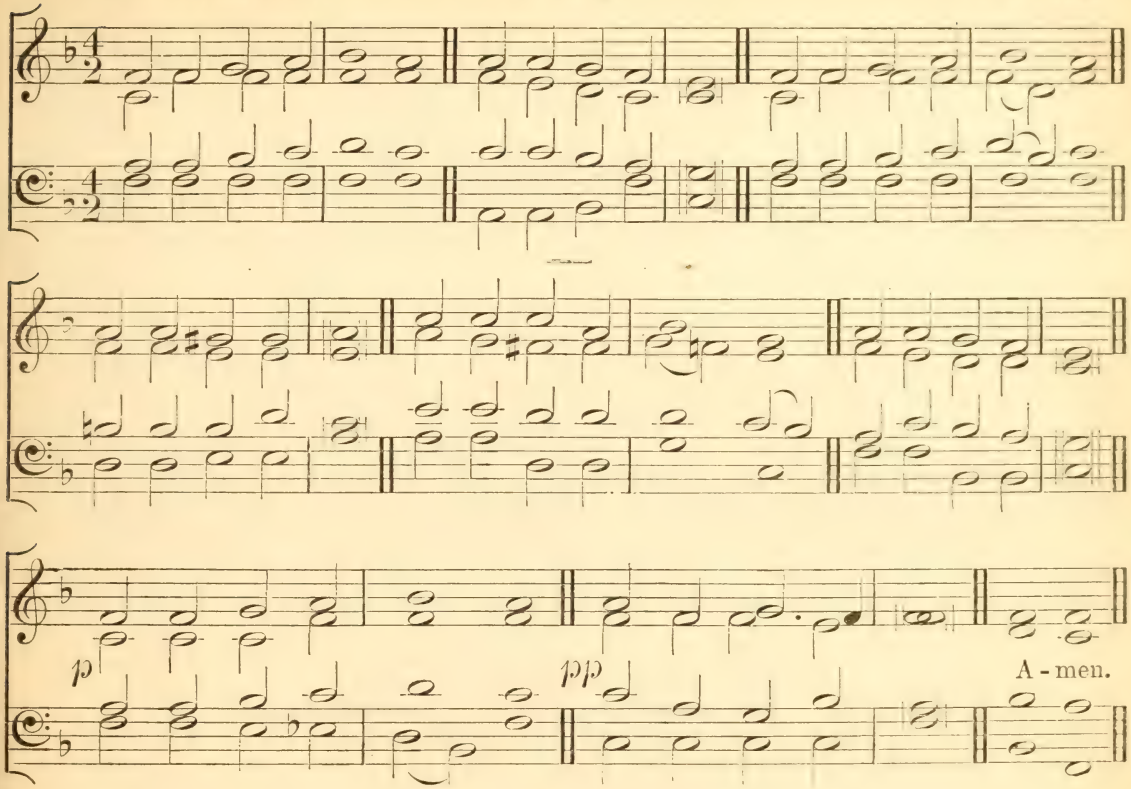
p Just as I am—of that free love
cr The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
f Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

May be sung to "St. Crispin," No. 596.

160. MAGDALENE.

D. 6s. 5s.

J. B. Dykes.



"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."—Luke xxii. 32.

mp In the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee:
cr When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

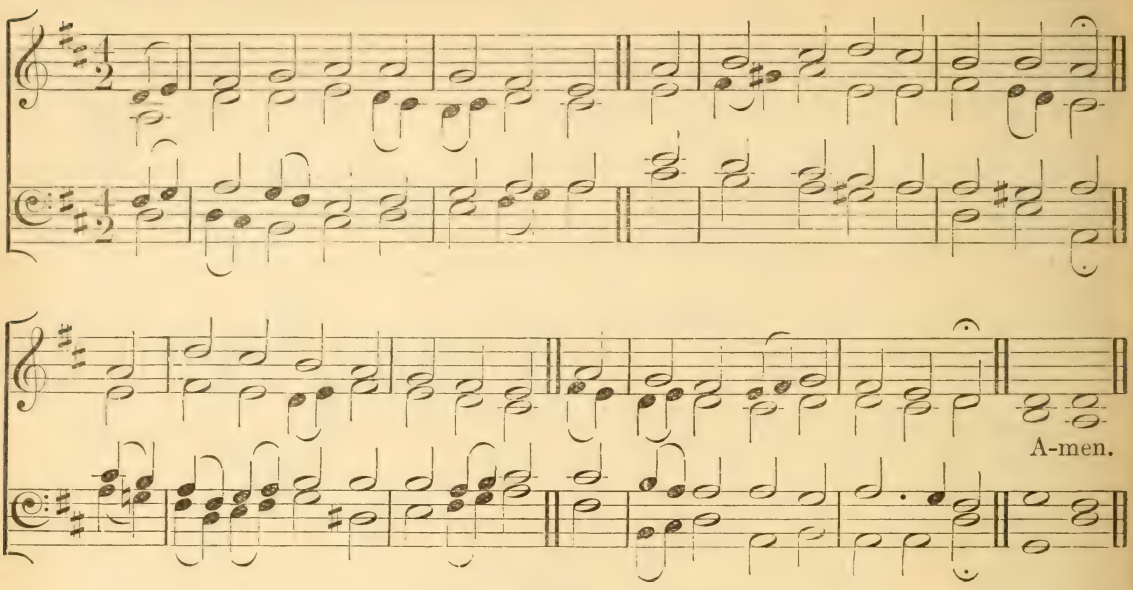
mp With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
di Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
pp Or in darker semblance
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

mp If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offer'd up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

p When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
cr While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
mf On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
f To eternal life. Amen.

161. LEIPSIC (or EISENACH). L.M.

J. H. Schein.



"Search me, O God, and know my heart."—Psalm cxxxix. 23.

mf O Thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free.

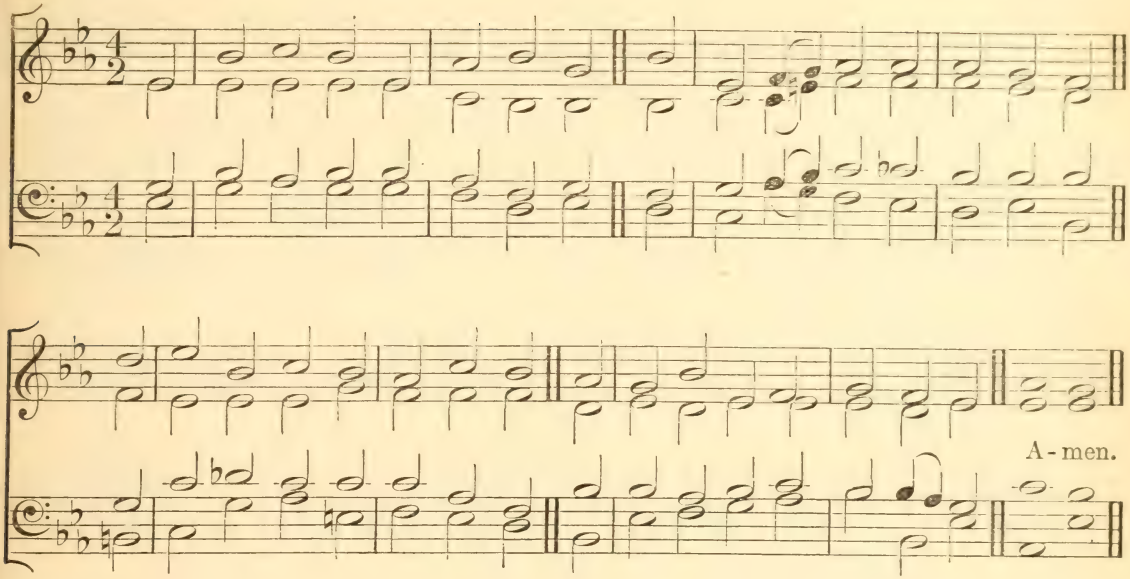
Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no evil need I fear,
If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

cr Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
mf Oh let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

mp If rough and thorny be the way,
cr My strength proportion to my day,
mp Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. Amen.

162. ST. SEPULCHRE. L.M. GEORGE COOPER.



"Then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom."—JOB xxxiii. 24.

p WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
cr Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

p Oh think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
cr Think of the blood which Jesus spilt
My pardon and my life to buy.

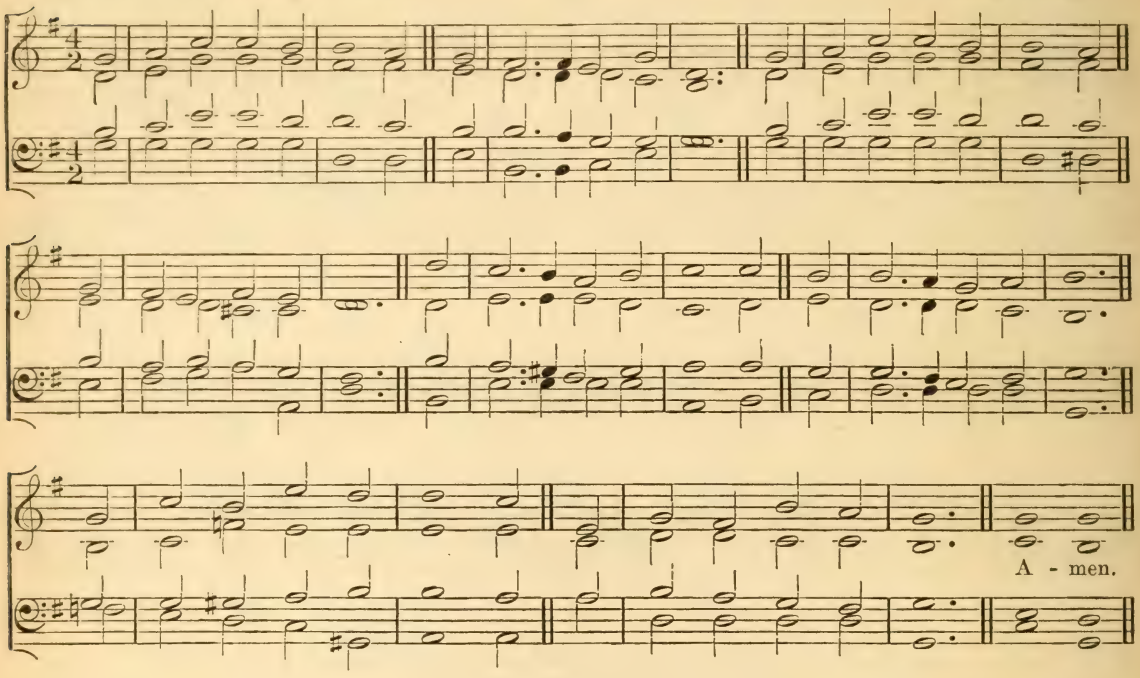
mf Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
p The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

mf Oh think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

p Oh think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
cr And let His merits stand for mine.

mf Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shorten'd be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
p Behold, and spare, and succour me.
Amen.

163. HATFIELD HALL. D. 7s. 6s. CHARLES VINCENT.



"He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."—EPHESIANS i. 6.

mf I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus
To wash my crimson stains
cr White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

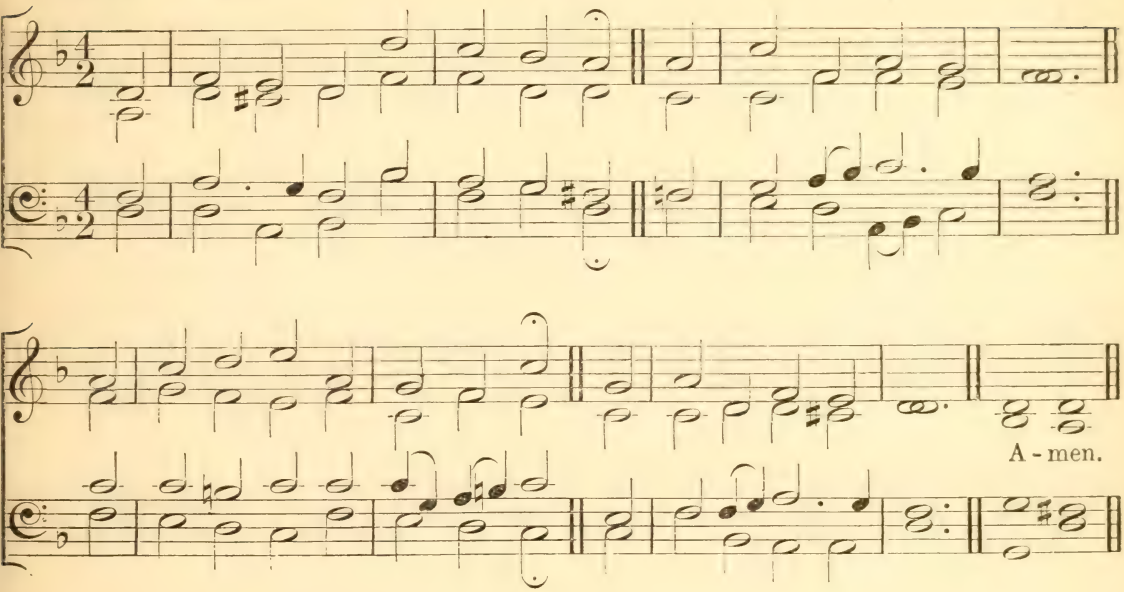
mf I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
f He from them all releases;
He all my sorrows shares.

mf I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
cr His right hand me embraces;
I on His breast recline.
f I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.

mf I long to be like Jesus,
p Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
mf I long to be like Jesus,
p The Father's Holy Child.
f I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
cr To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song. Amen.

164. ST. MARY.

C.M.



"Enoch walked with God."—GENESIS v. 24.

mf OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

p Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

mp What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

cr Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

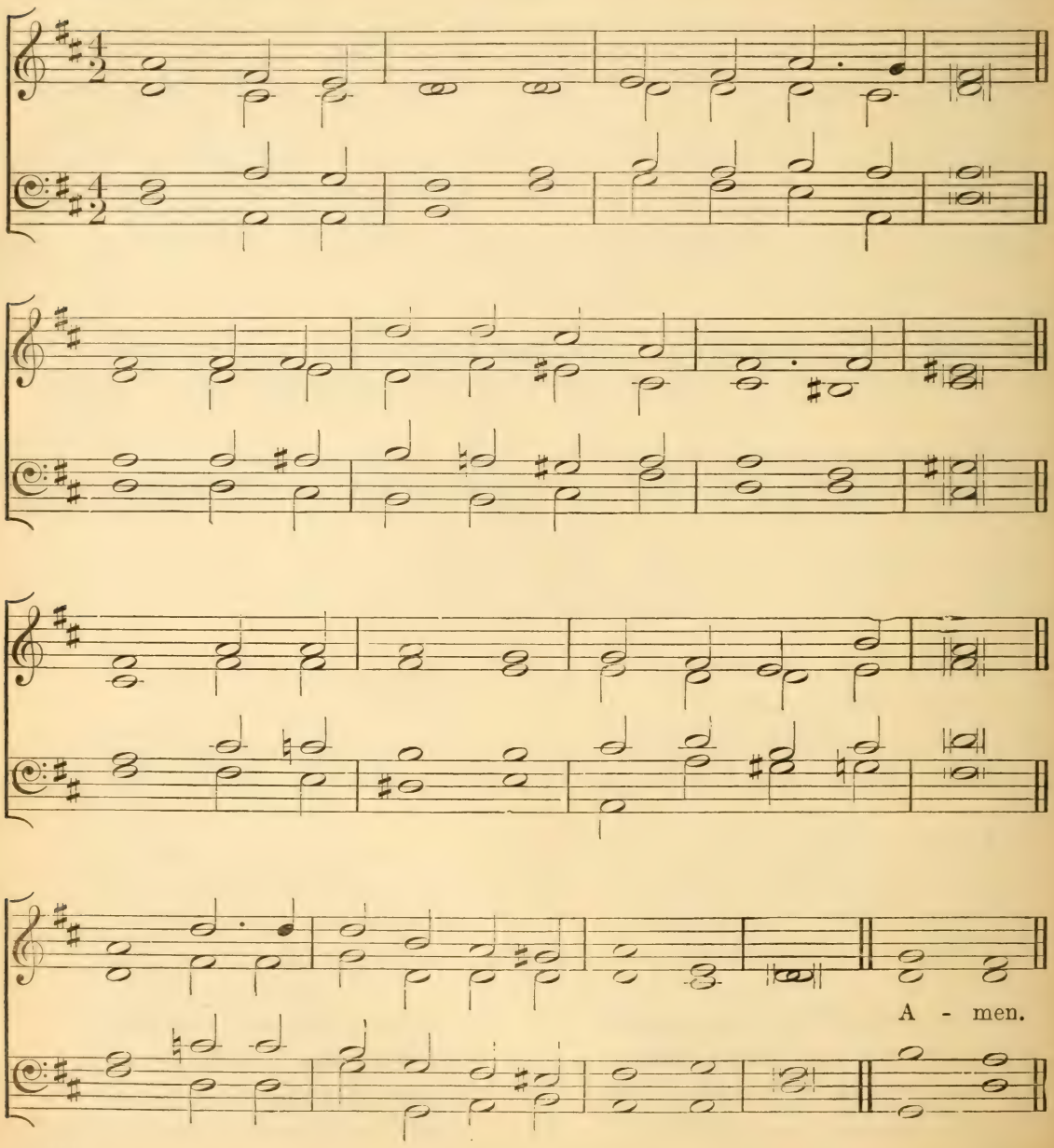
mp The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

mf So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
cr So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

165. DALKEITH.

10s.

T. Hewlett.



"*In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins.*"—EPHESIANS i. 7.

mp WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home;
cr And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

mp So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
cr Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

mp The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
cr "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

mf It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

cr 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

p O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cr That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

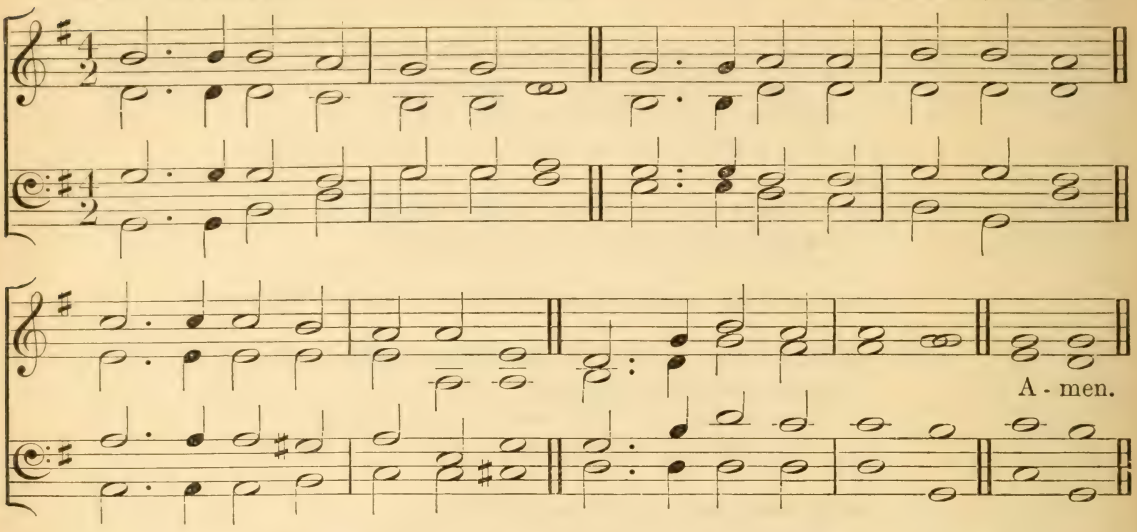
mf Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

p Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
cr Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like myrrh pour'd forth, let my devotion prove
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

LITANY OF PENITENCE.

166. LITANY.

7s. 6. Harmonized by SULLIVAN.



"Father, I have sinned . . . and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—LUKE xv. 21.

mp FATHER, hear Thy children's call:
di Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp We Thy call have disobey'd,
Have neglected, and delay'd,
Into paths of sin have stray'd:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, come to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stain'd, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

cr By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared man's guilt and fall:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong,
And our day of grace prolong:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

cr Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

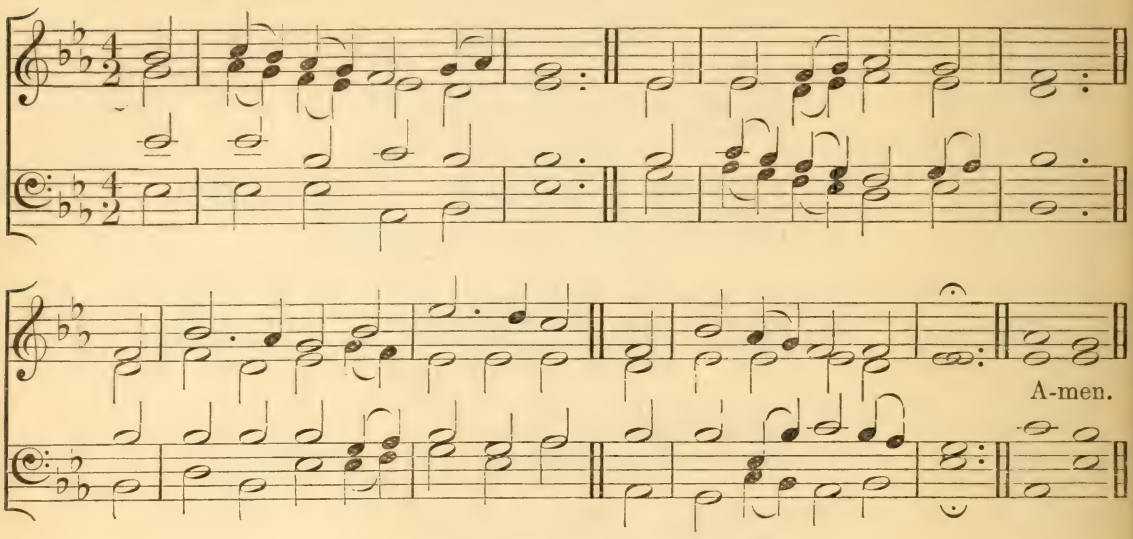
All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

cr Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

See also Hymns 24, 89, 333, 335, 339, 377.

167. VENICE.

S.M. W. Amps.



"*O Lord, revive Thy work.*"—Habakkuk iii. 2.

f Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
ff Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

f Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

mf Revive Thy work, O Lord,
di Create soul-thirst for Thee;
p And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh may our spirits be.

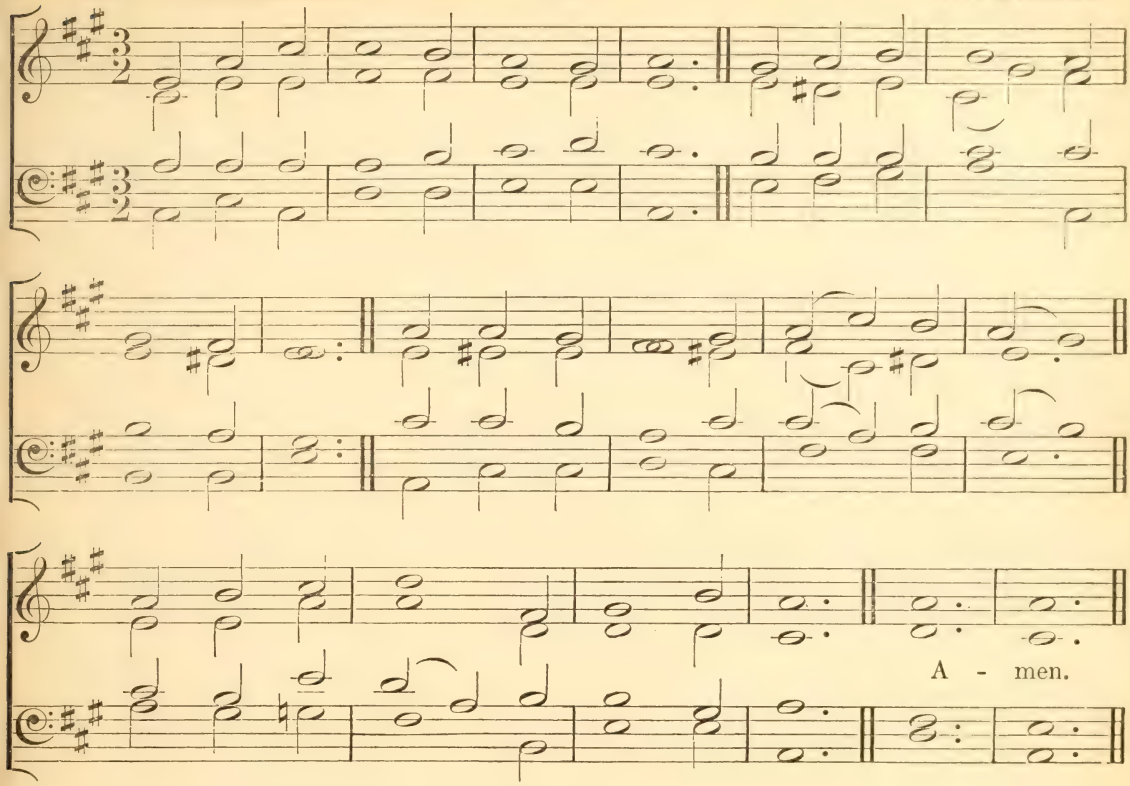
cr Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

cr Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
ff The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessings, Lord, be ours. Amen.

168. INTERCESSION.

L.M.

W. G. MAGLAGAN.



"Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee."—PSALM lxxxv. 6.

mf ALMIGHTY God, whose only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

In His dear name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessèd Word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell;

And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife:

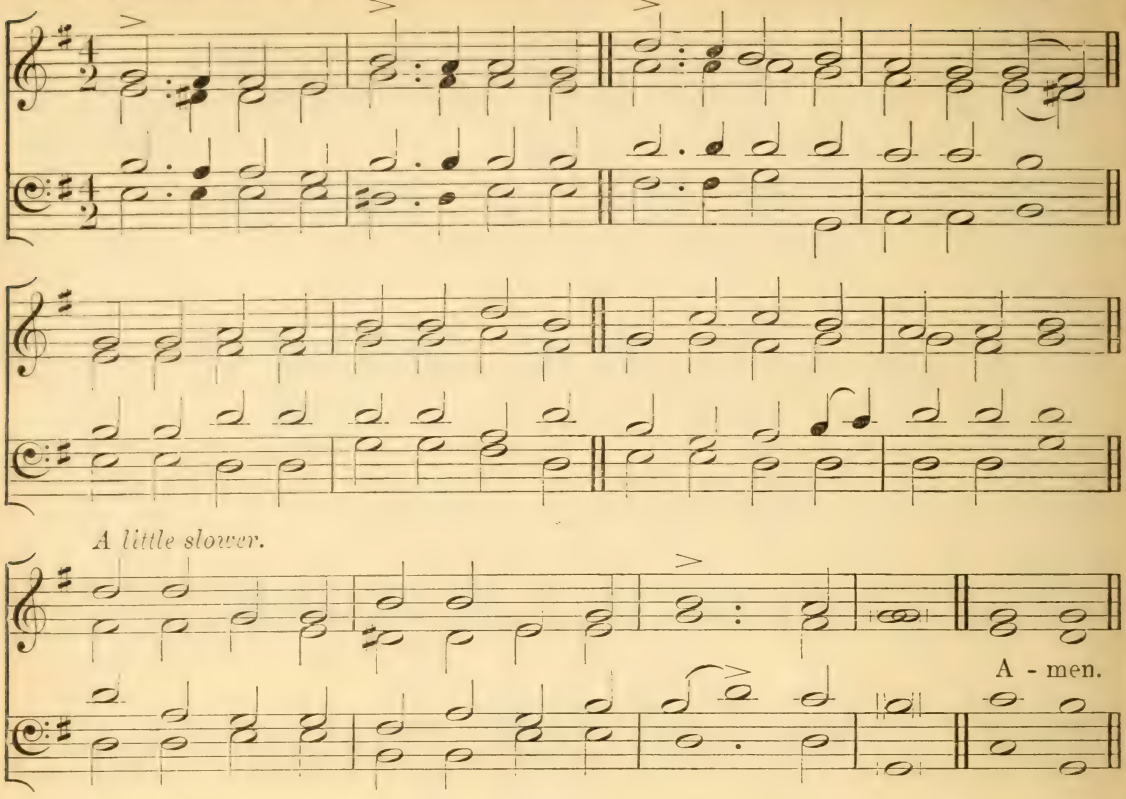
And many a quicken'd soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

mf Oh give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
cr And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

f That so from angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

169. EVERTON (MONK). 8s. 7s. 11.

W. H. MONK.



"*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"—REVELATION xxii. 17.

mf COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
cr He is able, He is willing: doubt no more.

mf Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
cr Without money come to Jesus Christ and buy.

mp Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
cr This He gives you; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

mp Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all:
cr Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.

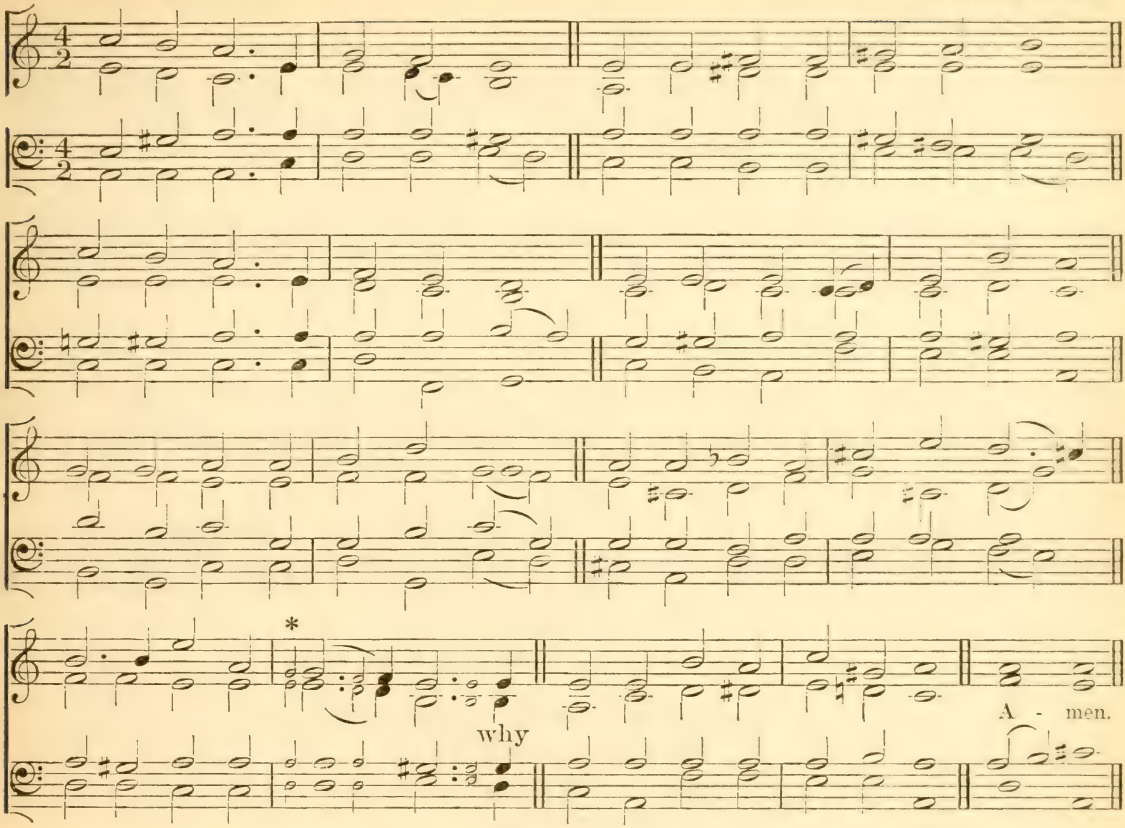
mf Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
cr Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
f None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

ff Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb:
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah! sinners here may same. Amen.

170. ST. MARK.

D. 7s.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



"Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—EZEKIEL xxxiii. 11.

mp SINNERS, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why—
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
di Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross His love, and die?

p Sinners, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why—
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will you let Him die in vain,
Crucify the Lord again?
di Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

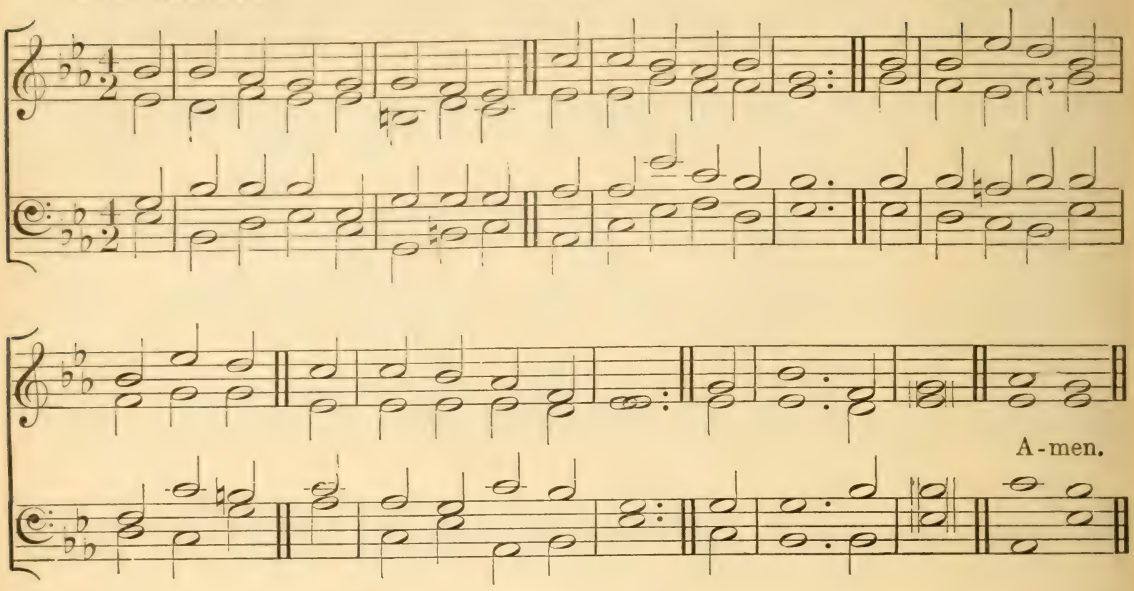
p Sinners, turn: why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why—
He who all your lives hath striven,
Urged you to contend for heaven:
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
di Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

cr Can you doubt if God is love,
If to all His yearnings move?
Will you not His word receive?
Will you not His oath believe?
p See, your dying Lord appears!
pp Jesus weeps: believe His tears!
Mingled with His blood they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

* Small notes for last verse.

171. MIDIAN.

8s. 6s. 4. W. H. HAVERGAL.



"*Let him return unto the Lord.*"—ISAIAH lv. 7.

mp RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
pp Return, return.

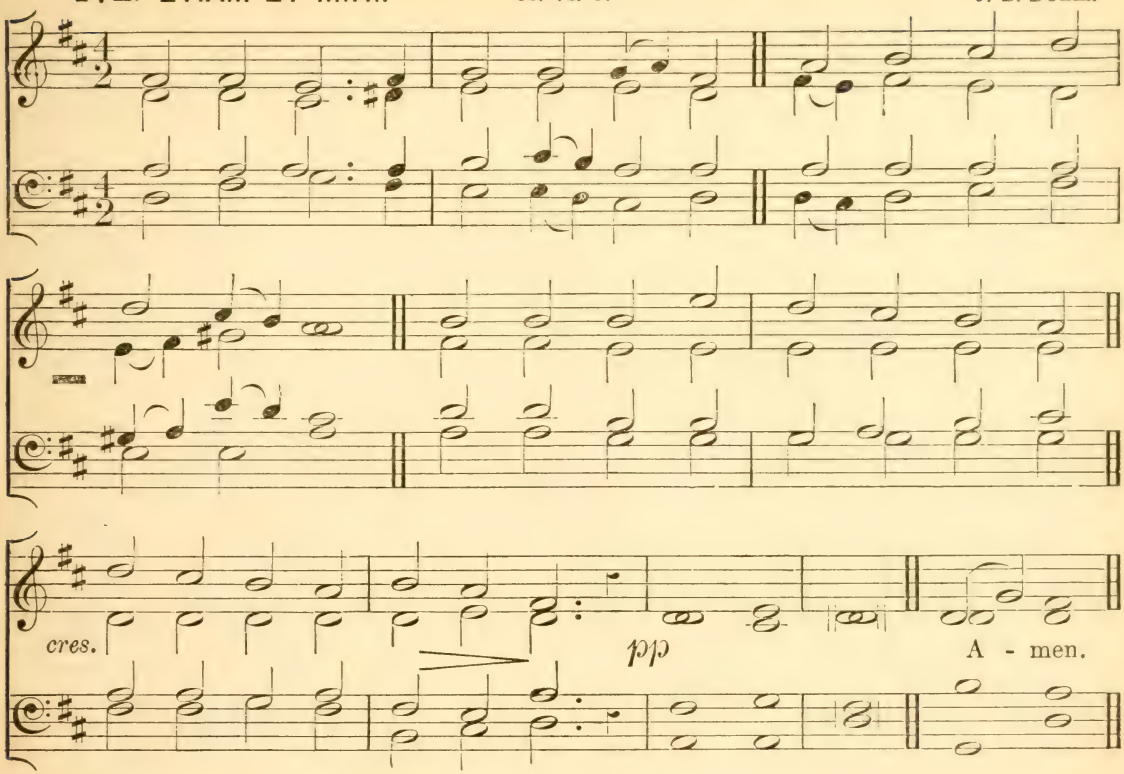
mp Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
cr The Spirit and the bride say, Come,
Oh, now for refuge flee:
pp Return, return.

mp Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
cr 'Tis madness to delay:
mf There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
pp Return, return. Amen.

172. ETIAM ET MIHI.

8s. 7s. 3.

J. B. DYKES.



"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEKIEL xxxiv. 26.

f LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free:
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
p Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

mf Pass me not, O gracious Father;
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
p Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

mf Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
Let me love and cling to Thee;
cr I am longing for Thy favour;
p Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Even me.

mf Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
p Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

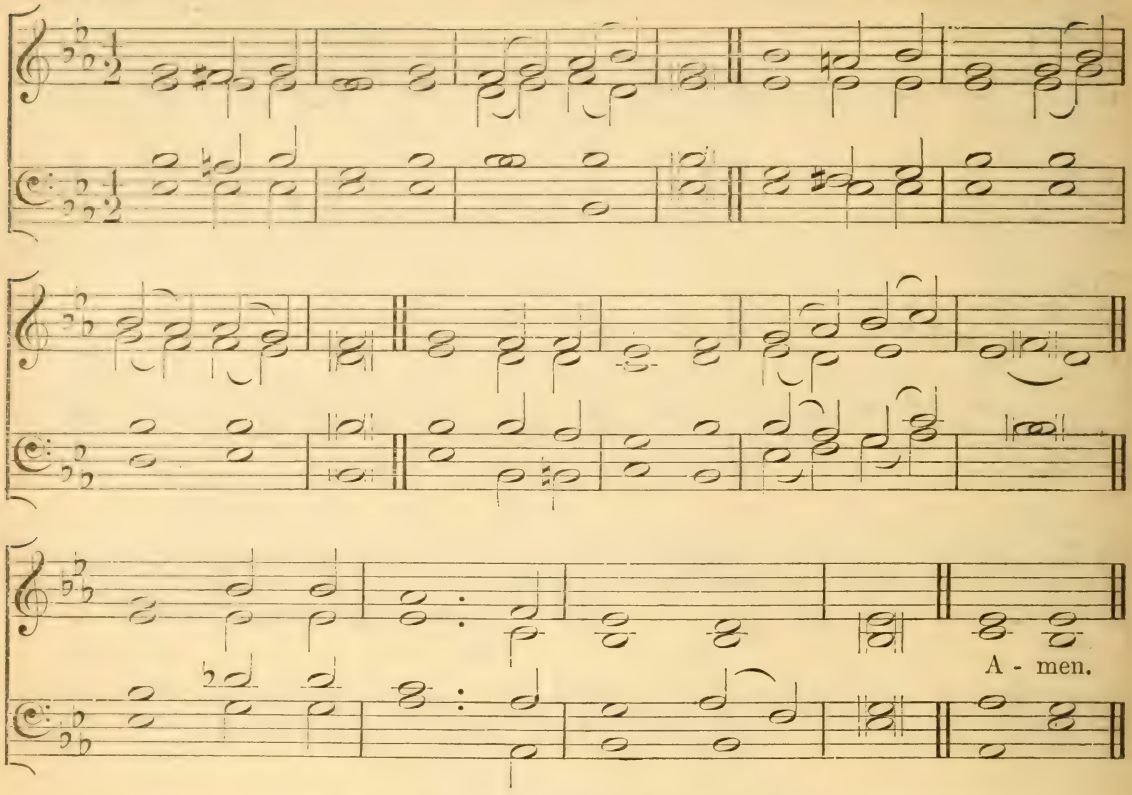
mp Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
p Oh forgive and rescue me—
Even me.

cr Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
ff Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
di Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

mp Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
cr Whilst the streams of life are springing,
p Blessing others, oh, bless me—
Even me. Amen.

173. HOLLY.

L.M.



"When I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love."—EZEKIEL xvi. 8.

mp MY God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee?
cr And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
p I come; I come; Lord, save Thou me.

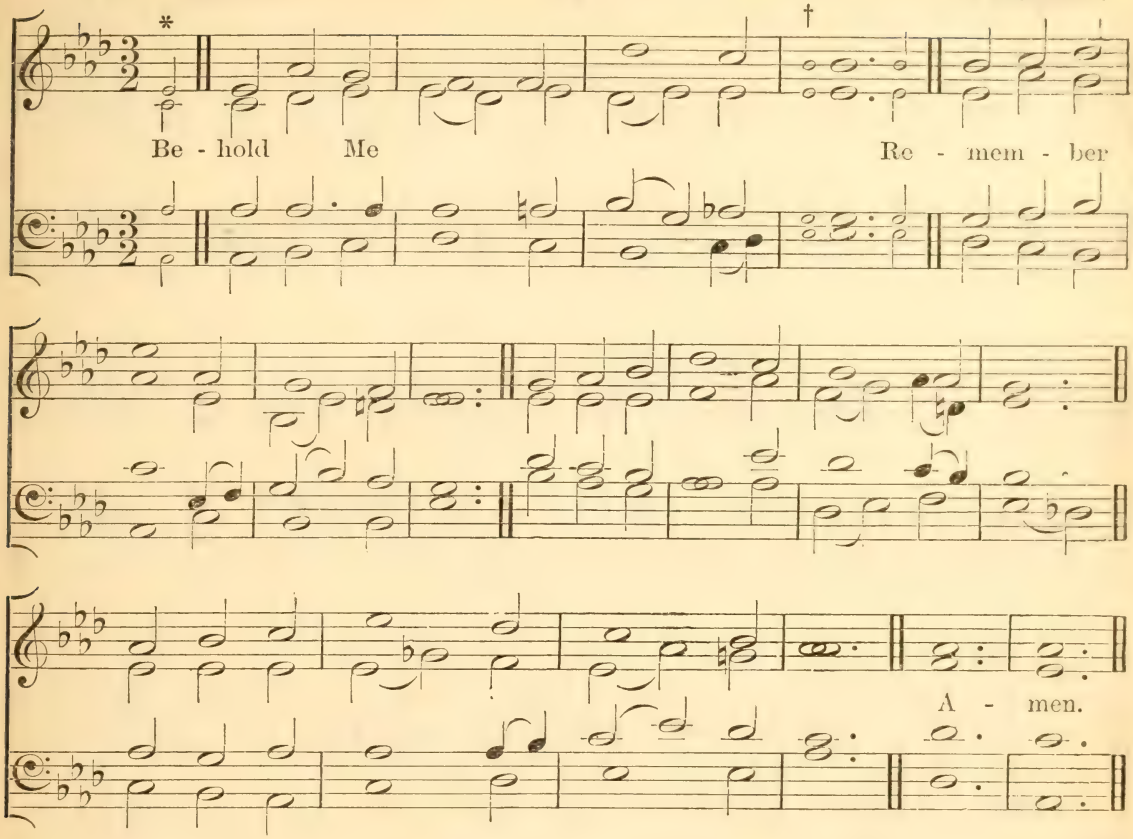
mp O Jesus, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power?
cr And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
p I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

mp O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest Friend refused too long?
cr And art Thou pleading, striving now?
p I come, I come: make weakness strong.

cr Yes, Lord, I come: Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine.
f I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine. Amen.

174. ABENDS.

L.M. H. S. OAKELEY.



"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—REVELATION iii. 20.

mp BEHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
O weary heart oppress'd with sin,
p May I come in? may I come in?

mp I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently:
p Say, weary heart, oppress'd with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

cr I would not plead with thee in vain;
Remember all My grief and pain.
p I died to ransom thee from sin:
May I come in? may I come in?

mf I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
di Say, weary heart, oppress'd with sin,
May I come in? may I come in? Amen.

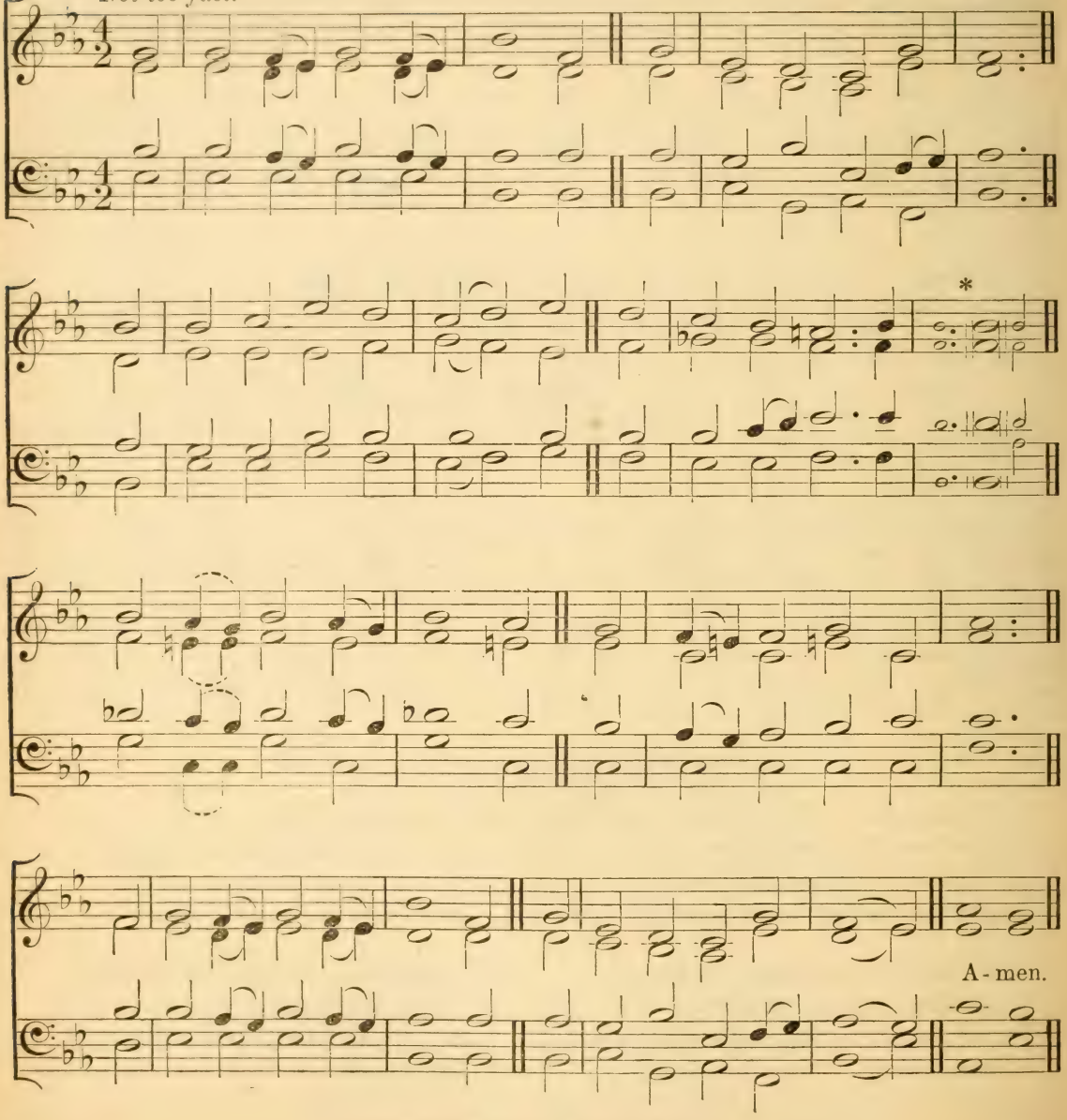
* Small notes 1st Verse only. † Small notes 3rd Verse only.

175. LUX MUNDI.

D. 7s. 6s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Not too fast.



* Small notes for 2nd and 3rd Verses.

Lent: Parochial Missions.

"If any man hear My voice and open the door I will come in to him."—REVELATION iii. 20.

mp O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
cr Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear;
Oh shame—thrice shame upon us,
p To keep Him standing there.

mf O Jesu, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd.
cr Oh love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
di Oh sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

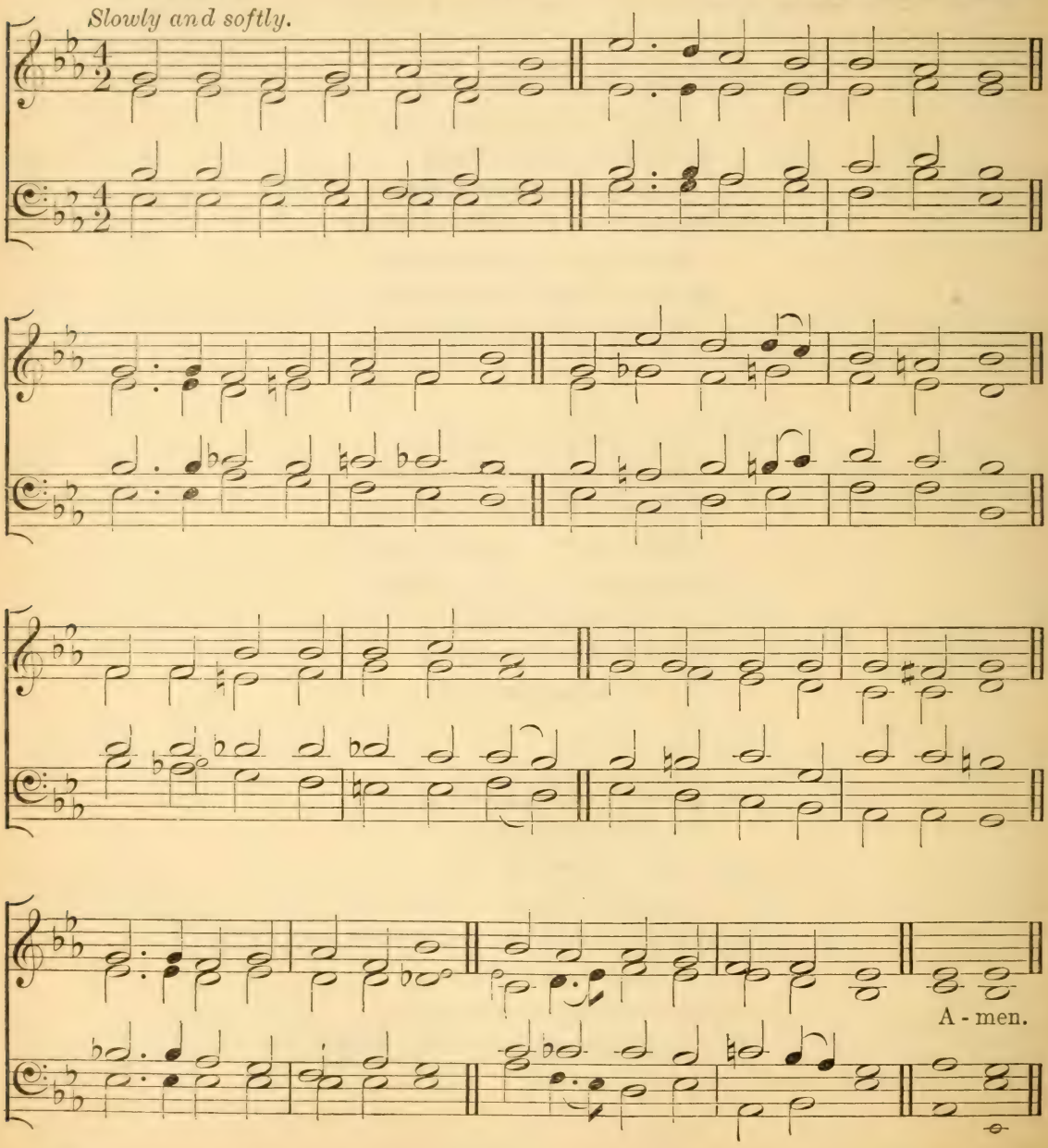
p O Jesu, Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,
pp "I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
mf O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
cr Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

176. LEYDEN.

D. 7s.

SPOHR. Arranged by S. S. WESLEY.

Slowly and softly.



Lent: Parochial Missions.

"How shall I give thee up?"—HOSEA xi. 8.

mp DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
di I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls:
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

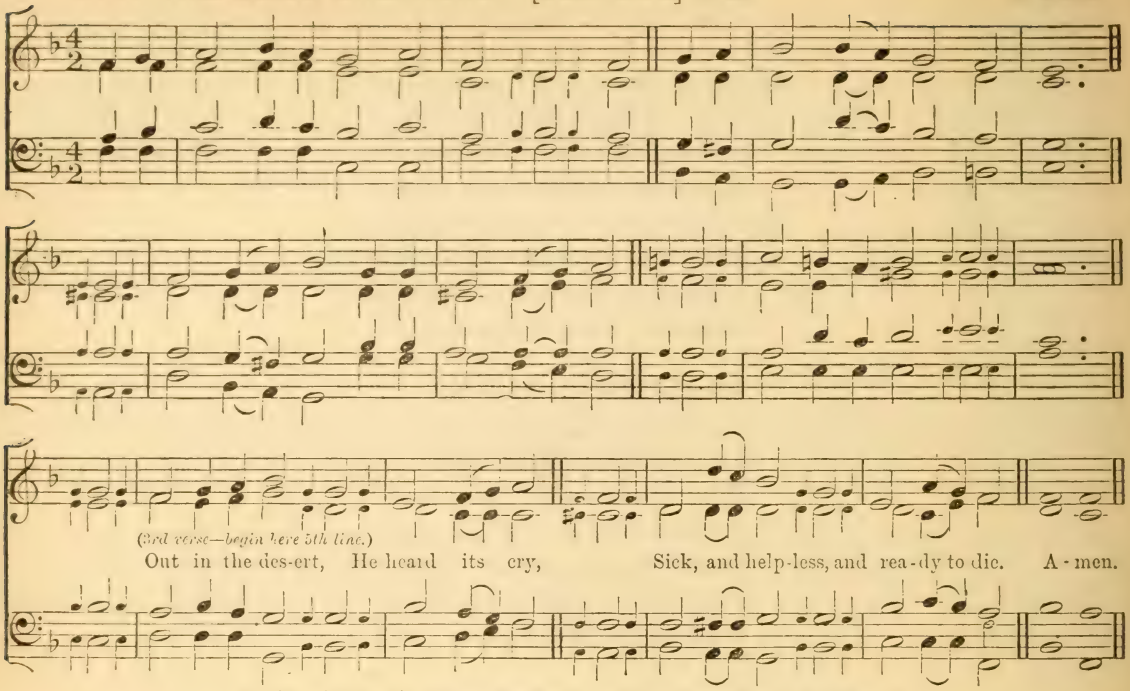
Kindled His relentings are;
Me He still delights to spare;
Cries,—how shall I give thee up?
Bids me take salvation's cup:
p There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
God is love, I know, I feel;
pp Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

mp Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget;—
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart
Now incline me to repent:
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
cr Weep, believe, and sin no more. Amen.

177. THE GOOD SHEPHERD. [First Tune.] P.M.

D. Jaye.



"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv. 6.

mf There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
di But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
p Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

cr "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
p But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wander'd away from Me;
mf And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

mp But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd;
cr Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
di Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

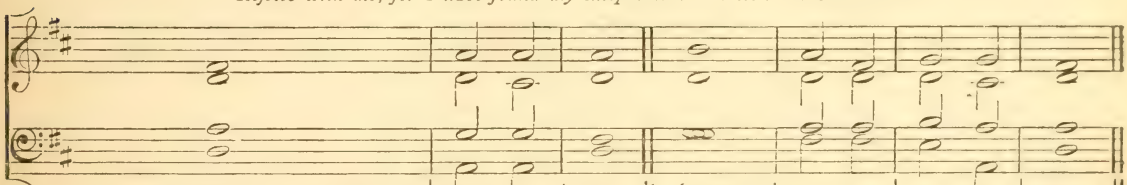
mf "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

f And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep."
ff And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own." Amen.

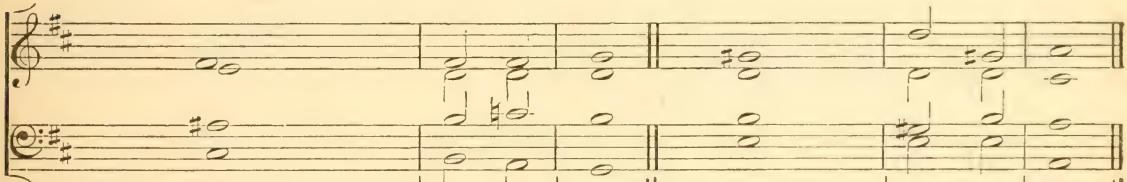
177. PASTOR. [Second Tune.] P.M.

C. R. Cuff.

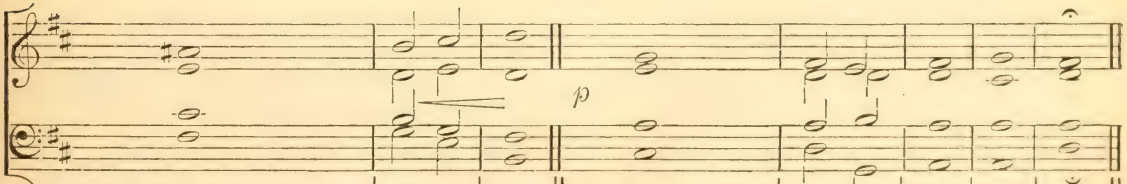
"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv. 6.



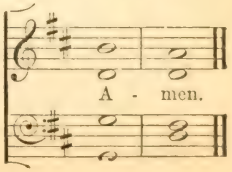
mf 1. There were ninety and níne that . . . safe - ly lay Ín the . . shel - ter · of the fold;
cr 2. "Lord, Thou hast hére Thy . . . . . ninety and nine, Aré they . not e - nough for Thee?"
mp 3. But none of the ránsom'd . . . . . ev - er knew How déep were the wa - ters cross'd;
mf 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way, That márk out the moun-tain's track?"
f 5. And all through the móuntains, . . . thun - der - riven, And úp . . from the rock - y steep,



di 1. But one was oút on the . . . . . hills a - way, Far óff from the . . . gates of gold,
p 2. But the Shepherd made ánswer: . . "This of Mine Has wándered a . . . way from Me;
cr 3. Nor how dark was the níght that the Lord pass'd through Ere He found His shéep that was lost.
4. "They were shed for óne who had . gone a - stray Ere the Shépherd could bring him back."
5. There rose a crý to the . . . . . gate of heaven, "Rejóice, I have . . . found My sheep."



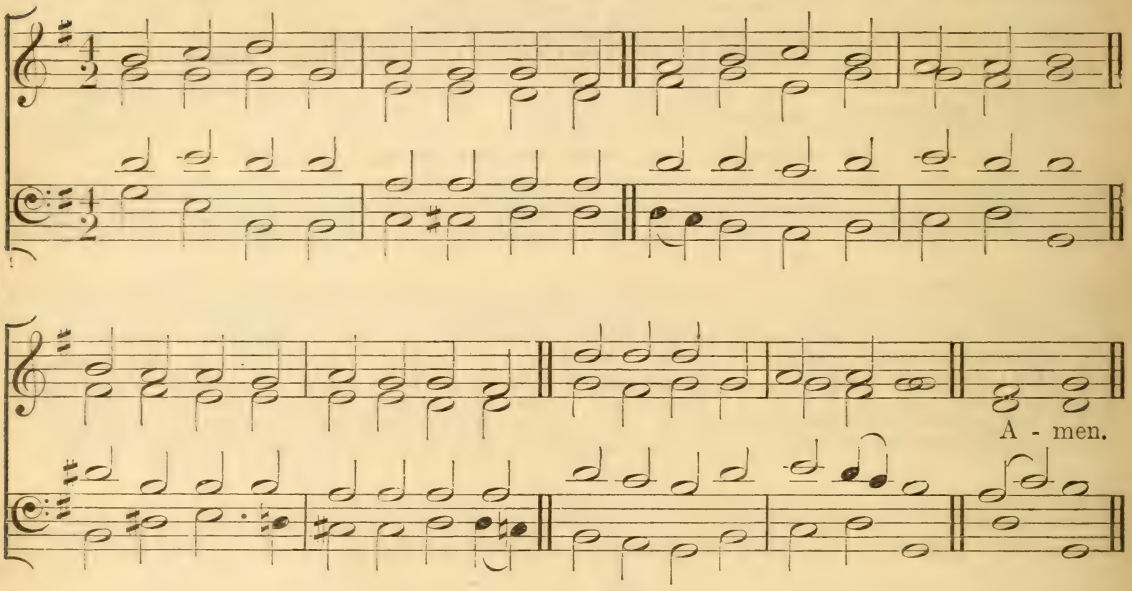
p 1. Away on the móuntains . . . . wild and bare, Awáy from the . . . ten - der Shep- herd's care.
mf 2. And although the róad be . . . rough and steep, I gó to the . . . . . desert to find My sheep."
di 3. Out in the désert He . . . . . heard its cry, Sick, and . . . . . helpless, and ready to die.
4. "Lord, whence are Thy hánds so rent and torn?" "They are piérced to- night by many a thorn."
ff 5. And the angels échoed a - - round the throne, "Rejóice, for the . . Lord brings back His own."



178. TRANBY.

8s. 7s.

S. M. Barkworth.



"Every man that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me."—John vi. 45.

mf Souls of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet.

mp There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea,
And forgiveness in His justice,
p Seal'd for us on Calvary.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed:
mf There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

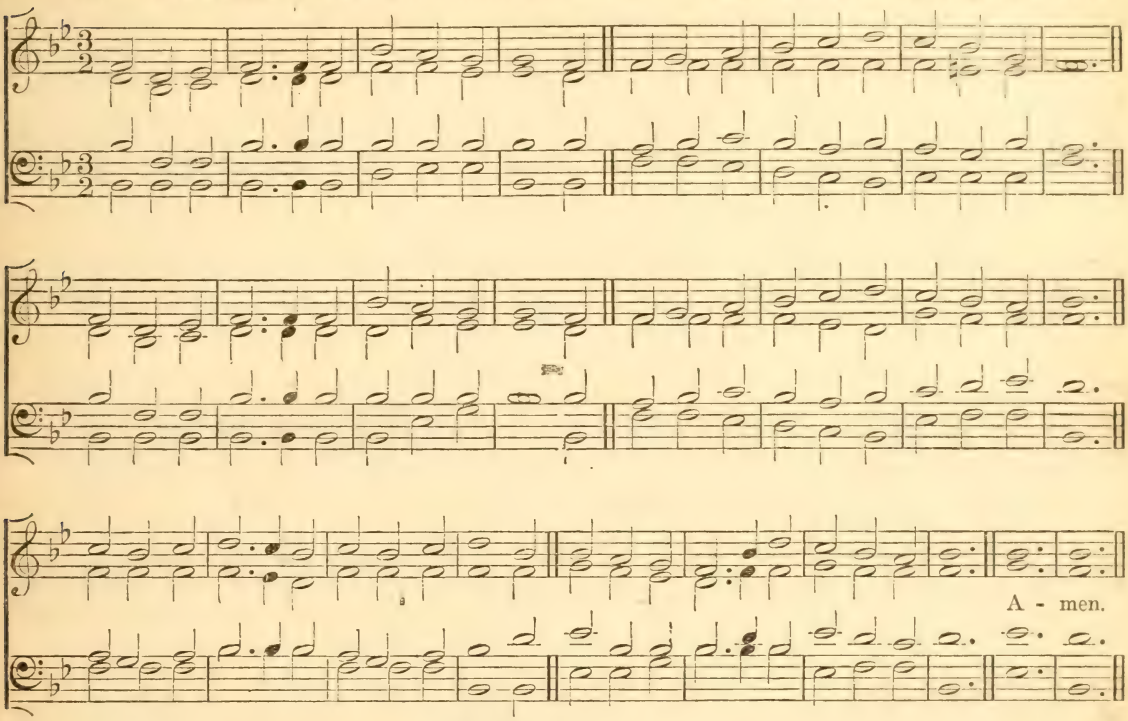
cr Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

f For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

mf If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
cr And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen

179. RESCUE THE PERISHING. 6.5.10.

Adapted from a Melody by W. H. Doane.



"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke xiv. 23.

mf Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave:
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save.
p Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
f Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

mp Though they are slighting Him
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
cr He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

mp Down in the human heart,
Crush'd by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
cr Touch'd by a loving hand,
Waken'd by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

mf Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.
p Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
f Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save. Amen.

See also Hymns 22, 82, 98, 119, 188, 197, 201, 284, 285, 289, 549.

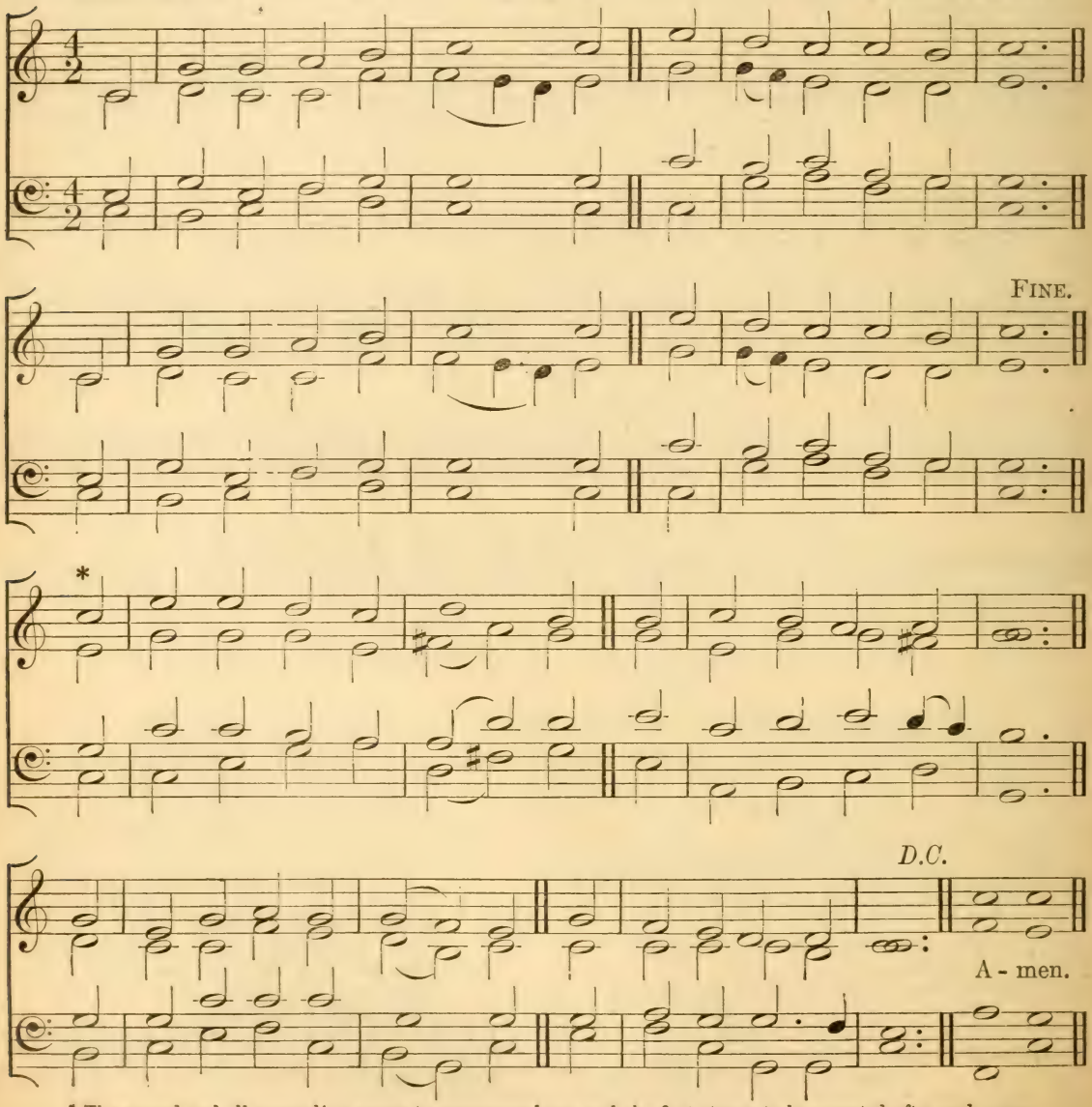
"By Thy cross and passion, Good Lord, deliver us."

PALM SUNDAY.

180. ST. THEODULPH.

D. 7s. 6s.

Melchoir Teschner.



* The second and all succeeding verses to commence here, and the first stanza to be repeated after each verse.

The Passion.

"*Hosanna to the Son of David.*"—MATTHEW xxi. 9.

f ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, &c.

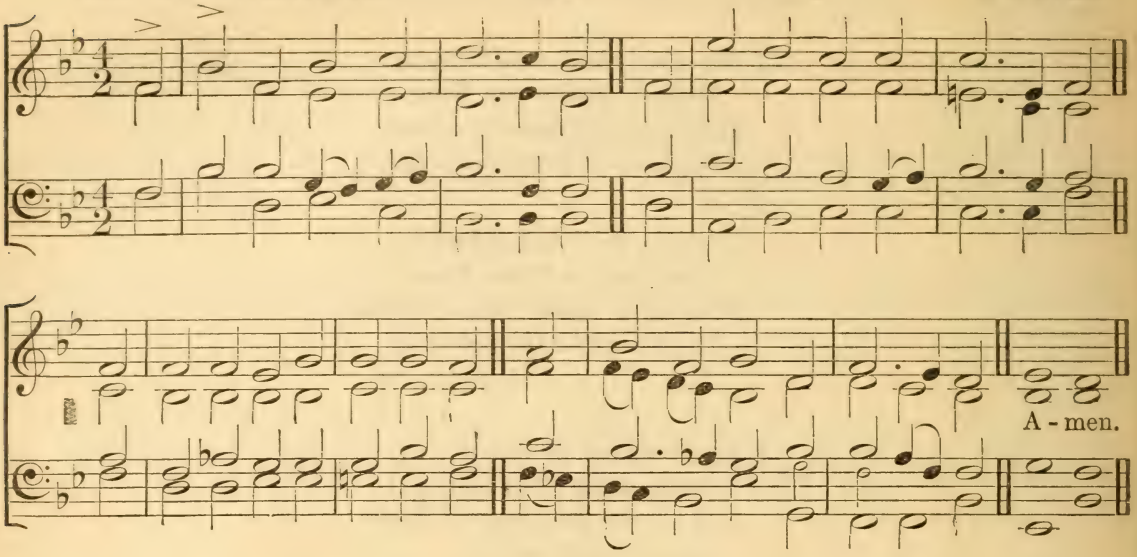
ff The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, &c.

f The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

mf To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

cr Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c. Amen.

181. ST. DROSTANE. L.M. J. B. DYKES.



"Thy King cometh unto thee: He is just and having salvation."—ZECHARIAH ix. 9.

f RIDE on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
mp O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

f Ride on, ride on in majesty;
p In lowly pomp ride on to die:
cr O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

f Ride on, ride on in majesty;
di The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
p To see the approaching sacrifice.

f Ride on, ride on in majesty;
mf Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

f Ride on, ride on in majesty;
p In lowly pomp ride on to die:
pp Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

182. WINDSOR.

C.M

G. Kirby

A-men.

"These are they which follow the Lamb, withersoever He goeth."—Revelation xiv. 4.

mf A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessèd Saviour pass'd;
di A mourner all His life was He,
p A dying Lamb at last.

mp That tender heart, that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
p Save only in the grave.

mf Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd His brow with thorn?

cr No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm
To Zion's blessèd hill.

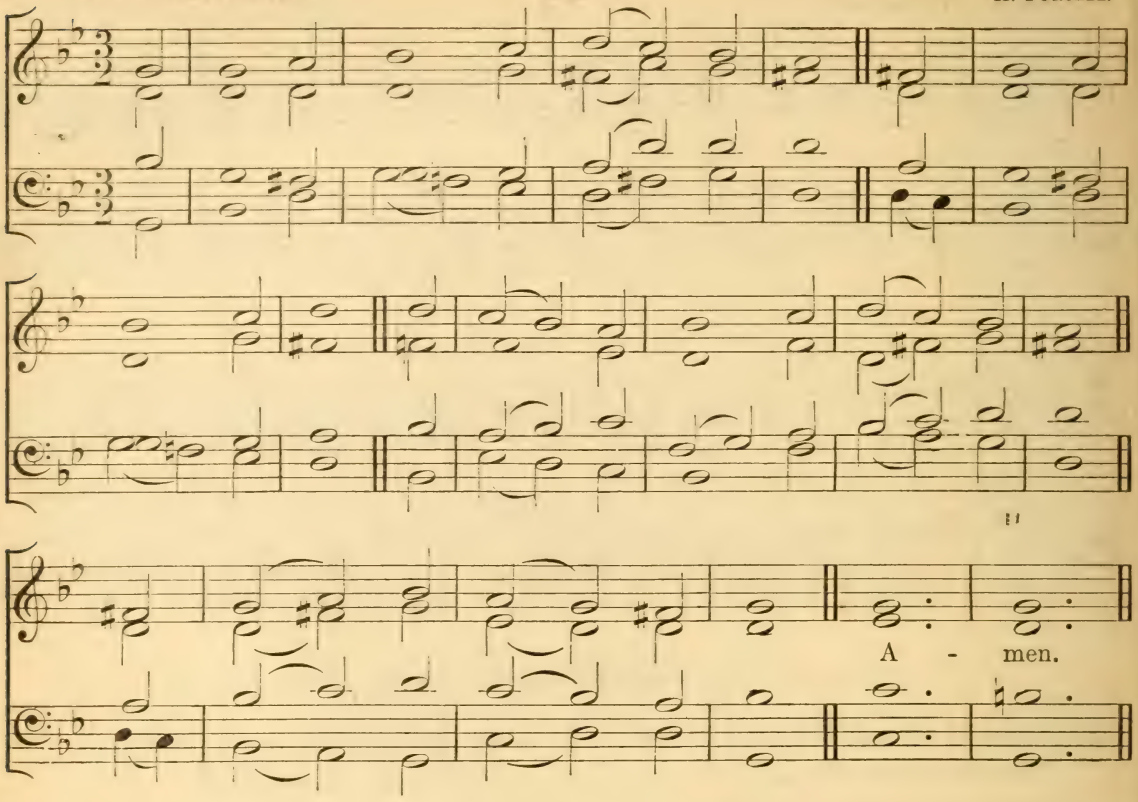
mf In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.

Dead to the world with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
f We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above. Amen.

183. BURFORD.

C.M.

H. PURCELL.



"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN i. 36.

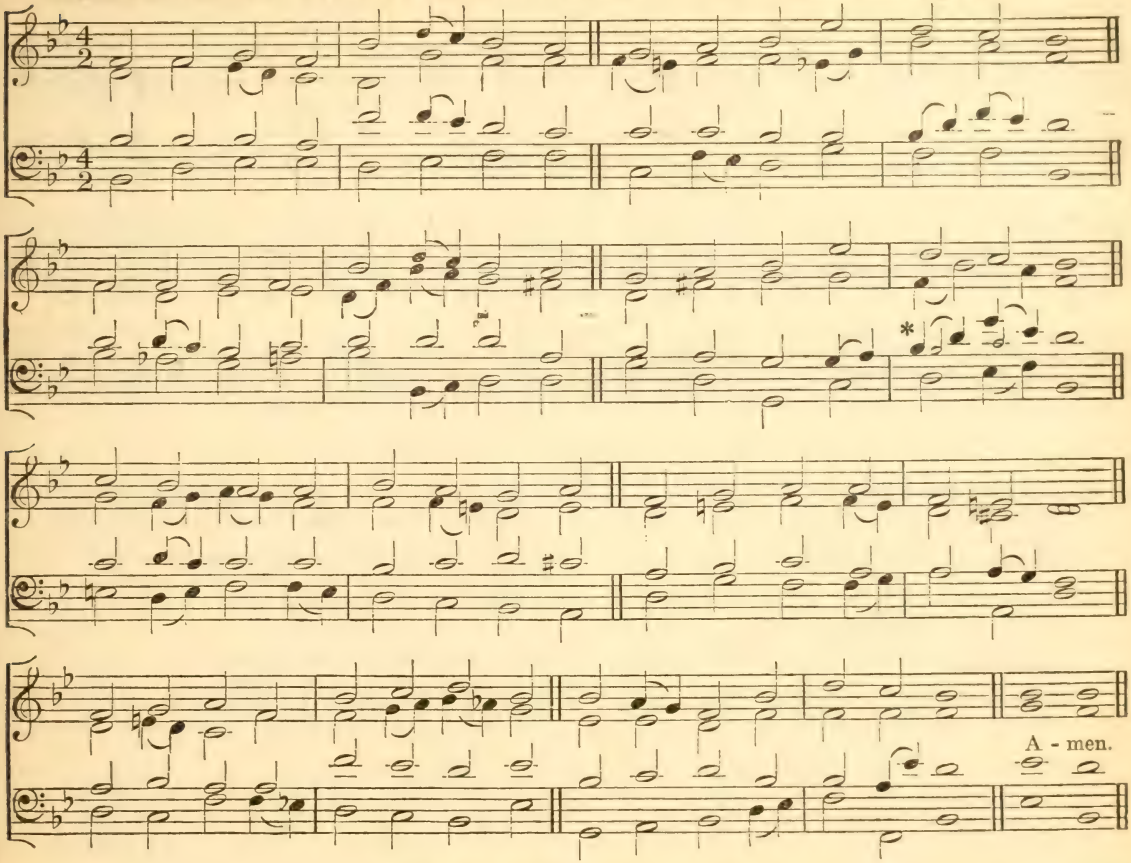
mf BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree;
He died the captives to restore,
p His blood was shed for thee.

mp Look to Him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
p His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from His cross depart.

cr Look to Him, till His dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

mf Look to Him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing friend;
f He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end. Amen.

184. CHORALE FROM THE 13th PSALM. D. 8s. 7s. Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN.



"He shall bear their iniquities."—ISAIAH liii. 11.

mp GREAT High Priest, we see Thee stooping,
With our names upon Thy breast;
p In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest:
Wondering angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus;
cr And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?

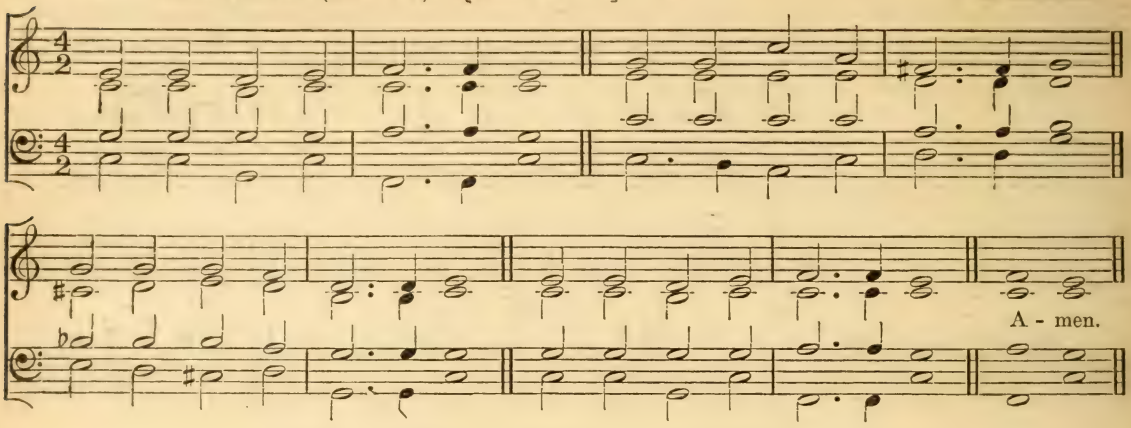
mf Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus,
Can our wayward souls convert;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart:
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
cr But the sense of blood-bought pardon
Can dissolve a heart of stone.

mf Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from Thee, the sovereign good;
cr Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by Thy blood:
f From Thy fulness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own:
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
To the needy who have none. Amen.

* If Tenor part is found to be too high, the alternative notes may be sung.

185. REDHEAD (No. 47). [First Tune.] 7s.

R. Redhead.



"Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us."—1 Corinthians v. 7.

mf See the destined day arise,
See a willing sacrifice;
di Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

p Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

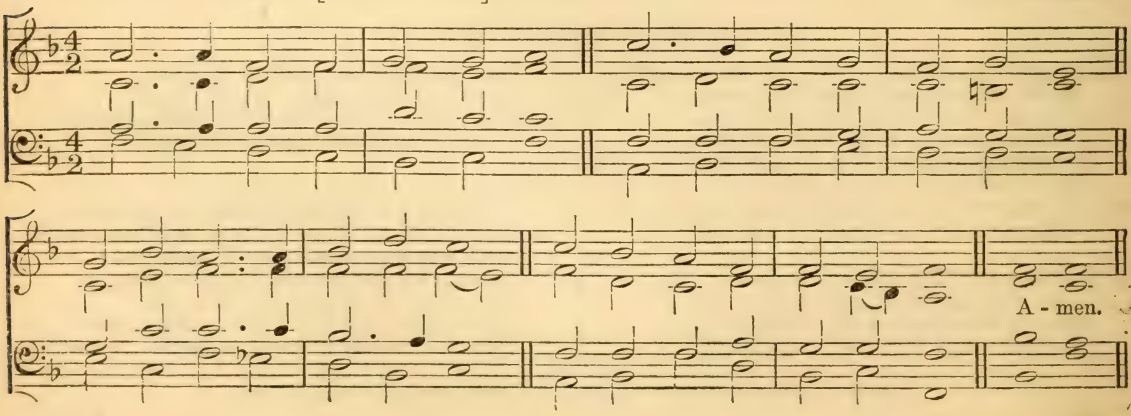
mf Thence the cleansing water flow'd,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
cr Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finish'd sacrifice.

mf Holy Jesus, grant us grace,
In that sacrifice to place
cr All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promised good. Amen.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Heinlein," No. 142.

185. ST. ZITA. [Second Tune.] 7s.

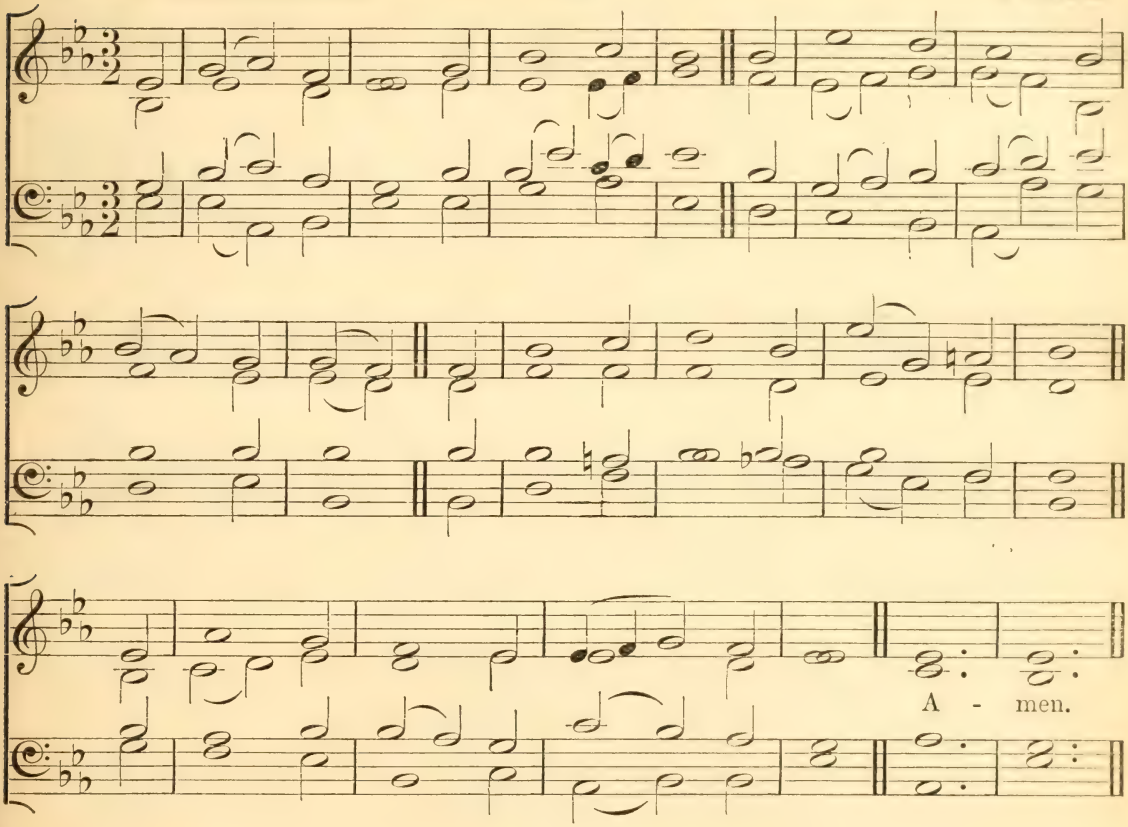
E. J. Hopkins.



186. ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

E. MILLER.



"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GALATIANS vi. 14.

mf WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

cr Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

p See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

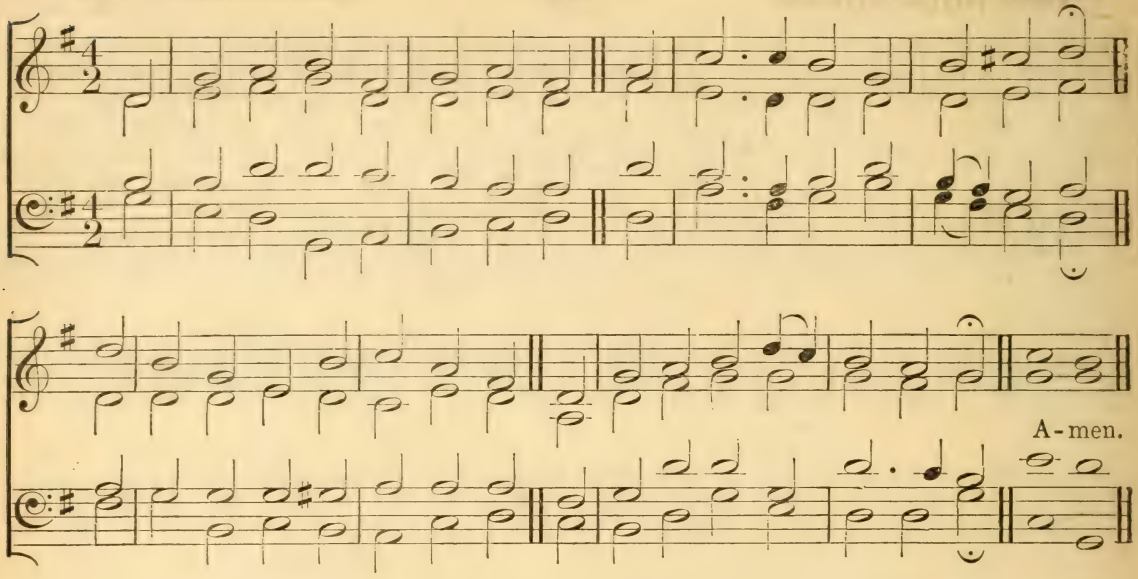
mf Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Amen.

187. BROCKHAM.

L.M.

J. CLARKE.



"The preaching of the cross is unto us who are saved the power of God."—1 CORINTHIANS i. 18.

mf WE sing the praise of Him who died,
di Of Him who died upon the cross:
cr The sinner's hope let men deride:
For this we count the world but loss.

f Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
p He bears our sins upon the tree:
cr He brings us mercy from above.

f The cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

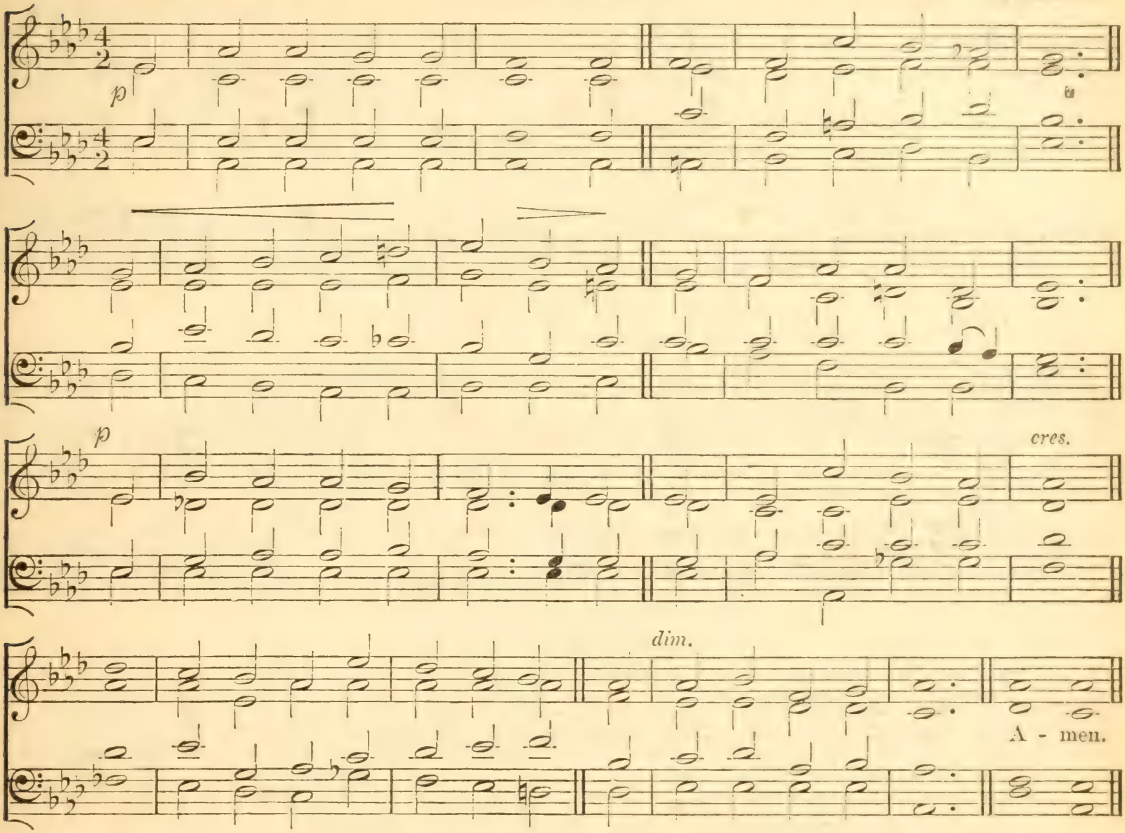
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
mp It takes all terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

mf The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
di The sinner's refuge here below,
cr The angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.

188. CRUCIS UMBRA.

7. 8s. 6s.

J. BARNBY.



"A Man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

mp BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land.
cr Oh blessèd shelter from the storm;
The sinner's sure retreat:
mf Oh trysting-place, where heavenly love
And heavenly justice meet.

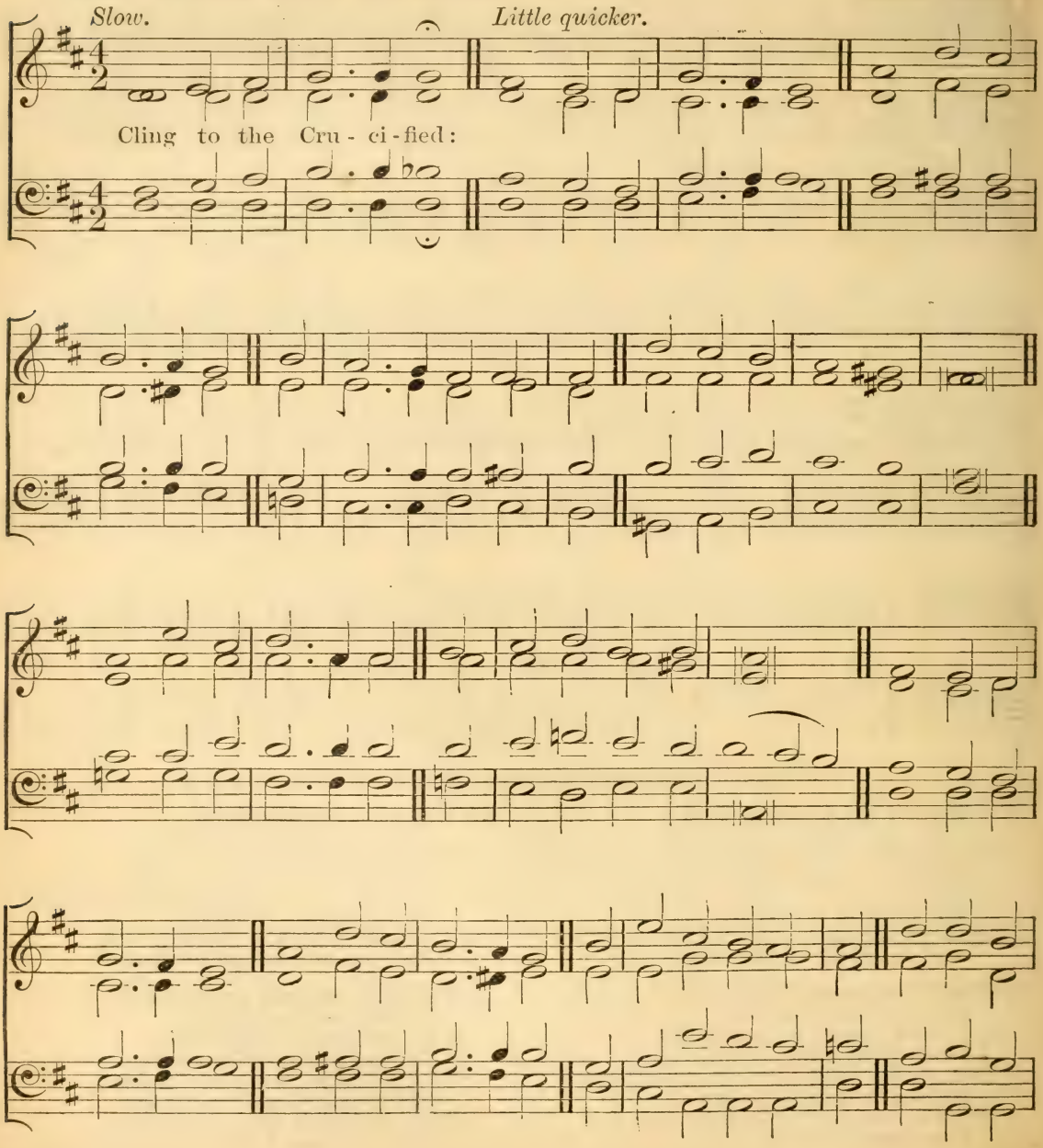
mp There lies beyond its shadow
Upon the farther side
The darkness of an awful pit
That opens deep and wide;
cr But, lo, between there stands the cross
Of Him, who died to save
With His own life-blood my lost soul
From that eternal grave.

mp Upon the cross of Jesus
Mine eye by faith can see
p The very dying form of One
Who suffer'd there for me;
cr And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,
mf The wonder of His glorious love,
p And my own worthlessness.

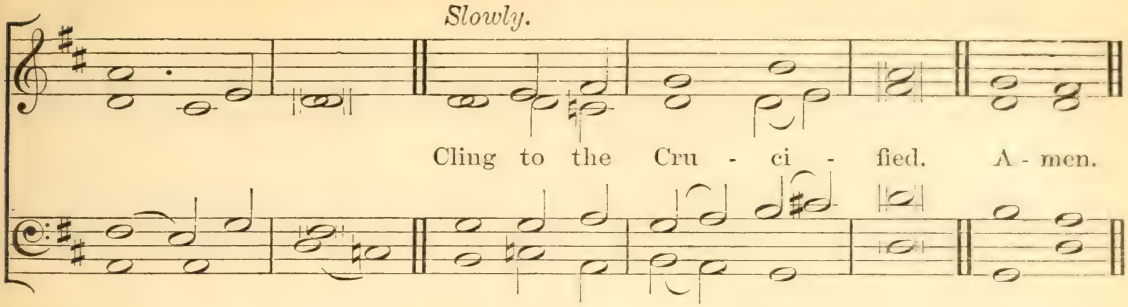
mf O Christ, beneath that shadow
Be my abiding-place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of Thy face;
Content to let the world go by,
And count its gain but loss;
This sinful self my only shame,
My only hope Thy cross. Amen.

189. TECUM VOLO VULNERARI. Twelve 6s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



The Passion.



"*Abide in Him.*"—1 JOHN ii. 28.

p CLING to the Crucified:
cr His death is life to thee,
Life for eternity.
mf His pains thy pardon seal;
His stripes thy bruises heal;
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee;
It purges thee from sin,
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean:
pp Cling to the Crucified.

p Cling to the Crucified:
cr His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above:
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee:
f His countenance is light
E'en in the darkest night.
That love shall ne'er depart;
That light grow never dim:
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.
Cling to the Crucified. Amen.

190. ST. CROSS.

L.M. J. B. DYKES.

A - men.

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."—LAMENTATIONS i. 12.

mp OH come and mourn with me awhile;
Oh come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh come, together let us mourn;
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

mp Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

mp Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
p And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

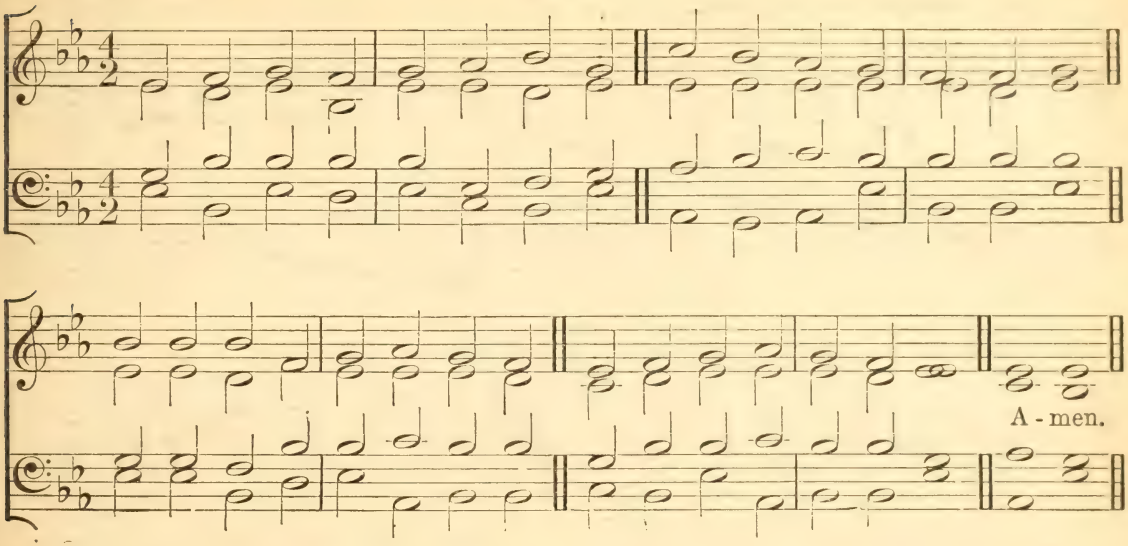
cr Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
mp Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betray'd, condemn'd, and scourged Thy Lord;
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

cr A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied:
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep;
Since Thou for us art crucified.

f O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
di For Love Himself was crucified. Amen.

191. BATTY.

8s. 7s.



"Look unto Me, and be ye saved."—ISAIAH xlv. 22.

mf SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
p Which before the cross I spend;
cr Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

mp Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
p Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

mf Truly blessèd is this station,
p Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

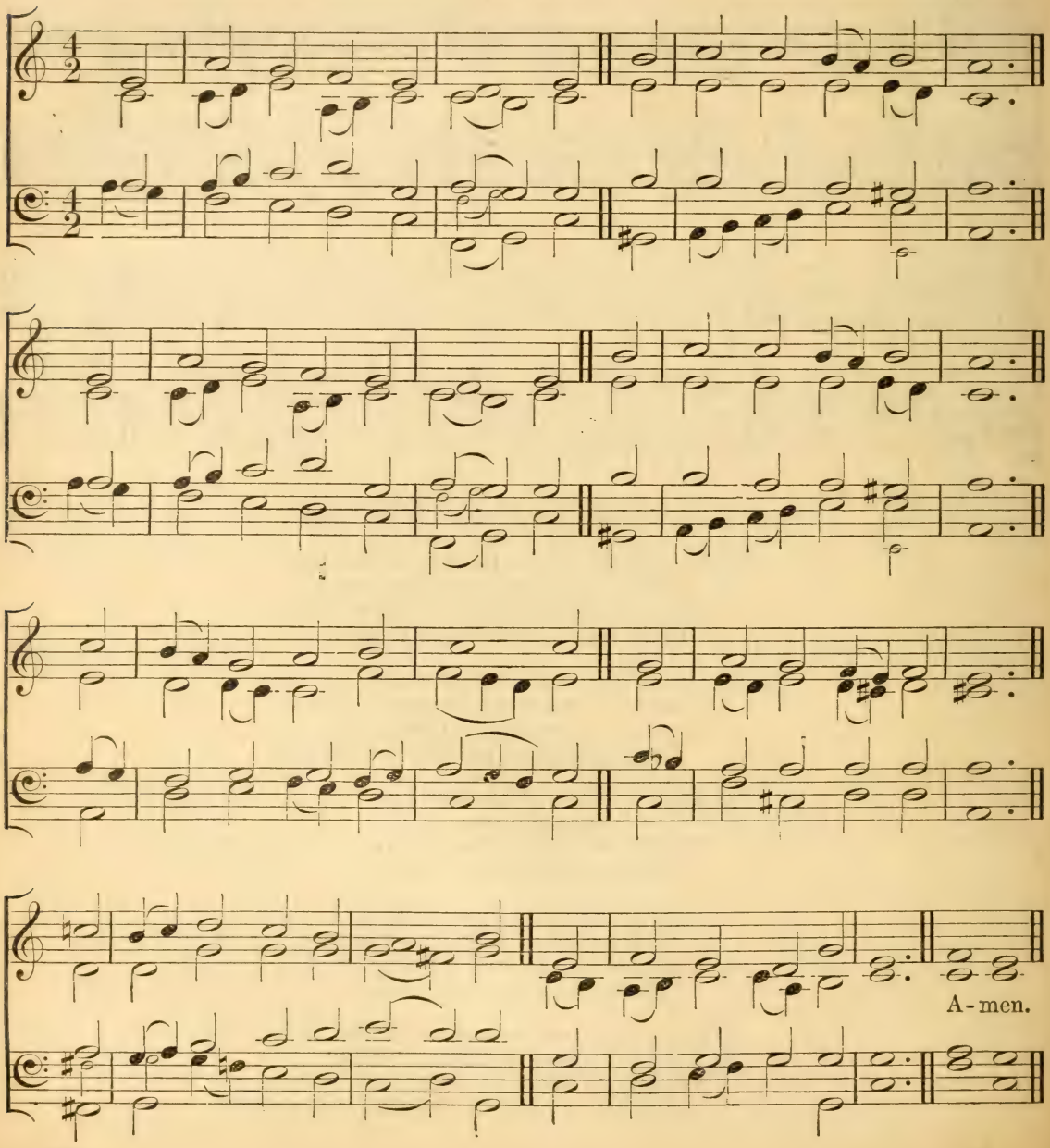
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
cr Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

mf Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
cr Fix my thankful heart on Thee;
f Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveil'd glory see. Amen.

192. PASSION CHORALE.

D. 7s. 6s.

HASSLER. Harmonized by BACH.



The Passion.

"I am crucified with Christ."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

mp O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and shame bow'd down,
di Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown.
f O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
di Yes, though despised and gory,
cr I joy to call Thee mine.

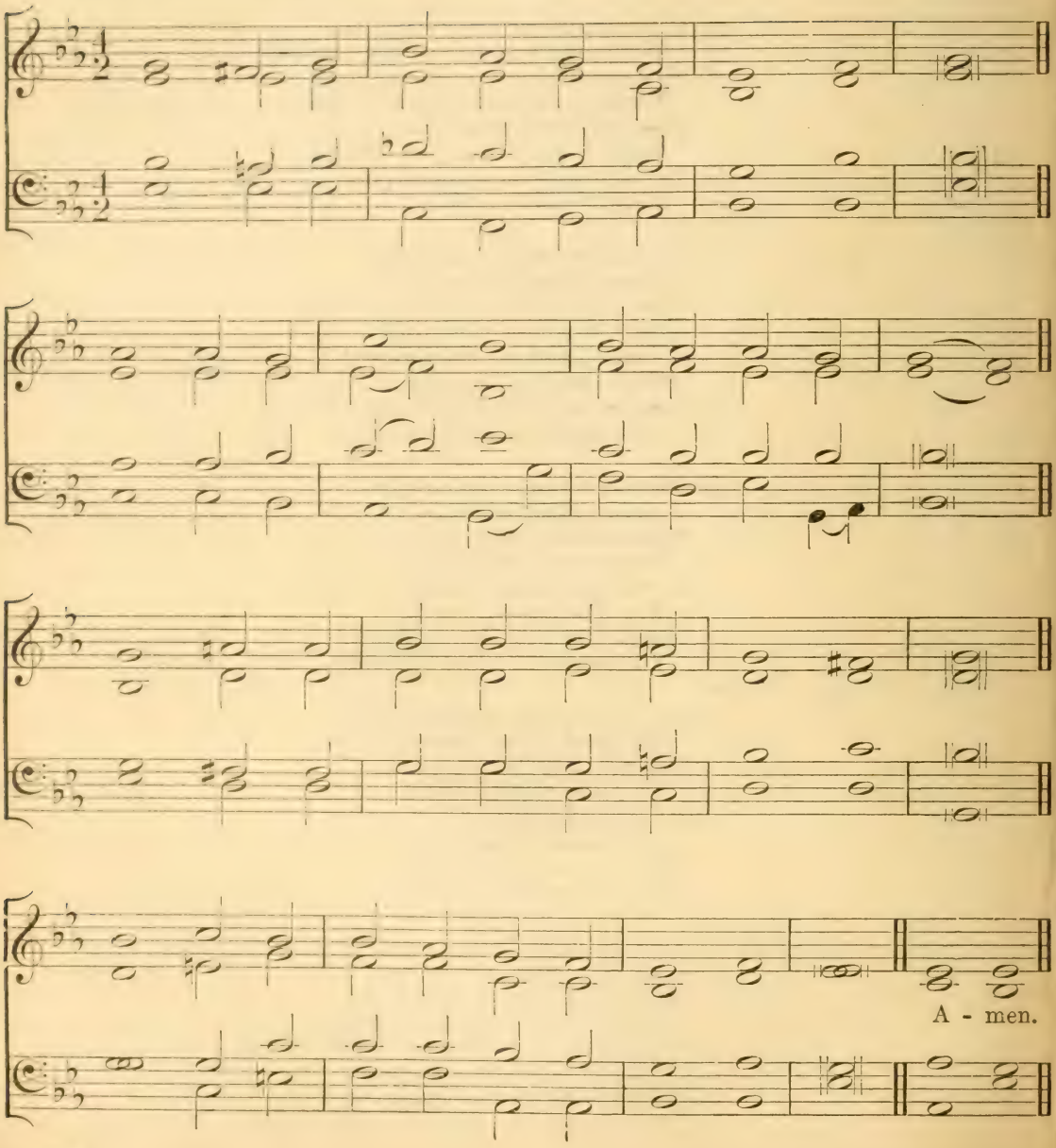
mp Thy sinless soul's oppression
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
cr Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

mf The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
cr Lord of my life, desiring,
Thy glory now to see,
p Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

mf What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
cr Oh make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

p Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh show Thy cross to me;
cr And to my succour flying
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
p For he, who dies believing,
cr Dies safely through Thy love. Amen.

193. KENSINGTON. 10s. W. D. MACLAGAN.



"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."—LUKE xxiii. 43.

mf "LORD, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me;"
p Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
cr Oh faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

mp No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
p A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretch'd in weakness, not in power.

mf Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
mp "Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
cr Oh words of love to answer words of faith!
Oh words of hope for those who live to pray!

mf Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on Thy cross and bleeding head,
p May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

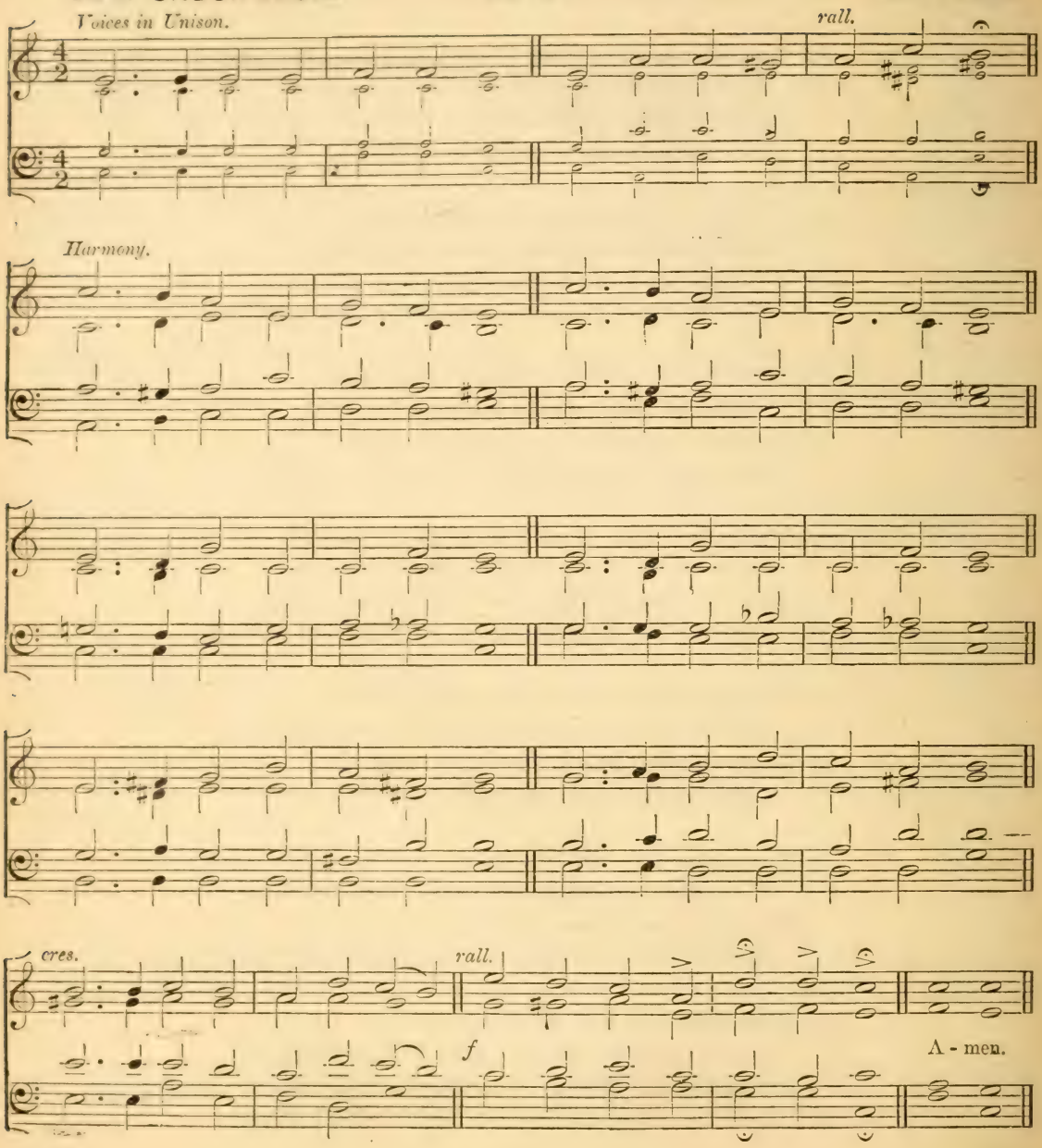
cr Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
f Thy cleansing blood hath wash'd them all away;
mf Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy blood redeem'd me in that awful day.

p Remember me; yet how canst Thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,
The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

cr Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day
mf Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me." Amen.

194. CRUCIFIXION.

Ten 7s. JOHN STAINER.



The Passion.

"*Truly this was the Son of God.*"—MATTHEW xxvii. 54.

mp BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
di Faint and bleeding, who is He?
p By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
cr Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

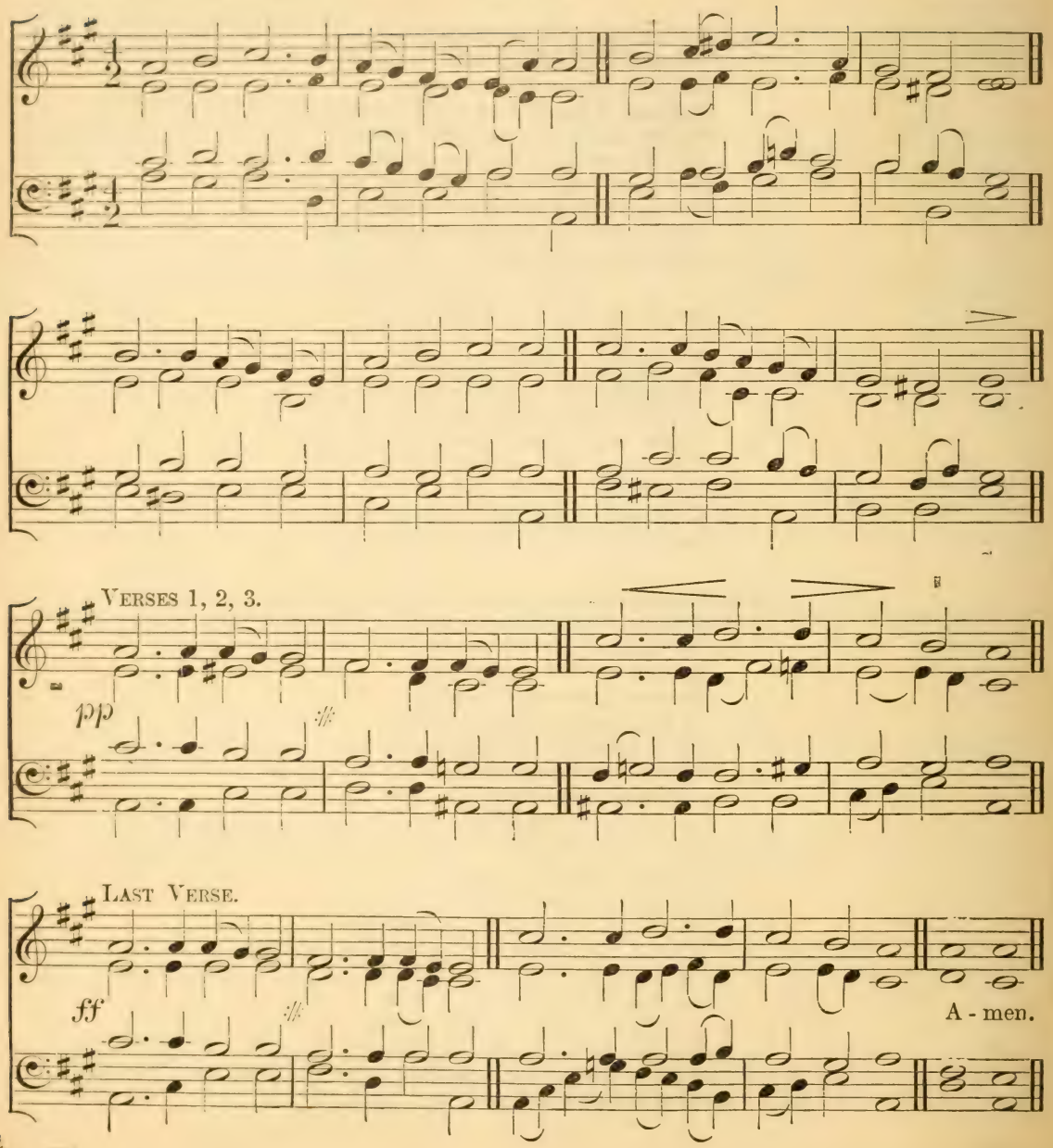
mf Bound upon the accursèd tree,
cr Dread and awful, who is He?
f By the sun at noonday pale
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at His doom,
Saints in light who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
cr Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;
ff Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

mp Bound upon the accursèd tree,
di Sad and dying, who is He?
p By the last and bitter cry,
By the mortal agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chamber of the dead,
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
cr Crucified, we know Thee now;
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

mf Bound upon the accursèd tree,
cr Dread and awful, who is He?
p By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do."
f By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
cr By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
ff Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou! Amen.

195. CALVARY.

8s. 7s. 4. J. STANLEY.



The Passion.

"*It is finished.*"—JOHN xix. 30.

f HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
p "It is finish'd,"
cr Hear the dying Saviour cry.

mf "It is finish'd." Oh what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
p "It is finish'd,"
cr Saints the dying words record.

mf Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
p "It is finish'd,"
cr Saints from hence your comfort draw.

f Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's name.
cr All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
ff Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.

196. ST. HILDA.

D. 8s. 7s.

J. BARNBY.

A - men.

"Who, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."—HEBREWS i. 3.

mf HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King:
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
p Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame,
cr By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

mf Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid:
cr By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
f All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
p Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

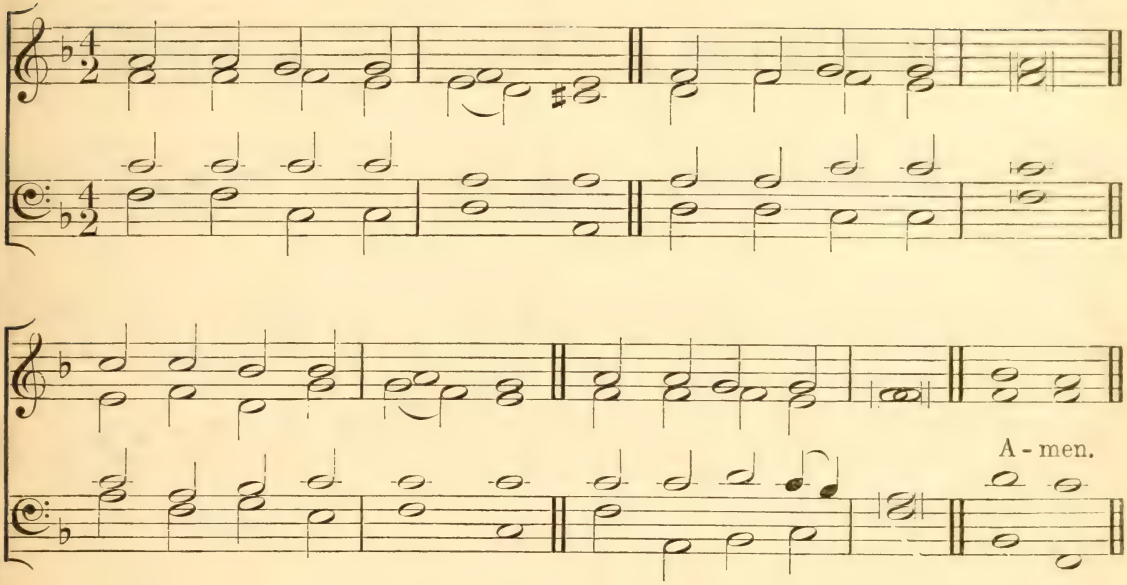
f Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
cr There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

f Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.
Amen.

197. CASWALL.

6s. 5s.

FILITZ.



"*The precious blood of Christ.*"—1 PETER i. 19.

mf GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
cr But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

p Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
mf Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

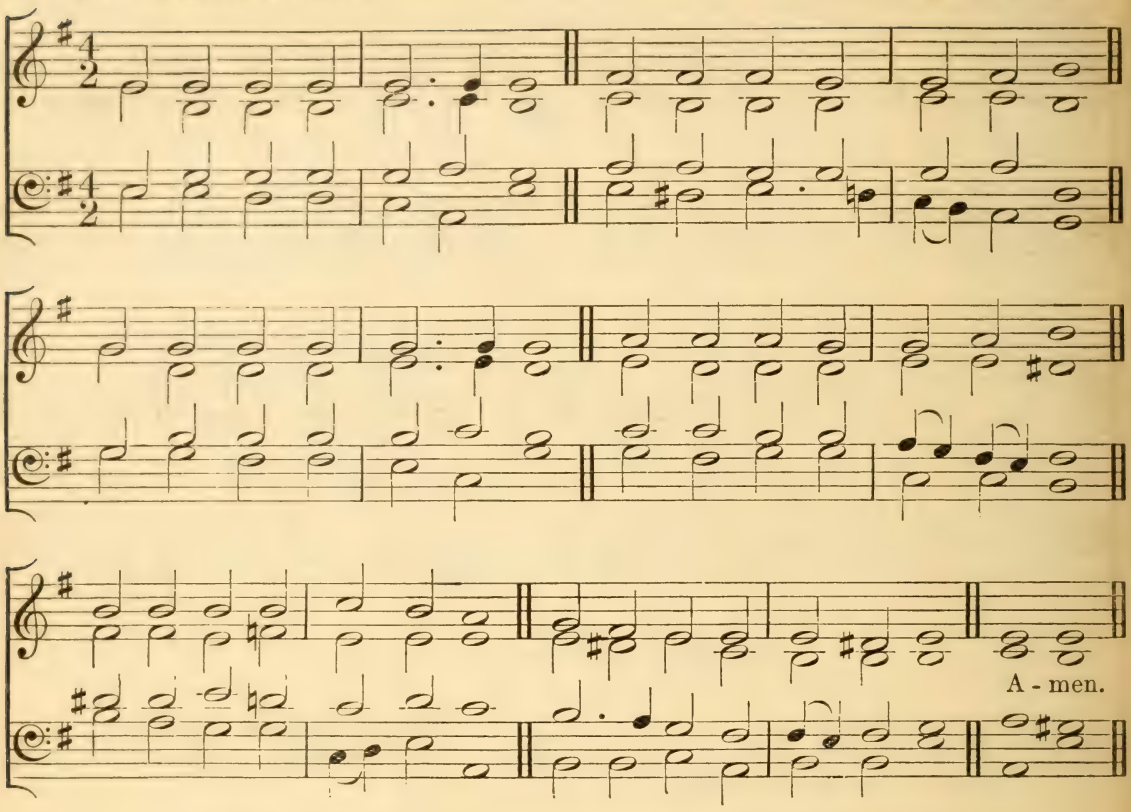
Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high
cr Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

f Lift ye then your voices;
cr Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the Lamb of God. Amen

198. GETHSEMANE.

Six 7s.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—MATTHEW xxvii. 46.

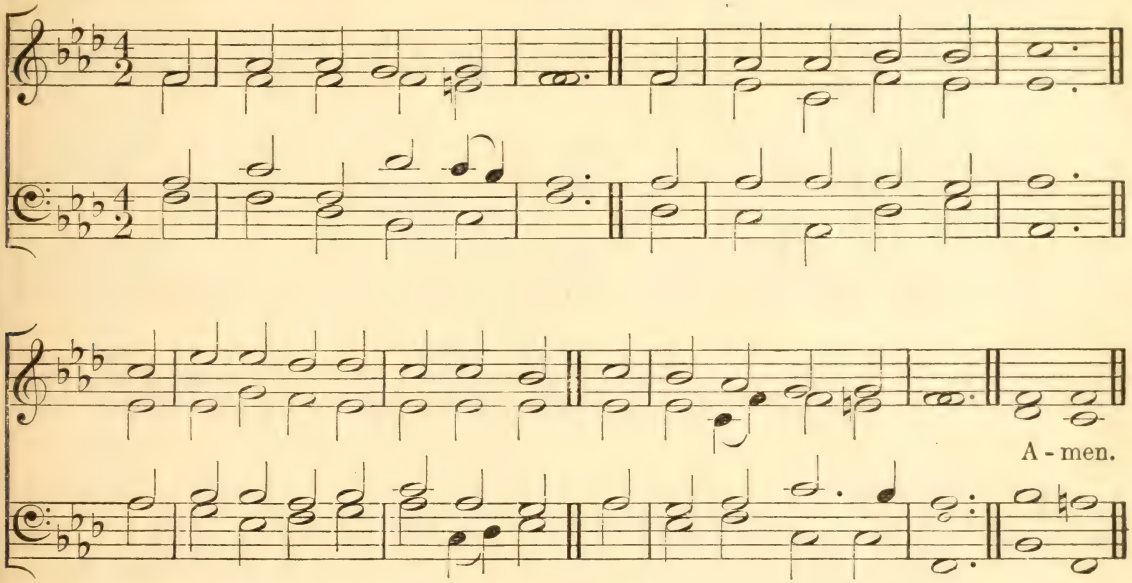
mf THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
di Darkness veils Thine anguish'd face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
pp Hold Thee silent and alone.

p Silent through those three dread hours,
cr Wrestling with the evil powers,
di Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
pp Till the Lamb of God may die.

mf Hark the cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud,
cr Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou His own Anointed One,
di Thou dost ask Him—can it be?—
p "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

p Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
cr That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
mf In the gloom to know Thee nigh. Amen.

199. SOUTHWELL. S.M.



"It is finished."—JOHN xix. 30.

mp OH perfect life of love!
All, all is finish'd now;
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

No work is left undone
Of all the Father will'd;
p His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
cr The Scripture have fulfill'd.

p No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

And on His thorn-crown'd head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
cr That He might make us whole.

p In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me:
cr O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

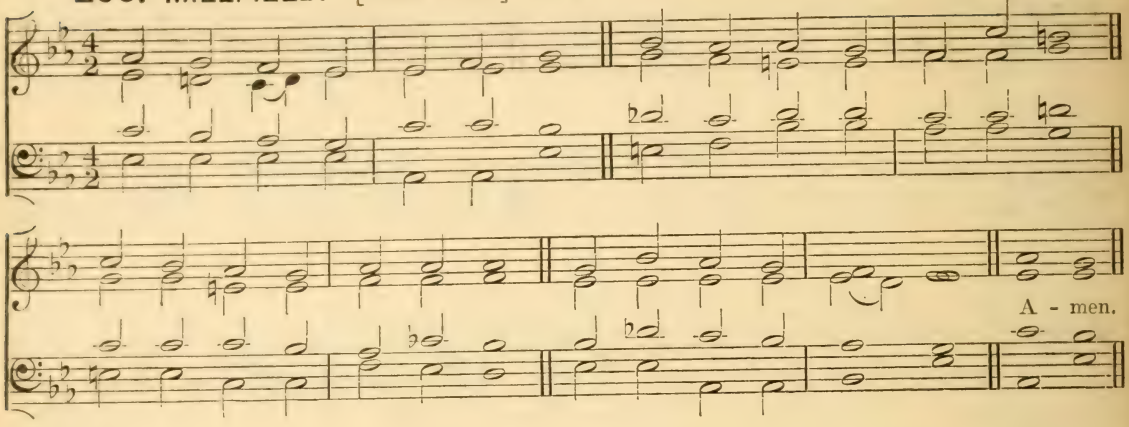
mf In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
cr Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

mf Yet work, O Lord, in me
As Thou for me hast wrought;
cr And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought. Amen.

THE SEVEN WORDS ON THE CROSS.

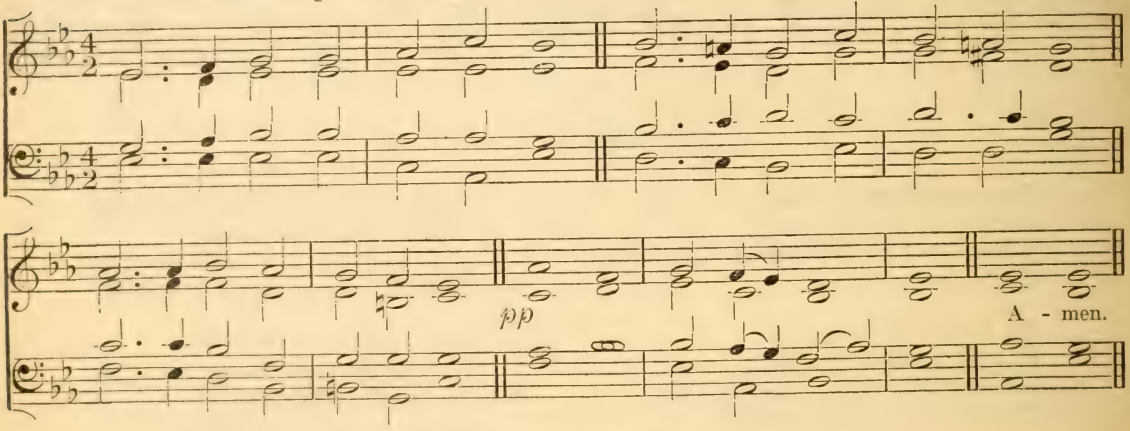
200. MILLFIELD. [First Tune.] 7s. 6.

D. J. Wood.



200. HYLTON. [Second Tune.] 7s. 6.

A. H. Brown.



"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—Luke xxiii. 34.

mp Jesu, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh may we, who mercy need,
cr Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."
LUKE xxiii. 43.

mp JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief who near Thee dies,
cr Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mp May we in our guilt and shame
cr Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mp Oh remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
cr Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

"Woman, behold thy son. Behold thy mother."
JOHN xix. 26, 27.

mp JESU, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

cr May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

di May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
MATTHEW xxvii. 46.

pp JESU, whelm'd in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
cr In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
cr Hear us, Holy Jesu.

"I thirst."—JOHN xix. 28.

mp JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

cr Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil;
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mp May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

"It is finished."—JOHN xix. 30.

mf JESU—all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obey'd,—
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

cr Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
f Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."
LUKE xxiii. 46.

p JESU,—all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,—
pp Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

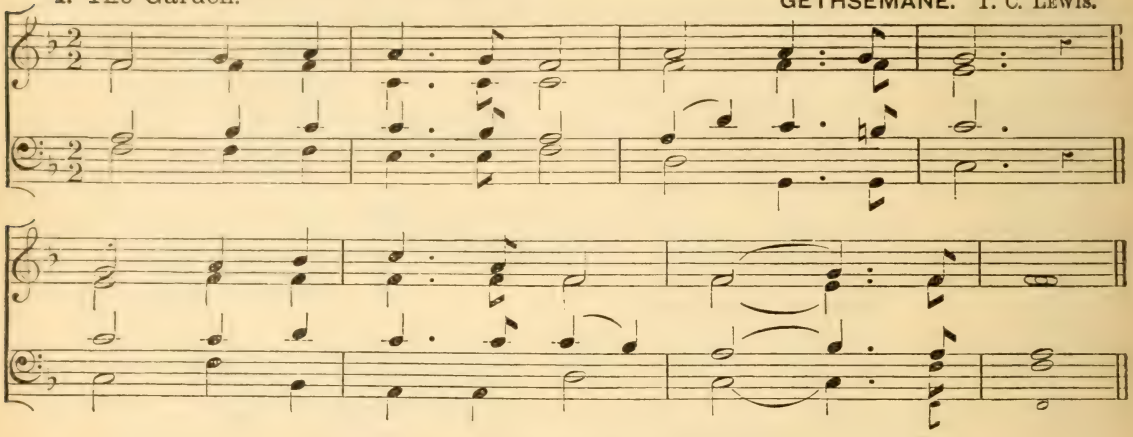
mp When the death-shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

cr May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
f Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
Amen.

201. THE PASSION OF JESUS. [First Tune.] 10. 9.

I. The Garden.

GETHSEMANE. T. C. Lewis.



"They shall look on Him whom they pierced."—John xix. 37.

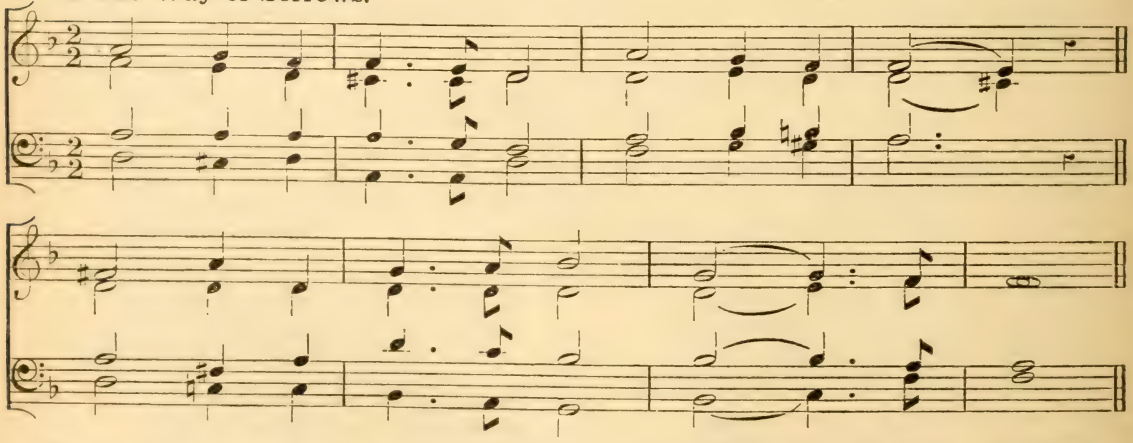
p Wrestling in agony, wrestling alone;
Weary for human love, finding none.

While over Olivet sleeps the moon-light,
Whose is that broken prayer troubling night?

What are those drops of blood falling like rain,
Wrung from that heart of Thine, Man of pain?

Anguish unspeakable writ on Thy brow,—
Suppliant Sufferer, who art Thou?

II. The Way of Sorrows.



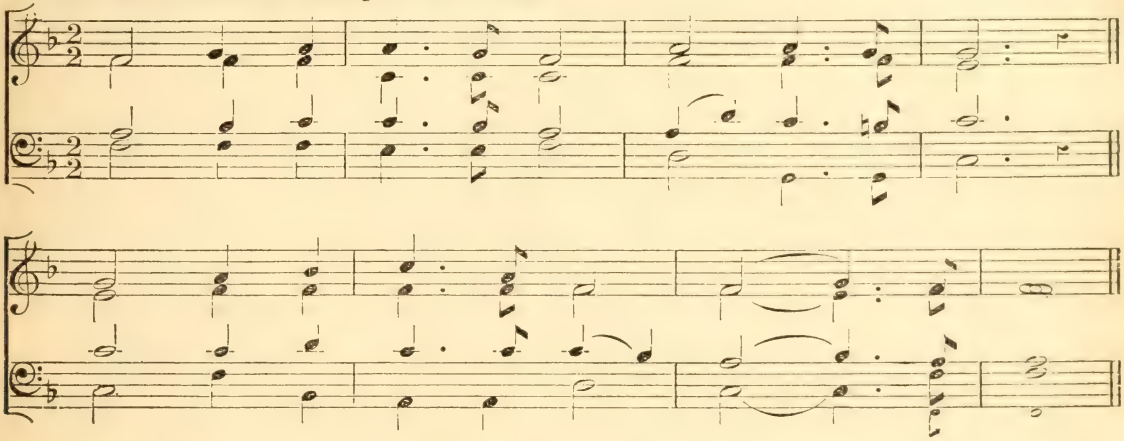
mp Hark, in thy bosom's depths speaks He to thee,
"Child of My dying love, follow Me.

"Shall I not drink the cup My Father gave?—
Drink it, when drinking it thee will save?

"Buffeted, spitted on, loaded with scorns,
Smitten, scourged, purple-robed, crown'd with thorns:

"Onward to Golgotha; there I must die;
cr All for the love of thee: it is I."

III. The Seven Words upon the Cross.



mp Nail'd to the bitter wood; never a groan:
Bearing our guilt and sin, not His own.

Sun of my soul, canst Thou suffer eclipse?
What words are those from Thy quivering lips?

"Father, forgive them," the Crucified prays:
cr And Him the Father hears, hears always.

Listen, the dying thief for mercy sighs:—
mf Calmly He promises Paradise.

mp Standing beside His cross kinsfolk, and friend,
Mary, and Magdalene wait the end:

Two of them henceforth are mother and son,
Broken hearts by His word bound as one.

p Darkness wraps earth and sky: night at midday:
Moments like centuries pass away.

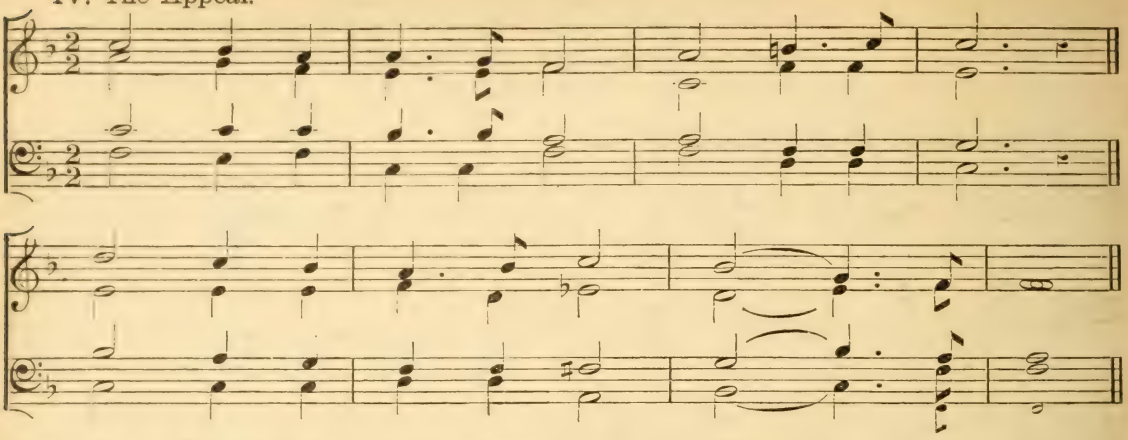
pp Hark, through the gloom is heard one dreadful cry,
"Thou hast forsaken Me, Father, why?"

Oh that abandonment! Oh death accursed!
What means that plaint of woe, that "I thirst"?

cr Hark, "It is finish'd." Thy warfare is done;
Death and hell grappled with; victory won.

p "Father, receive My soul," His latest breath,
Jesus, the Lord of life, sleeps in death.

IV. The Appeal.



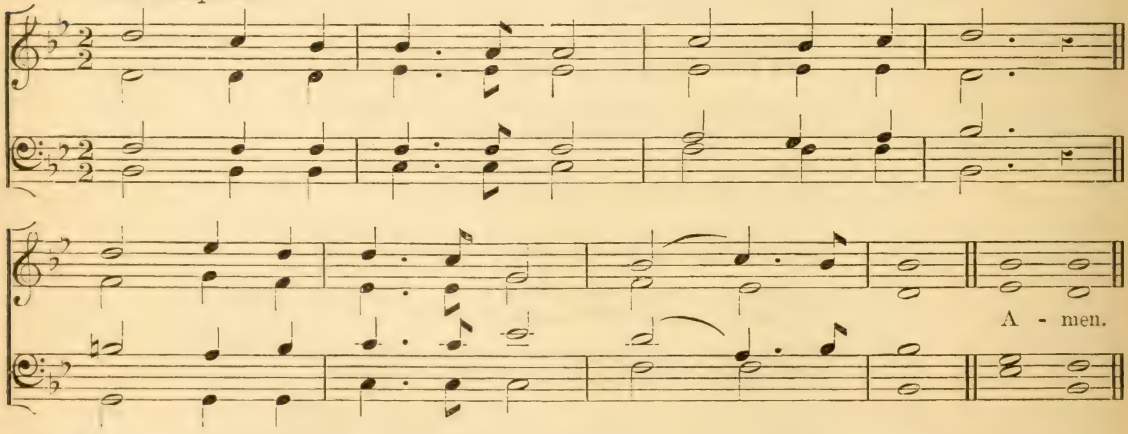
mp "Child of My agonies, bought with My blood,
Ransom'd from Satan's thrall, saved for [God;

cr "Come to Me, weary one, come to My breast:
Here in My bleeding wounds hide and rest.

mf "Come to My Father's feet, come without fear:—
I am thy Advocate, always near.

"Drink of the Spirit's grace, all things are thine:
I am thy heritage, thou art Mine."

V. The Response.



mp "Yea, Lord, I give myself wholly to Thee:
Only Thy priceless love give Thou me.

cr All I have, all I am, body and soul,
Nothing refuse I Thee; take the whole.

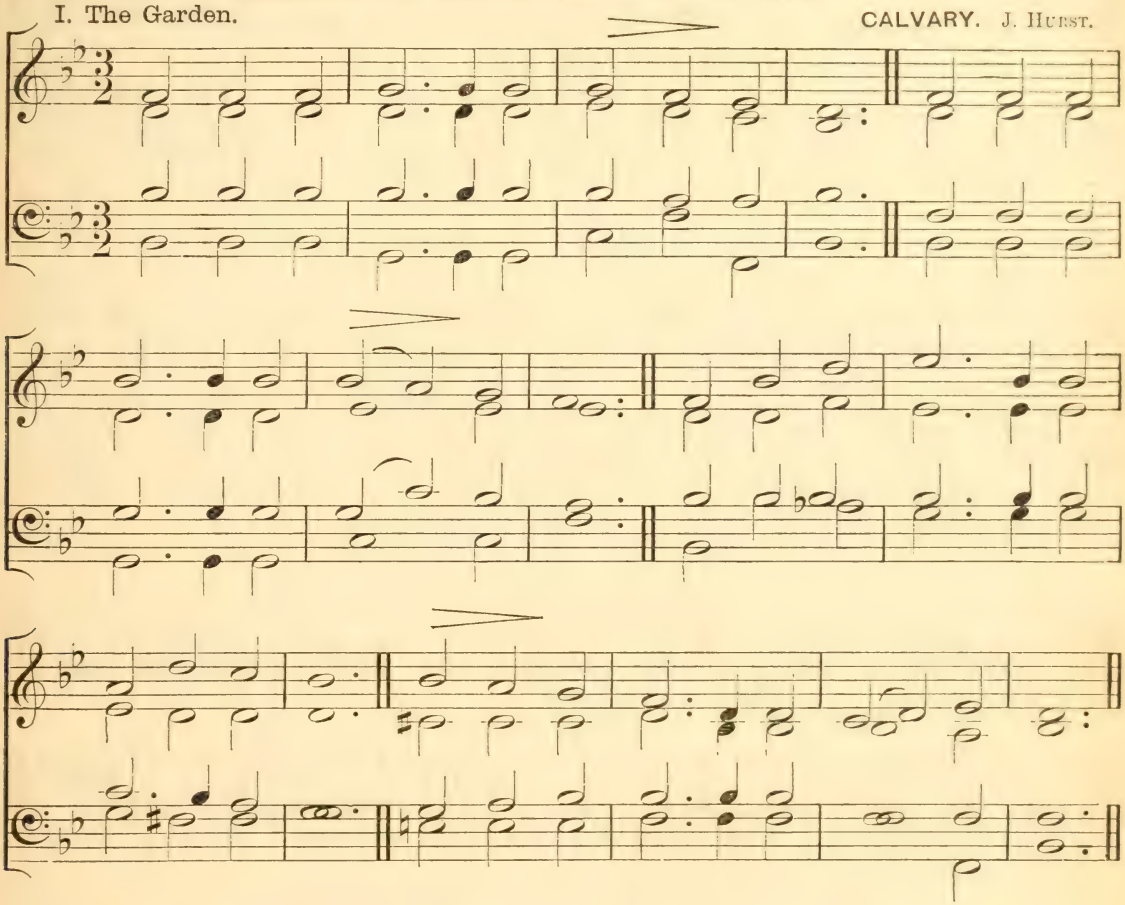
mf Only abide with me, Lord, to the end;
Jesus, Emmanuel, Saviour, Friend.

And when Thy time is come, let me adore
Thee in Thy home of light evermore.
Amen.

201. THE PASSION OF JESUS. [Second Tune.] 10. 9.

I. The Garden.

CALVARY. J. Hurst.



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Weary for human love, finding none.

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Anguish unspeakable writ on Thy brow,—
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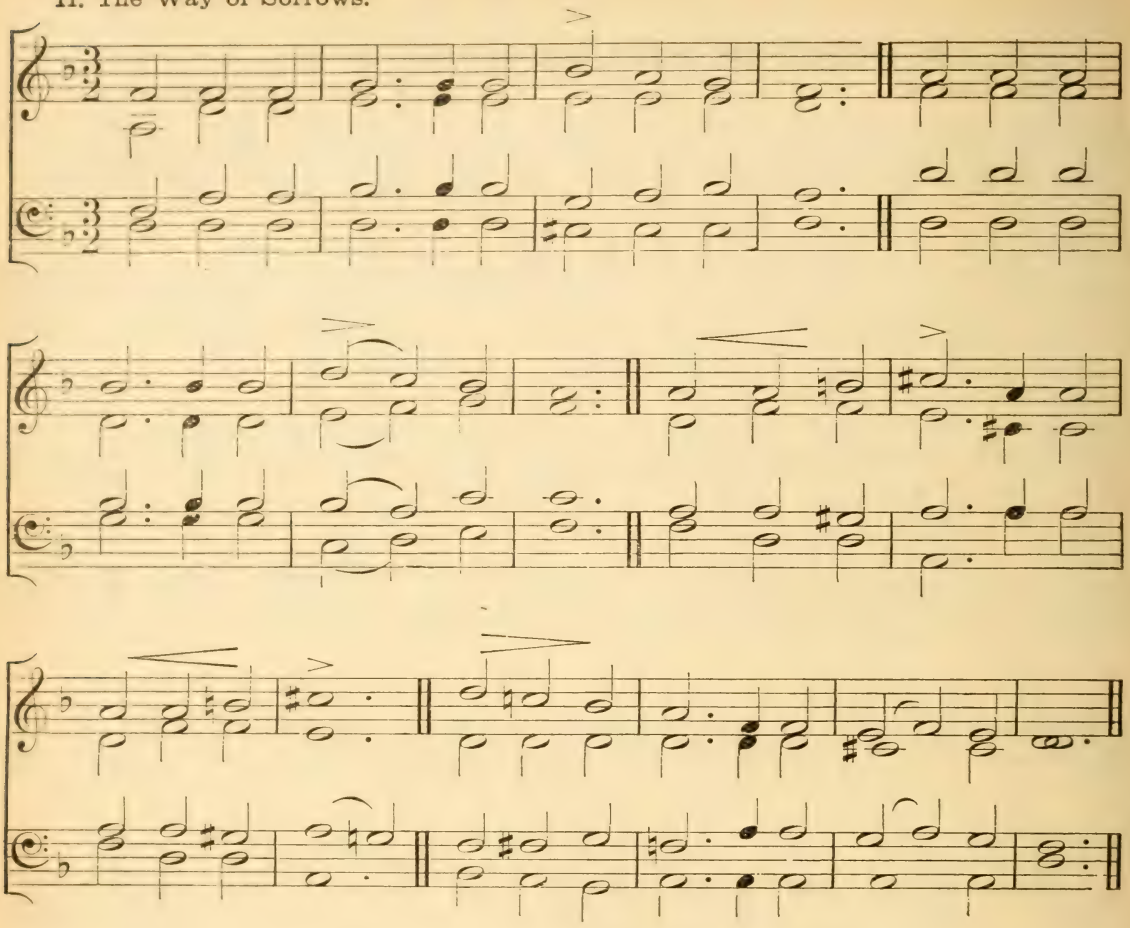

mp Hark, in thy bosom's depths speaks He to thee,
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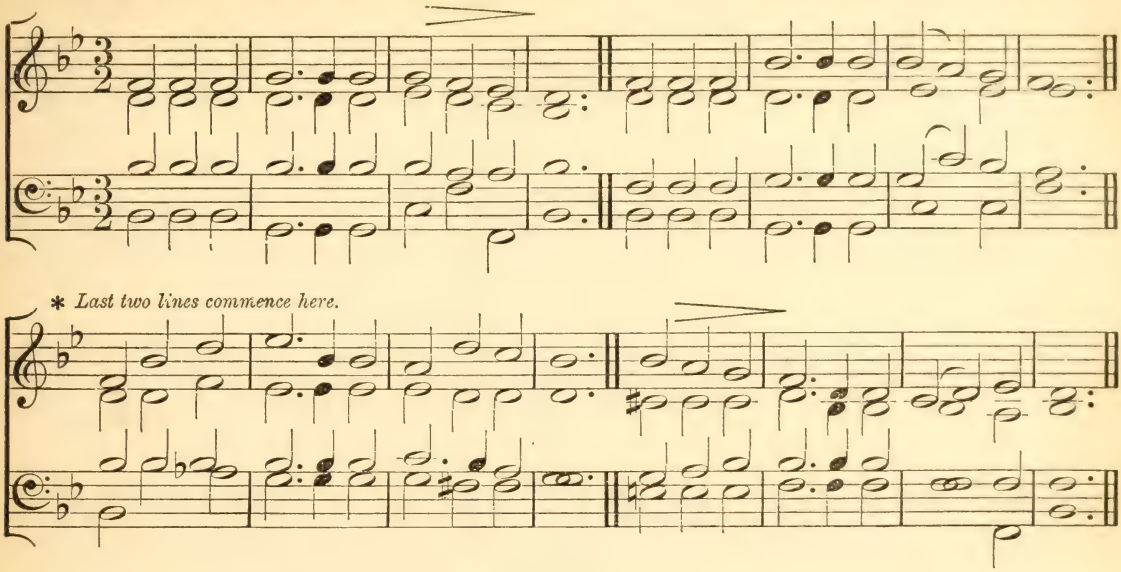
"Shall I not drink the cup My Father gave?—
Drink it, when drinking it thee will save?

"Buffeted, spitted on, loaded with scorns,
Smitten, scourged, purple-robed, crown'd with thorns:

"Onward to Golgotha; there I must die;
cr All for the love of thee: it is I."

III. The Seven Words upon the Cross.



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Bearing our guilt and sin, not His own.
Sun of my soul, canst Thou suffer eclipse ?
What words are those from Thy quivering lips ?

"Father, forgive them," the Crucified prays :
cr And Him the Father hears, hears always.
Listen, the dying thief for mercy sighs :—
mf Calmly He promises Paradise.

mp Standing beside His cross kinsfolk, and friend,
Mary, and Magdalene wait the end :
Two of them henceforth are mother and son,
Broken hearts by His word bound as one.

p Darkness wraps earth and sky : night at midday :
Moments like centuries pass away.
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"Thou hast forsaken Me, Father, why ?"

Oh that abandonment ! Oh death accursed !
What means that plaint of woe, that "I thirst" ?
cr Hark, "It is finish'd." Thy warfare is done ;
Death and hell grappled with ; victory won.

* *p* "Father, receive My soul," His latest breath,
Jesus, the Lord of life, sleeps in death.

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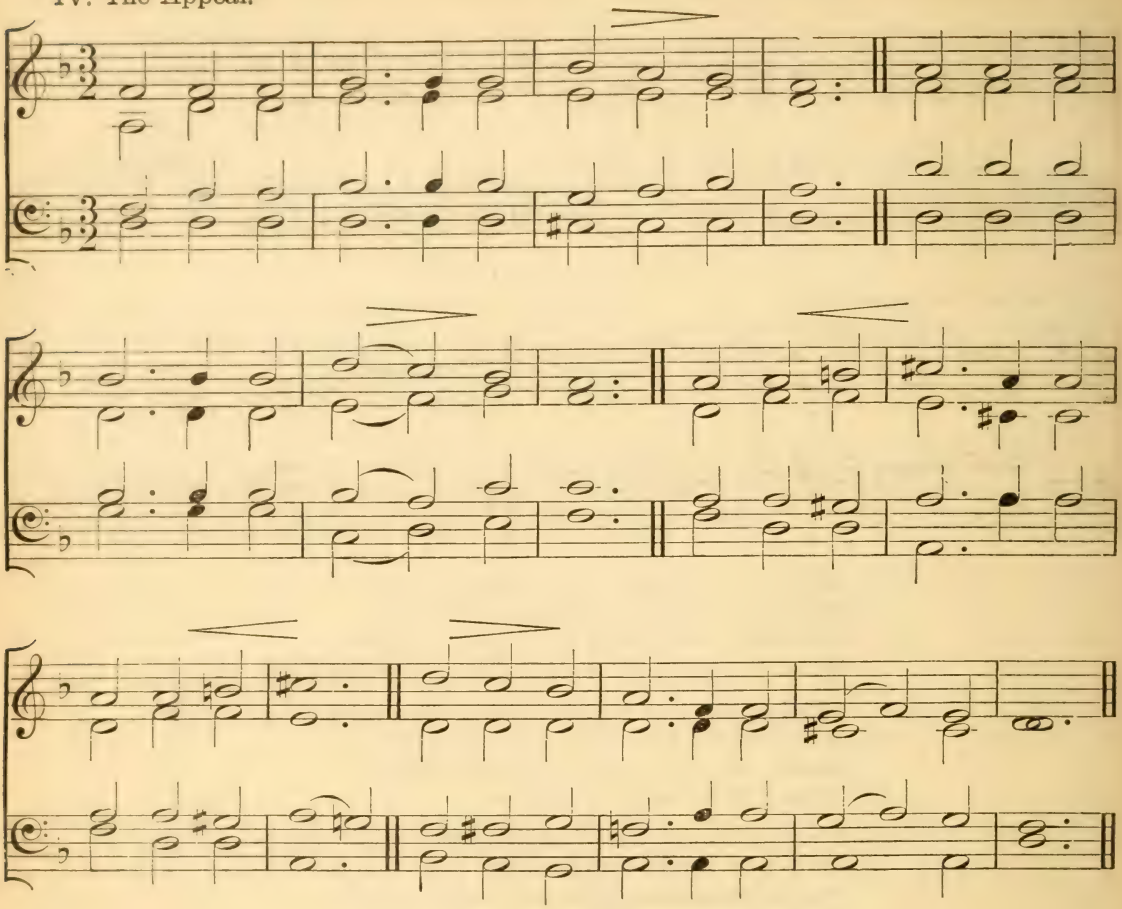

mp "Child of My agonies, bought with My blood,
Ransom'd from Satan's thrall, saved for God;

cr "Come to Me, weary one, come to My breast:
Here in My bleeding wounds hide and rest.

mf "Come to My Father's feet, come without fear:—
I am thy Advocate, always near.

"Drink of the Spirit's grace, all things are thine:
I am thy heritage, thou art Mine."

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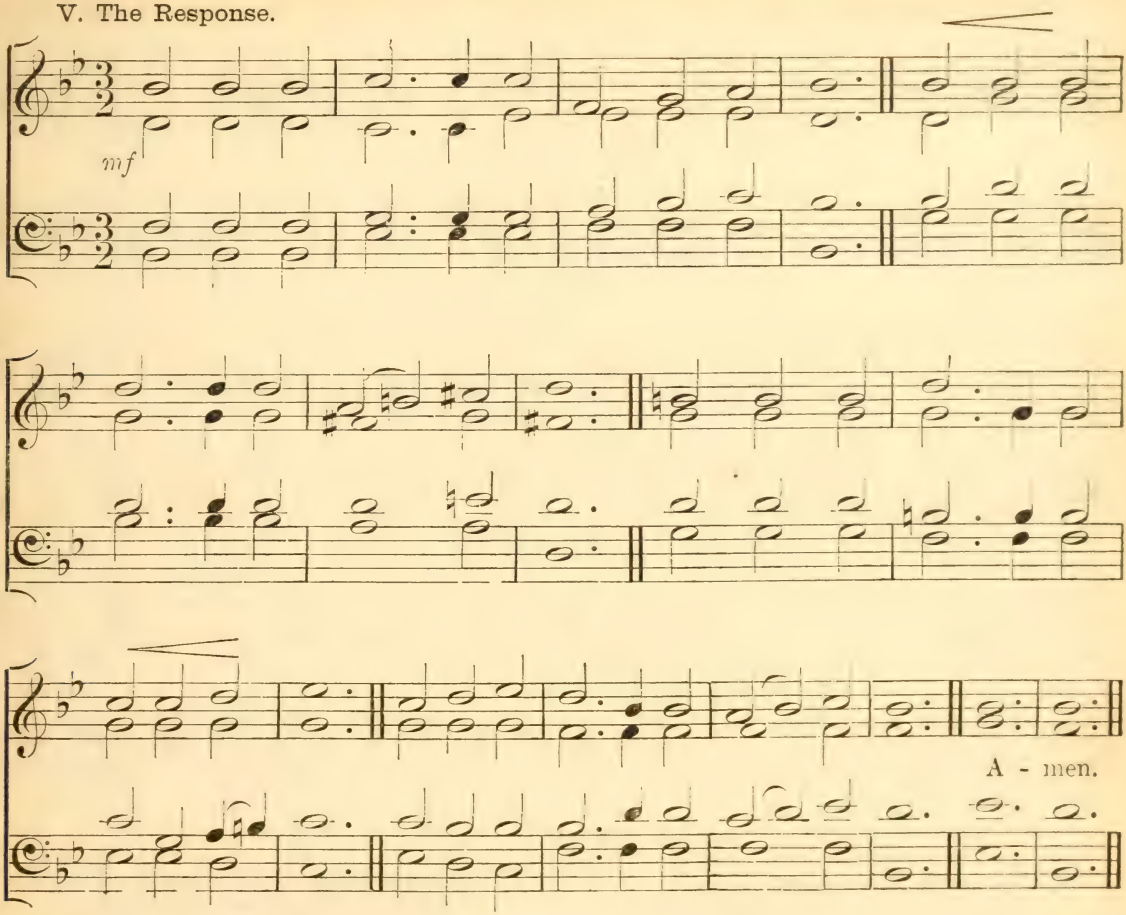


mp "Yea, Lord, I give myself wholly to Thee :
Only Thy priceless love give Thou me.

cr All I have, all I am, body and soul,
Nothing refuse I Thee ; take the whole.

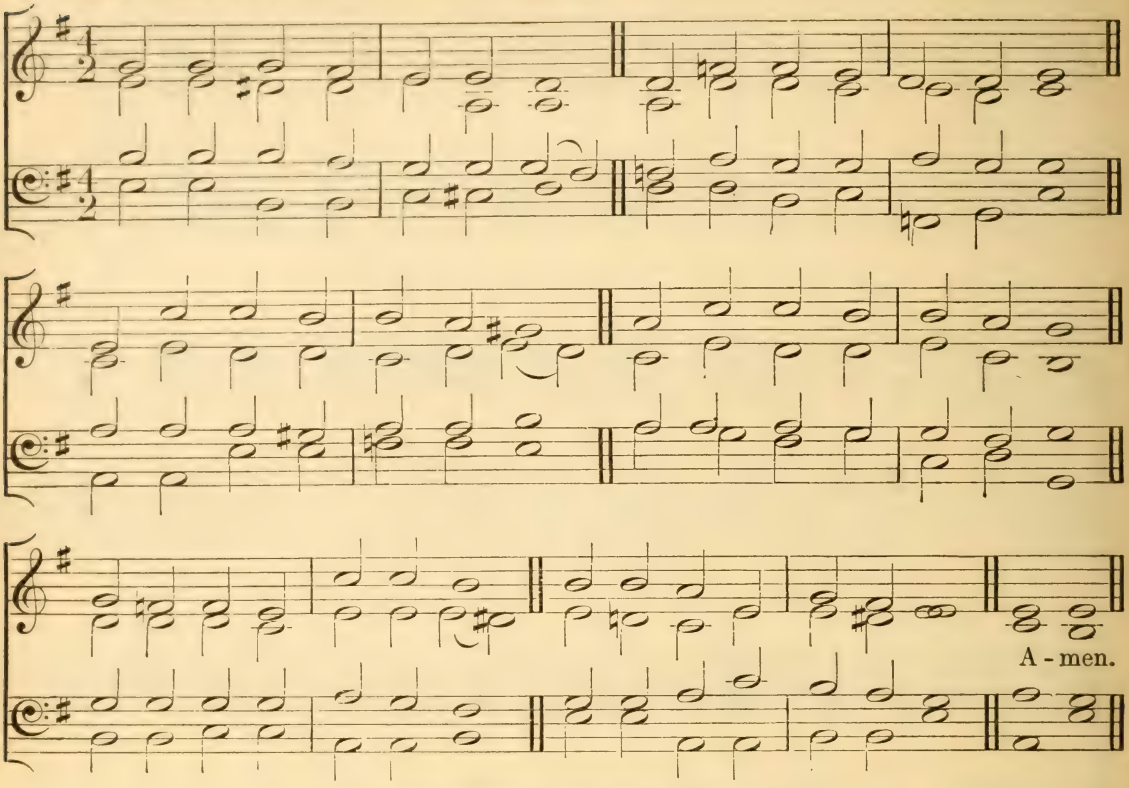
mf Only abide with me, Lord, to the end ;
Jesus, Emmanuel, Saviour, Friend.

And when Thy time is come, let me adore
Thee in Thy home of light evermore. Amen.

See also Hymns 43, 44, 137, 312, 473, 482.

202. EASTER EVE.

Six 7s. C. R. Cuff.



"Let us labour to enter into that rest."—Hebrews iv. 11.

mp Sabbath of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest;
cr Resting from His work the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word.

p Resting in the tomb to-day
Still the Saviour's body lay;
Wrapt in sleep, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

mp Lord, with Thee till life shall end
We would solemn vigil spend;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
cr And in patient watch remain
Till Thou shalt appear again.

p Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep;
Resting from their labours past,
cr Waiting for the trumpet's blast;
f When, the new creation done,
Endless joys shall be begun.

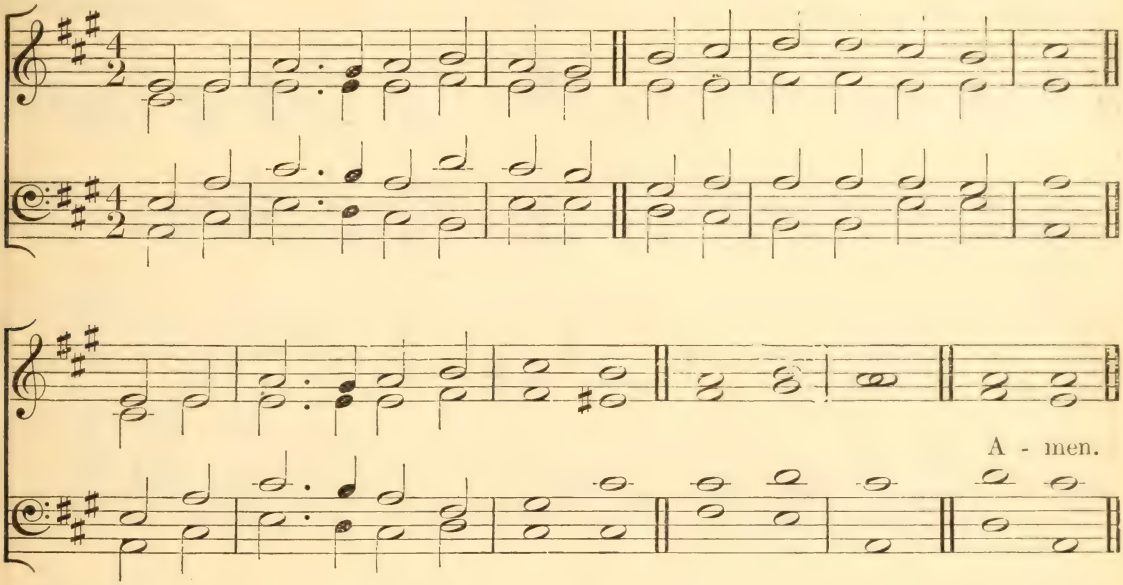
mf Jesu, keep us safe from sin;
With them let us enter in,
cr Danger past and toil at end;
And to those blest joys ascend
f There in flesh our God to see,
And adore eternally. Amen.

May be sung to "Redhead," No. 151.

203. MELTON.

8.7.8.3.

C. E. Willing.



"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—Psalm xvii. 15.

f On the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

p Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness
Wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tired body
To its resting-place is borne;
cr Till there dawns the last and brightest
Easter morn.

mf But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
f Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

mf Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
cr Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

f Oh the beauty, oh the gladness
Of that resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

mf On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, mother, child, and brethren
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
di Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
p To Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

See also Hymns 401, 532, 540, 541.

"By Thy glorious resurrection, Good Lord, deliver us."

204. ST. MILDRED.

6s. 8s.

Charles Steggall.

A-men.

"Thou hast led captivity captive."—Psalm lxviii. 18.

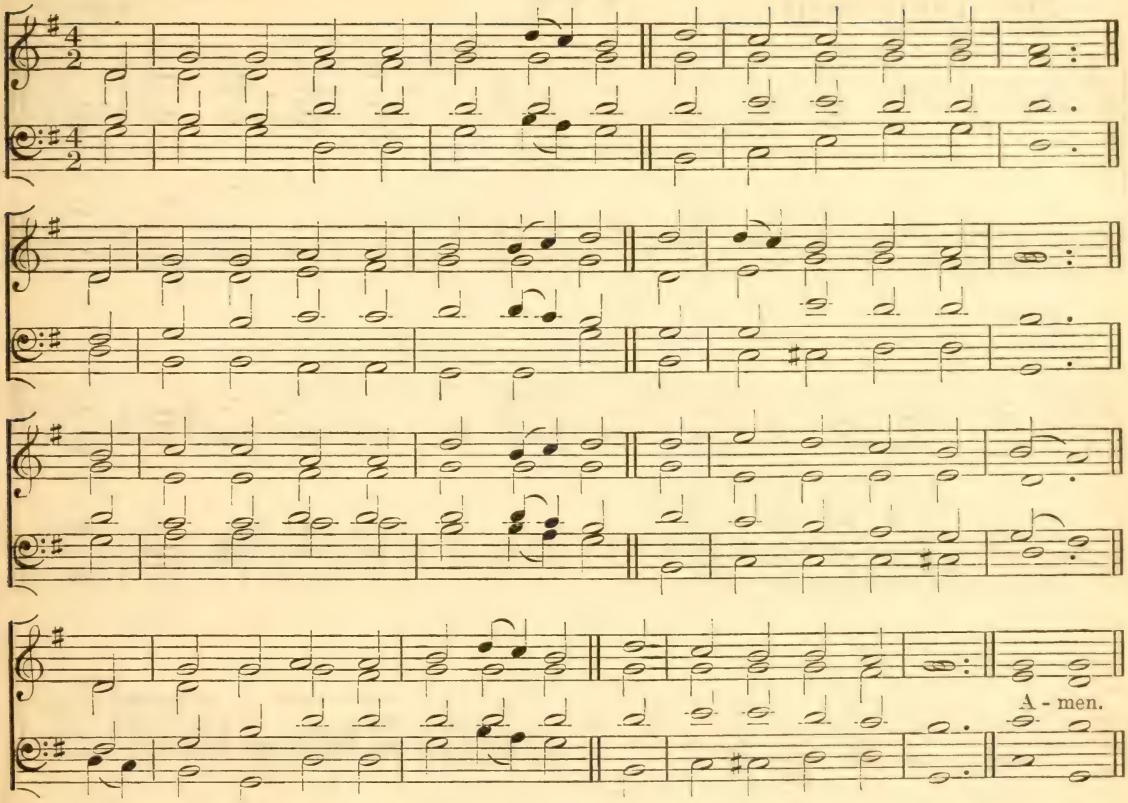
f The happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
cr The Saviour leaves the tomb;
Omnipotent to save.
ff Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

mf Who now accuses them
p For whom their Surety died?
mf Who now shall those condemn
cr Whom God hath justified?
ff Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

f Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
By Him our victory won.
ff Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead. Amen.

205. ST. ASAPH.

D.C.M. GIORNIVICHI.



"Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early."—PSALM cviii. 2.

f AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!
Thy Lord hath risen long;
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

mf The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey:
f In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
p And the sad tears death makes us weep,
cr He wipes from all our eyes.

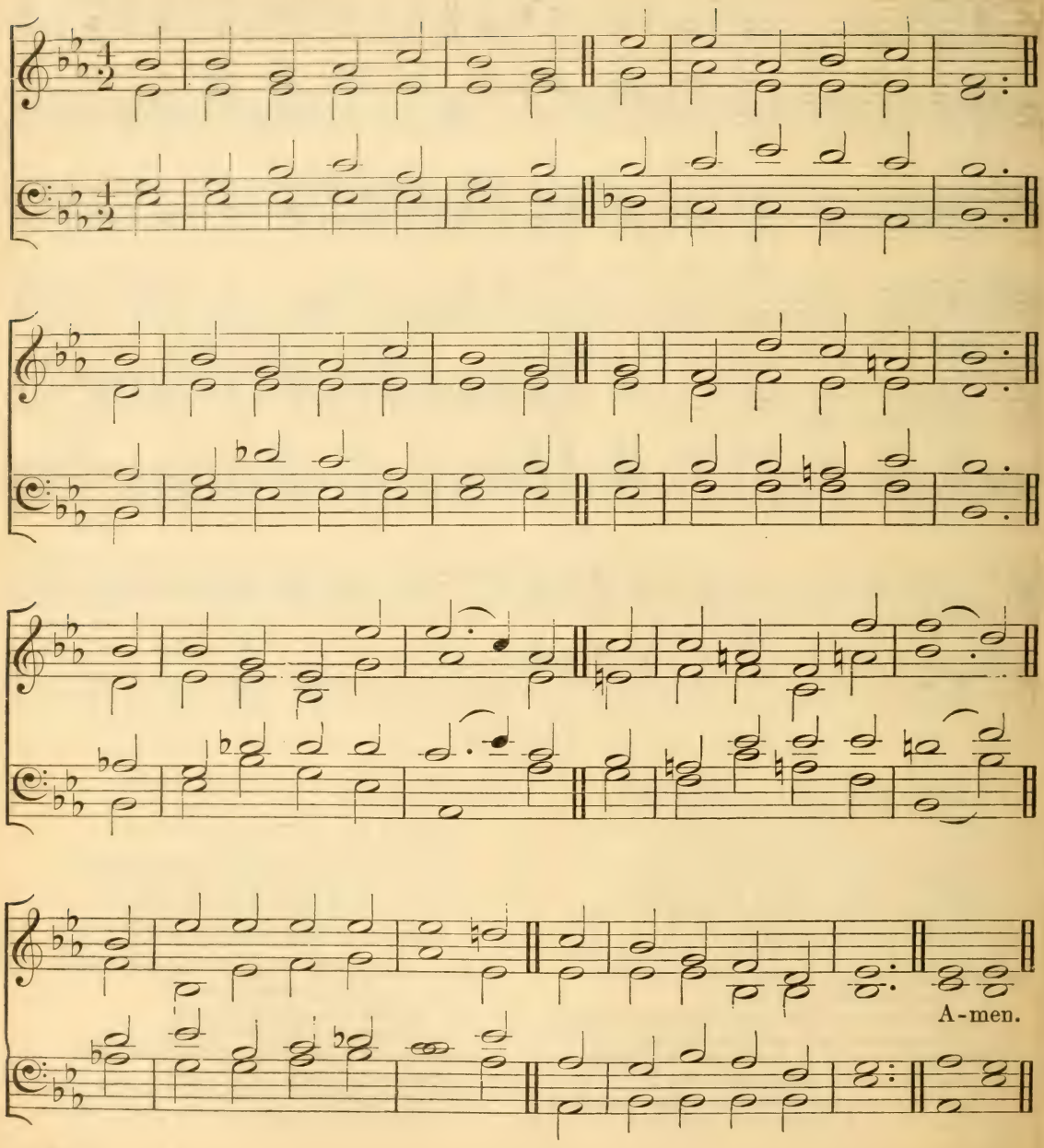
f And every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim His glorious victory
His resurrection power;
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice
With vernal verdure spread,
The little hills lift up their voice
And shout that death is dead.

ff Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in His resurrection take
And comfort in His word:
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died and rose for me." Amen.

206. LANCASHIRE.

D. 7s. 6s.

H. Smart.



Easter.

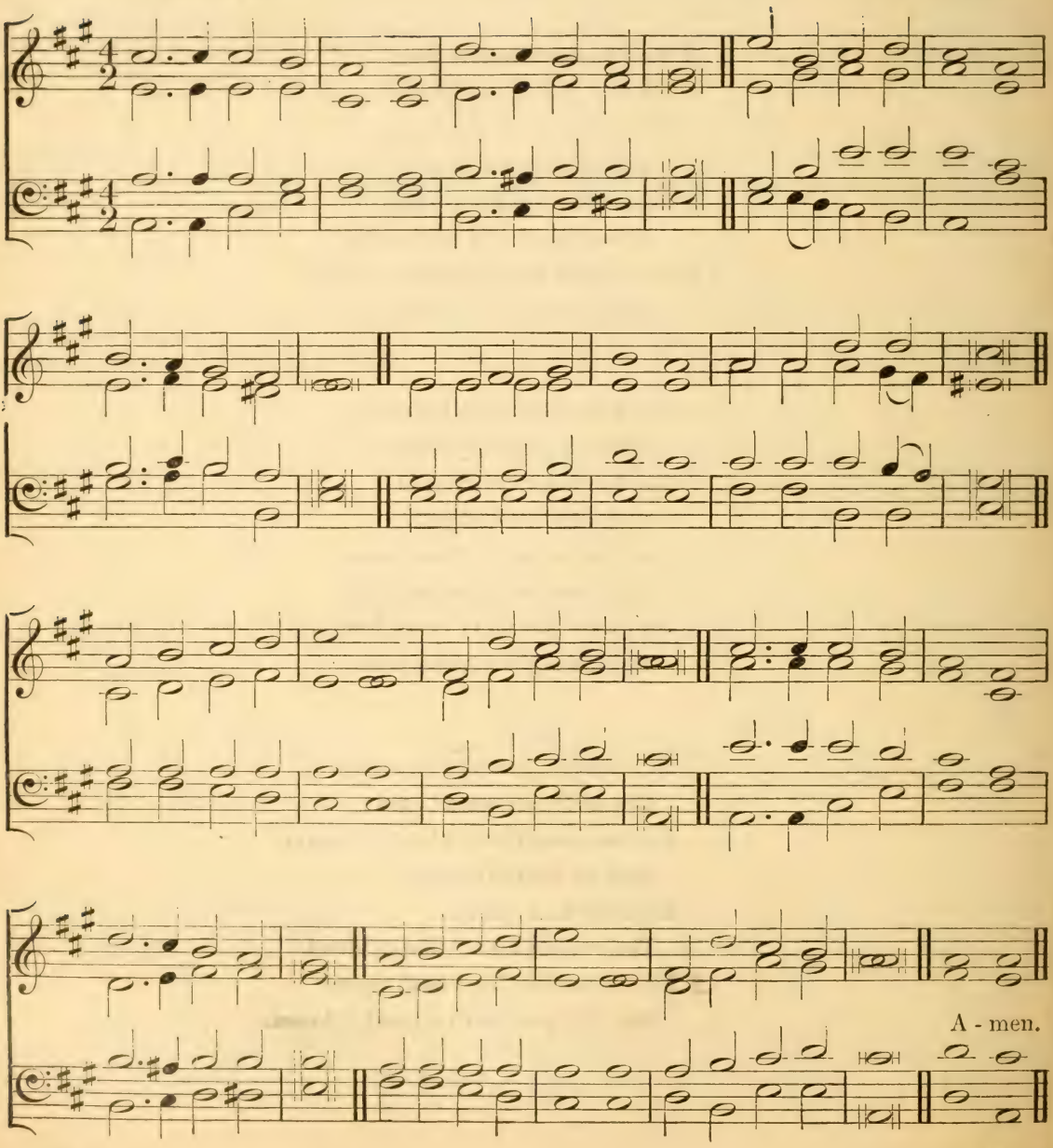
"*Behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail.*"—MATTHEW xxviii. 9.

f THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
ff Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

mf Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
cr And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

f Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
ff For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

207. HERMAS. 11s. F. R. HAVERGAL.



Easter.

"I have the keys of hell and of death."—REVELATION i. 18.

f "WELCOME, happy morning," age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-day.
Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him their true Creator all His works adore!
ff "Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-day.

mf Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return'd with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
ff "Welcome, happy morning," &c.

mf Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
ff "Welcome, happy morning," &c.

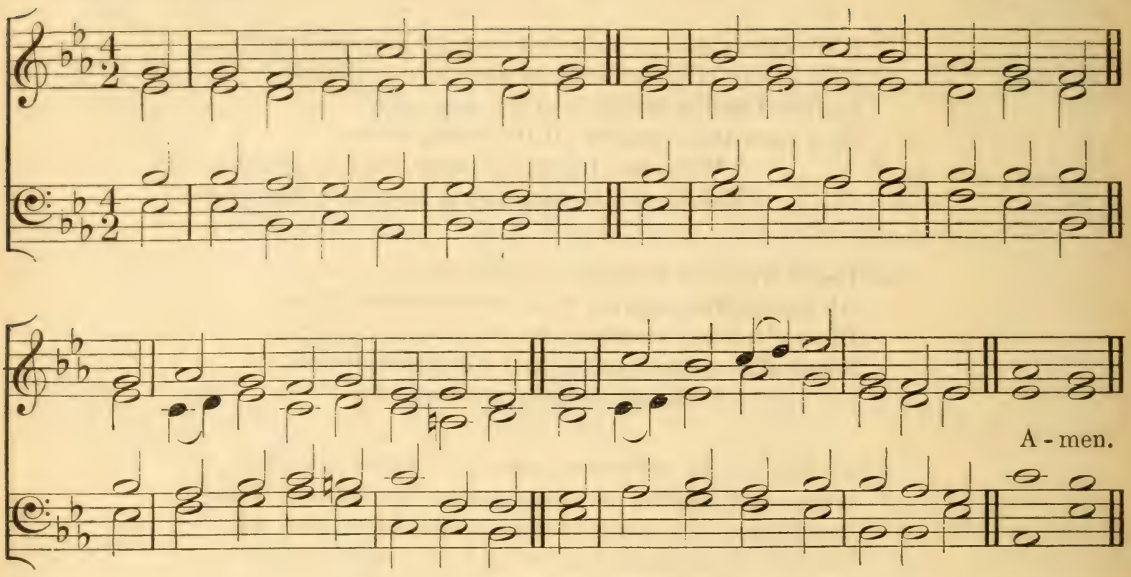
mf Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
ff "Welcome, happy morning," &c.

p Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
cr Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, my buried Lord!
ff "Welcome, happy morning," &c.

f Loose the hearts long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.
ff "Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-day. Amen.

208. LEIGH.

L.M. A. R. Reinagle.



"*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"—Job xix. 25.

f I know that my Redeemer lives;
Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives!
p He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
f He lives, my everlasting Head.

f He lives to bless me with His love,
p And still He pleads for me above;
ff He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

cr He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend;
Who still will keep me to the end;
f He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

He lives my mansion to prepare,
And He will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to His name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same. Amen.

209. VICTORY.

P.M. PALESTRINA.

ff Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

A - men.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things."—PSALM xcviii. 1.

ff ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

f THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of life is won:
ff The song of triumph has begun,—
Alleluia!

f The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
ff Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
Alleluia!

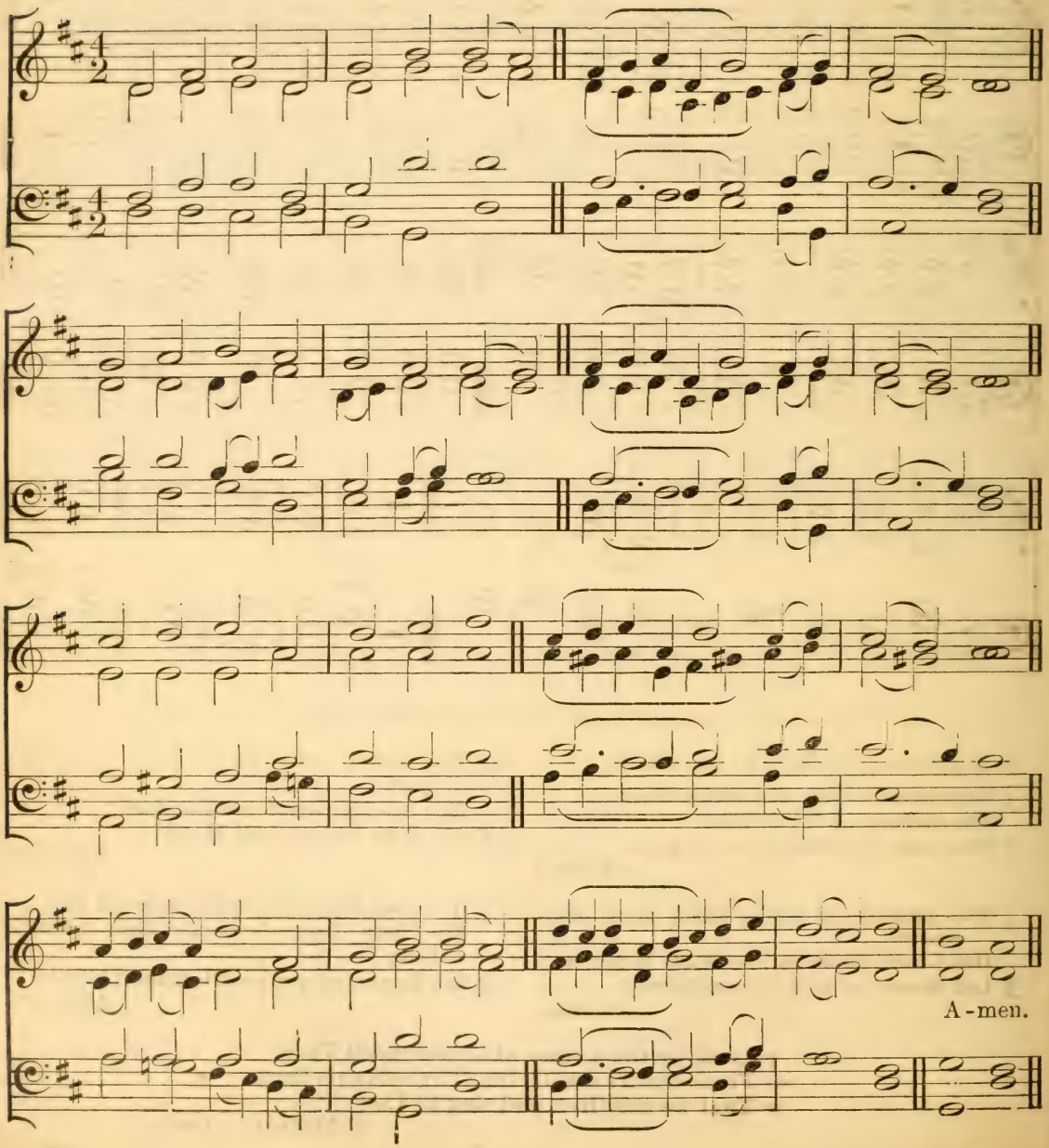
mf The three sad days have quickly sped;
cr He rises glorious from the dead;
ff All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

f He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
ff Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:
Alleluia!

p Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
mf From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
cr That we may live, and sing to Thee
ff Alleluia! Amen.

210. EASTER HYMN.

7s. H. Carey.



Easter.

"*He is risen.*"—MARK xvi 6.

f CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day : Hallelujah !
Sons of men, and angels, say, Hallelujah !
cr Raise your joys and triumphs high ; Hallelujah !
ff Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth, reply, Hallelujah !

mf Love's redeeming work is done ; Hallelujah !
Fought the fight, the battle won : Hallelujah !
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ; Hallelujah !
cr Lo ! He sets in blood no more. Hallelujah !

mf Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ; Hallelujah !
f Christ hath burst the gates of hell ; Hallelujah !
Death in vain forbids His rise ! Hallelujah !
Christ hath open'd Paradise. Hallelujah !

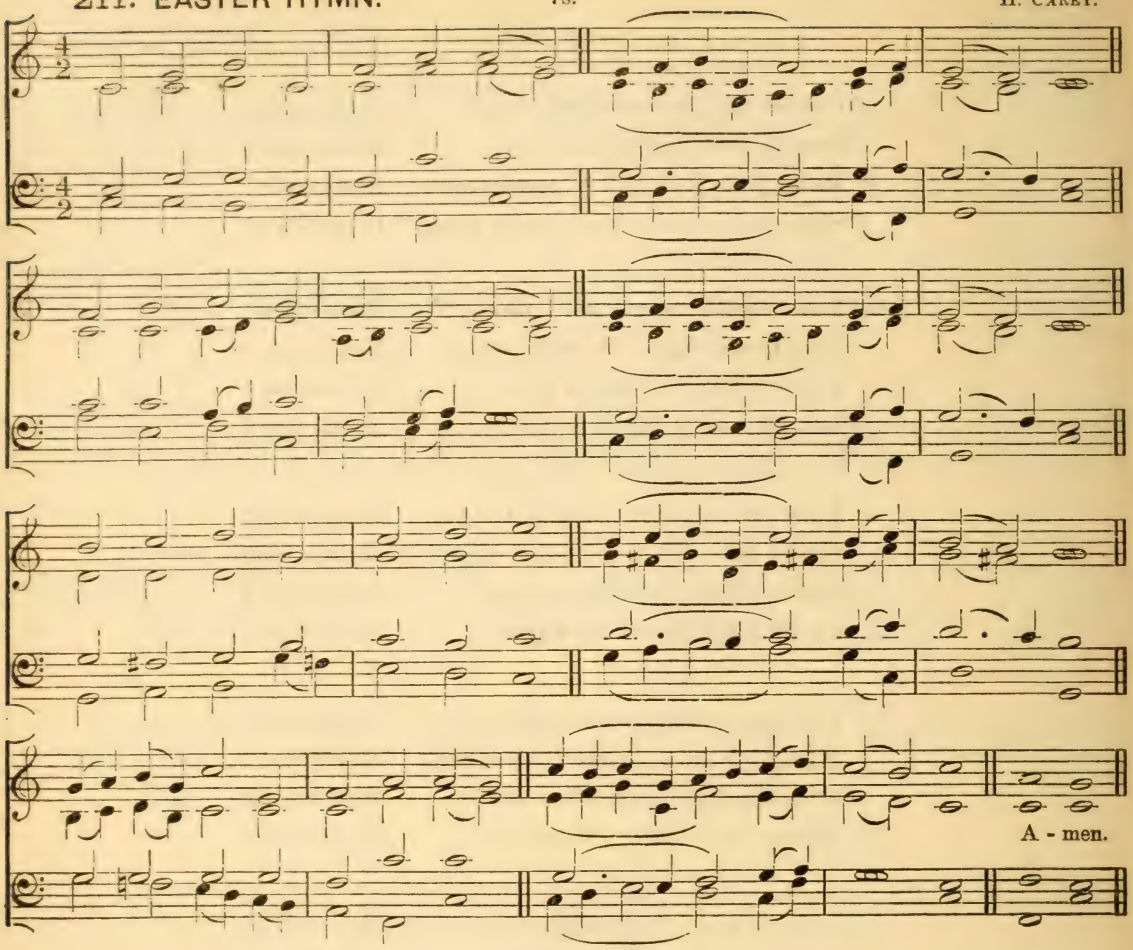
f Lives again our glorious King ; Hallelujah !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ? Hallelujah !
p Once He died our souls to save ; Hallelujah !
cr Where thy victory, O grave ? Hallelujah !

f Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hallelujah !
Following our exalted Head : Hallelujah !
Made like Him, like Him we rise ; Hallelujah !
cr Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Hallelujah !

ff Hail the Lord of earth and heaven, Hallelujah !
Praise to Thee by both be given ; Hallelujah !
Thee we greet triumphant now, Hallelujah !
Hail the Resurrection Thou ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

211. EASTER HYMN.

7s. H. Carey.



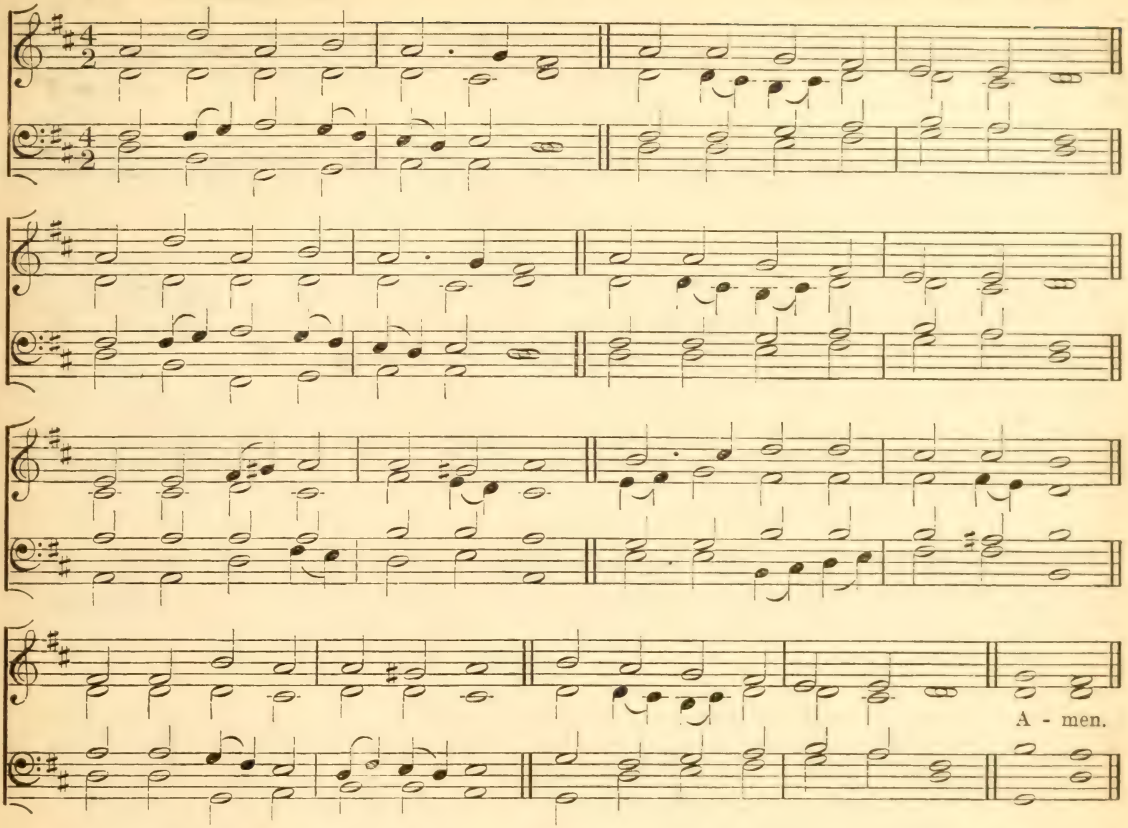
"He is not here; for He is risen."—Matthew xxviii. 6.

f Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
mp Who did once upon the cross, Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss; Hallelujah!

f Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah!
mp Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save; Hallelujah!

cr But the pains, which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our salvation have procured; Hallelujah!
f Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing, Hallelujah! Amen.

212. SALZBURG. D. 7s.



"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast."—1 CORINTHIANS v. 7.

f AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
mf Who hath wash'd us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd side.
f Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His guests His blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast;
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

mf Where the Paschal blood is pour'd,
Death s dark angel sheathes his sword;
f Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal bread;
mf With sincerity and love
Eat the manna from above.

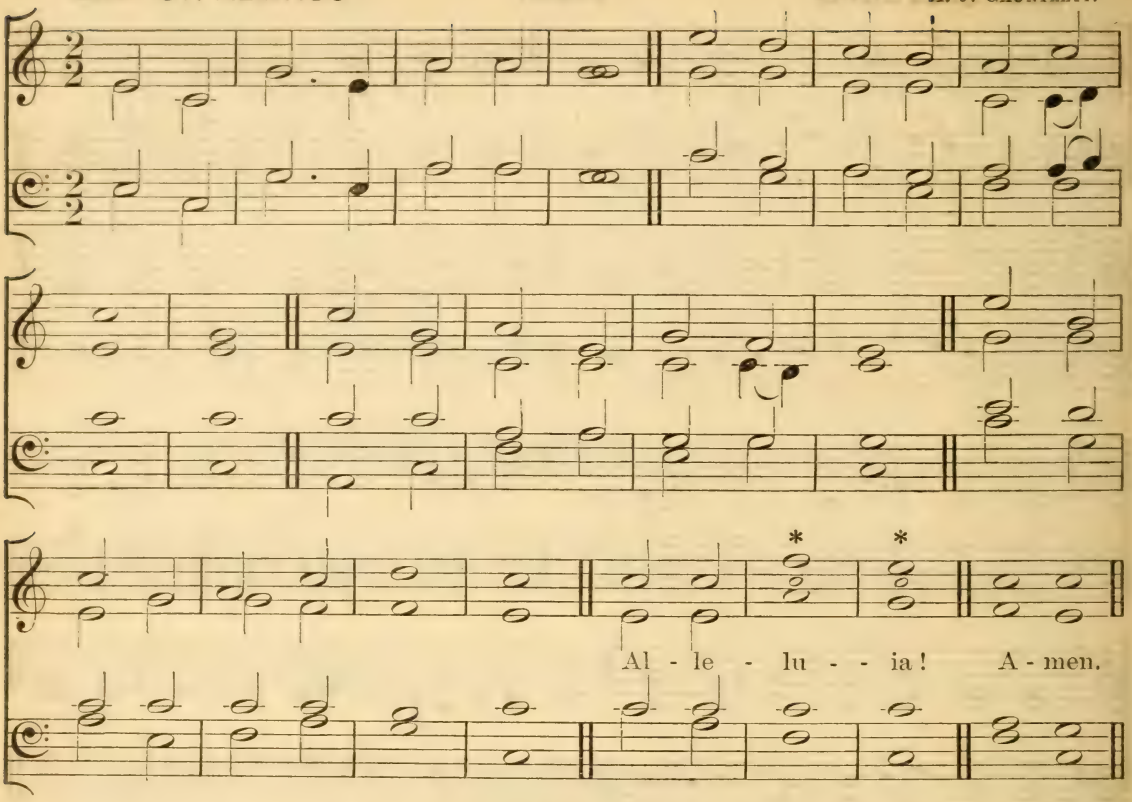
f Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie,
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight;
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy—
mf Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
f Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

213. ST. ALBINUS.

7s. 8s. 4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"I am He that liveth and was dead."—REVELATION i. 18.

f JESUS lives: thy terrors now
Can, O Death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives: by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

mf Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
di This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
f Alleluia!

mp Jesus lives: for us He died:
cr Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

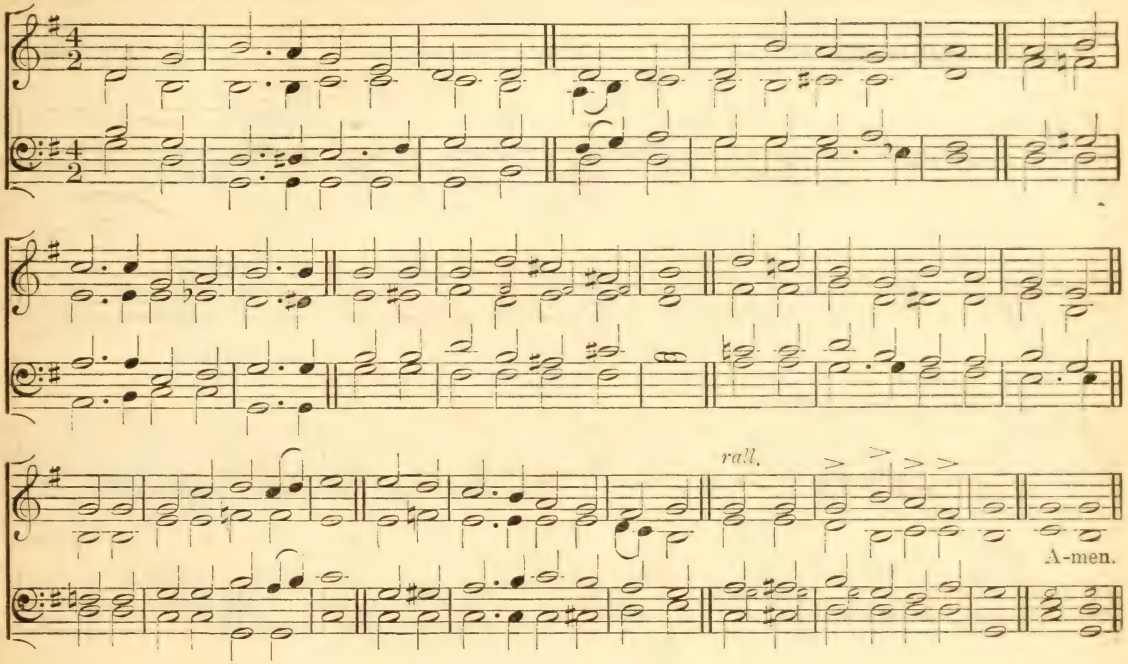
f Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives: to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
mf May we go where He is gone,
cr Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

---

* Voices to whom the upper notes are difficult, should sing the small notes, leaving the others to those who can sing them easily.

214. SANCTUARY. D. 8s. 7s. J. B. Dykes.



"*A lively hope by the resurrection.*"—1 Peter i. 3.

f Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise!
p He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
ff Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

f Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumph'd, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
ff We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

mf Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
cr Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

mf Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gather'd,
And be ever safe with Thee.

ff Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah to the Saviour,
Who has gain'd the victory;
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

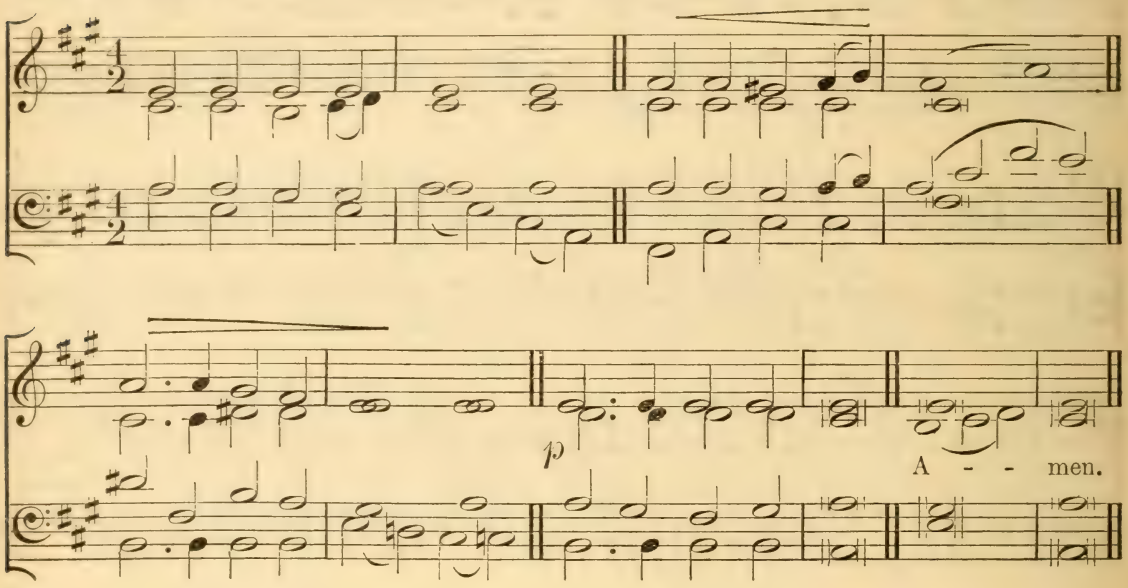
See also Hymns 55, 221, 288, 313, 563, 568, 575.

"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE: WE WILL REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT."

215. EVENING.

6s. 5s.

J. BARNBY.



"Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you."—JOHN xx. 26.

mf JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallow'd hour.

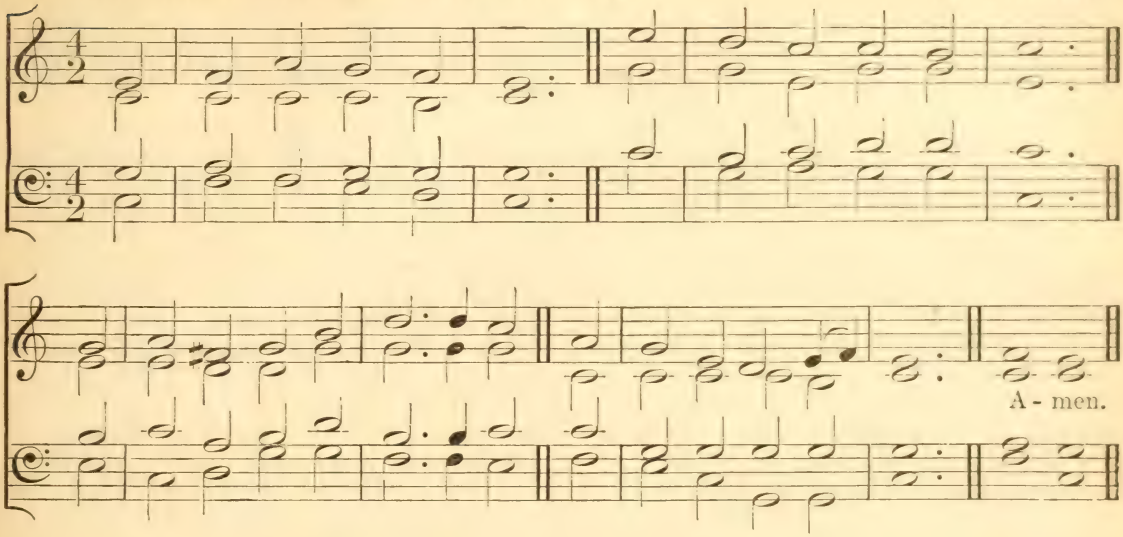
mp Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
cr Bids the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

f Thus with quicken'd footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of the eternal day. Amen.

This Hymn may also be sung to "St. Lambert," No. 368.

216. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"*He shall be as the light of the morning, even as a morning without clouds.*"—2 SAMUEL xxiii. 4.

f THIS is the day of light:
mf Let there be light to-day;
cr O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

p This is the day of rest:
mf Our failing strength renew;
di On weary brain and troubled breast
mp Shed Thou Thy freshening dew;

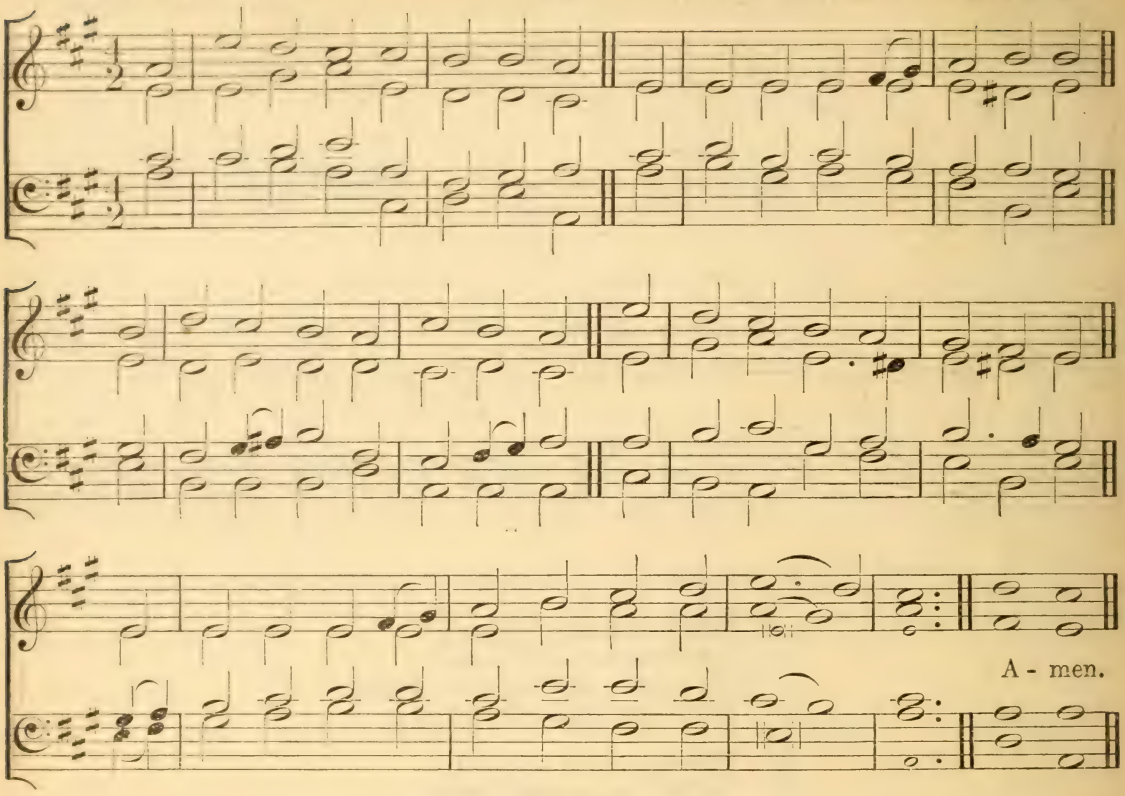
p This is the day of peace:
mf Thy peace our spirits fill;
cr Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease;
The waves of strife be still.

p This is the day of prayer:
mf Let earth to heaven draw near;
cr Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

f This is the first of days:
mf Send forth Thy quickening breath,
ff And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death. Amen.

217. HOSANNA.

P.M. J. B. DYKES.



"Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord."—PSALM cxviii. 25.

f HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing:
ff Hosanna, Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

f Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
cr The dead and living swell the sound;
ff Hosanna, Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

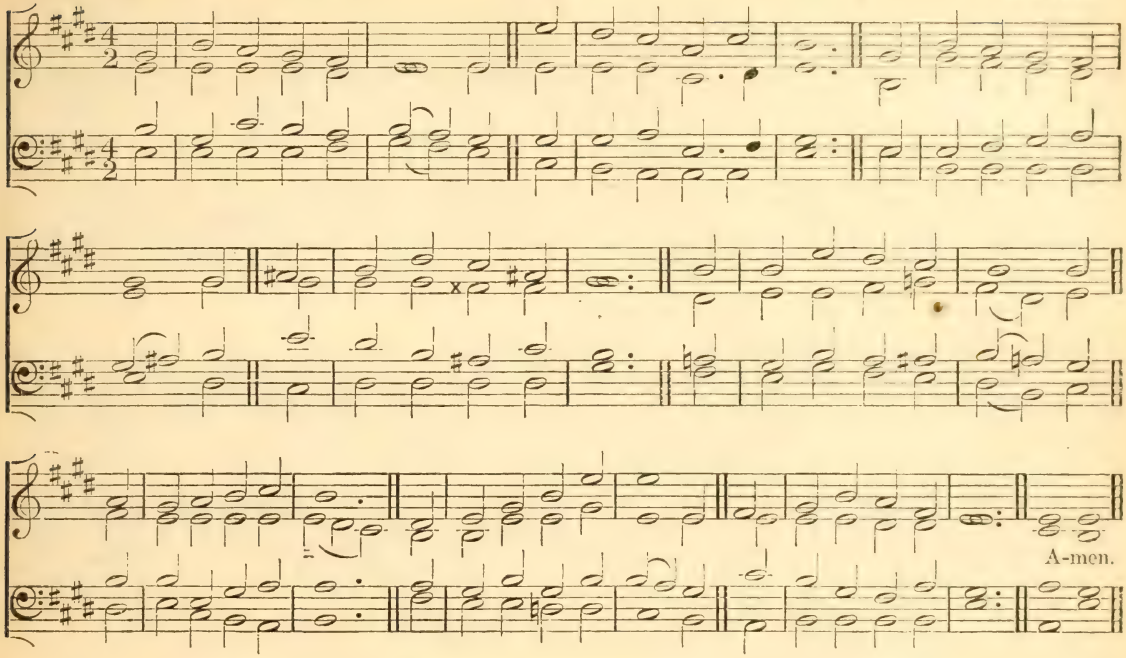
mf O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim;
cr Hosanna, Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

mf But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
p And make our secret souls to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
cr Hosanna, Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

p So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
cr Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
ff Hosanna, Lord: Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

218. DIES DOMINICA.

D. 7s. 6s. J. B. DYKES.



The Lord's day."—REVELATION i. 10.

f O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
p Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
cr To the great God Triune.

f On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

mf Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

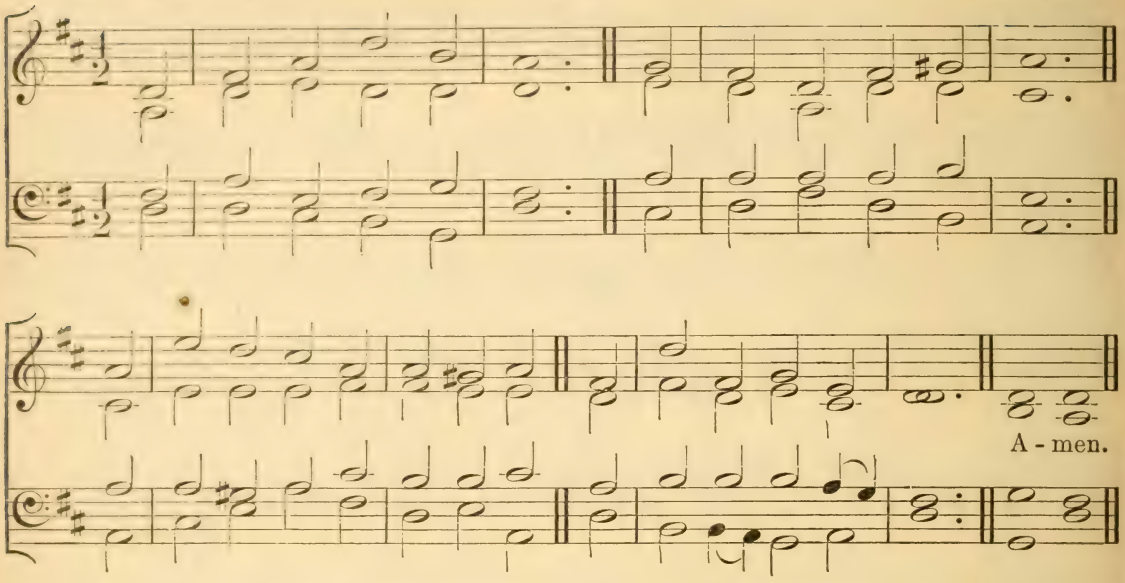
To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
f To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

mf May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
f And there our voice upraising,
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One. Amen.

219. MORAVIA.

S.M.

L. R. West.



"A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."—Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

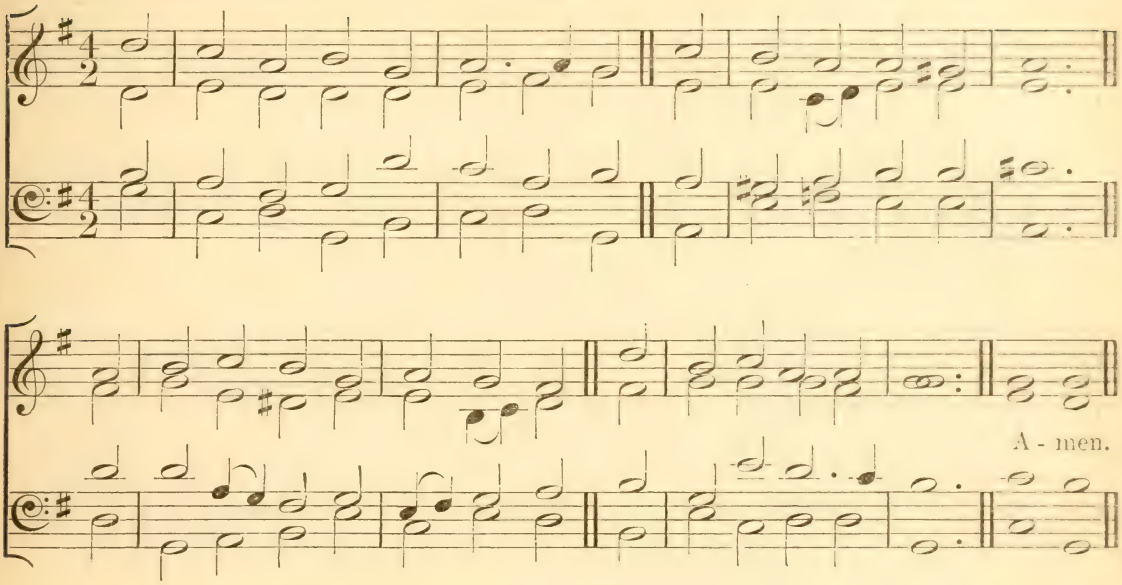
f Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

mf The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
cr Here we may seek and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

mf One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

p My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
cr And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss. Amen.

220. BRISTOL. C.M.



"*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"—PSALM cxviii. 24.

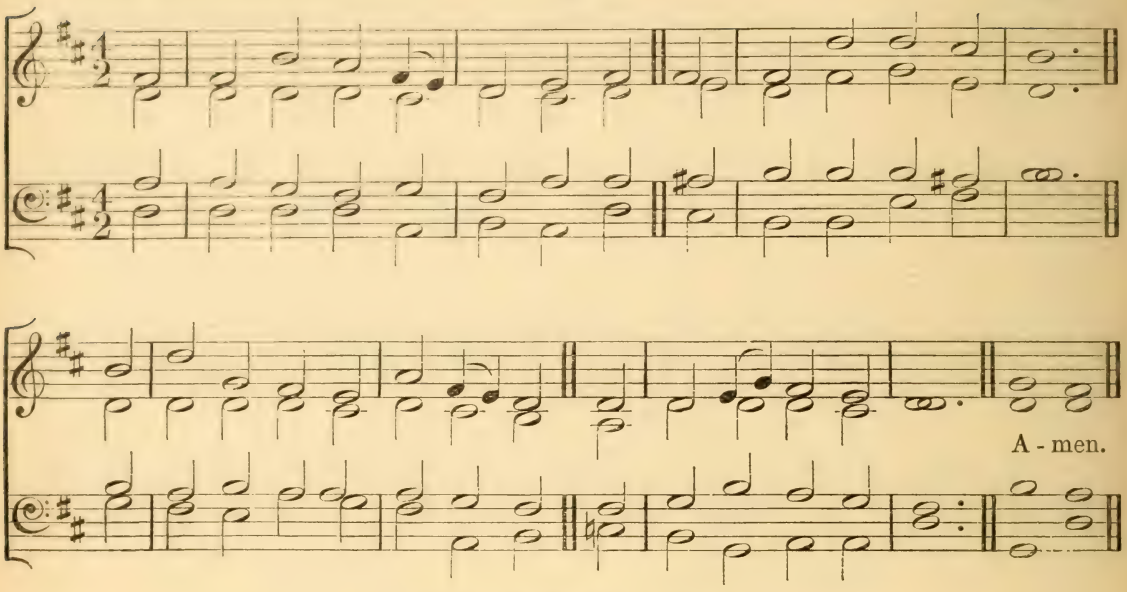
f THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

ff Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
mf Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

ff Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

221. ST. MONICA. C.M. M. ROCK.



"The first day of the week."—ACTS xx. 7.

mf BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
A day of joy and praise;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
The first and best of days.

ff This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead;
And, as a conqueror, His foes
In glorious triumph led.

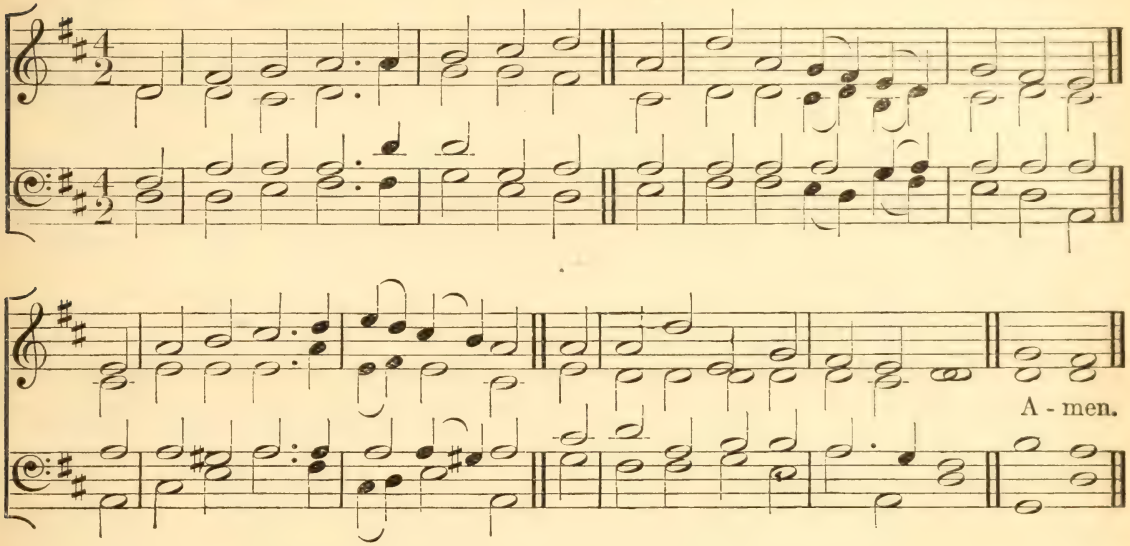
mf This day of days doth saints enrich,
And smiles upon them all:
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.

As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
cr So they who do the Sabbath love
A happy week shall find. Amen.

222. TRURO.

L.M.

C. Burney



"*Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work.*"—Psalm xcii. 4.

f Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

p Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

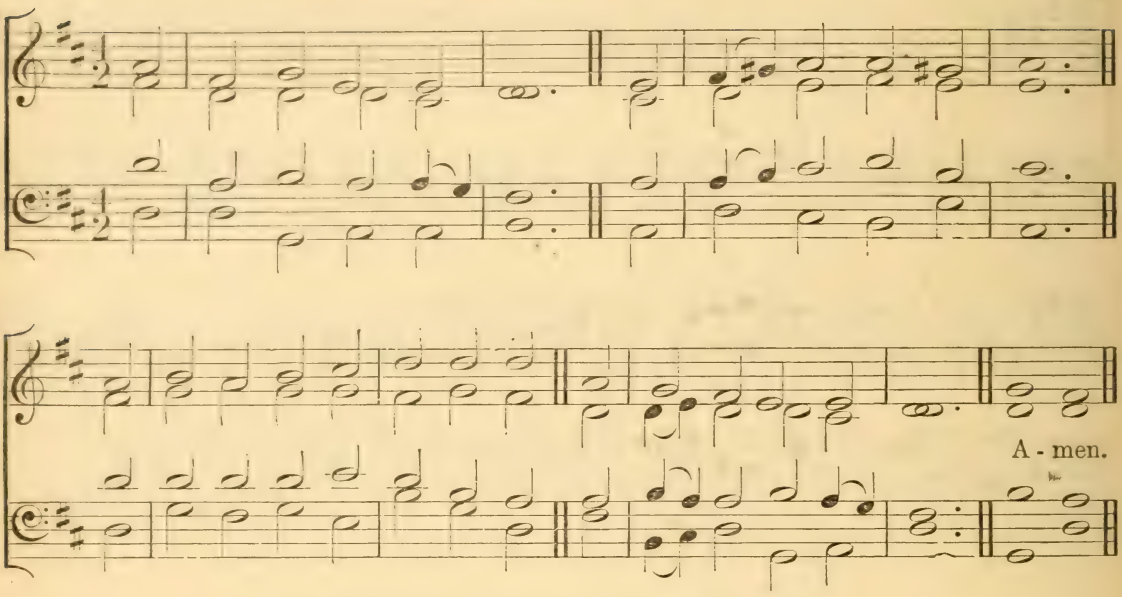
f My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

mf And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
cr And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

f Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

223. SWABIA.

S.M.



"*Praise ye Him, all His angels.*"—PSALM cxlviii. 2.

mp OUR day of praise is done;
di The evening shadows fall;
cr But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

f Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
f But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

mf Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

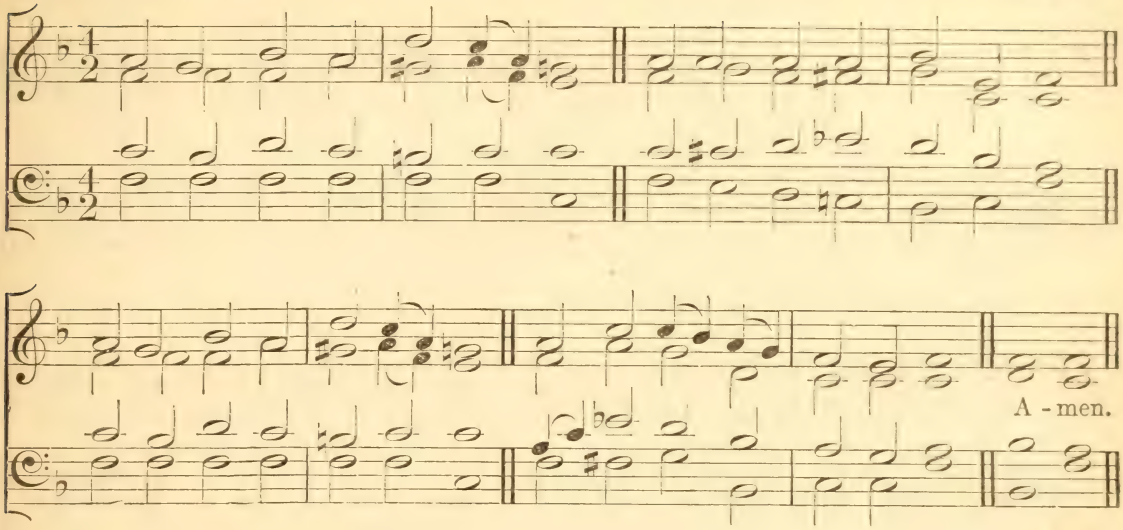
'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
cr And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

f A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

224. WEBER.

7s.

WEBER.



"*We which have believed do enter into rest.*"—HEBREWS iv. 3.

mf ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
cr Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
di At Thy feet we bow the knee.

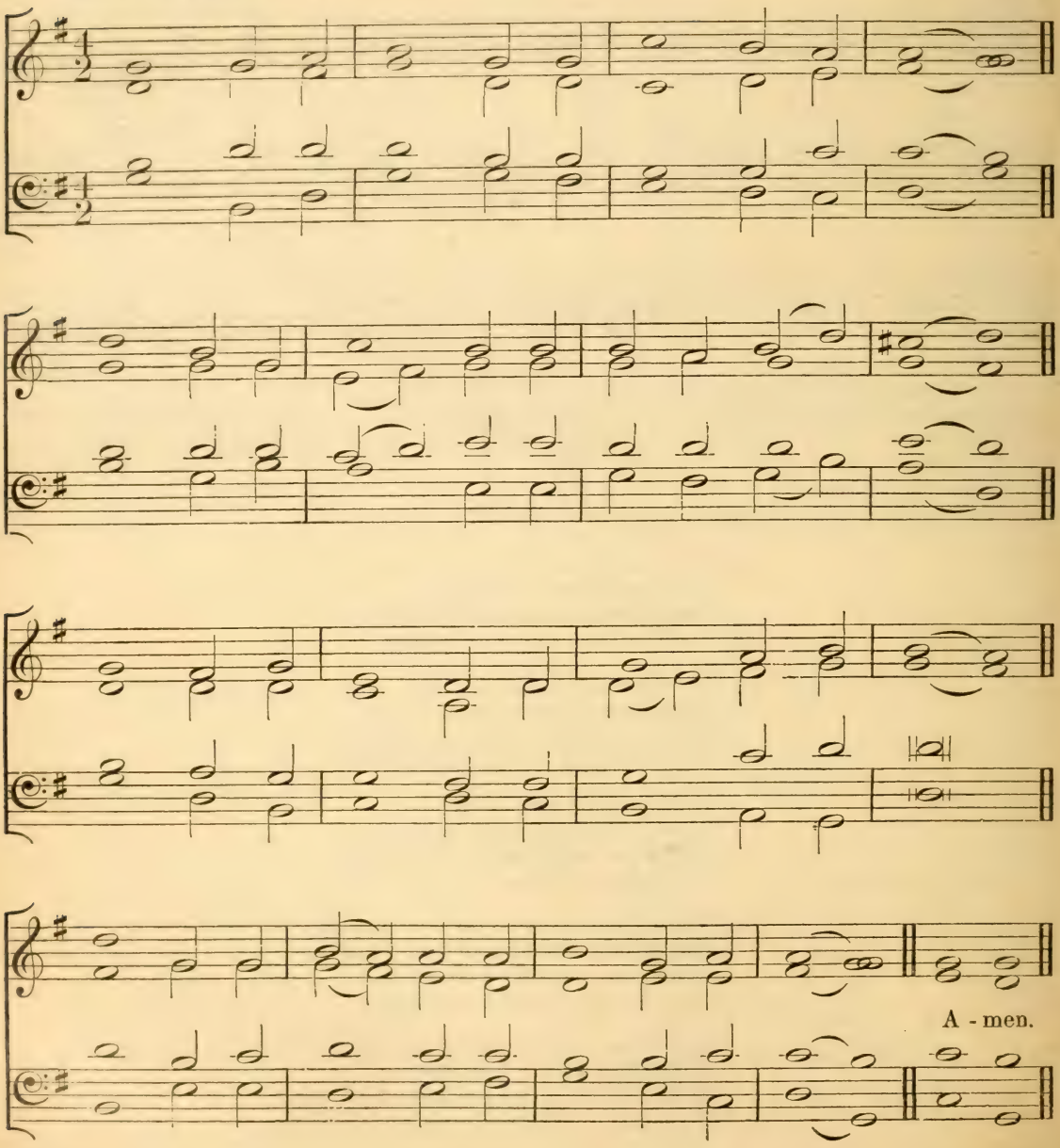
mf For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
f Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

p Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive,
By Thy grace alone we live.

mf Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

f Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end. Amen.

225. O QUANTA QUALIA. 10s. From La Feuillée.



"*There remaineth therefore a sabbath rest for the people of God.*" (R.V.)—HEBREWS iv. 9.

mf WHAT are those Sabbaths of joy without end,
Angels in light and the glorified spend:
mp Rest for the weary; for victors reward;
f There God Himself all and in all adored?

mf Who is the Monarch? who circle His throne?
p What is the calm restful bliss of His own?
mf Tell us, ye blessèd ones worshipping there,
Tell us, if words can your rapture declare.

Oh true Jerusalem, city most bright,
Whose perfect peace is eternal delight:
Longings in thee are fulfill'd, ere express'd;
More than was long'd for embraced and possess'd.

Troubles all past, in the courts of our King
We without fear Zion's anthems shall sing,
Off'ring Thee, Lord, in Thy presence above
Love's pure responses for gifts of Thy love.

cr There never Sabbath to Sabbath gives place:
One is their Sabbath who gaze on Thy face.
f There never cease heaven's jubilee songs,
mp Chanted by saints and by sweet angel tongues.

cr Meantime in heart and with faith-wingèd prayers
Seek we our Fatherland yonder and theirs;
mf While to Jerusalem bounden we roam,
Exiles returning from Babylon home

p Now before Him we adoringly fall,
cr Of whom and through whom and in whom are all;
mf Of whom the Father, and through whom the Son,
In whom the Spirit of Both, ever One. Amen.

See also Hymns 95, 249, 369 370, 373.

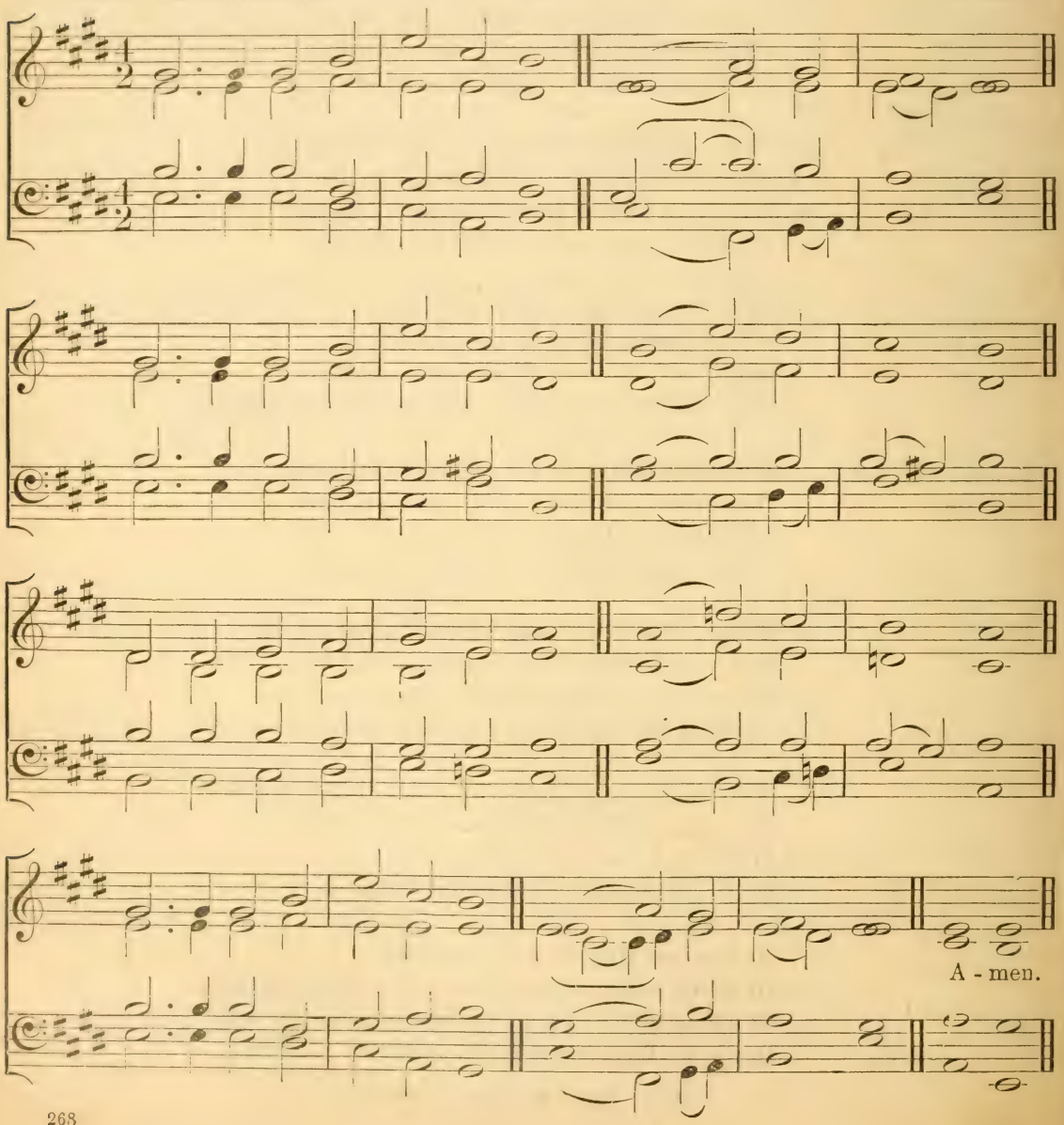
"Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the glory of the Father.'

"May we also in heart and mind thither ascend."

226. ASCENSION.

7s.

S. Reay.



The Ascension: Heaven.

"*Thou hast ascended on high.*"—PSALM lxviii. 18.

f HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah!
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes; Hallelujah!
p Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hallelujah!
f Re-ascends His native heaven. Hallelujah!

ff There the glorious triumph waits; Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Hallelujah!
Wide unfold the radiant scene, Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

f Him though highest heaven receives, Hallelujah!
mp Still He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!
f Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
mp Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

mp See, He lifts His hands above; Hallelujah!
See, He shows the prints of love; Hallelujah!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow Hallelujah!
Blessings on His church below. Hallelujah!

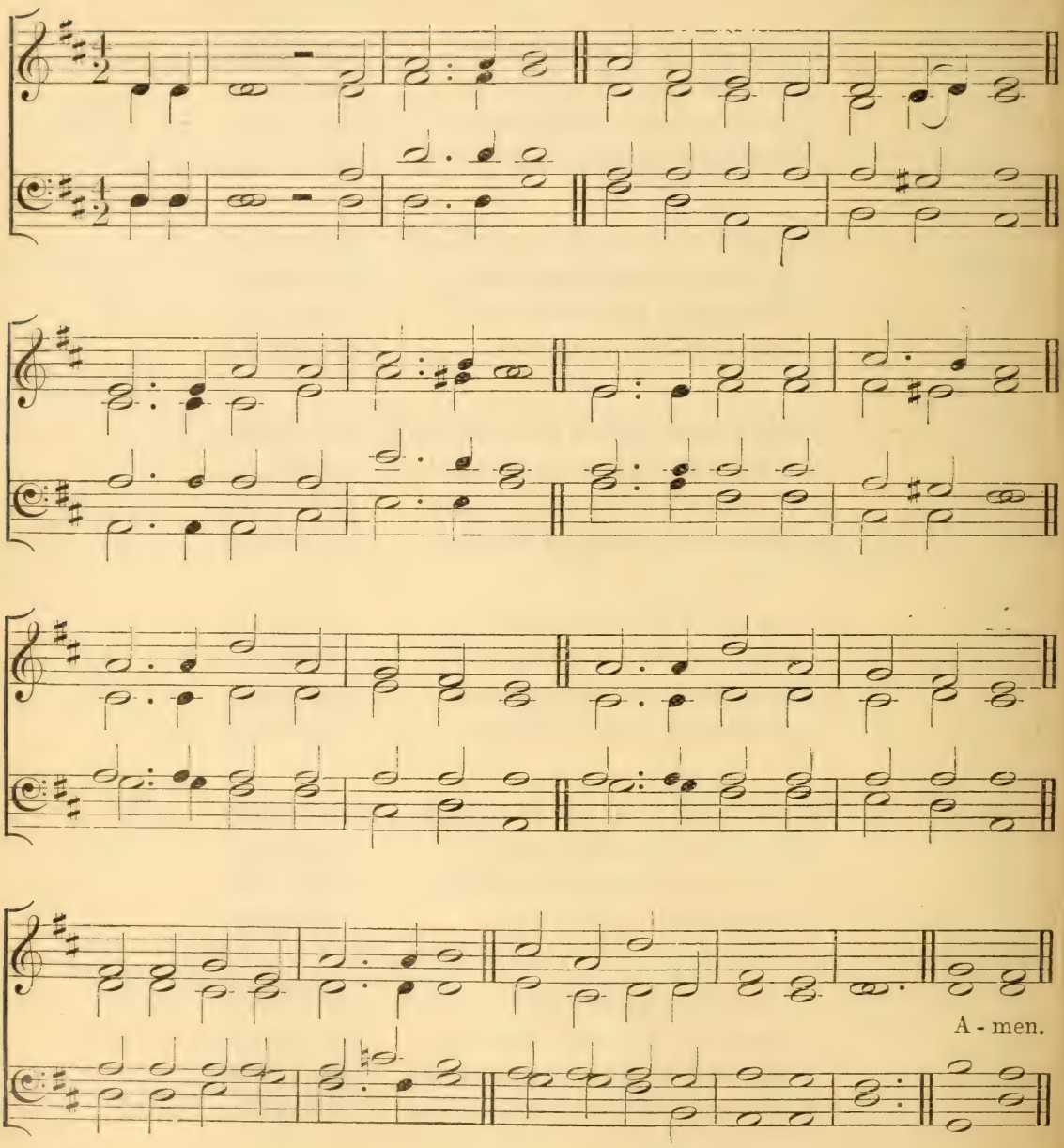
mf Still for us His death He pleads; Hallelujah!
Prevalent, He intercedes; Hallelujah!
cr Near Himself prepares our place, Hallelujah!
f Harbinger of human race. Hallelujah!

cr Lord, though parted from our sight, Hallelujah!
High above yon azure height, Hallelujah!
f Grant our hearts may thither rise, Hallelujah!
ff Following Thee beyond the skies. Hallelujah! Amen.

227. ST. PATRICK.

D. 7s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



The Ascension: Heaven.

"He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."—ACTS i. 9.

p HE is gone. (*cr*) A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
f High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Pass'd into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

p He is gone. And we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
cr We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

p He is gone. (*cr*) We heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
mf Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
f No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

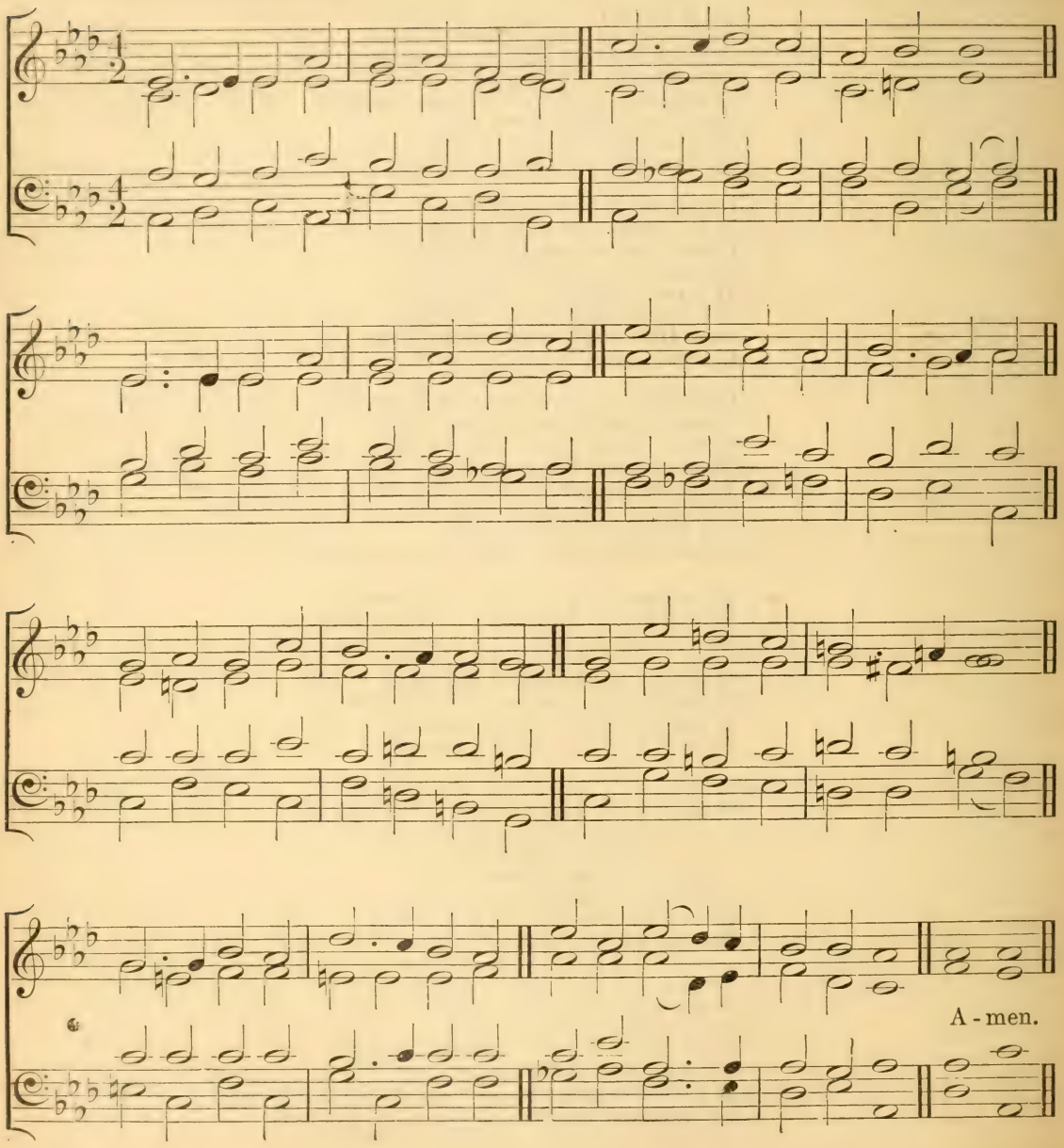
p He is gone. (*cr*) Towards the goal
World and church must onward roll:
f Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

p He is gone. (*cr*) But we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
f In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
p In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

p He is gone. (*cr*) But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
f He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
Where our peace in Him we find,
ff To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

228. PAULINZELLE.

D. 8s. 7s. — JOHN HOPKINS.



The Ascension: Heaven.

"The Father of glory set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places."—EPHESIANS i. 17, 20.

mf GLORY to the King of Glory!
Thou hast raised Thine only Son
With creation's Hallelujahs
To Thy bosom and Thy Throne;
cr And the echo of that triumph
Through the centuries of years,
f Gathering strength with lapse of ages,
Falls to-day upon our ears.

p Lo, the Lamb of God, for sinners
On the altar sacrificed,
f In the brightness of Thy presence
Lives for ever Lord and Christ.
Lo, our great High Priest is pleading
At the blood-stain'd mercy-seat
All the love of His atonement,
Fragrance infinitely sweet.

mf Jesus, Heir of all things, enters
On His heritage of bliss;
His the glory and the blessing,
His the power, the wisdom His:
Jesus reigns, and warrior angels
Strike their harps and sheathe their swords,
Crowning Him the mighty Victor,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Who shall fix decline or limit,
To His government's increase,
Father of the age of ages,
Prince omnipotent of peace?
Who the infinite horizon
Of His royalty shall span,
On the throne of all dominion,
Son of God and Son of Man?

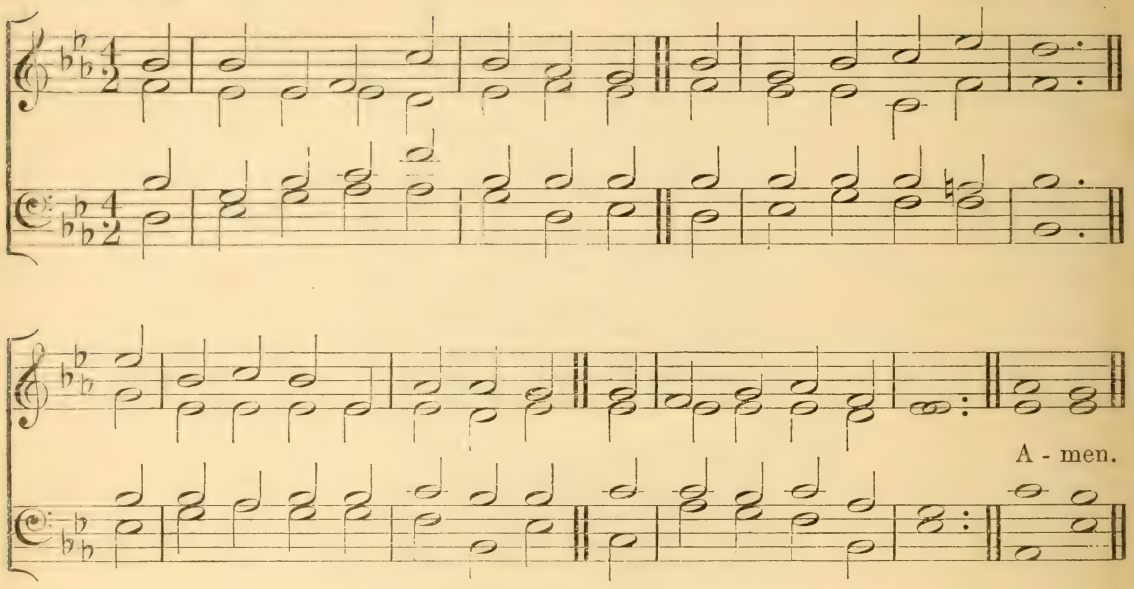
f Yea, amen. Thy church triumphant
And Thy pilgrim church on earth
Hail this day of Thine espousals
And the new creation's birth:
Through the firmament of glory
Ring their everlasting songs;
p Ours are from the desert rising,
Feeble voices, faltering tongues.

mp God, our God, Thou wilt not leave us
In this far-off wilderness,
Lonely mourners for the Bridegroom,
Orphan children comfortless:
cr Send Thy Comforter, the Spirit,
Till our frail hearts heavenward rise,
mf And we dwell where our Redeemer
Dwells with Thee beyond the skies. Amen.

229. ST. FULBERT.

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"Thou hast crowned Him with glory and honour."—PSALM viii. 5.

mp THE Head, that once was crown'd with thorns,
f Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

ff The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords
And heaven's eternal light.

mf The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

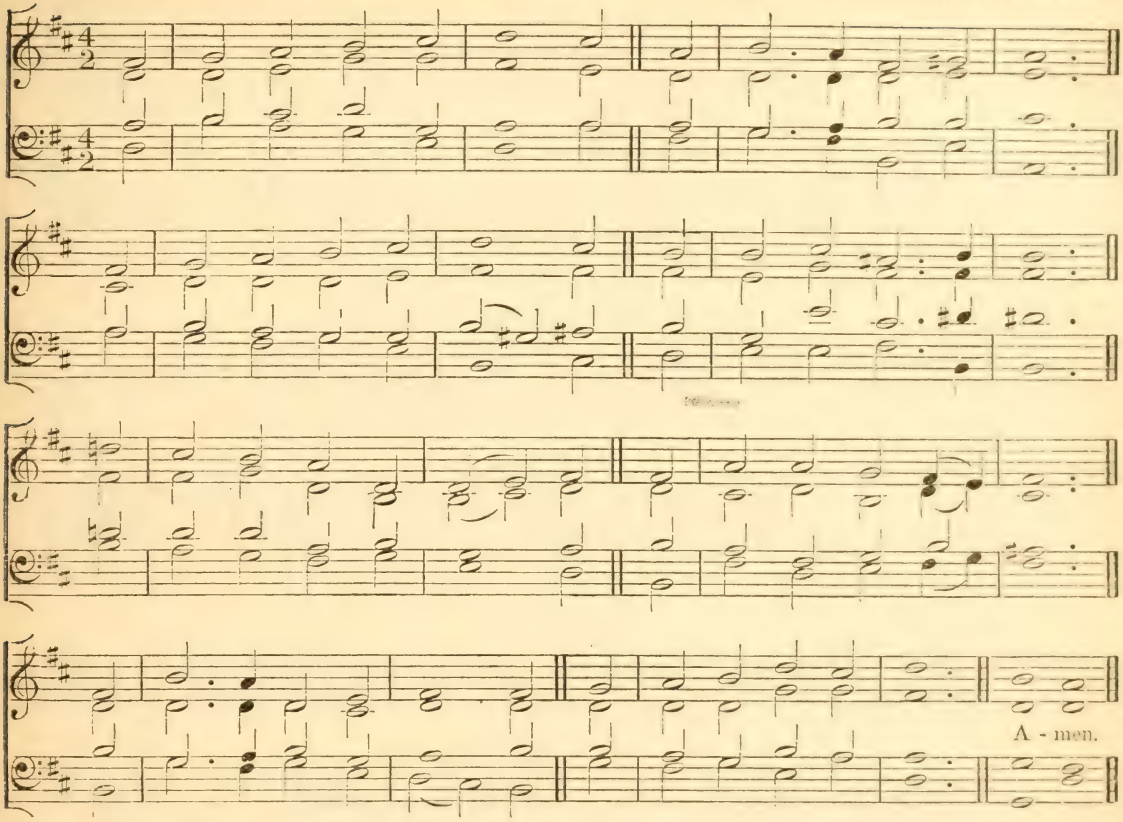
p To them the cross with all its shame,
cr With all its grace is given;
f Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

p They suffer with their Lord below,
f They reign with Him above,
mf Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
f His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

230. ST. BASIL THE GREAT. D. 7s. 6s.

C. V. STANFORD.



"Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." —ACTS vii. 56.

f O CHRIST, Thou hast ascended
Triumphantly on high,
By cherub guards attended
And armies of the sky:
mf Let earth tell forth the story,—
cr Our very flesh and bone,
f Emmanuel, in glory,
Ascends His Father's throne.

mf Heaven's gates unfold above Thee:
di But canst Thou, Lord, forget
The little band who love Thee
And gaze from Olivet?
p Nay, on Thy breast engraven
Thou bearest every name,
cr Our Priest in earth and heaven
Eternally the same.

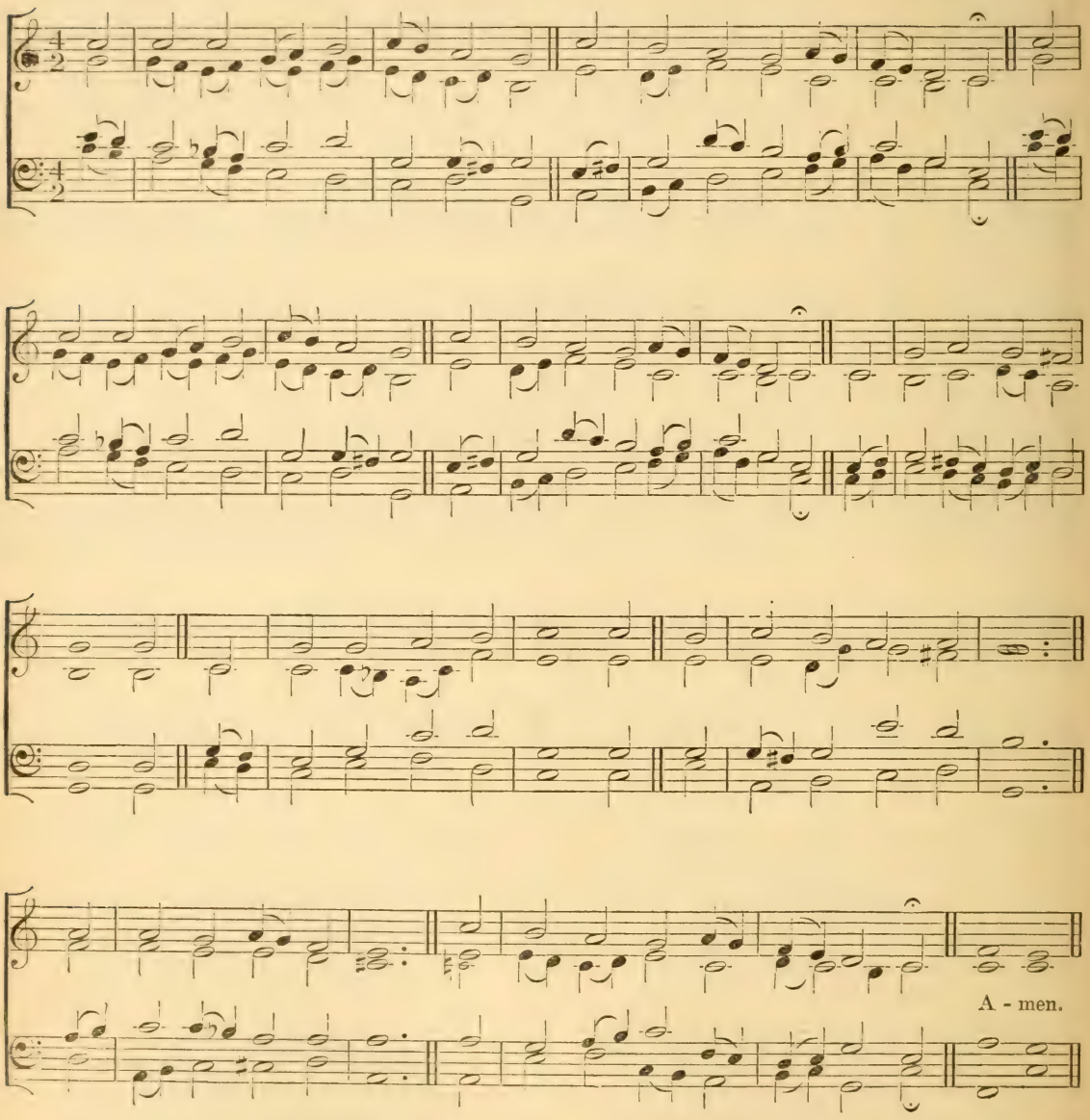
p There, there Thou standest pleading
The virtue of Thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with God;
And every changeful fashion
Of our brief joys and cares
Finds thought in Thy compassion
And echo in Thy prayers.

cr Oh, for the priceless merit
Of Thy redeeming cross,
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold Spirit
And turn to gain our loss;
f Till we by strong endeavour
In heart and mind ascend
And dwell with Thee for ever
In glories without end. Amen.

231. EIN' FESTE BURG.*

P.M.

German Chorale.



* For simpler Arrangement of this Tune see Hymn No. 63.

The Ascension: Heaven.

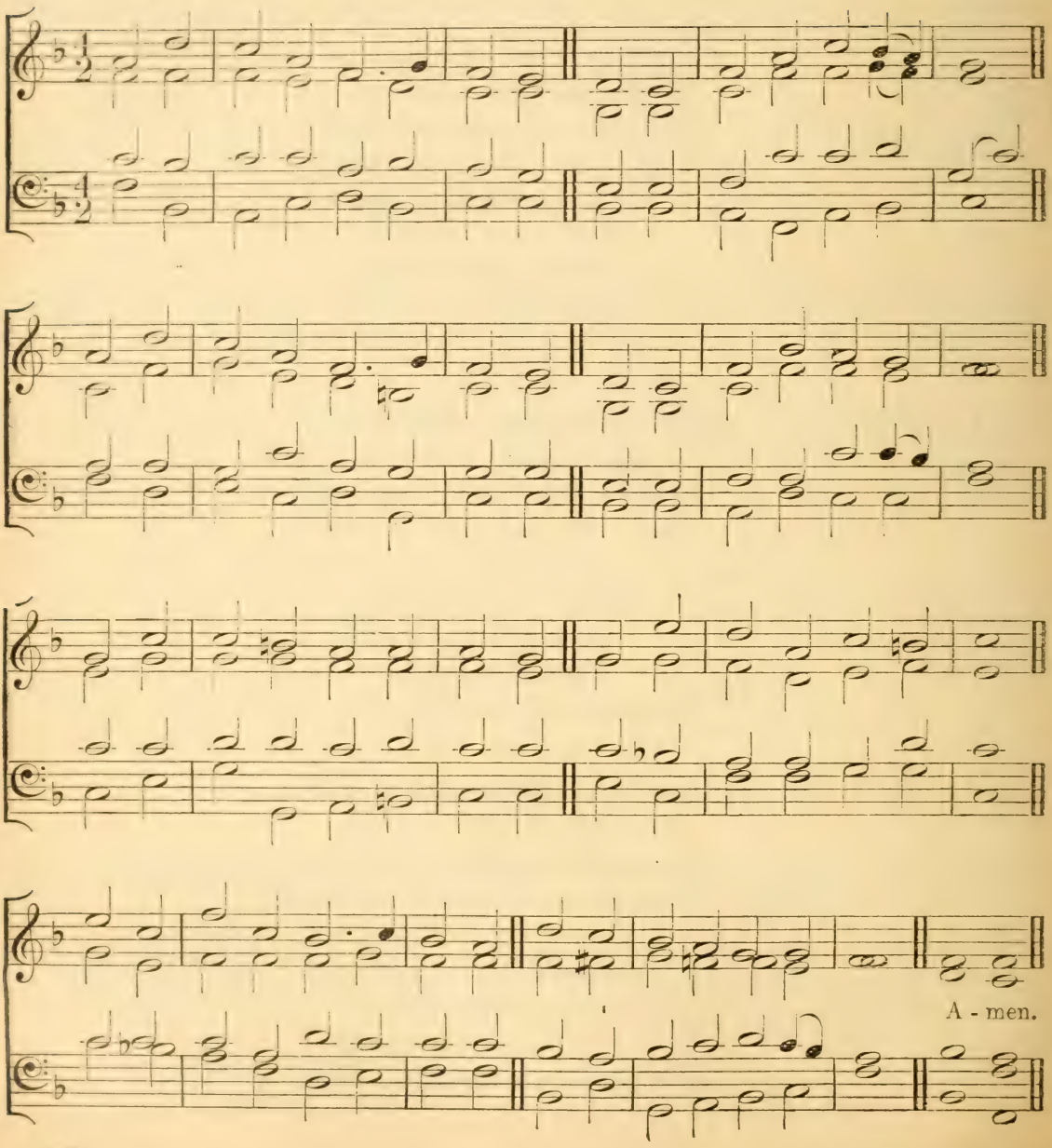
"*The King of glory shall come in.*"—PSALM xxiv. 7.

f LIFT up your heads, eternal gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way:
The King, the King of glory comes,
Ascending to His throne to-day!
mp Who is the King of glory?
cr Who is the King of glory?
f It is the Lord of might,
The Victor in the fight,
Triumphant o'er the powers of night.

mf Lift up your heads, eternal gates;
Ye gates of pearl, and streets of gold;
f The King, the King of glory comes;
Before His chariot-wheels unfold!
mp Who is the King of glory?
cr Who is the King of glory?
f The Lord of hosts is He,
The God of Majesty
He is the King eternally.

mf Now with the Father, God most High,
And with the Spirit, ever one,
The angels own the Christ, the King,
And bow before His shining throne.
ff He is the King of glory,
He is the King of glory!
Him let all earth adore;
To Him our praises pour,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

232. [Part I.] **BETHANY.** D. 8s. 7s. Henry Smart.



The Ascension: Heaven.

"His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory."—PSALM xcviii. 1

PART I.

f SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot,
To the heavenly palace gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel voices
Joyful Hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted,
To receive their heavenly King.

mf Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
p Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gain'd the victory;
p He who on the cross did suffer,
cr He who from the grave arose,
f He has vanquish'd sin and Satan,
He by death has spoil'd His foes.

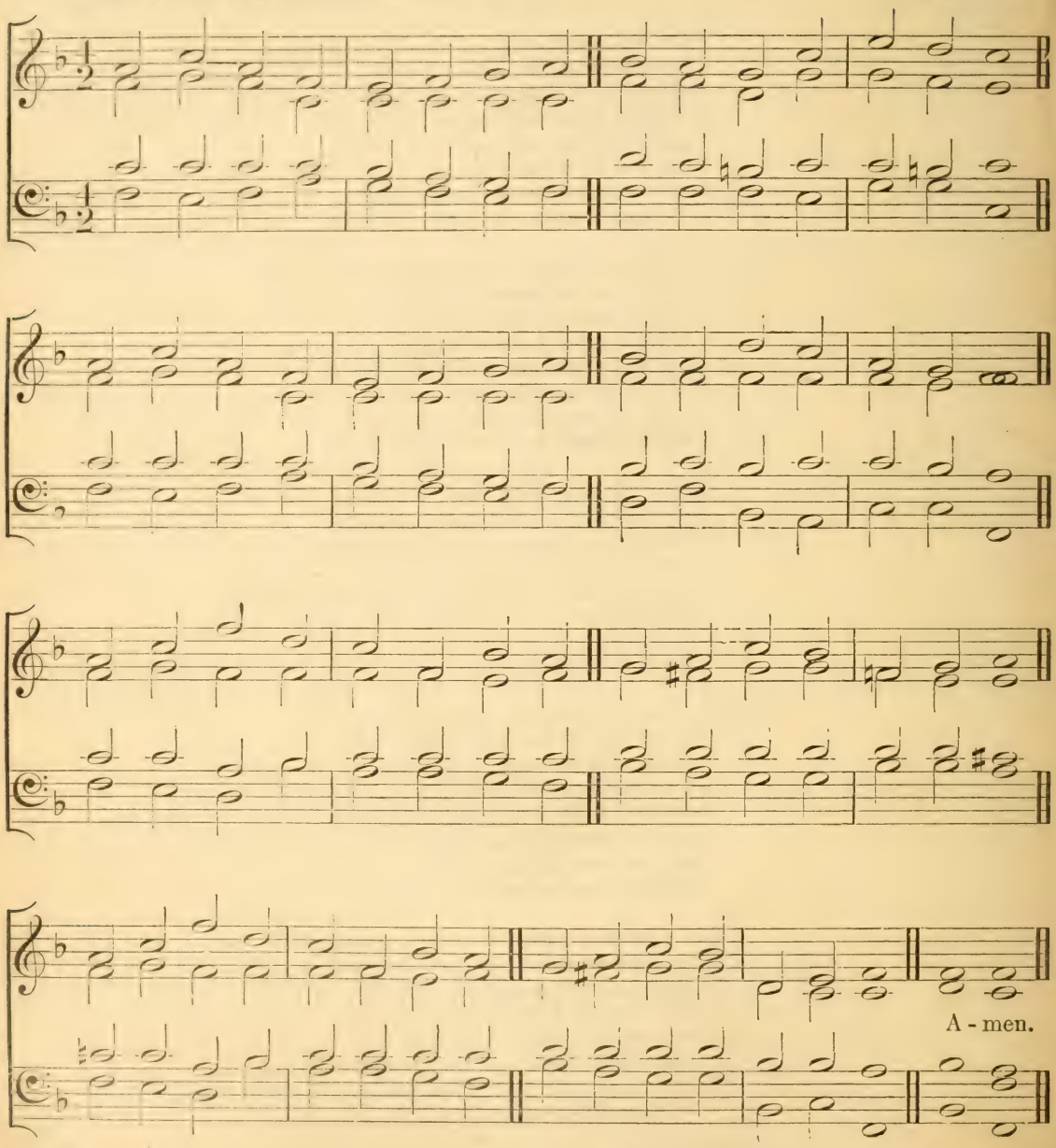
mf While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walk'd with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

mp Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood within the veil;
mf Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail:
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

f Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
ff Jesus reigns adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

If Doxology be used the words will be found on p. 28.

232. [Part II.] **DEERHURST.** D. 8s. 7s. J. Langran.



PART II.

mf Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes;
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see beyond the skies,
cr Where the Son of man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army,
Succouring His faithful band.

See Him who is gone before us,
f Heavenly mansions to prepare,
mp See Him, who is ever pleading
For us, with prevailing prayer;
ff See Him, who with sound of trumpet
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds will come again.

cr Raise us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.

f So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renew'd like eagles,
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

Doxology to be sung at the end of either part.

ff Glory be to God the Father:
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To One God in Persons Three,
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be. Amen.

233. WAREHAM.

L.M.

W. KNAPP.

A - men.

"We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens."—HEBREWS iv. 15.

f WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

p He, who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
cr Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

mf Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

mp Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
di And still remembers in the skies
pp His tears, His agonies, and cries.

mp In every pang, that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
cr He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

f With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

234. OLIVET.

D.S.M. J. B. DYKES.

f *mf* *cres.* *ff* *p* *cres.* *dim.* *rall.* A - men.

"He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens."—EPHESIANS iv. 10.

f THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
cr Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

f Thou art gone up on high:
p But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
cr To pass unto Thy crown:

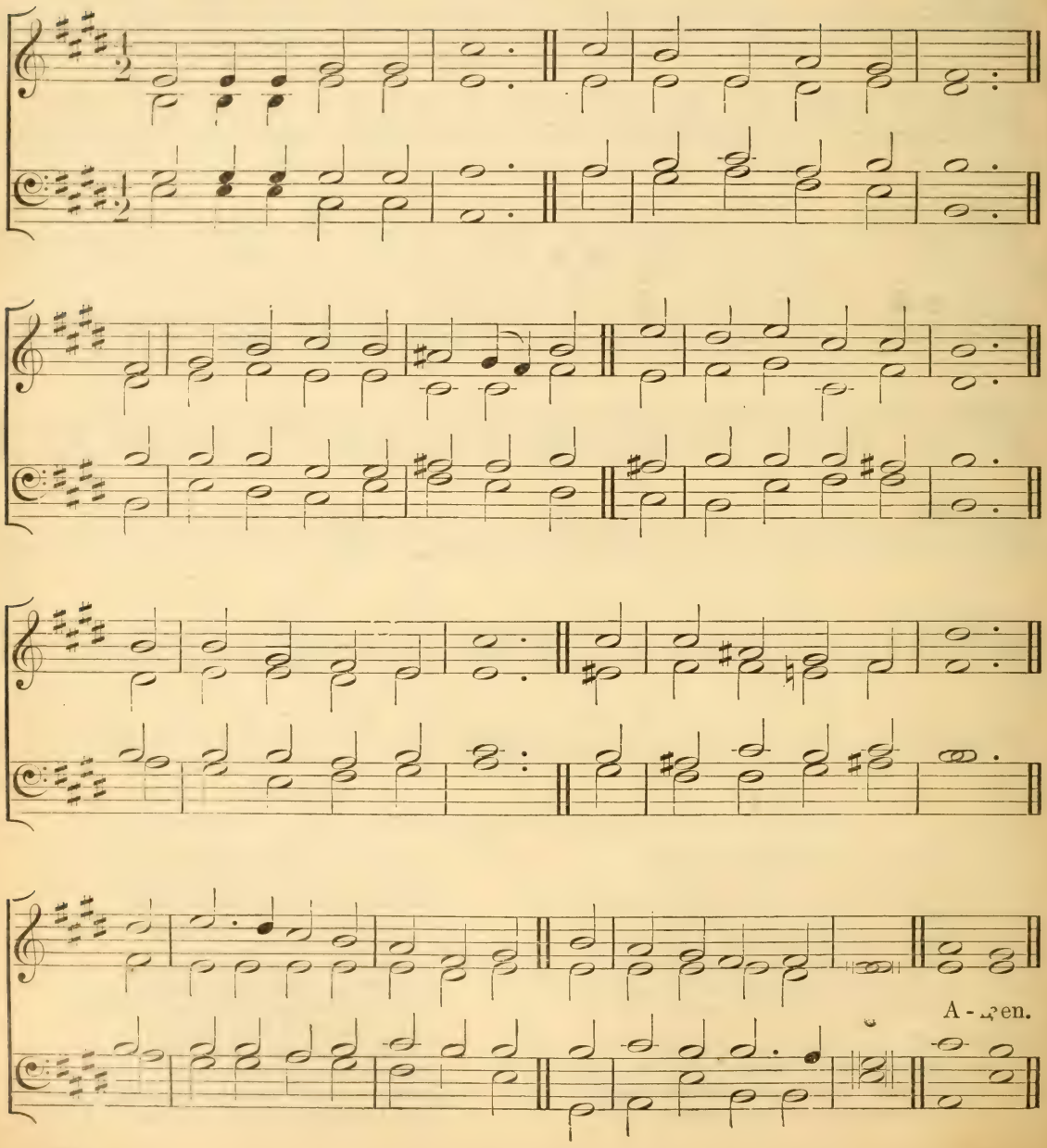
mp And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
cr But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

f Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
mf Oh by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
cr That we may stand in that dread hour,
f At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

235. DIADEMATA.

D.S.M.

G. Elvey.



"*And on His head were many crowns.*"—REVELATION xix. 12.

f CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
p Of Him who died for thee,
cr And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

f Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose conquering arm those trophies won
Which now His brow adorn;
The Shiloh long foretold,
The Branch of Jesse's stem;
The Shepherd King of Israel's fold,
p The Babe of Bethlehem.

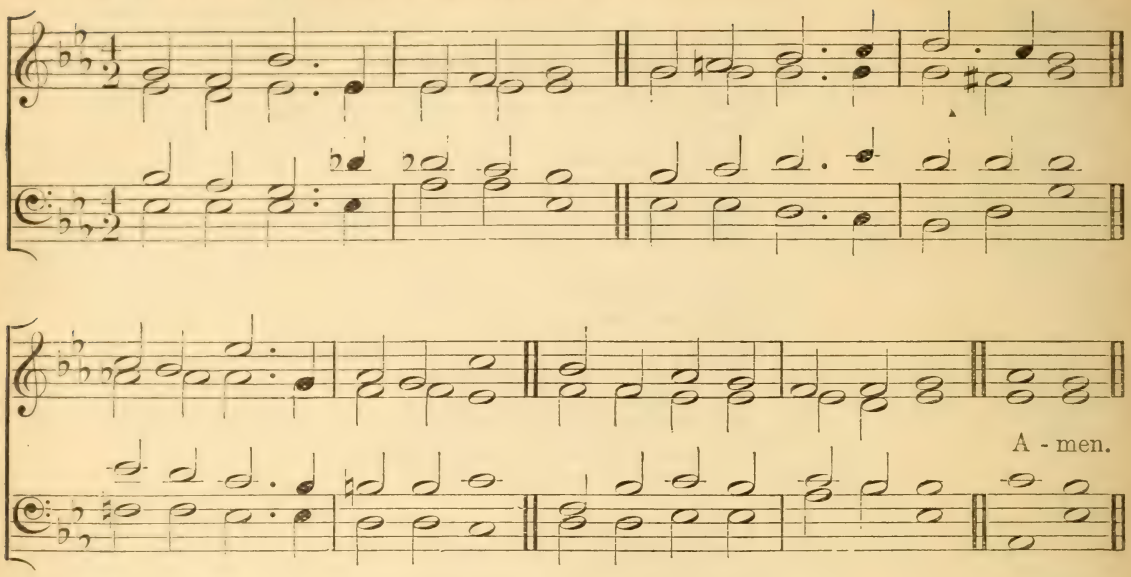
mf Crown Him the Lord of love,
p Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
pp No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

mf Crown Him the Lord of peace,
cr Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
f His reign shall know no end,
p And round His pierced feet
cr Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

ff Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder Triune throne:
f All hail, Redeemer, hail!
p For Thou hast died for me:
ff Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

236. CRUCIFIED AND CROWNED. 7s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory."—HEBREWS ii. 9.

mf WEARIED in the strife of sin,
Foes without and fears within,
Listen, look, I hear, I see
p Jesus, crucified for me.

mp Listen, how He pleads "Forgive;"
Look, my soul, on Him and live:
All my guilt on Jesus laid,
Perfect reconcilement made.

Counting all the world but loss,
Let me clasp the blood-stain'd cross;
cr What can sinners crave beside
p Jesus only, crucified?

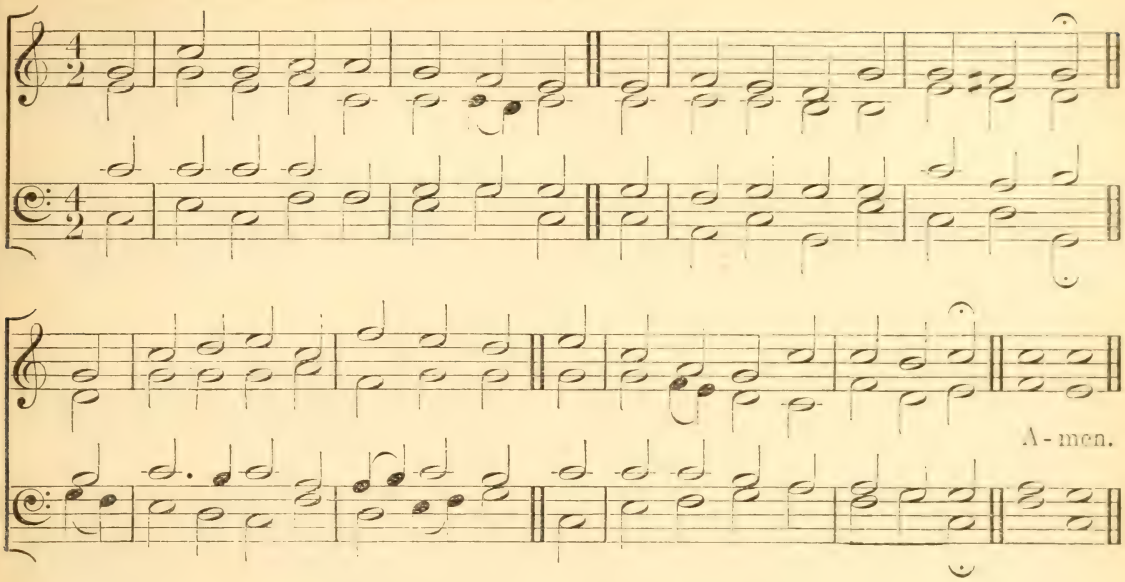
cr Resting in His love, forgiven,
Thoughts will come of home and heaven:
mf Listen, look, I hear, I see
Jesus crown'd, and crown'd for me.

f Listen to His mighty prayer:
He would have me with Him there,
With the saints before His throne,
Clothed in glory like His own.

ff Look, He reigns for ever now:
Many crowns are on His brow:
By His Father's side adored
Priest and King and God and Lord.

di Yea, amen, Thy will be done,
All my prayers are breathed in one:
p Jesus, let me rest in Thee,
Crucified and crowned for me. Amen.

237. WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.



"*His glory is great in Thy salvation.*"—PSALM xxi. 5.

f O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to Thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be:
Eternal praise of right is Thine.

p Reign, Prince of life, who once Thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
f Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God firstborn.

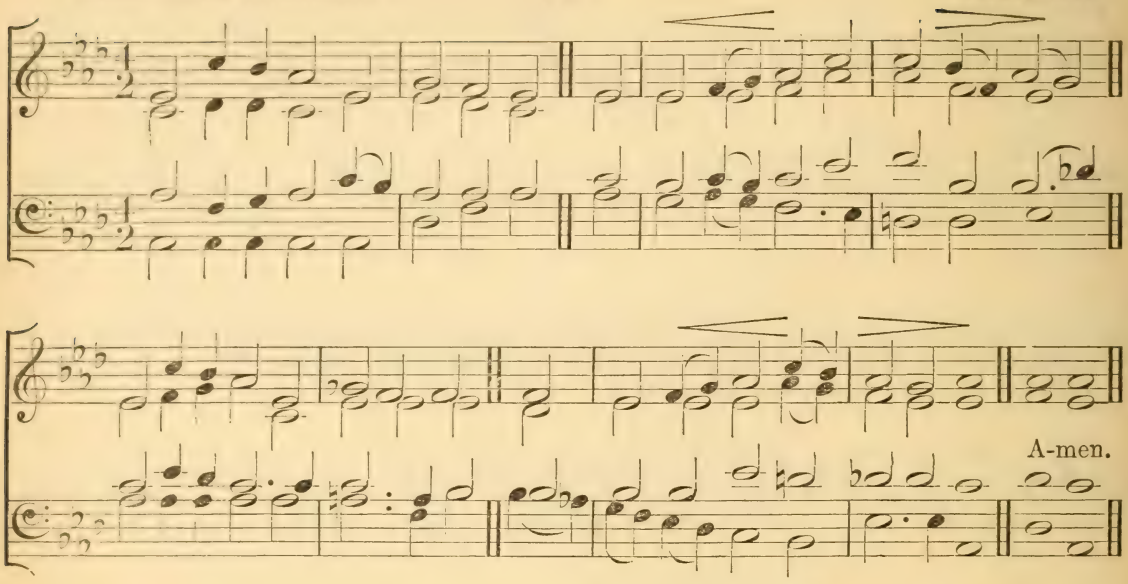
mf From angel hosts, that round Thee stand
With forms more pure than spotless snow
cr From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

f To Thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honour to Thy name belongs:
Our lips would sound it to the skies

ff Jesus,—all earth shall speak the word
Jesus,—all heaven resound it still:
Emmanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the universe shall fill. Amen.

238. CUM CHRISTO

L.M. ARTHUR PAGE.



"Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am."—JOHN xvii. 24.

mf LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
cr Then only will this longing heart
f Be fully and for ever blest.

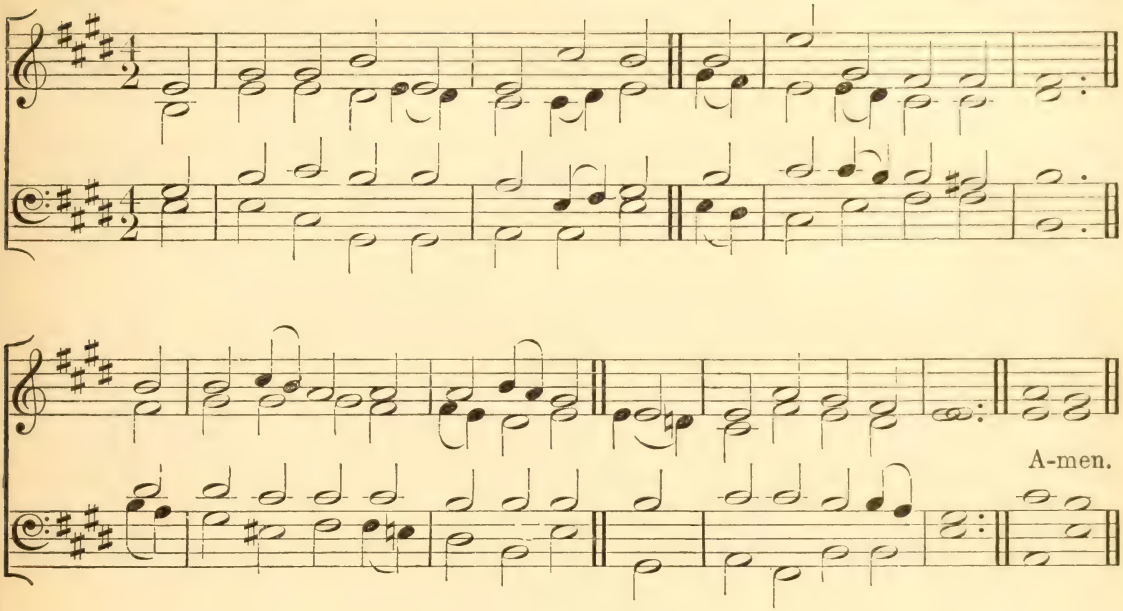
mf Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
p Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

mp Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore:
p Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

mf Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
cr There neither death nor life will part
f Me from Thy presence and Thy love. Amen.

239. SOUTHWELL.

C.M. H. S. IRONS.



"*That great city, the Holy Jerusalem.*"—REVELATION xxi. 10.

mf JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
cr When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

mf When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know: scenes
cr Blest seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you.

mf Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
f I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

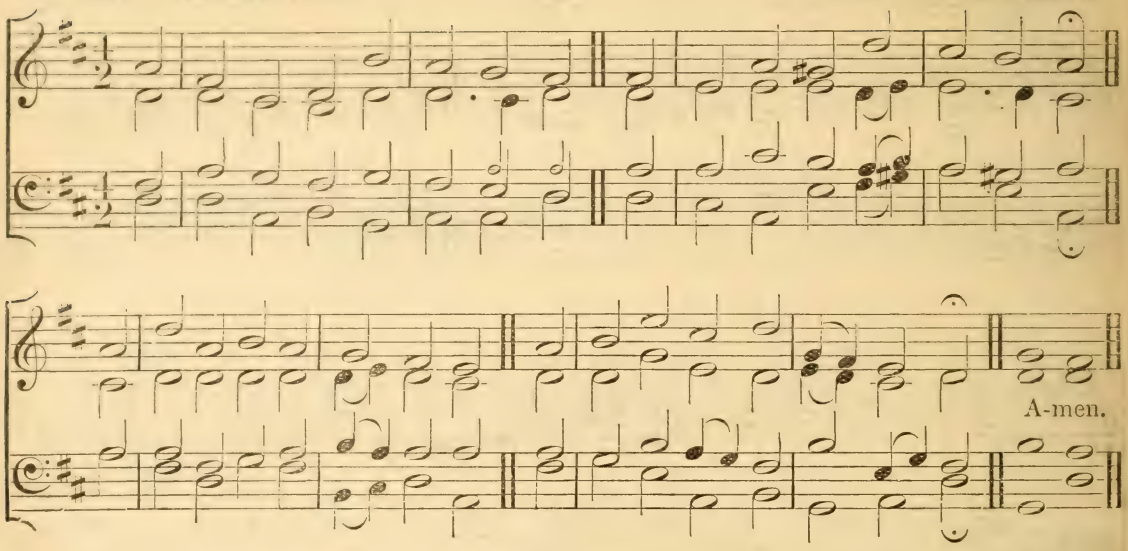
Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

mf Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
cr Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

240. DEVONSHIRE.

L.M.

C. F. LAMPE.



"They confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—HEBREWS xi. 13.

mf As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still;

cr Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

f The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

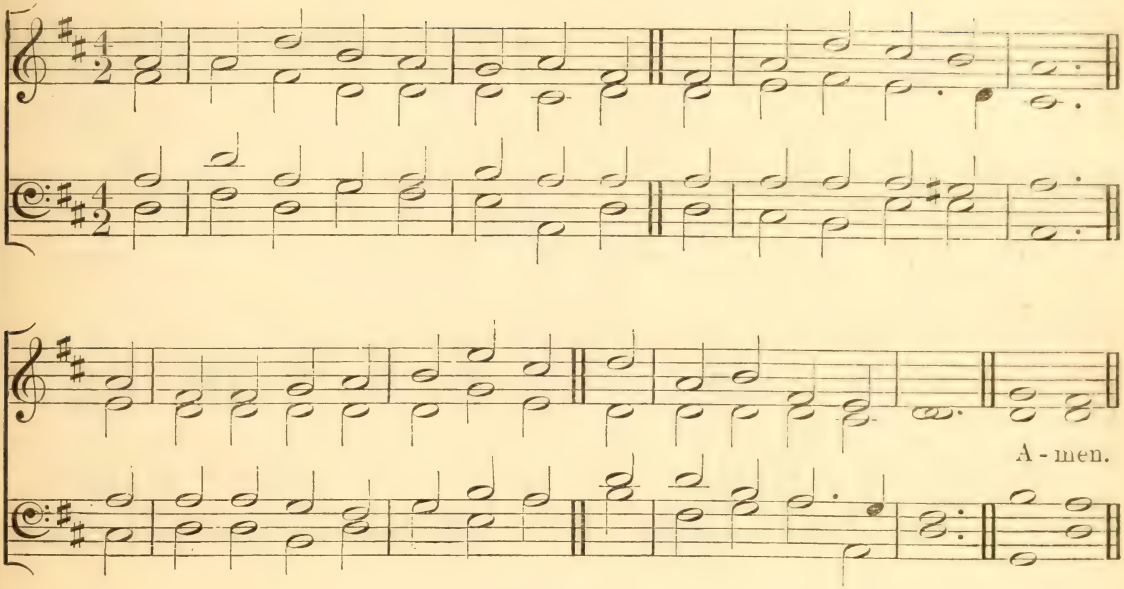
mf 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day:
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
mp And God shall wipe my tears away.

mf Jesus, on Thee our hope depends
To lead us on to Thine abode;
f Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road. **Amen.**

241. BYZANTIUM.

C.M.

T. JACKSON.



"They desire a better country."—HEBREWS XI. 16.

f THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

mf There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
p Death like a narrow sea divides
That heavenly land from ours.

cr Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

p But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

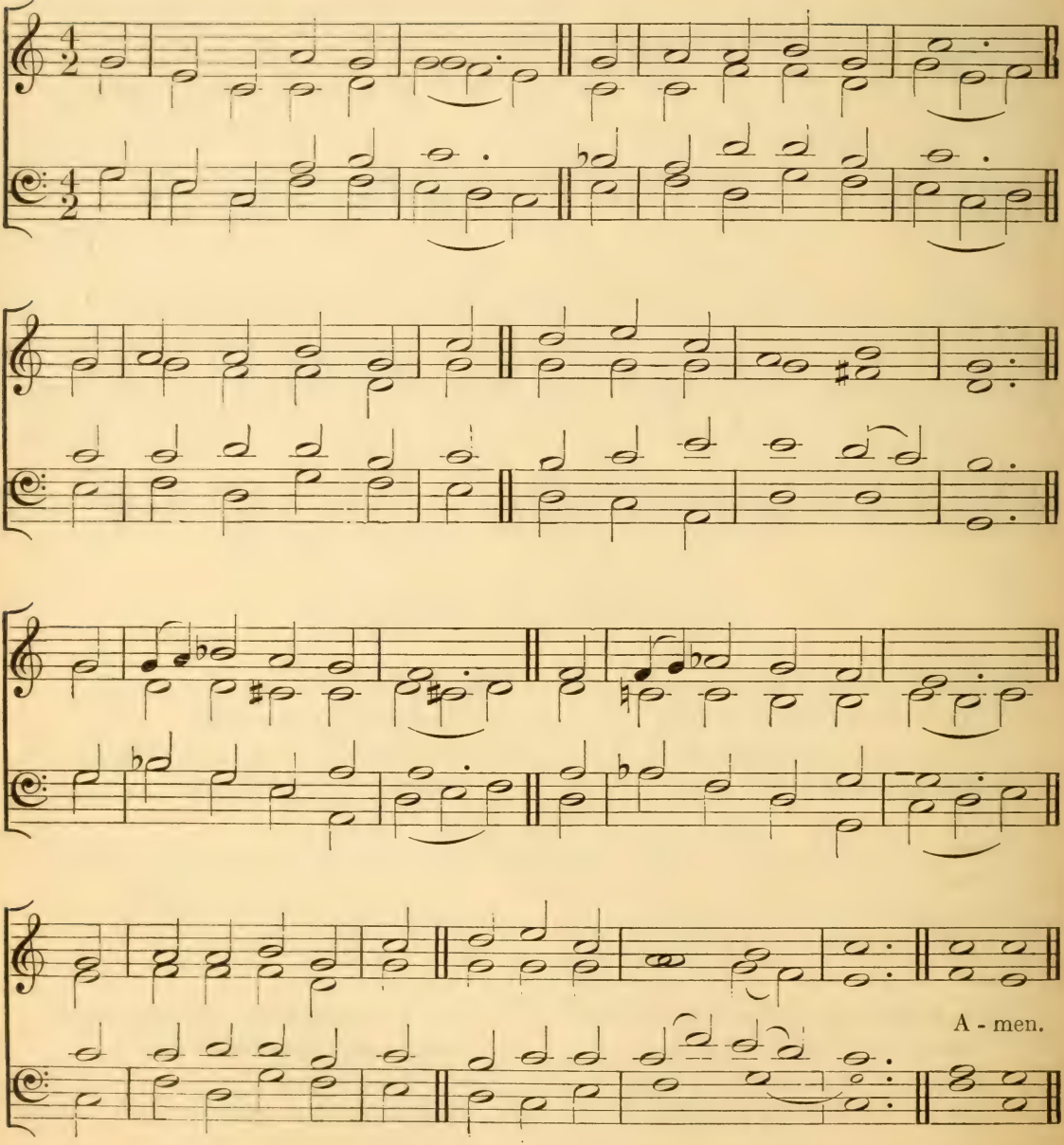
cr Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

f Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

242. ASHBROOKE.

6s.

GEORGE F. VINCENT.



The Ascension: Heaven.

"*In My Father's house are many mansions.*'—JOHN xiv. 2

mf THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
cr Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
f And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

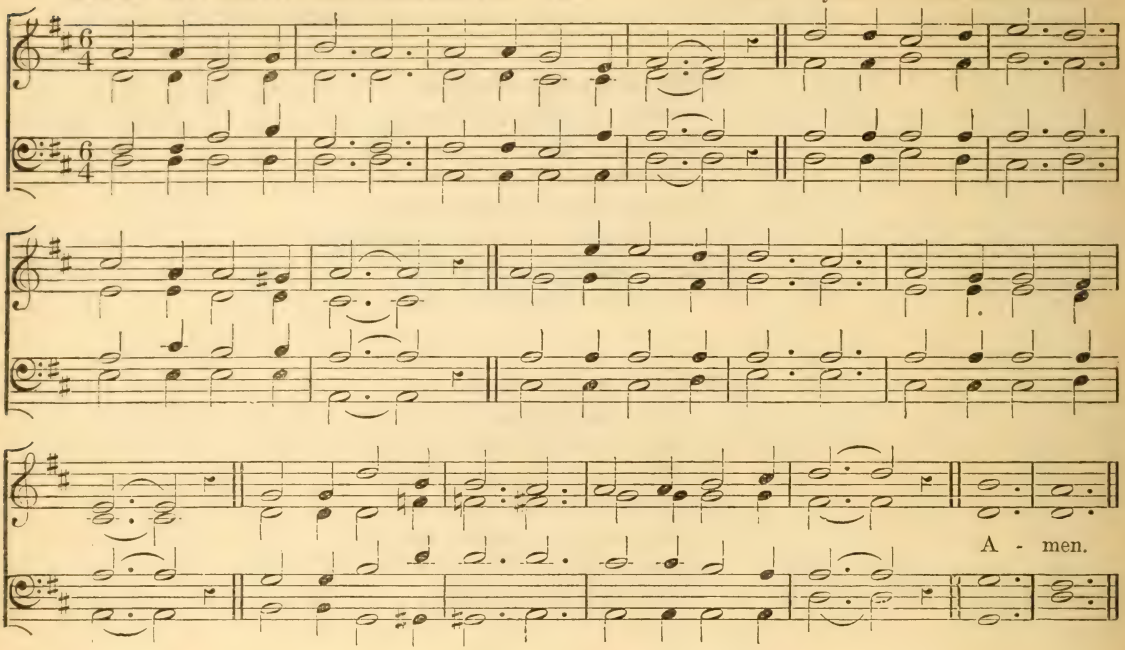
mp There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
ff Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

mf Oh joy all joys beyond,
p To see the Lamb who died,
cr For ever there enthroned,
For ever glorified;
f To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

mf Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
p The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
cr Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
f His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

243. ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. 11s.

From "Hymns of the Eastern Church."



"*He that overcometh shall inherit all things.*"—REVELATION xxi. 7.

f THOSE eternal bowers man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them after weary fight?
Who at length attain them, clad in robes of white?

p He who wakes from slumber at the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden down at Jesus' cross,—
Christ's reproach his guerdon, all beside but loss.

cr He who gladly barters all on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs, says "I will be crown'd:"
He whose one oblation is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation to the blest above.

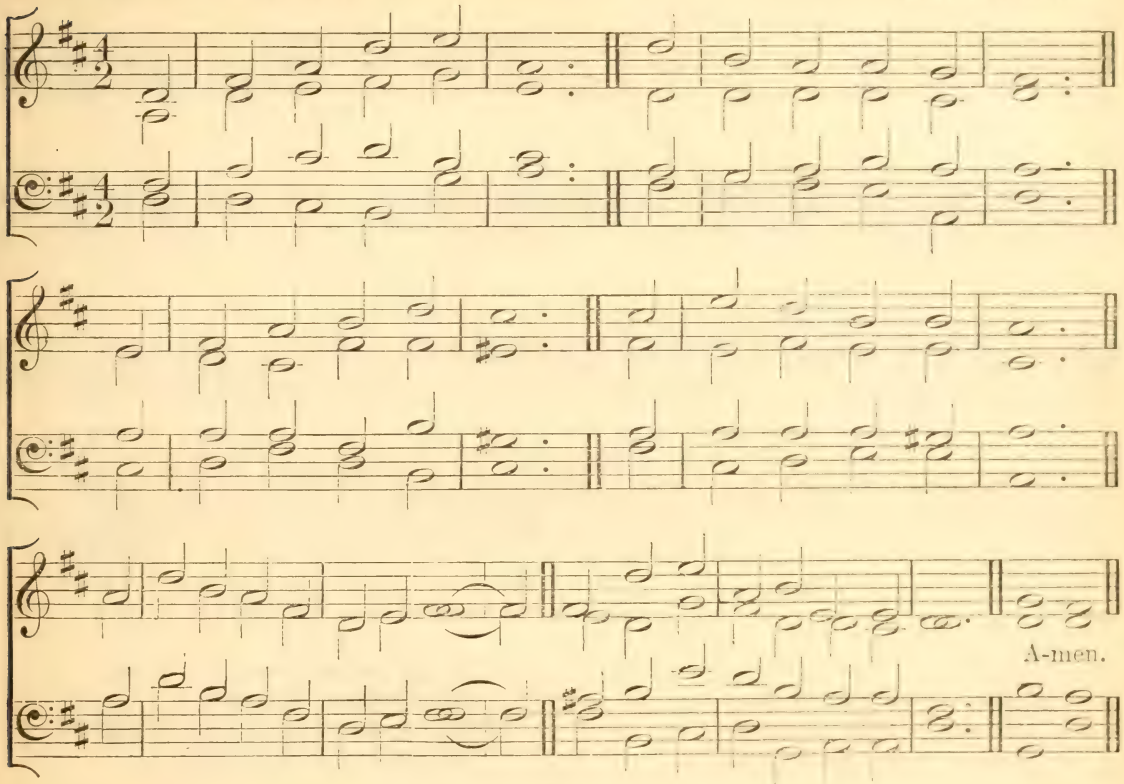
f Shame upon you, legions of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor dream away the light,
When He calls to labour and faith's arduous fight?

cr Jesu, Lord of glory, as we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story of the other side;
Where the saints are casting crowns before Thy feet,
ff Safe for everlasting, in Thyself complete. Amen.

244. CHRISTCHURCH.

6s. 8s.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



"He hath prepared for them a city."—HEBREWS xi. 16.

mf JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
cr Oh happy place, when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face.

mf There dwells my Lord, my King,
p Judged here unfit to live;
f There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
cr Oh happy place, &c.

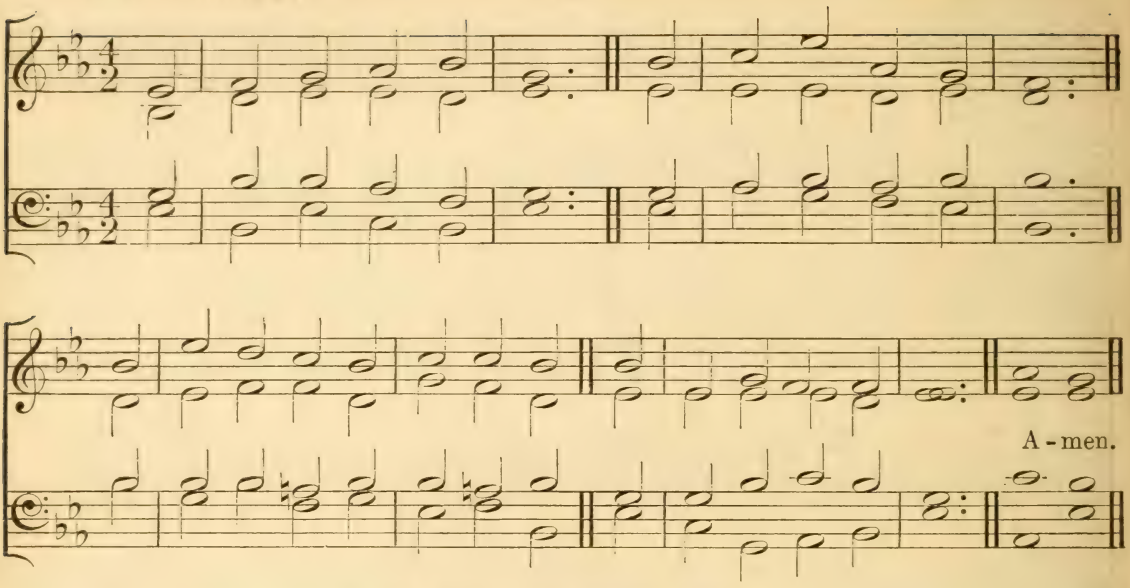
mf The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace:
cr Oh happy place, &c.

mf The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold.
The harpers I might hear
cr Harping on harps of gold:
Oh happy place, &c.

mp The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
cr Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd:
Oh happy place, &c.

p Ah, woe is me, that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high;
cr Lord, thither guide my way:
f Oh happy place, when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face.
Amen.

245. FRANCONIA. S.M.



"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN xiv. 2.

f I HAVE a home above
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.

My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was plann'd;
My dwelling-place with God.

p My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure: [flood
He pass'd through death's dark raging
To make my rest secure.

cr The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

mf Bright angels guard my way,
His ministers of power,
And watching round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.

p Loved ones have gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

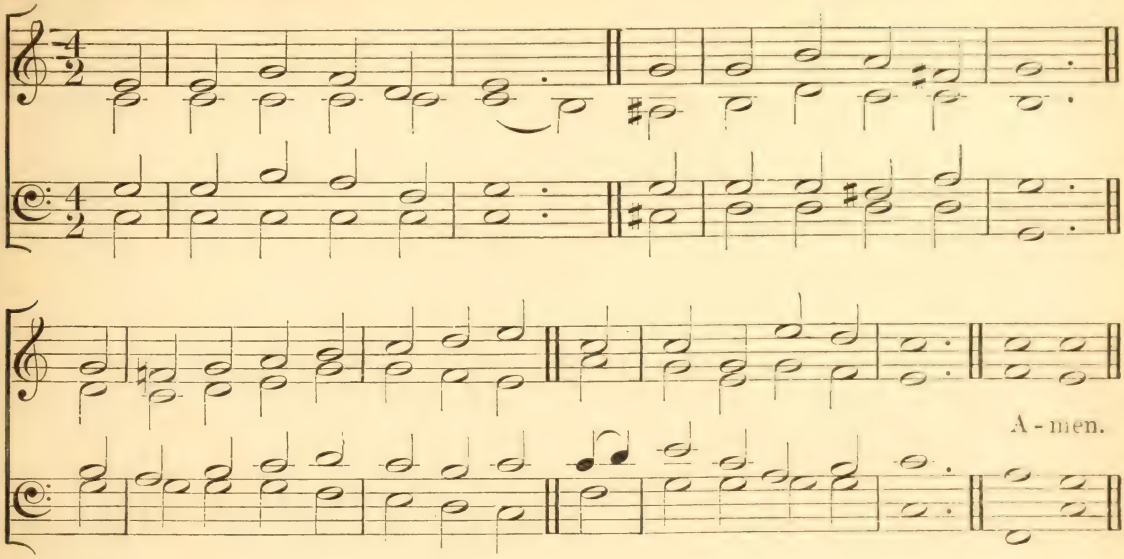
cr Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be,
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee.

ff And then through endless days
Where all Thy glories shine;
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine. Amen.

246. BRENDON.

S.M.

ARTHUR M. FOX.



"*We rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.*"—ROMANS v. 1, 2.

mf THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
p And tears are of those former things
Which all have pass'd away.

mf There is no sin in heaven;
cr Behold that blessèd throng—
f All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

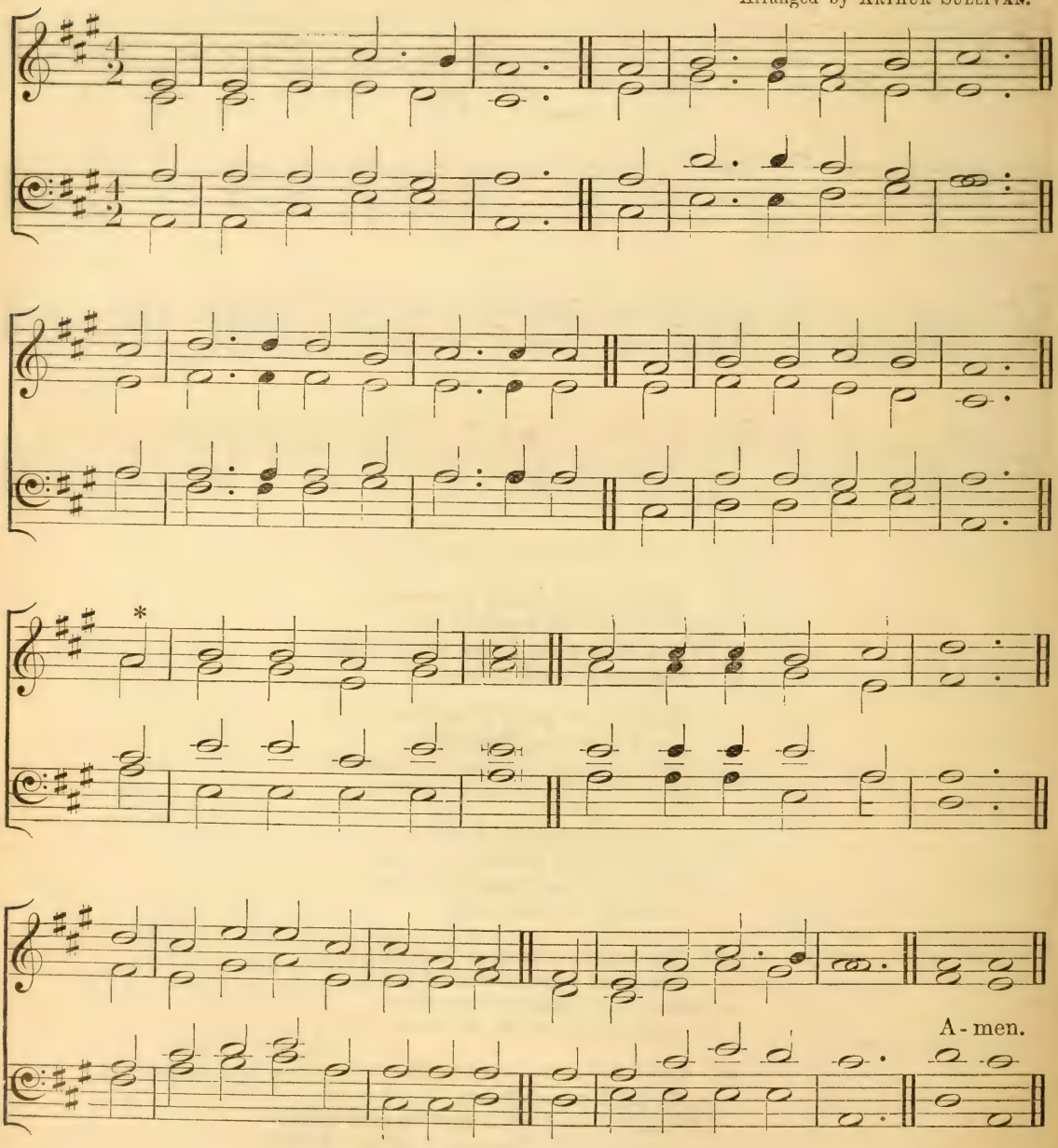
p There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
cr Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

mf Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
cr Oh lead us safely on,
f Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won. Amen.

247. NEARER HOME.

D.S.M.

I. Woodbury.
Arranged by Arthur Sullivan.



The Ascension: Heaven.

"*And so shall we ever be with the Lord.*"—1 THESSALONIANS iv. 17.

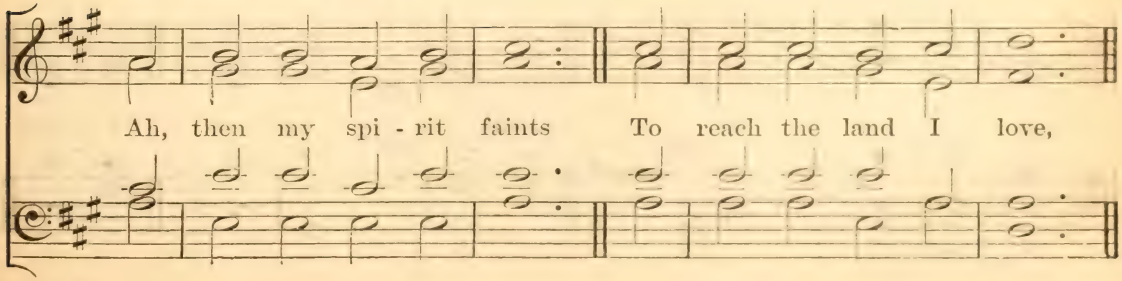
mf FOR ever with the Lord:
Amen, so let it be.
cr Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
mp Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

mf My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
p Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
cr The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

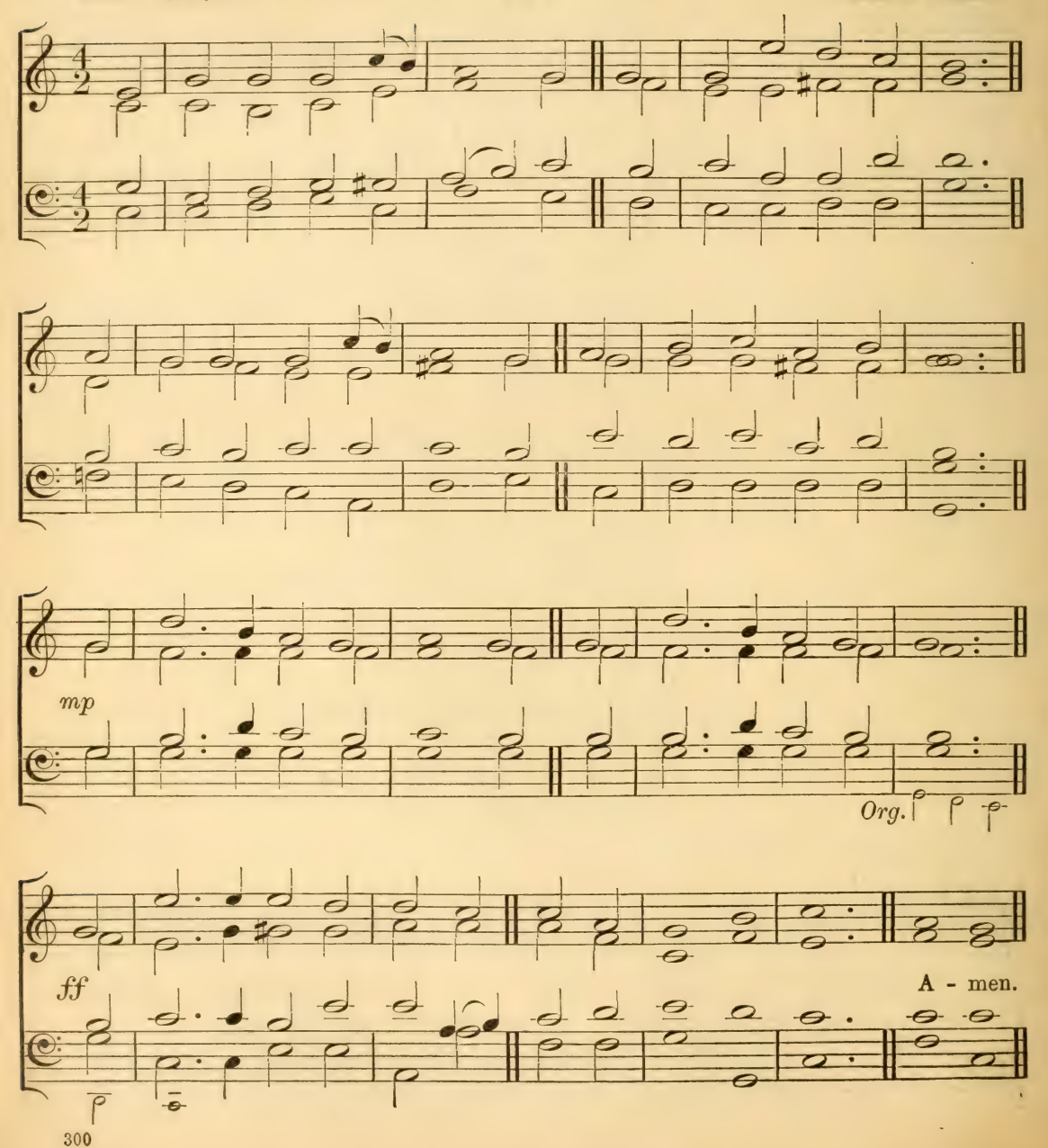
di Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
cr Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

mf I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's babel-tongues o'erpower.
ff That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be. Amen.

✱ *Verses* 2, 3, *and* 4, *lines* 5 *and* 6:—



248. GLORY. P.M. CHARLES VINCENT.



The Ascension: Heaven.

"***Surely** His salvation is nigh them that fear Him; that glory may dwell in our land.*"—PSALM lxxxv. 9.

mp THE sands of time are sinking,
cr The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sigh'd for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.
p Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
cr But dayspring is at hand,
f And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

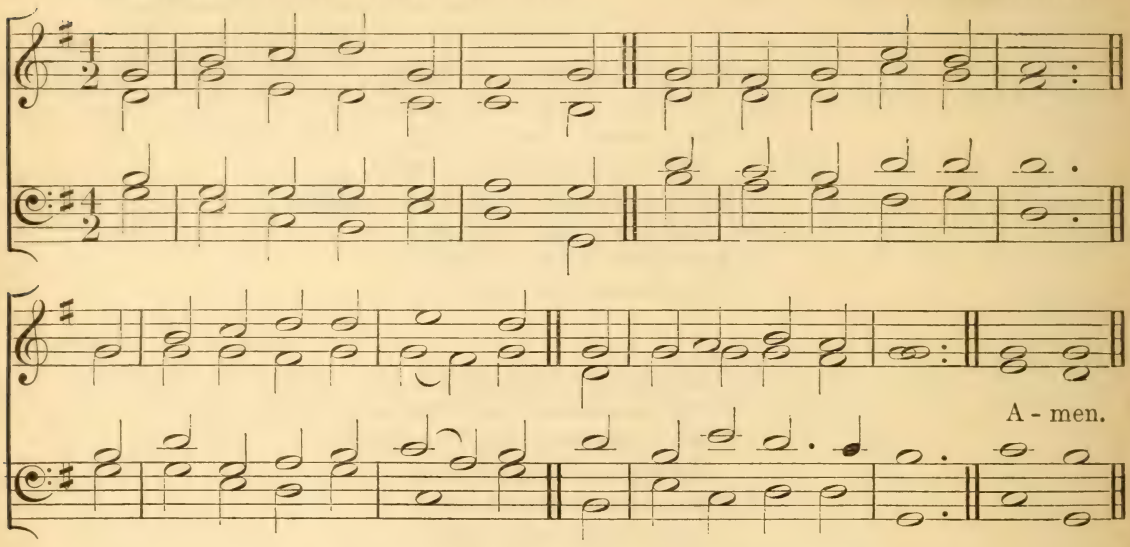
mp Oh Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
cr There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
f And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

mp With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
cr Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,
f When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

p I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
cr Fill'd with His likeness rise
f To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.
ff The King of Kings in Zion
My presence doth command,
With Him, where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land. Amen.

249. [Part I.] ST. ALPHEGE. 7s. 6s.

H. J. Gauntlett.



"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Hebrews xiii. 14.

Part I.

p Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

mf Oh happy retribution:
Short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the bless'd.

cr And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

mf But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they, that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

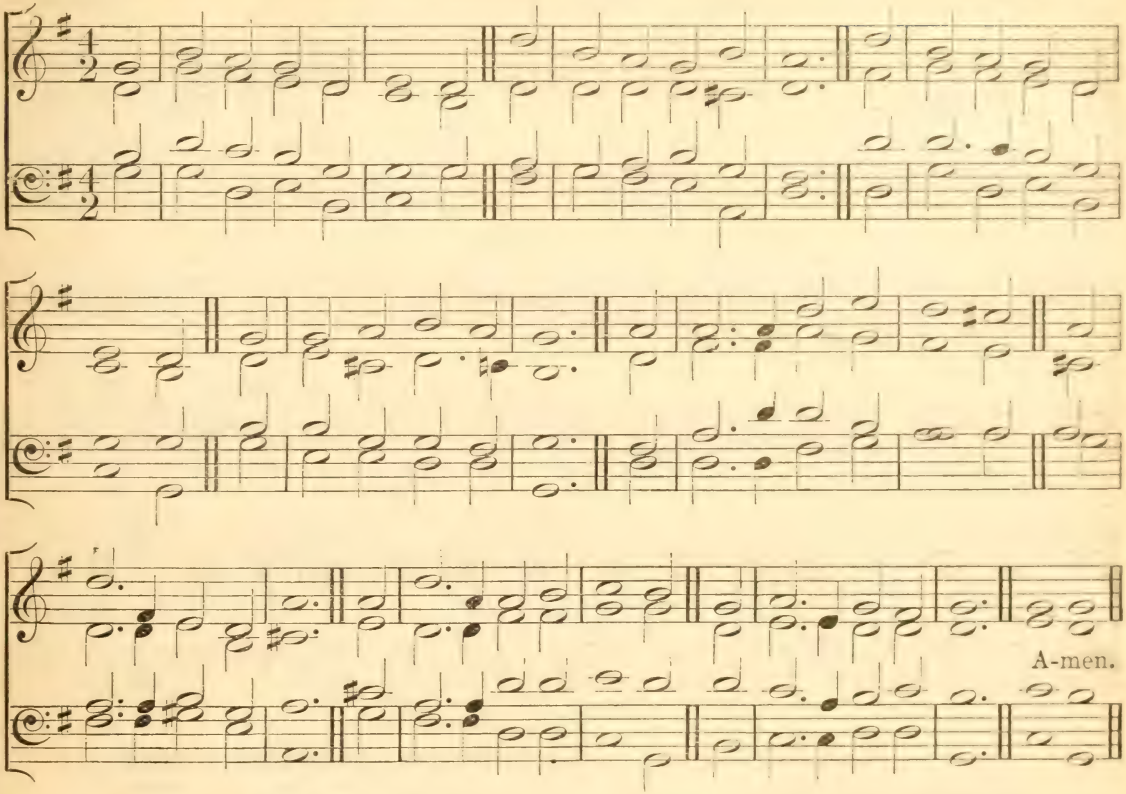
cr The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
f And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:

ff There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

The words of General Ending will be found on page 304.

249. [Part II.] HOLY CHURCH. D. 7s. 6s.

A. H. Brown.



Part II.

mp For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
di For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
cr The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

mf Oh one, oh only mansion,
Oh Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;
f The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

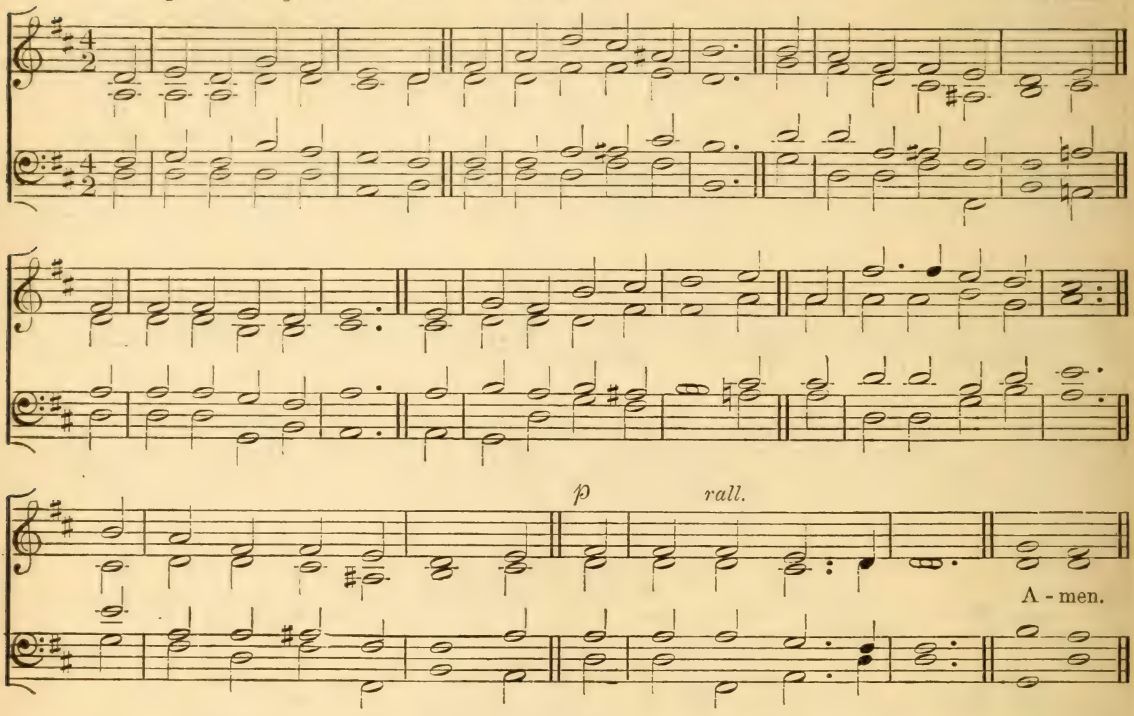
cr With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
ff The saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.

mf Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
p Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
cr Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
f Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

The words of General Ending will be found on page 304.

249. [Part III.] EWING. D. 7s. 6s.

Ewing.



Part III.

mf Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey bless'd,
di Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd;
cr I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

f They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

mf There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
f The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
ff And they who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

General Ending.

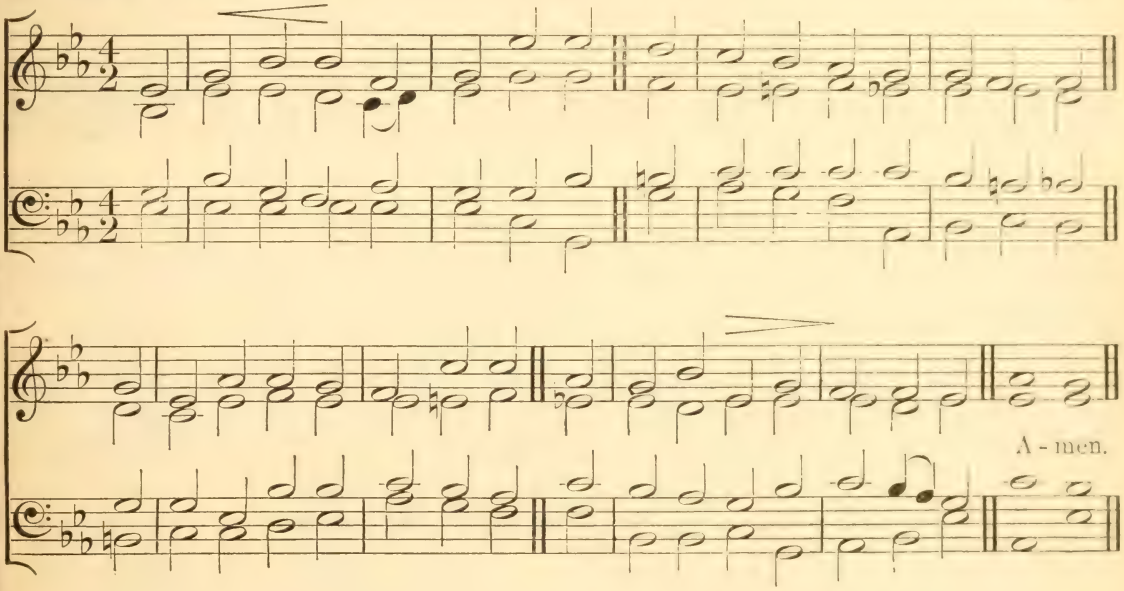
mf Oh sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
mf Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever bless'd. Amen.

May also be sung to "Aurelia," No. 397.

"O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us."

250. EVINGTON.

L.M. HENRY HILES.



"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."—JOEL ii. 28.

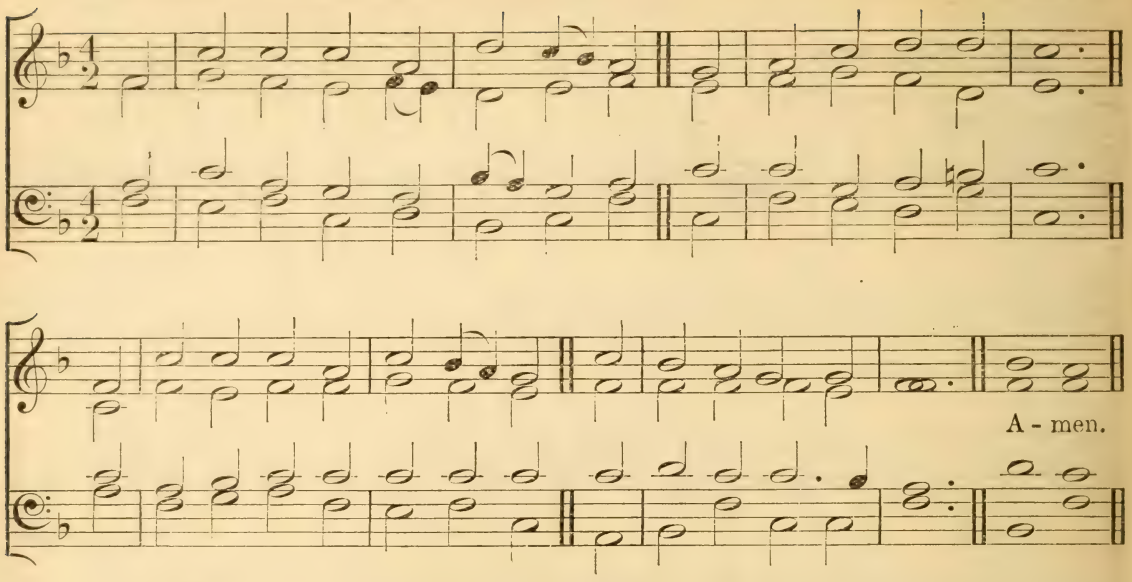
mf SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Oh shed Thine influence from above,
cr And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

f In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

mp Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
cr Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
mf Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

May be sung to "Melcombe," No. 254.

251. ST. GEORGE, OLD. C.M. N. HERMANN.



"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind."—ACTS ii. 2.

f WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

p But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
pp Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.

f The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
mp Now gently light, a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

f And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud;

mf So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
cr A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

f It fills the church of God: it fills
The sinful world around;
mp Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

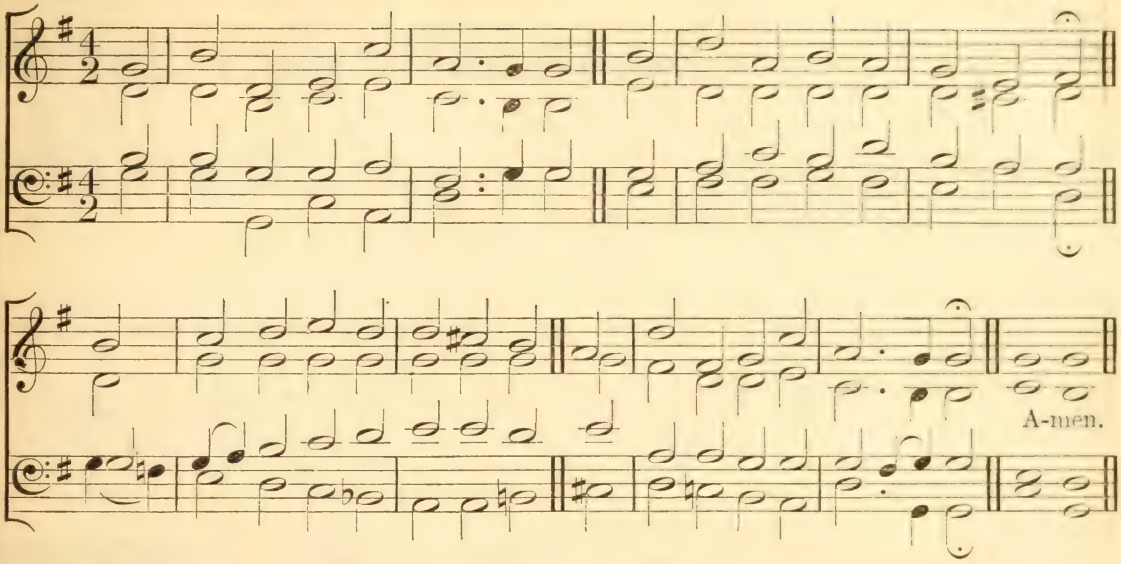
mf Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
p Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Winchester Old," No. 113.

252. LANGTON.

L.M.

D. J. Wood.



"Ye have an unction from the Holy One."—1 John ii. 20.

mf Creator Spirit, make Thy throne
The hearts which Thou hast seal'd Thine own;
With grace celestial fill and warm
The bosoms Thou hast deigned to form.

To Thee, Great Comforter, we cry,
O highest gift of God most High.
cr O fount of life, O fire, O love,
p Baptize, anoint us from above.

mf Thy sevenfold blessing here command,
The finger Thou of God's right hand;
True Promise of the Father Thou,
Our lips with utterance endow.

cr Enflame, enlighten all our powers;
Breathe love into these hearts of ours;
di Our body, strengthless for the fight,
f Strengthen with Thy perpetual might.

mf Keep far aloof our ghostly foe,
And ever-during peace bestow:
With Thee our Guardian, Thee our Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

With heavenly joys our service crown;
On earth pour heavenly graces down;
From chains of strife Thy saints release,
And knit them in the bonds of peace.

mp Vouchsafe us in Thy light to see
The Father and the Son and Thee,
Our God from all the ages past,
cr Our God while endless ages last.

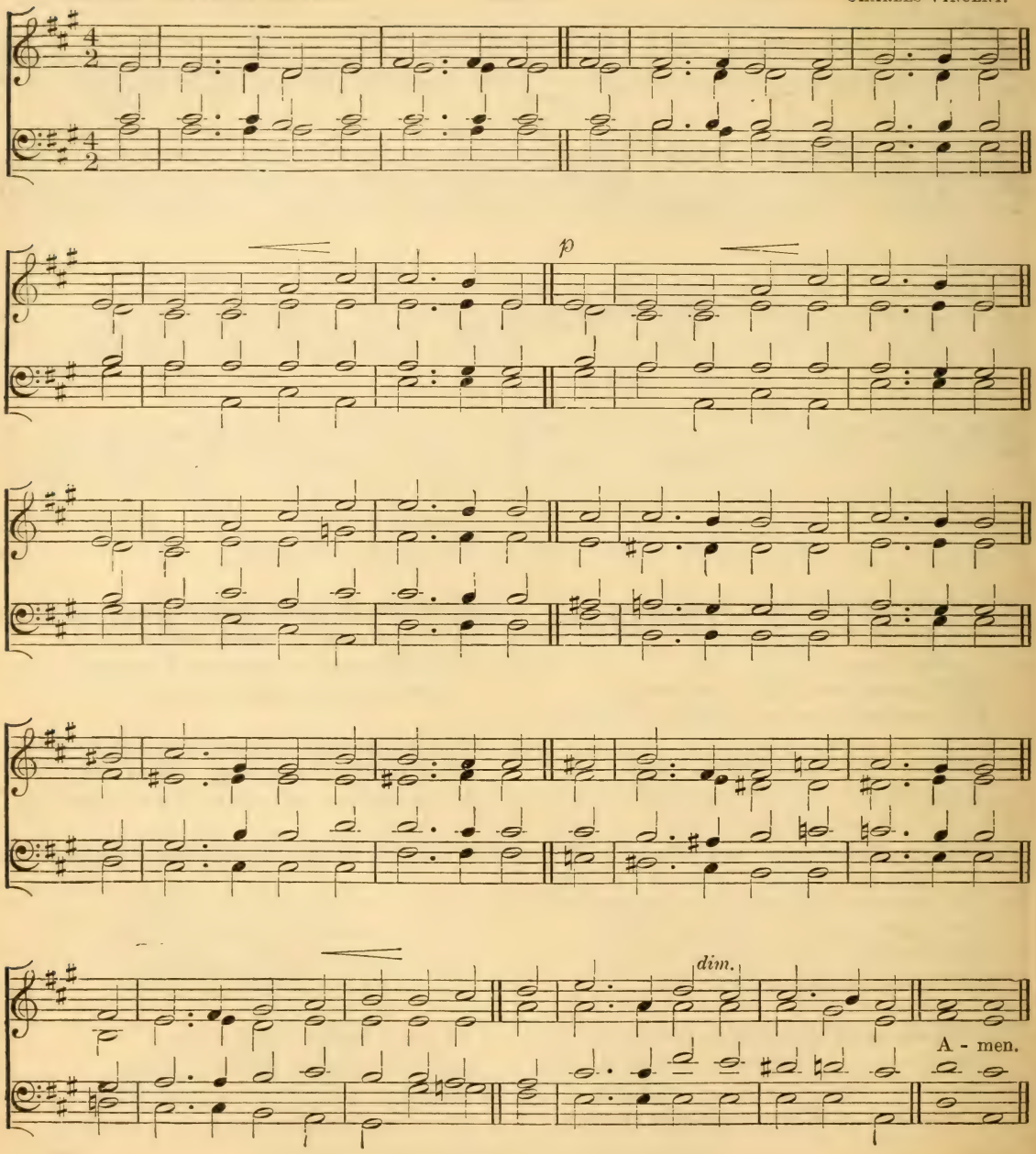
f Be glory to the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
di O Christ, on us Thy servants pour
p His sacred unction evermore. Amen.

May also be sung to "Melcombe," No. 254.

253. SUNDERLAND.

Ten 8s.

CHARLES VINCENT.

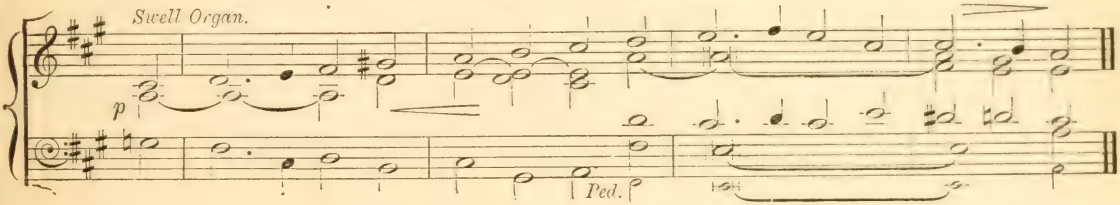


Whitsuntide.

"It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."—JOHN xvi. 7.

mf MY Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee?
mp The watchful mother tarries nigh,
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye;
For should he wake and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
p But I am weaker than a child,
And Thou art more than mother dear;
cr Without Thee heaven were but a wild:
How shall I live without Thee here?

Interlude, between 1st and 2nd verses.



f Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
Through cloud and breeze unwavering [came,
p And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow of Jesus bless'd.
cr Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream;
Where'er the Lord is, there are they;
In every heart that gives them room
They light His altar every day,
Zeal to inflame and vice consume.

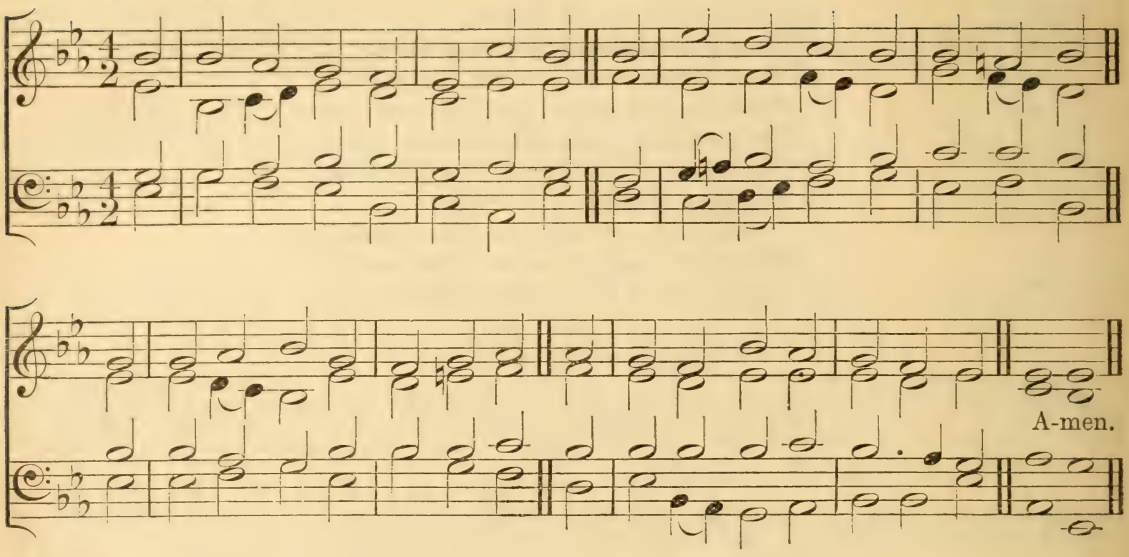
p Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove
They nurse the soul to heavenly love;
The struggling spark of good within,
Just smother'd in the strife of sin,
They quicken to a timely glow,
The pure flame spreading high and low.
cr Say not that prayer and hope are o'er:
Nay, blessèd Spirit! but by Thee
f The church's prayer finds wings to soar,
The church's hope finds eyes to see.

mf Then, fainting soul, arise and sing,
cr Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer,
p Be sober, for thou art not there.
mp Till death the weary spirit free,
Thy God has said, 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight:
Take it on trust a little while;
f Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of His smile. Amen.

254. MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—ROMANS viii. 14.

mf COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
f Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

mf The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and love Thy way
p Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

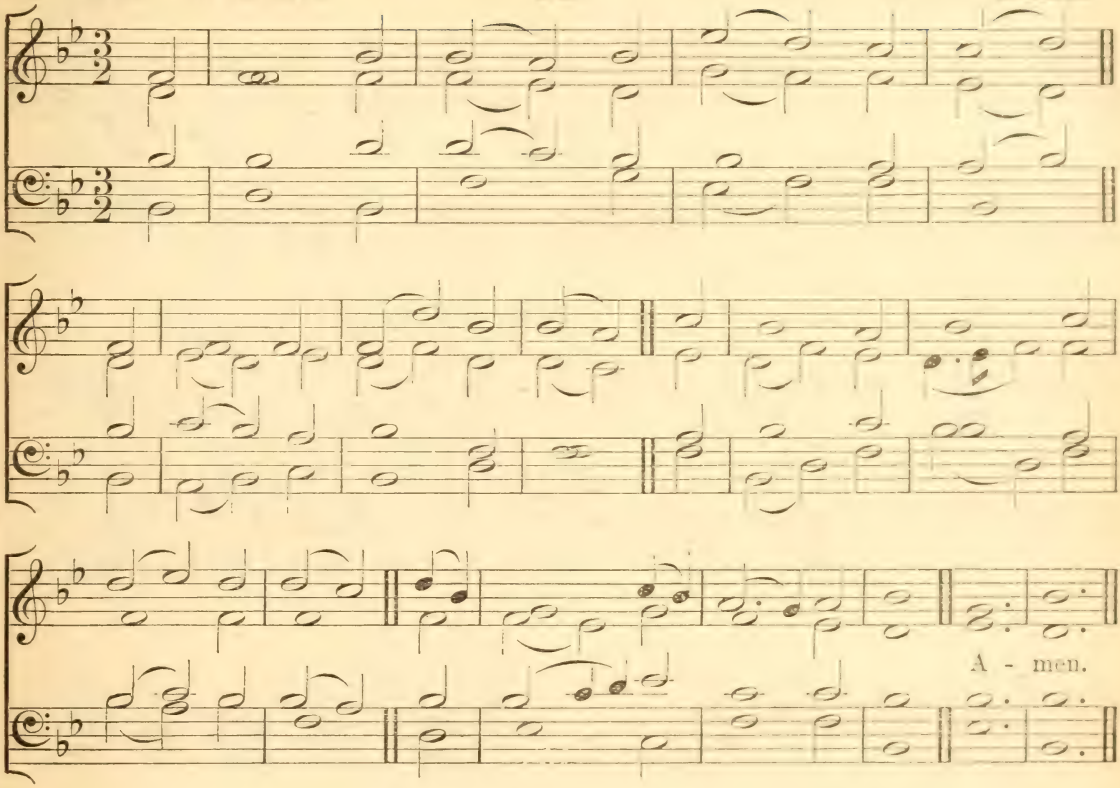
cr Lead us to Christ, the living way:
Nor let us from His pastures stray:
Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God.

f Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever bless'd. Amen.

255. WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G. SMART.



"The glory of the Lord filled the house of God."—2 CHRONICLES v. 14.

mf SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
f Oh come, Great Spirit, come.

mf Come as the light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

p Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
cr May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

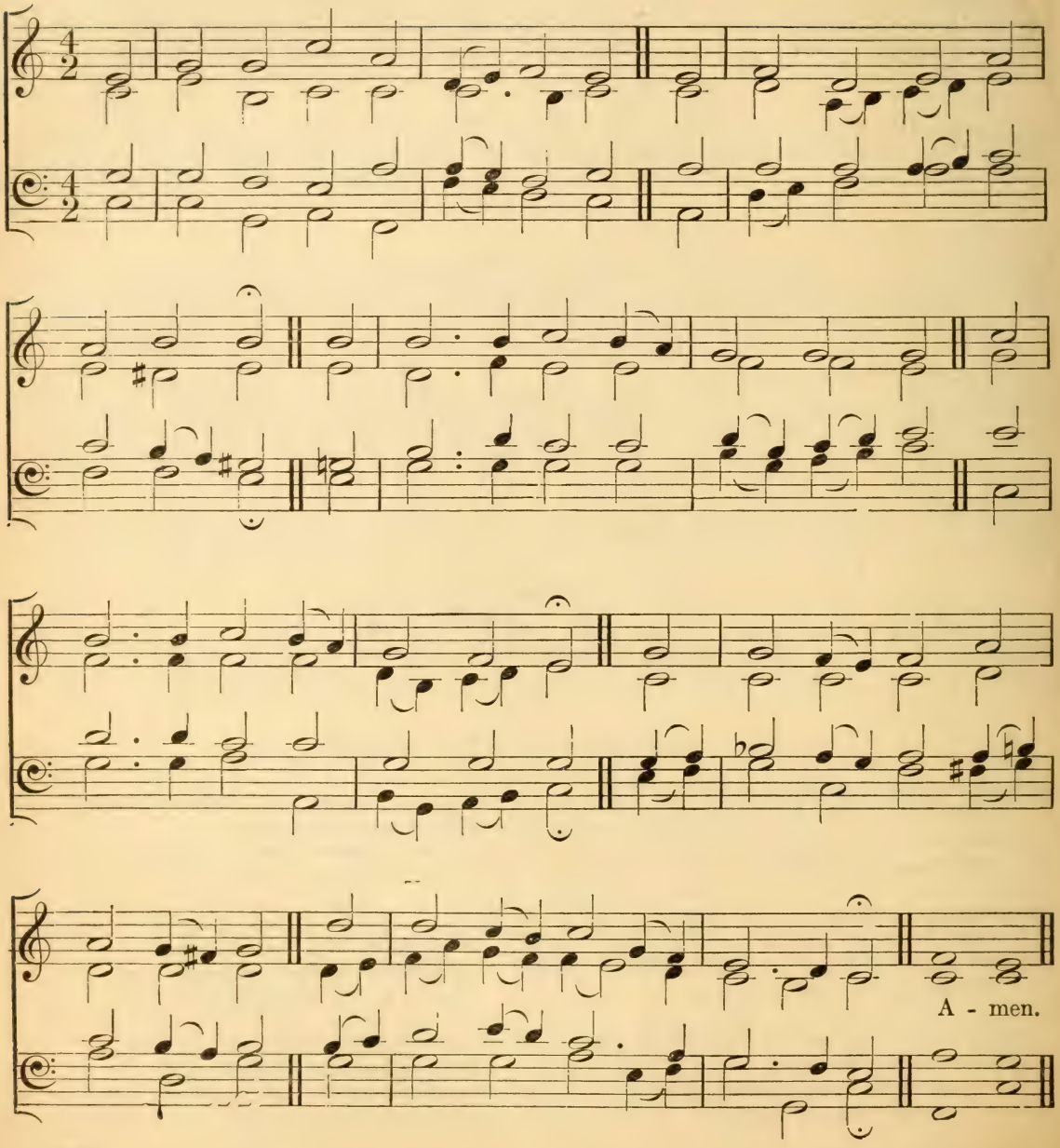
p Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
cr And let Thy church on earth become
Bless'd as the church above.

f Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh come, Great Spirit, come. Amen.

256. BARRINGTON.

Six 8s.

J. B. Dykes.



Whitsuntide.

"*The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters.*"—GENESIS i. 2.

mf CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
p Come, visit every humble mind;
cr Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

f O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
p Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

mf Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
cr Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

f Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

257. HARVINGTON.

D.S.M. C. E. KETTLE.

A - men.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—ACTS ii. 4.

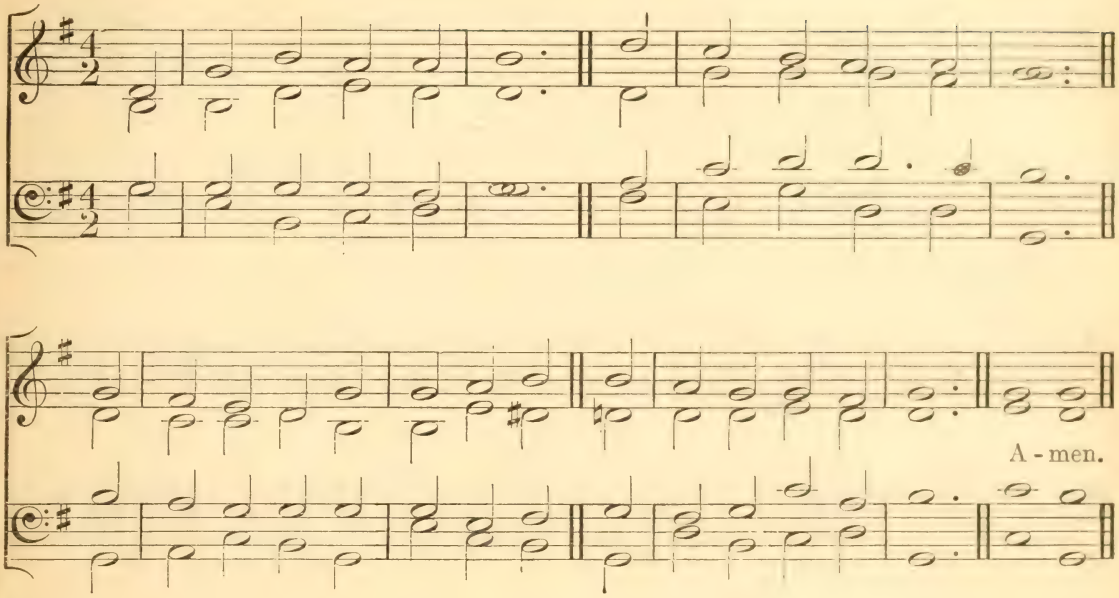
f LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power:
p We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

cr Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe:

f The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

mf Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away
cr With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day;
f Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. Amen.

258. ST. MICHAEL. S.M.



"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—JOHN xiv. 17.

mf COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
cr Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

mf Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
p At our Redeemer's feet.

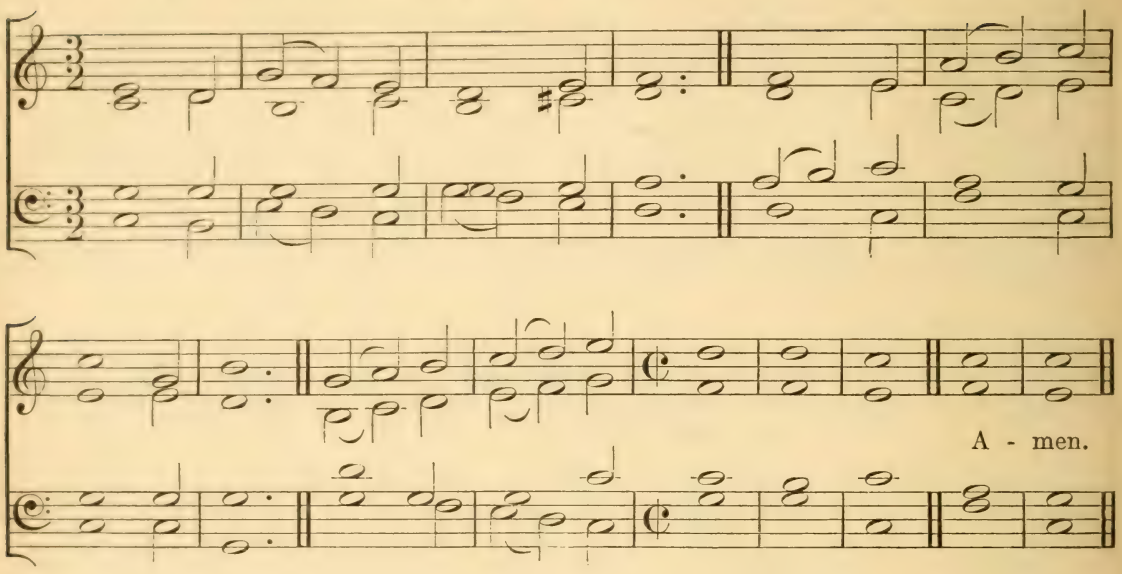
mf Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

p Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood:
cr And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

mf 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
f Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

259. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. [First Tune.] 7.7.7. E. H. Turpin.



"Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit; they are created."—Psalm civ. 30.

mp Come, Thou holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
cr Send Thy light and brilliancy.

mf Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true radiancy.

p Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest Guest,
Come in toil refreshingly.

mf Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.

p Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
cr Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

p What is soilèd, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify.

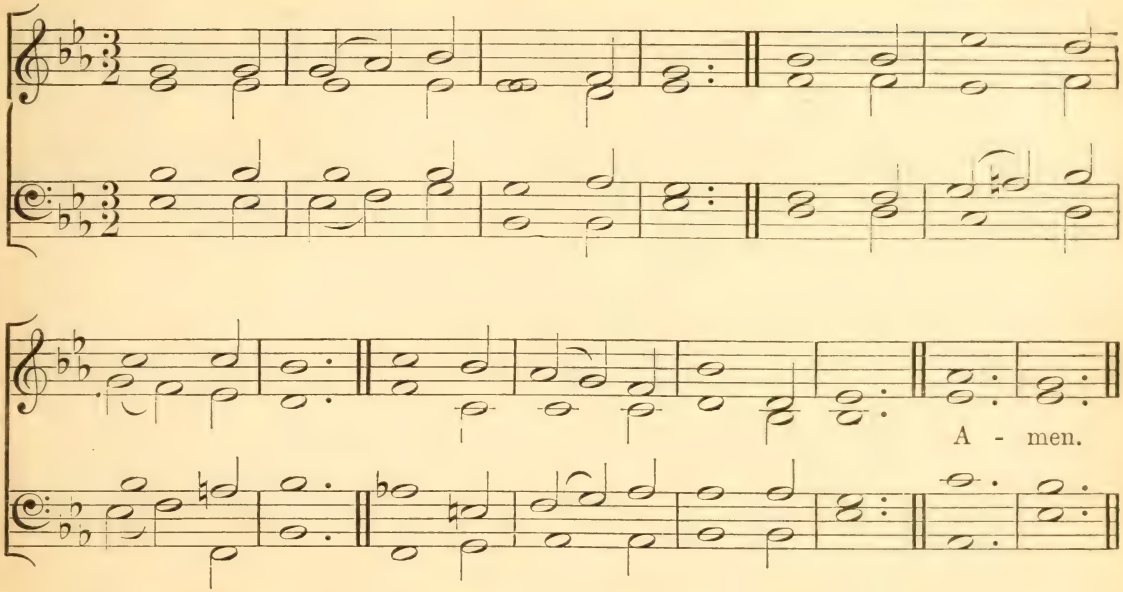
Cold and hard hearts quicken Thou,
Stubborn necks to Jesus bow,
Draw the wanderer tenderly.

cr Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold mystery.

f Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation to the end,
And in heaven felicity. Amen.

259. LACRYMÆ. [Second Tune.] 7.7.7.

Arthur Sullivan.



"Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit; they are created."—Psalm civ. 30.

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And from Thy celestial seat
cr Send Thy light and brilliancy.

mf Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true radiancy.

p Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest Guest,
Come in toil refreshingly.

mf Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.

p Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
cr Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

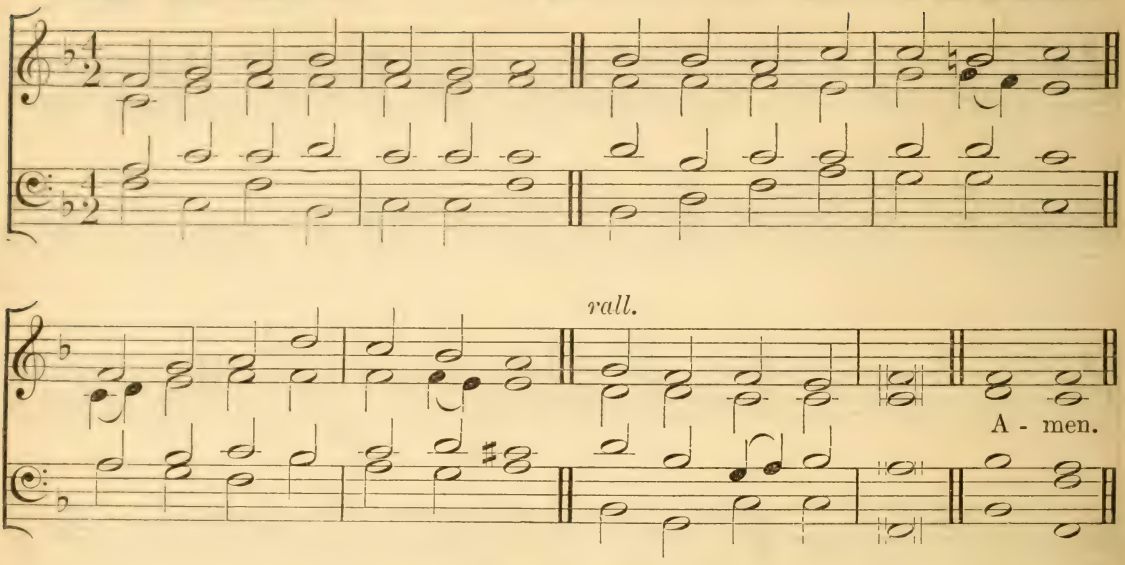
p What is soilèd, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify.

Cold and hard hearts quicken Thou,
Stubborn necks to Jesus bow,
Draw the wanderer tenderly.

cr Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold mystery.

f Here Thy grace and virtue send:
Grant salvation to the end,
And in heaven felicity. Amen.

260. ST. AGATHA. 7s. 5. T. B. SOUTHGATE.



"I am He that comforteth you."—ISAIAH li. 12.

mf COME to our dark nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
p Comforter Divine.

We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
Sick and faint; Thy strength afford:
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

mp Orphan are our souls and poor;
cr Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
p Comforter Divine,

mp Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
cr Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
p Comforter Divine.

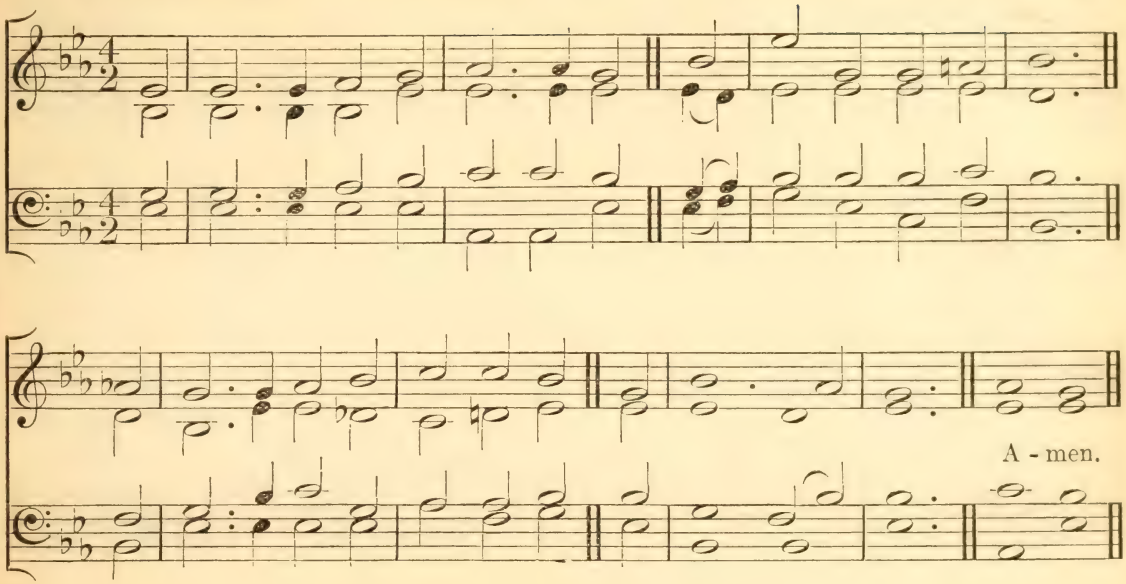
pp Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in our breast,
cr There supreme to reign and rest,
p Comforter Divine.

In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

p In us "Abba, Father" cry
cr Earnest of our bliss on high,
f Seal of immortality,
p Comforter Divine.

ff Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine. Amen.

261. ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. J. B. DYKES.



"If I depart, I will send Him unto you."—JOHN xvi. 7.

mp OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

p He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

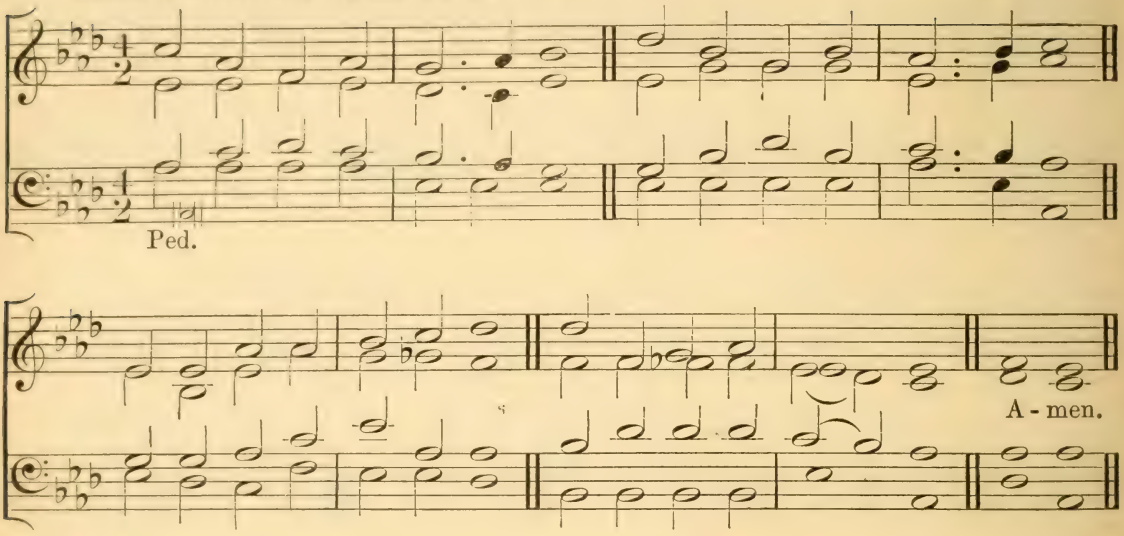
p And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

cr And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

mf Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
cr Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee. Amen.

LITANY TO THE HOLY GHOST.

262. NORWICH. [First Tune.] 7s. 6. E. Bunnett.



"I will be as the dew unto Israel."—Hosea xiv. 5.

mf Spirit blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

cr Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

cr Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mp Thou by whom the Virgin bore
Him, whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

cr Thou, whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit

mf Thou whose grace the church doth fill
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf Thou by whom our souls are fed
With the true and living bread,
p Even Him who for us bled;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf All Thy seven-fold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

di All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
pp Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

cr Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf Come, to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

cr Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

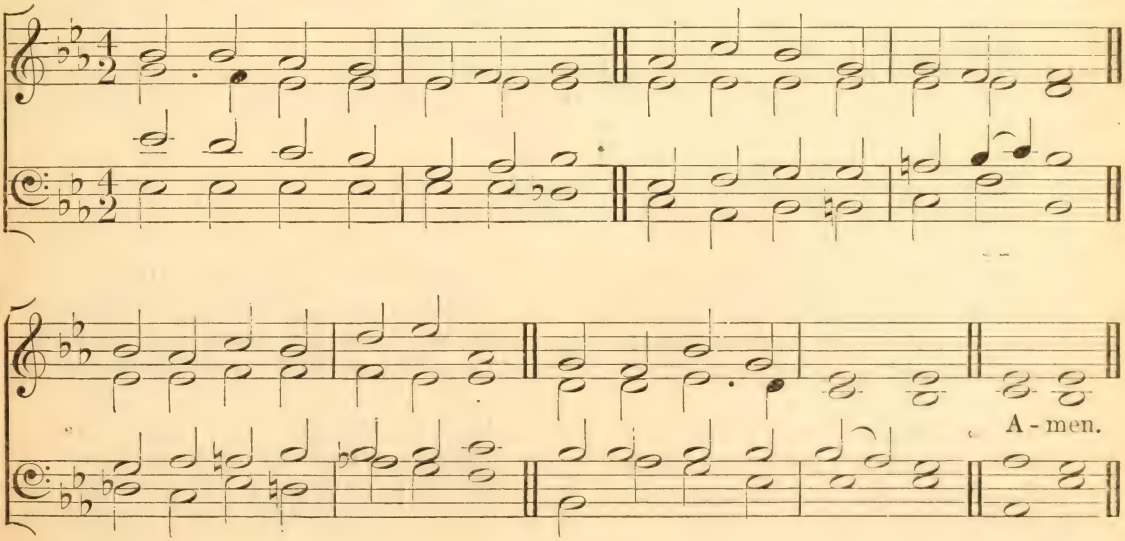
mf Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
p Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

f Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart;
Never more from us depart:
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.
Amen.

See also Hymns 53, 228, 230, 232 (part ii.), 278 (part ii.), 466, 595, 596.

262. WILNE. [Second Tune.] 7s. 6.

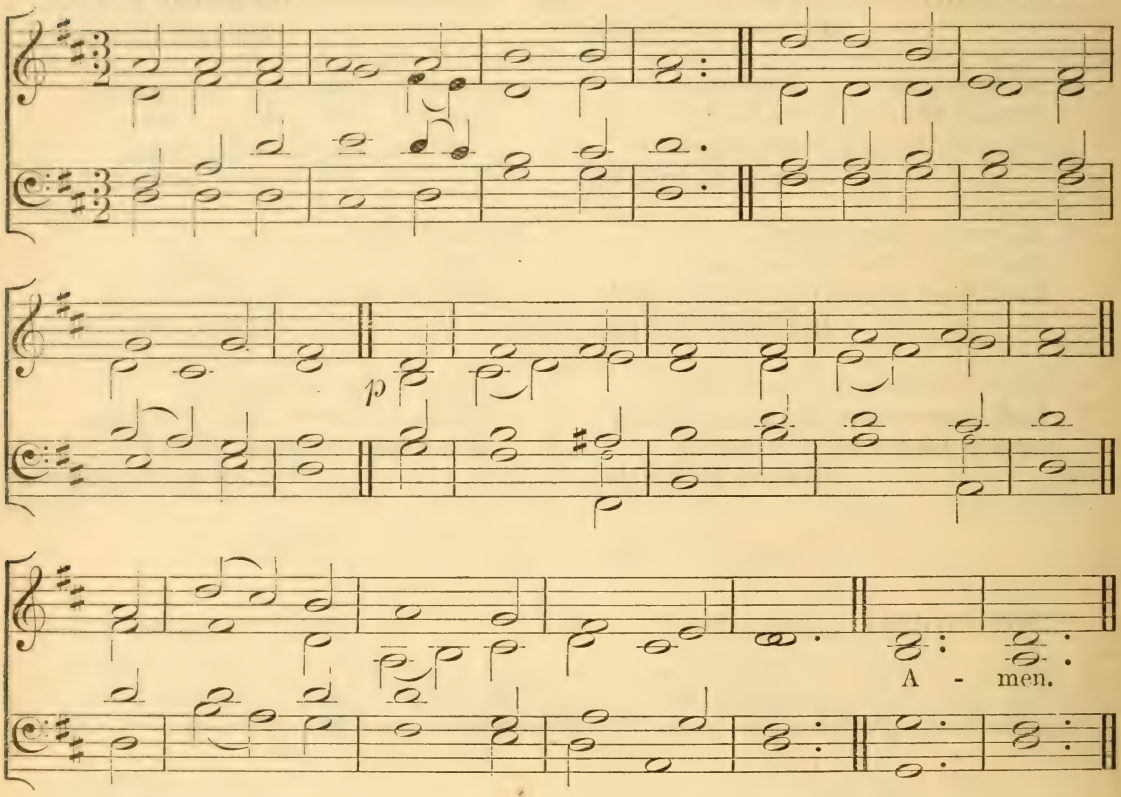
Arthur F. Smith.



"THE UNITY IN TRINITY, AND THE TRINITY IN UNITY, IS TO BE WORSHIPPED."

263. RIVAULX.

L.M. J. B. DYKES.



"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."—2 CORINTHIANS xiii. 14.

f FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy pardoning love extend.

f Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy saving grace extend.

f Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy quickening power extend.

ff Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf Grace, pardon, life to us extend. Amen.

264. AUSTRIA.

D. 8s. 7s.

J. HAYDN.

A - men.

"One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy."—ISAIAH vi. 3.

mf BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.
Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:—

f "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
p Holy, holy, holy Lord."

f Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry—
p "Holy, holy, holy,"—singing,
cr "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."

mf With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,
p "Holy, holy, holy,"—blessing
cr "Thee, the Lord of hosts most High."
Amen.

265. LAUS DEO.

6s. 4s. E. H. THORNE.

(Altos divide.)

Laud we and praise. . . . . .

Laud we and praise. A - men.

"Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name?"—REVELATION xv. 4.

f FATHER of heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days,
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible,
Thee, the Invisible,
Laud we and praise.

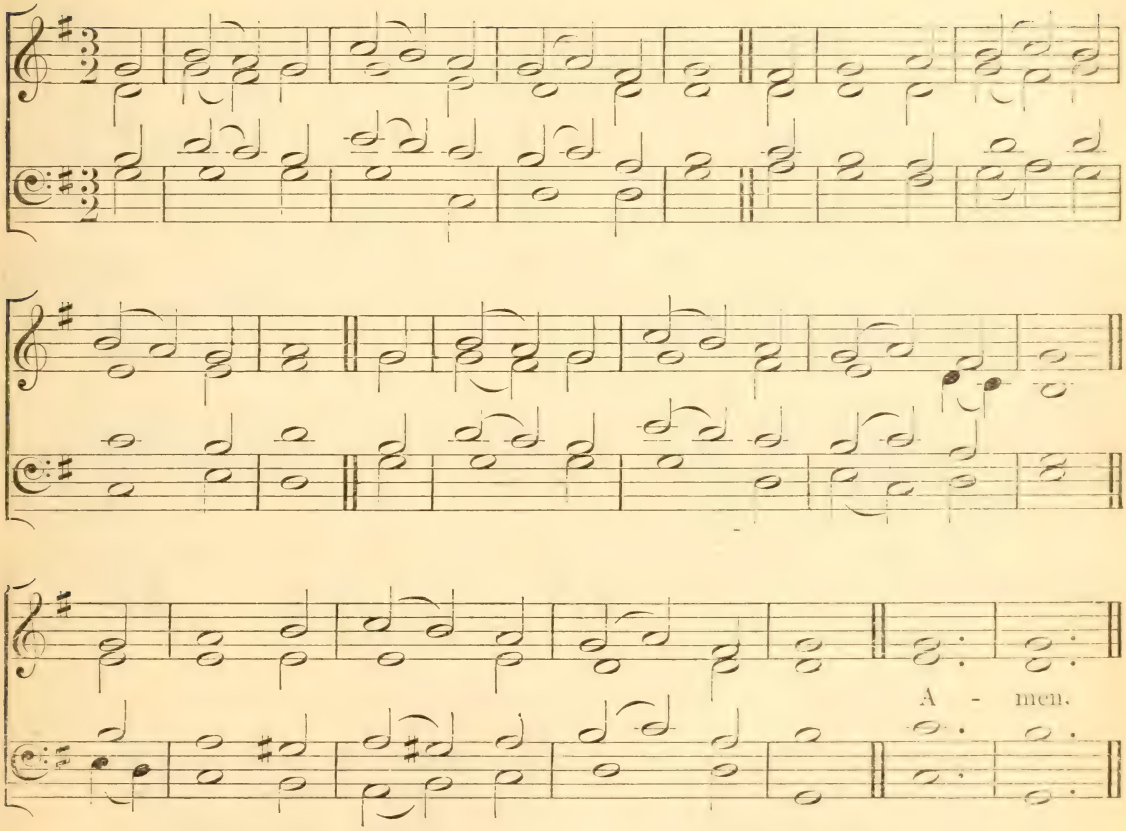
Christ the eternal Word,
Christ the incarnate Lord,
Saviour of all,
High throned above all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, infinite,
mp On Thee we call.

f O God, the Holy Ghost,
Whose fires of Pentecost
Burn evermore,
p In this far wilderness
Leave us not comfortless:
cr Thee we love, Thee we bless,
Thee we adore.

f Strike your harps, heavenly powers;
With your glad chants shall ours
p Trembling ascend.
ff All praise, O God, to Thee,
Three in One, One in Three,
Praise everlastingly,
World without end. Amen.

May be sung to "Fatherland," No. 600.

266. ST. ALKMUND. L.M.



"There the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."—PSALM CXXXIII. 3.

f COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
mf Behold us with a Father's love,
p While we look up with filial fear.

mf Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
p Say to the weakest, Follow Me.

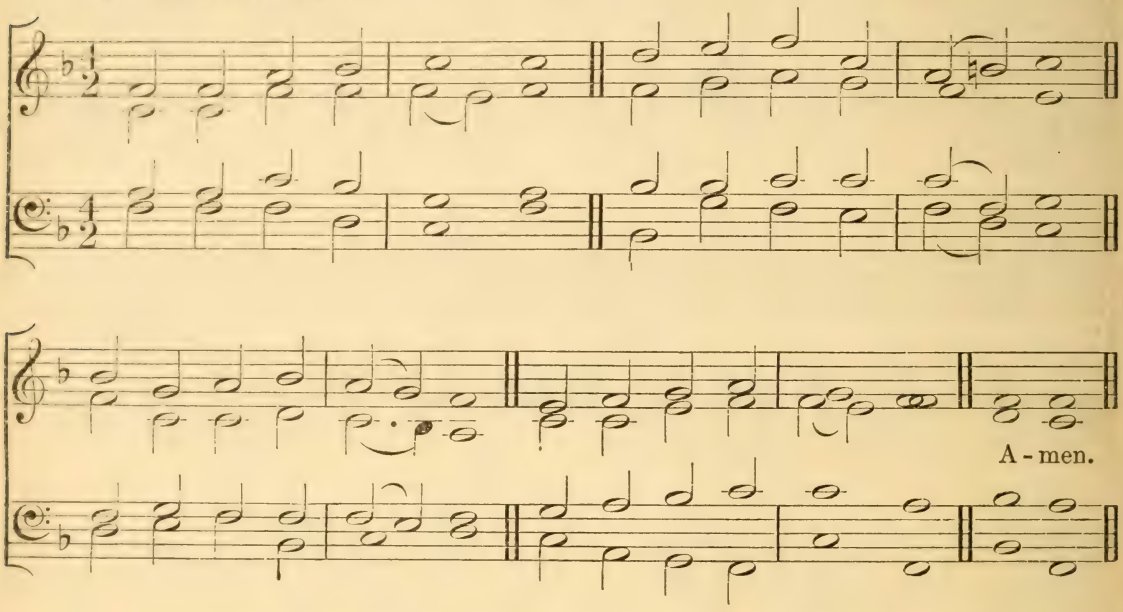
mf Command Thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
p With humbling and with healing power,
cr With quickening and confirming grace.

f O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confess'd,
mf May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion bless'd.
Amen.

See also Hymns 1, 39, 40, 551, 577.

"By daily reading and weighing of the Scriptures ye may wax riper and stronger."

267. RAVENSHAW. 6s.



"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psalm cxix. 105.

mf Lord, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

p When our foes are near us,
cr Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

p When the storms are o'er us
And dark clouds before us,
cr Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

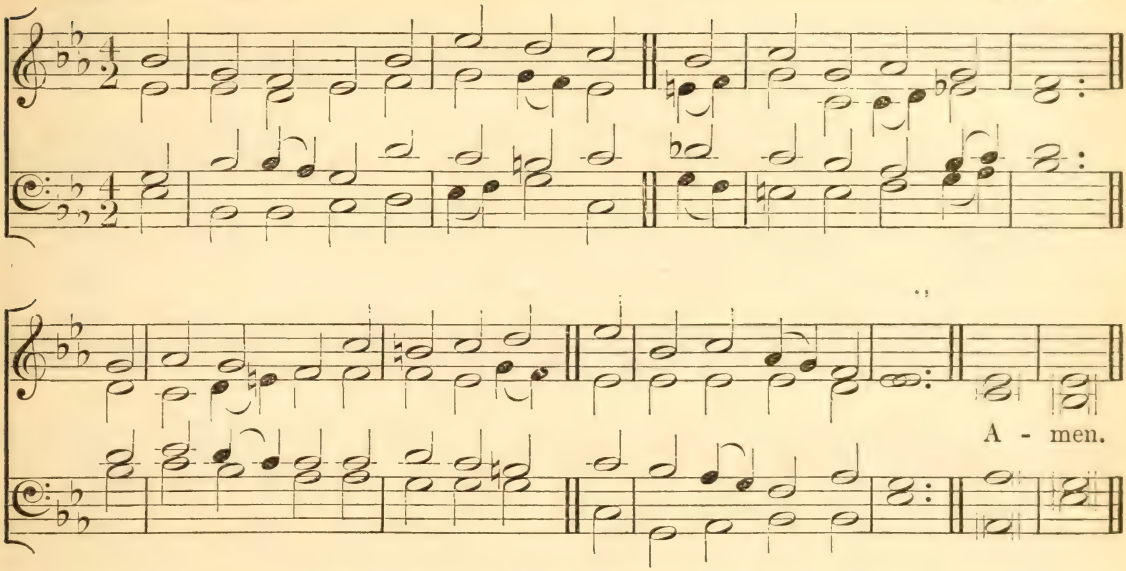
mf Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
p Comfort to the dying!

mf Oh that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee. Amen.

268. SUDELEY.

C.M. J. STAINER.



"Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."—JEREMIAH XV. 16.

f FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

mp Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind:
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

f Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

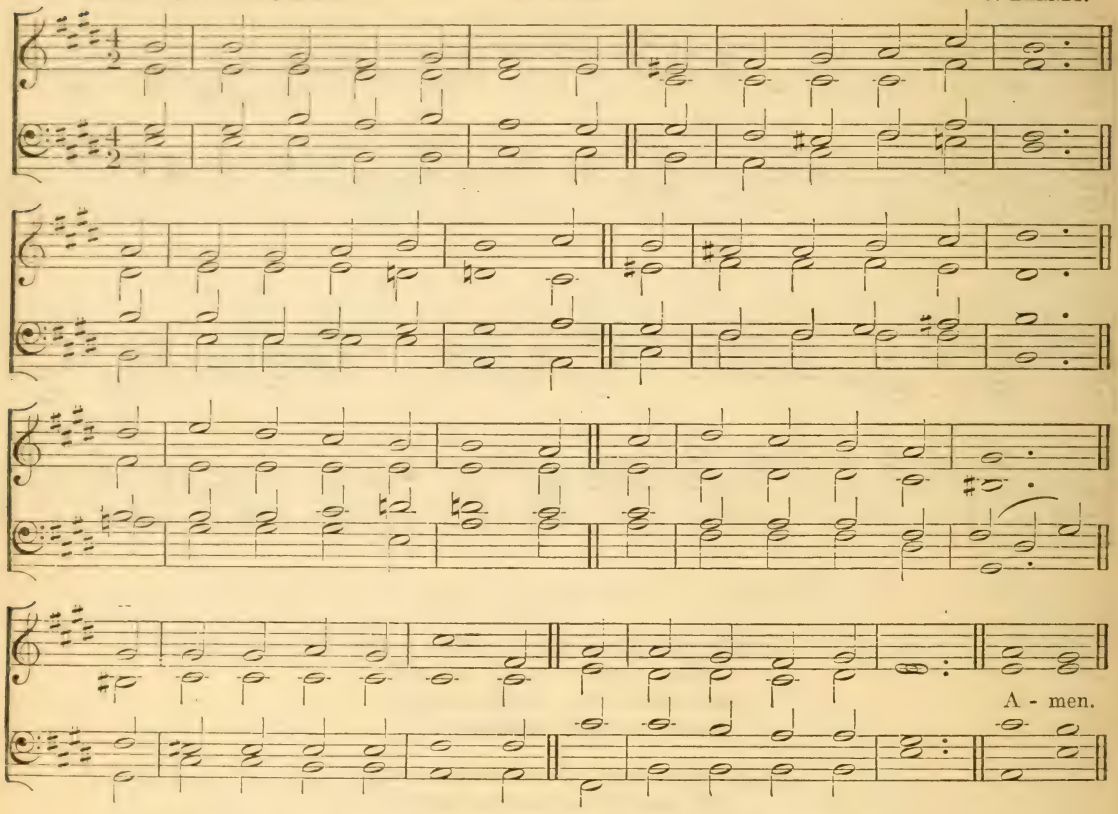
mf Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
cr And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

mf Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. Amen.

269. ST. ANSELM.

D. 7s. 6s.

J. BARNBY.



"Ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life."—PHILIPPIANS ii. 15, 16.

f O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
cr We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallow'd page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

mf The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

f It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurl'd;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
p That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
cr Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

f Oh make Thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old:
Oh teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

270. FIAT LUX.

6s. 4s.

S. Barkworth.

pp

cres.

Rather slower.

f

A - men.

"*Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course.*"—2 Thessalonians iii. 1.

f Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:
cr Oh let the Gospel sound,
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found;
ff God speed His word.

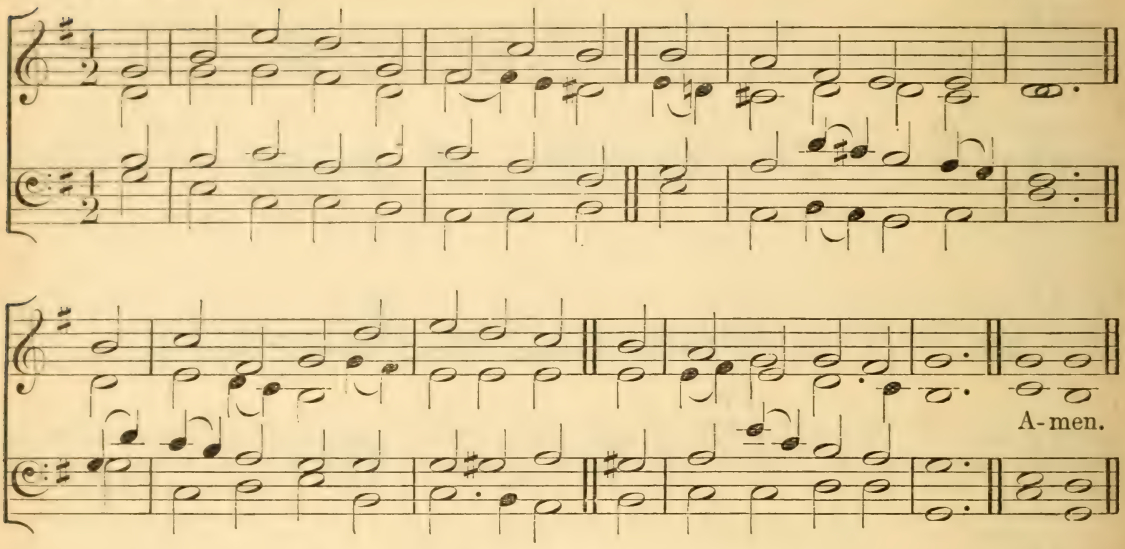
f Hail, blessèd Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
ff Glory to God!

mf Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word:
cr One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band;
ff God shield His word.

f Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before;
ff His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:—
God bless His word. Amen.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Moscow," No. 131.

271. LEE. C.M. D. J. WOOD.



"*The entrance of Thy word giveth light.*"—PSALM cxix. 130.

mp THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
cr And brings the truth to light;
mf Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

f A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age,
It gives but borrows none.

mf The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise but never set.

Lord, everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
cr As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

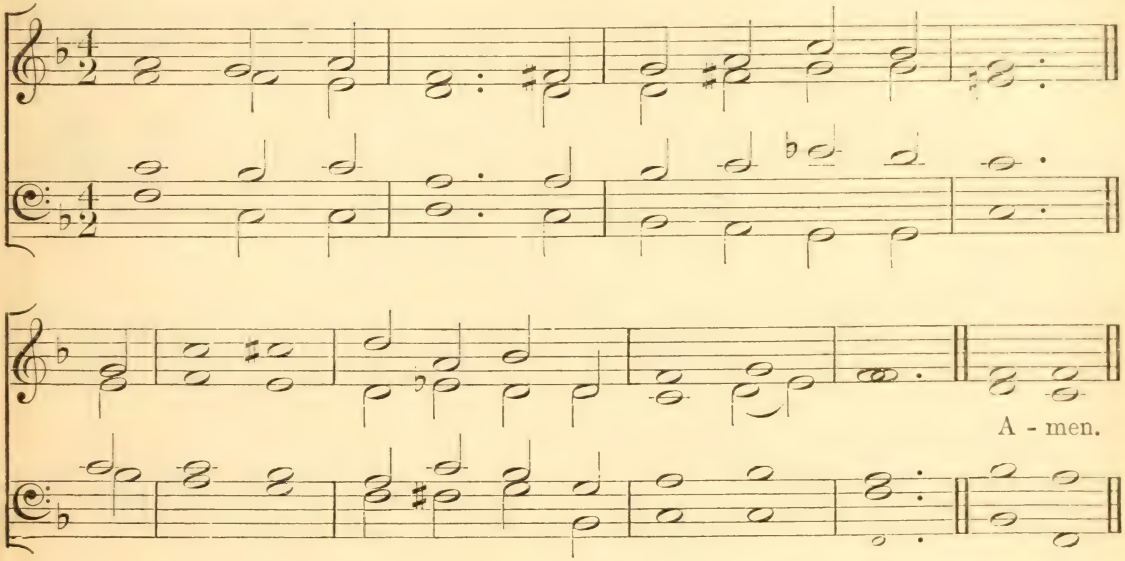
mf My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above. Amen.

See also Hymns 65, 132, 487.

"WE THEREFORE PRAY THEE HELP THY SERVANTS."

272. OREMUS.

10s. CHARLES VINCENT.



"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—LUKE xviii. 1.

mf PRAY, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads
Within thee all thy daily, hourly needs.

mp Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heaviest load
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that flow'd.

Pray, always pray; though weary, faint, and lone,
Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne.

cr Pray, always pray; amid the world's turmoil
Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.

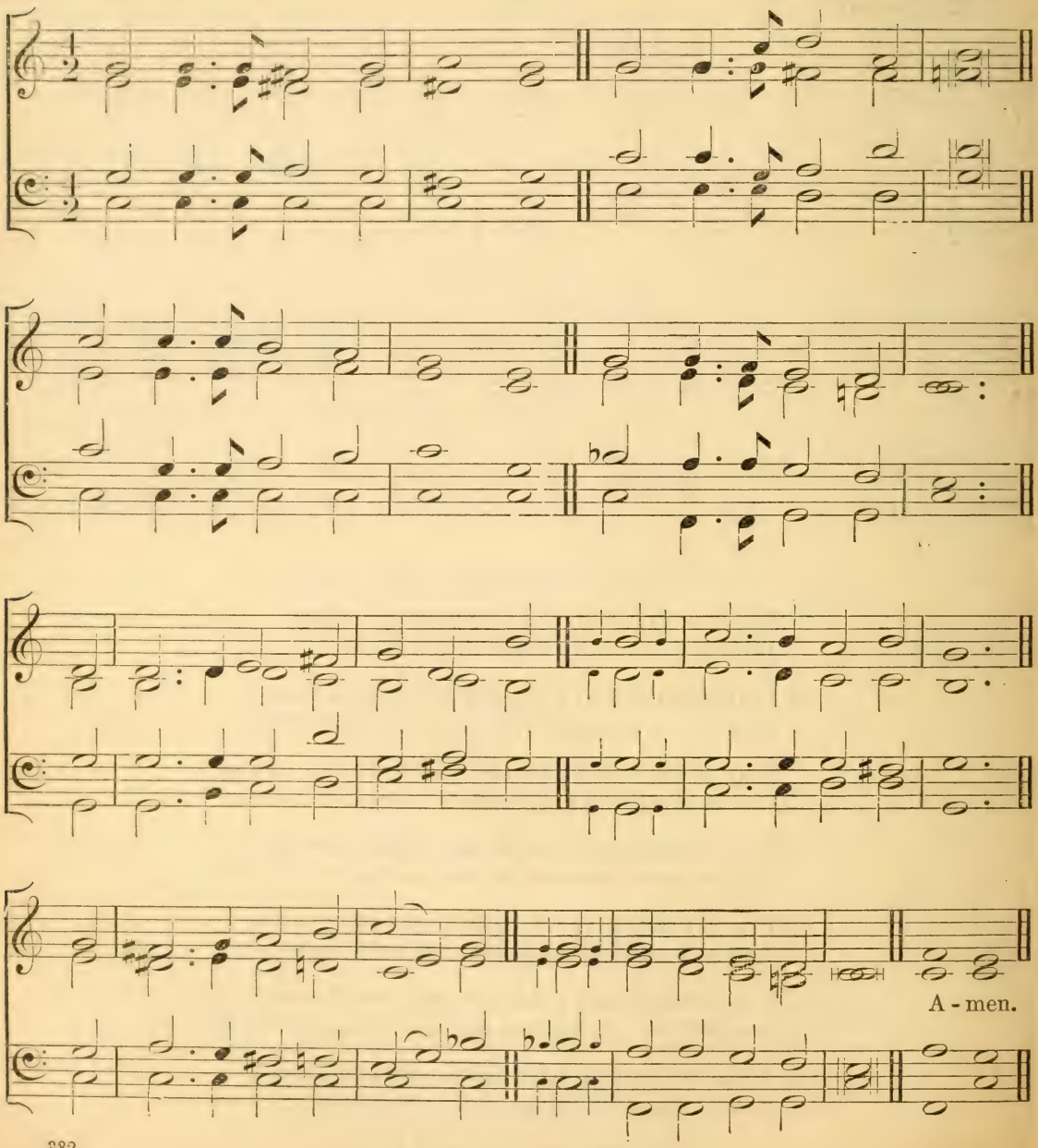
f Pray, always pray: if joys thy pathway throng,
Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angels' song.

p Pray, always pray; if loved ones pass the veil,
cr Prayer drinks with them of springs that cannot fail.

di All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
mf Prayer grasps eternity: pray, always pray. Amen.

May be sung to "Pax Tecum," No. 280.

273. ALPHA. D. 7s. 6s. H. J. LESLIE.



"*Pray without ceasing.*"—1 THESSALONIANS v. 17.

mf Go, when the morning shineth;
Go, when the noon is bright;
Go, when the eve declineth;
Go, in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly cares away,
p And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

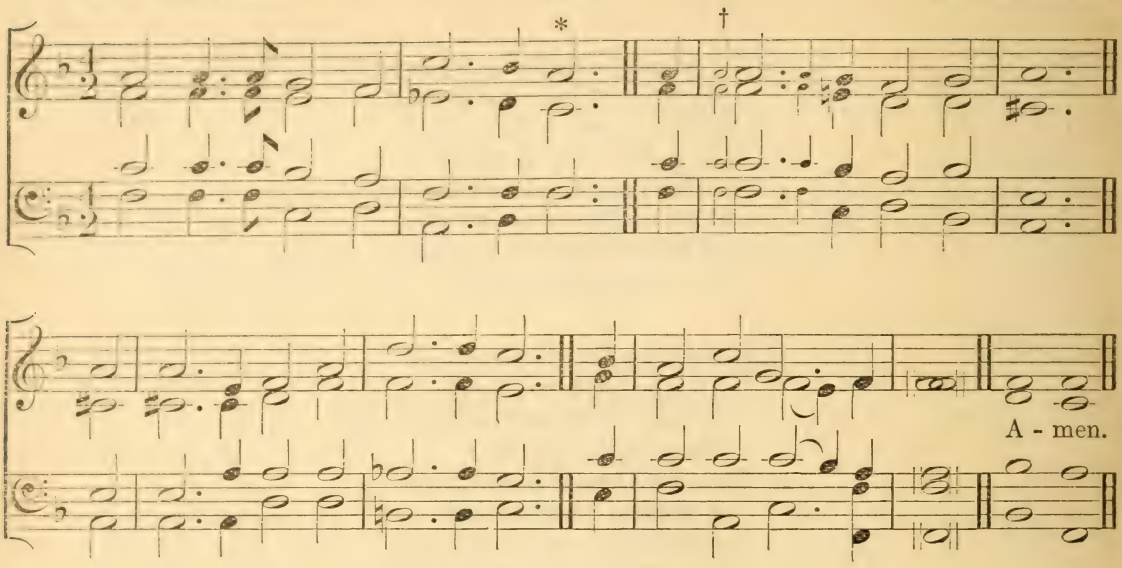
mf Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis here denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
p Even then the silent pleading
Of thy spirit raised above
cr Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

f Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare;
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer;
p Where'er Thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
cr And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gives thee all. Amen.

274. PRAYER.

C.M. W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



"*Lord, teach us to pray.*"—LUKE xi. 1.

mf PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

p Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

mp Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
f Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

mf Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

p Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
cr While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

mf The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

mp Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

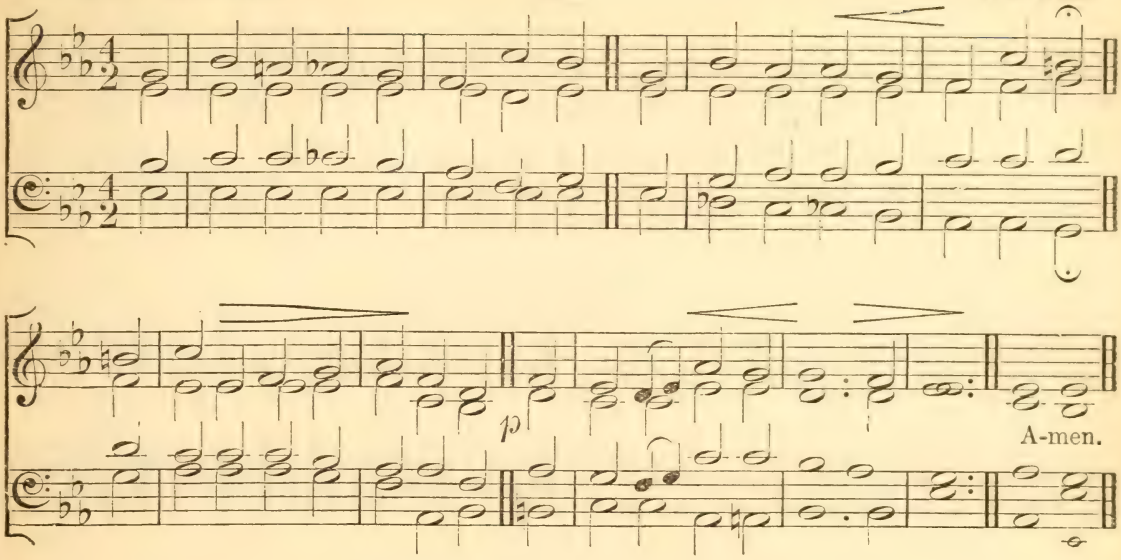
f O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
di The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
p Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

* In the first verse make this note a semibreve, and begin the second line at †, using the small notes.

275. REFUGE.

L.M.

D. J. Wood.



"*There I will meet with thee; and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat.*"—Exodus xxv. 22.

f From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
di There is a calm, a sure retreat;
p 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

mf There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;
p It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.

mp There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
cr Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
p Around one common mercy-seat.

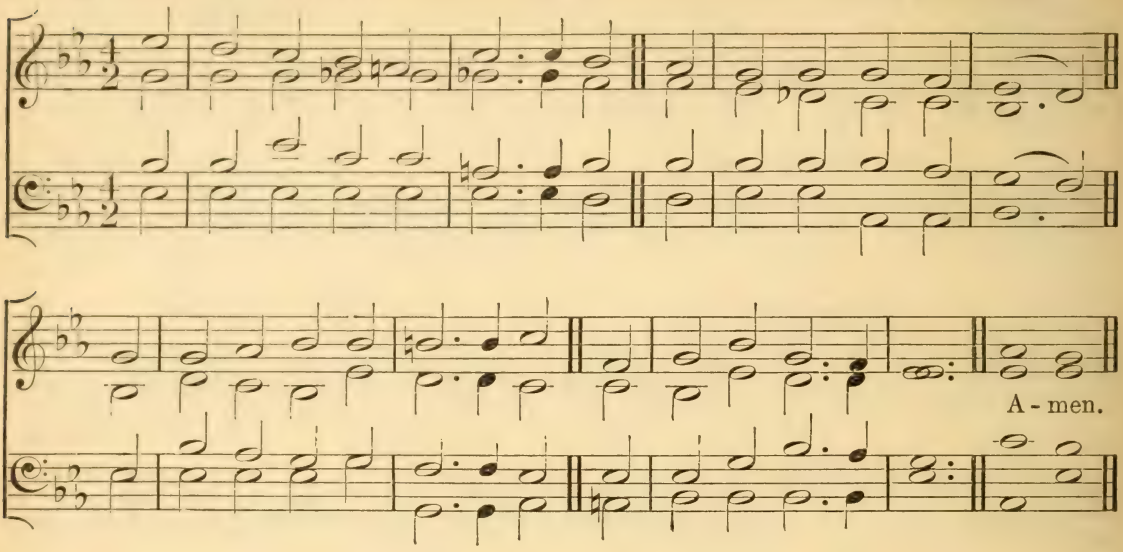
mf Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
p Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

f There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

May also be sung to "Wareham," No. 7.

276. HOLY TRINITY.

C.M. J. BARNBY.



"*The everlasting God fainteth not, neither is weary.*"—ISAIAH xl. 28.

mf THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light:

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

f That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is fill'd with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

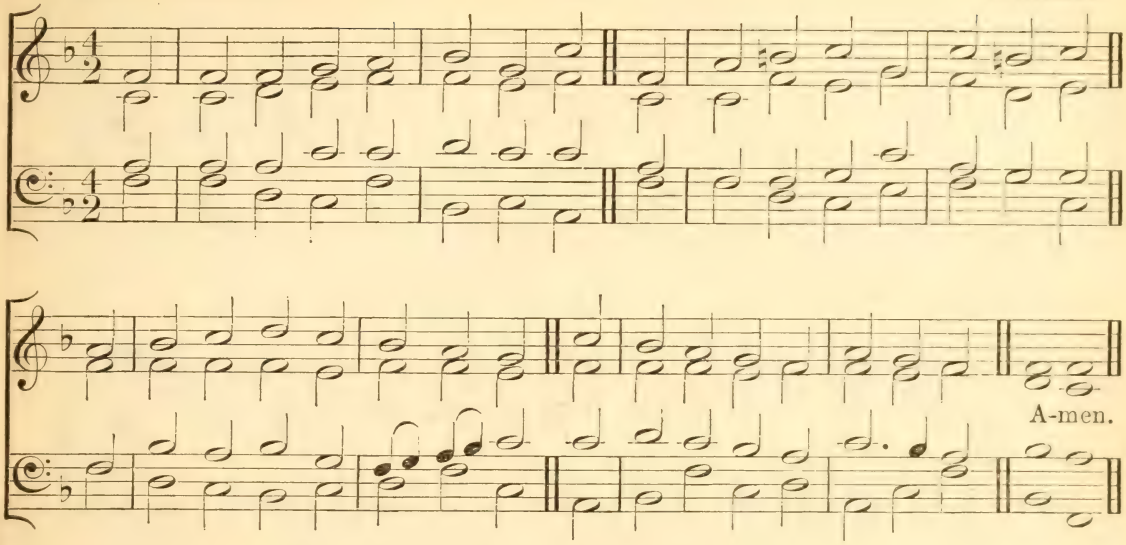
mp But there's a power, which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

cr That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
f And moves the hand, which moves the world,
To bring salvation down. Amen.

277. ANGELS.

L.M.

O. GIBBONS.



"*Continuing instant in prayer.*"—ROMANS xii. 12.

mp WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
cr Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

mf Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

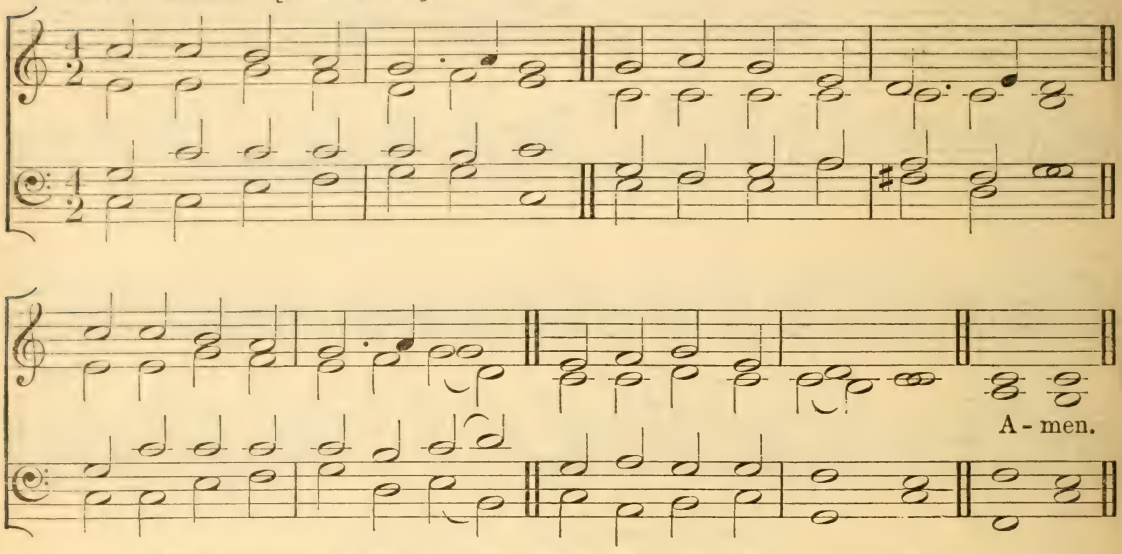
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when He see
The weakest saint upon his knees.

mp Have we no words? ah! think a
Words flow apace when we comp
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

mf Were half the breath thus vainly
To heaven in supplication sent,
f Our cheerful song would oftener
Hear what the Lord hath done f Amen.

LITANY TO THE ETERNAL FATHER.

278. ABBA. [First Tune.] 7s. 6.



"Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."—Romans viii. 15.

Part I.

f Uncreated Fount of light,
Glory without shade of night,
Everlasting, infinite,
p Holy Father, hear us.

Well of life that ever flows,
Life more pure than stainless snows,
di Life in calm serene repose,
Holy Father, hear us.

p Blessèd One, whose name is love,
Pleads with Thee Thy Son above;
Broods o'er us Thy hovering Dove;
Holy Father, hear us.

mf Round about Thy sapphire throne,
Shines the rainbow's emerald zone,
p Breathing heavenly peace alone:
Holy Father, hear us.

mf There before Thy mercy-seat
Saints in light and angels meet;
p Yet behold us at Thy feet:
Holy Father, hear us.

mp Thou, whose deep compassions yearn
For the prodigal's return,
And his far-off steps discern,
p Holy Father, hear us.

pp Aching hearts that long for rest,
Wilder'd souls by doubt oppress'd,
Babes that crave a parent's breast,—
p Holy Father, hear us.

cr All have some great gift to seek,
Hungred, thirsty, weary, weak;
All have wants no words can speak,
p Holy Father, hear us.

mf Is not Thy paternal board
With all royal bounties stored,
Priceless, countless, unexplored?
p Holy Father, hear us.

PART II.

mp THOU who sparedst not Thy Son,
Him Thine own, Thine only One,
Till Thy work by Him was done,
Holy Father, hear us.

p Thou in all His sorrows nigh,
pp Thou, who heardest His last cry,
Thou, who sufferedst Him to die,
Holy Father, hear us.

f Thou, omnipotent to save
From destruction's whelming wave,
Death and hell and vanquish'd grave,
p Holy Father, hear us.

f Thou, at whose right hand once more,
He is now, His conflict o'er,
Throned where He was throned before,
p Holy Father, hear us.

f Thou, who crownest Him with grace,
Foldest Him to Thine embrace,
Him the brightness of Thy face,
p Holy Father, hear us.

mf All the richest gifts of heaven,
Sevenfold from the Spirits Seven,
Measureless to Him are given:
p Holy Father, hear us.

mf At His word Thy Spirit came,
Crowns of light and tongues of flame:
Oh for our Redeemer's name,
p Holy Father, hear us.

cr Grant us in this holy hour
From His bride's exhaustless dower
Light and life and peace and power:
p Holy Father, hear us.

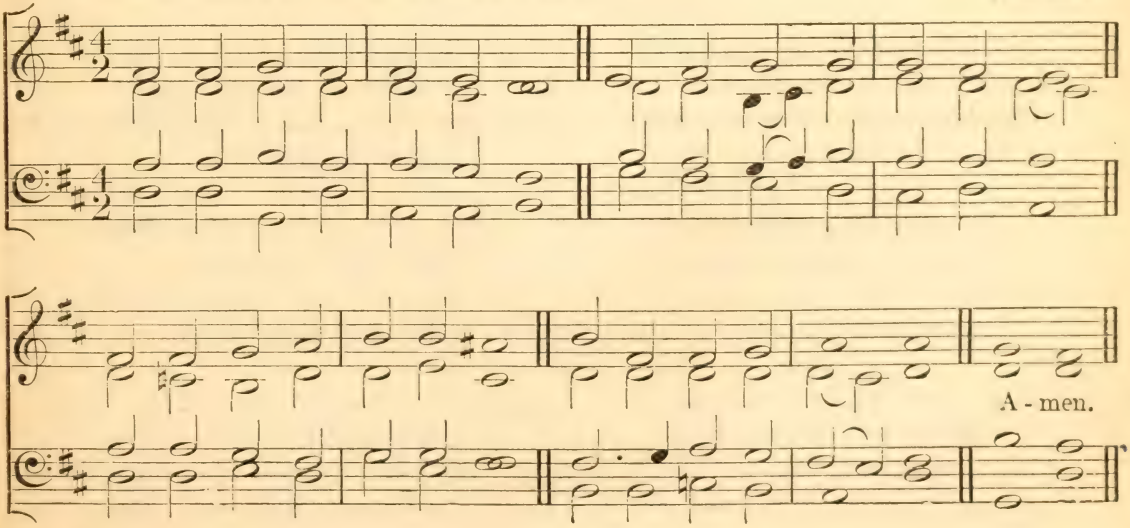
To be sung at the close of either part.

p Hear our cry, our voiceless needs:
pp Hear, in us Thy Spirit pleads:
cr Hear, for Jesus intercedes:
p Holy Father, hear us. Amen.

See also Hymns 6, 11, 36, 146, 147, 152, 341.

278. CHARITY. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s. 6.

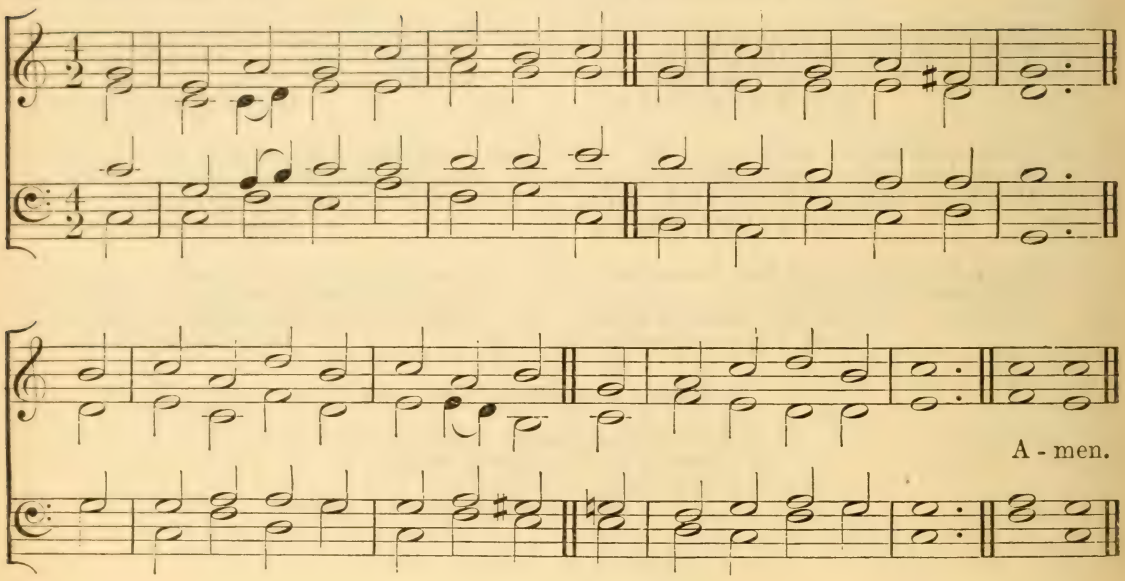
C. R. CUFF.



"We know Thee now by faith."

279. ST. ANN.

C.M. Croft.



"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."—Psalm xc. 1.

f O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

mp Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
f Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

mf Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
f From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

p A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

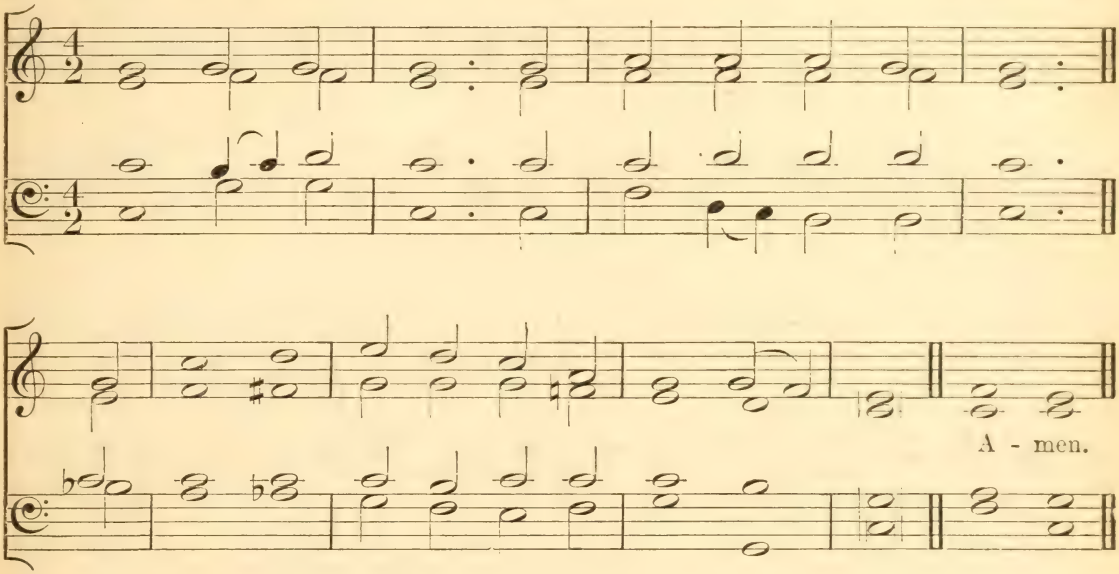
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

un O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

280. PAX TECUM.

10s.

G. T. Caldbeck.



"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."—Isaiah xxvi. 3.

mp Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mf Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

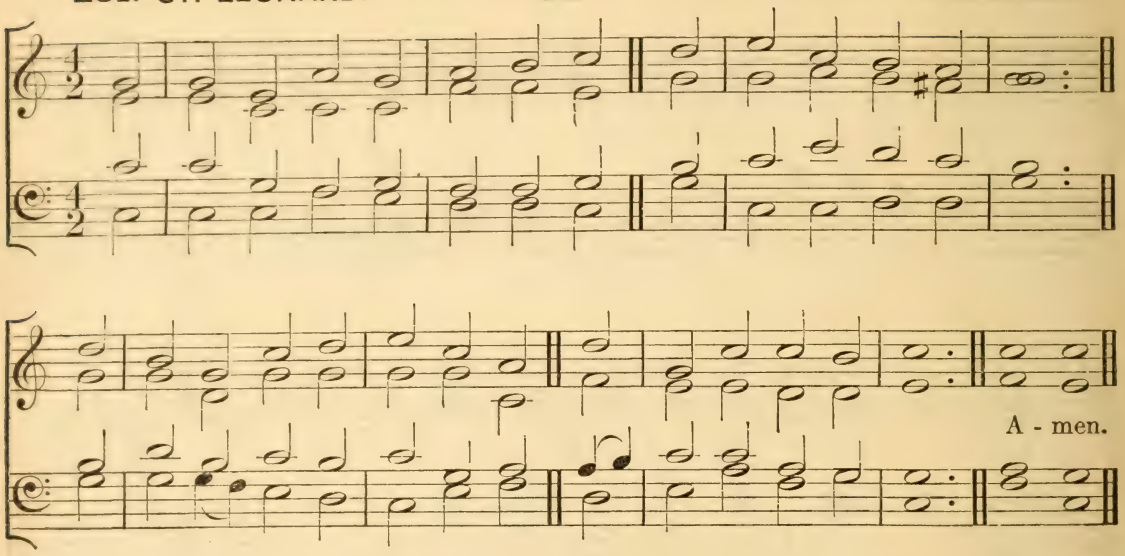
mp Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

f Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

mp Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

di It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
p And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

281. ST. LEONARD. C.M. HENRY SMART.



"*And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.*"—LUKE xvii. 5.

mf OH for a faith that will not shrink
Though press'd by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;—

p That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod:
cr But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;—

mf A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way
p Till life's last spark is fled,
cr And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

mf Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
cr I'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home. Amen.

282. CREDO.

Six 8s. CHARLES VINCENT.

A-men.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—JOHN xx. 29.

mp WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
f But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

p We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
f Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.

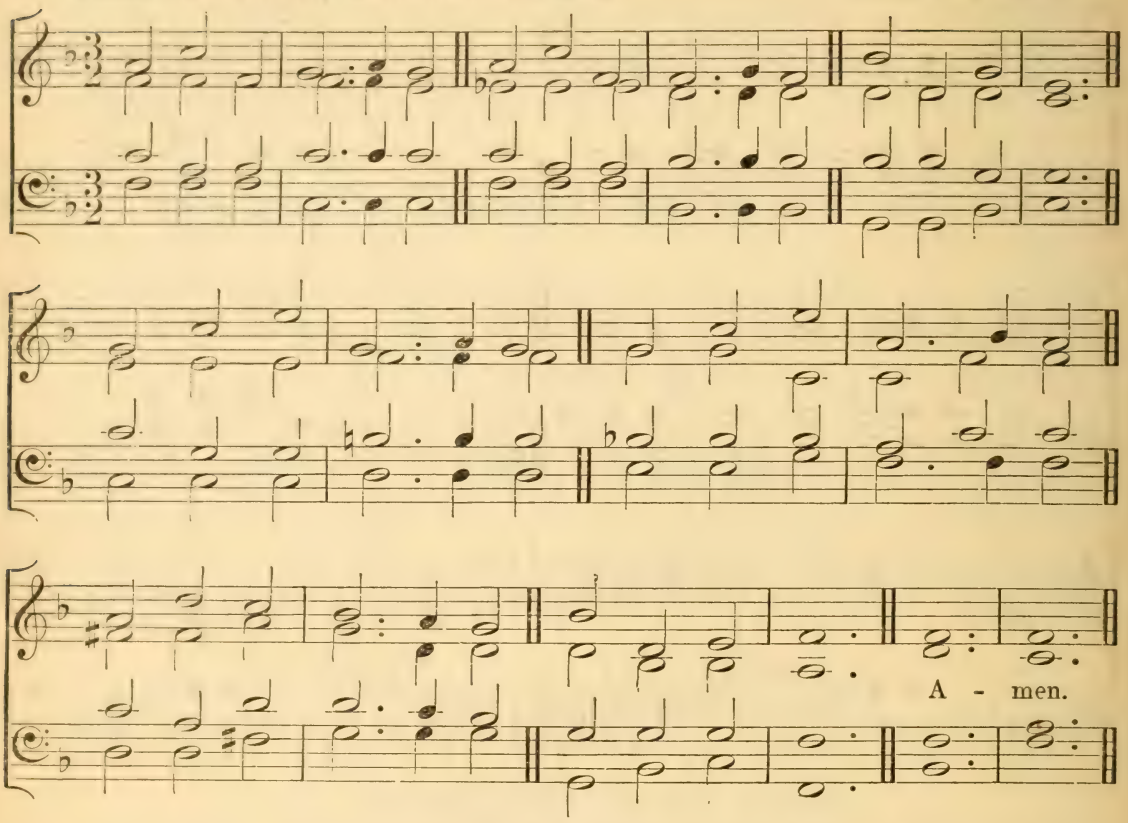
mf We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
f But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

mf We did not mark the chosen few, [cend,
When Thou didst through the clouds as-
cr First lift to heaven their wondering view,
p Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

mf And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
di No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
f But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord. Amen.

283. CALVARY (BAMBRIDGE). 6s. 4s.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



"Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God."—PSALM cxxiii. 2.

f MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
p Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
cr Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

mf May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
p As Thou hast died for me,
cr Oh may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

p While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
cr Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
cr Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
f Oh bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul. Amen

284. FORD.

D. 7s. 6s.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

Unison.

Harmony.

A - men.

"*It is the voice of my Beloved.*"—SONG v. 2.

mf "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
p Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress'd!
cr It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

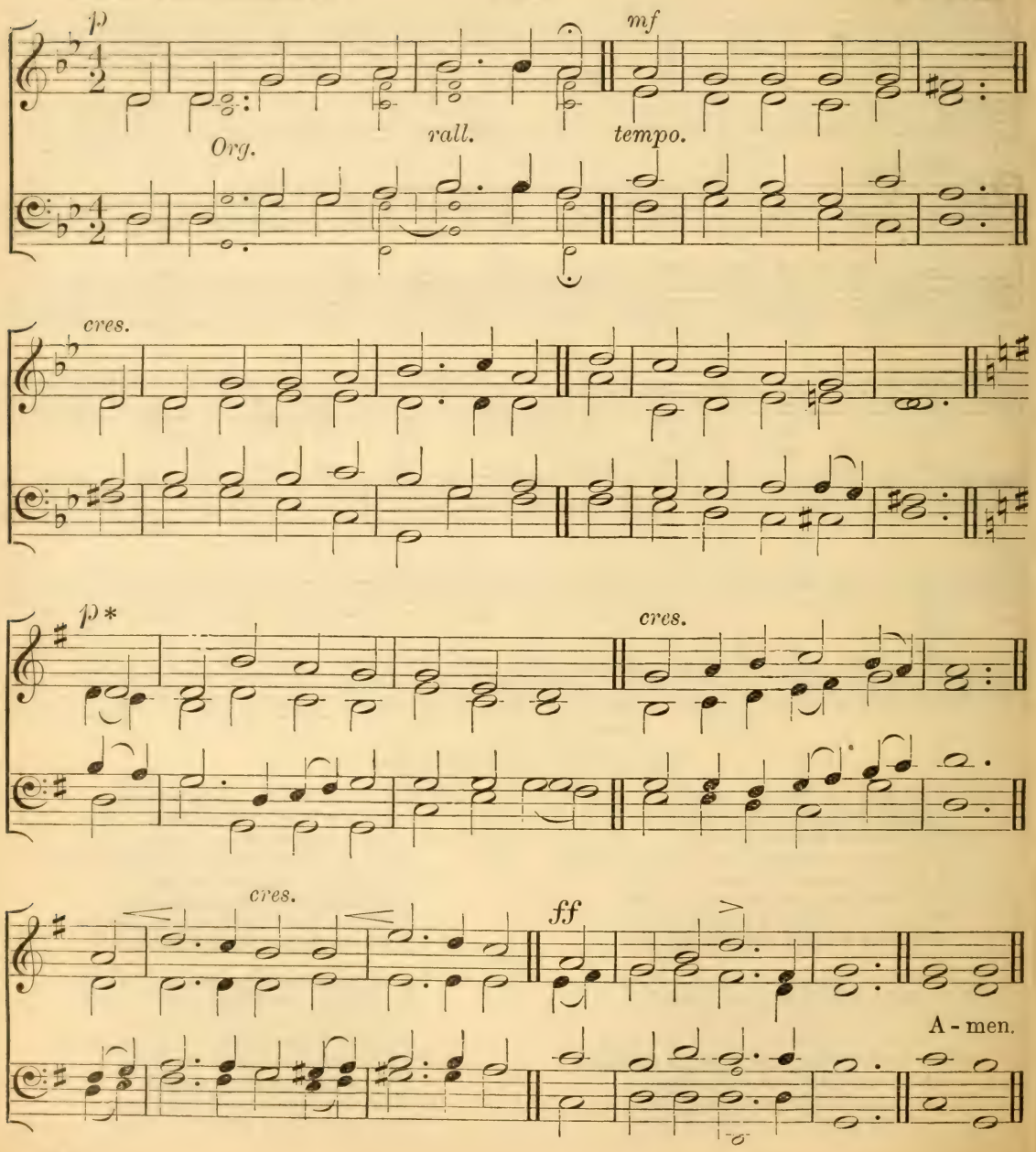
mf "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
p Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
f But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

mf "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
p Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
mf The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
cr But Thou hast made us mighty,
f And stronger than the strong.

mf "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast Him out."
p Oh, patient voice of Jesus,
cr Which drives away our doubt!
mf Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee. Amen.

285. VOX DILECTI.

D.C.M. J. B. DYKES.



Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

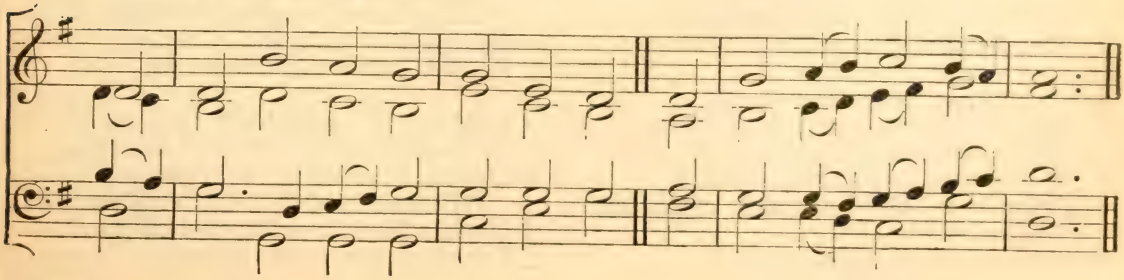
"*Incline your ear, and come unto Me.*"—ISAIAH lv. 3.

mp I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
cr Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
p I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
cr I found in Him a resting-place,
f And He has made me glad.

mp I heard the voice of Jesus say,
cr Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
p I came to Jesus, and I drank
cr Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived
f And now I live in Him.

p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
cr I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all Thy day be bright.
p I look'd to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my Star, my Sun;
f And in that light of life I'll walk,
di Till travelling days are done. Amen.

* *For verses 2 and 3, lines 5 and 6:—*



286. BAYNARD.

Six 8s.

J. Booth.

Unison.

Harmony.

A-men.

"We have hope, as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast."—Hebrews vi. 19.

f Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
p The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
cr Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
p When heaven and earth are fled away.

f O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
mp My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
cr While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
f Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

p Though waves and storms go o'er my head, [friends be gone,
Though strength, and health, and
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
cr On this my steadfast soul relies,
f Father, Thy mercy never dies.

f Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
p Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
cr This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
ff Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love. Amen.

287. SHERBORNE.

P.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

"I will be with thee," saith the Lord. A - men.

"I am the Lord. I change not."—MALACHI iii. 6.

mp CHANGE is our portion here;
Soon fades the summer sky,
di The landscape droops in autumn sear,
And spring flowers bloom to die:
f But faithful is Jehovah's word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

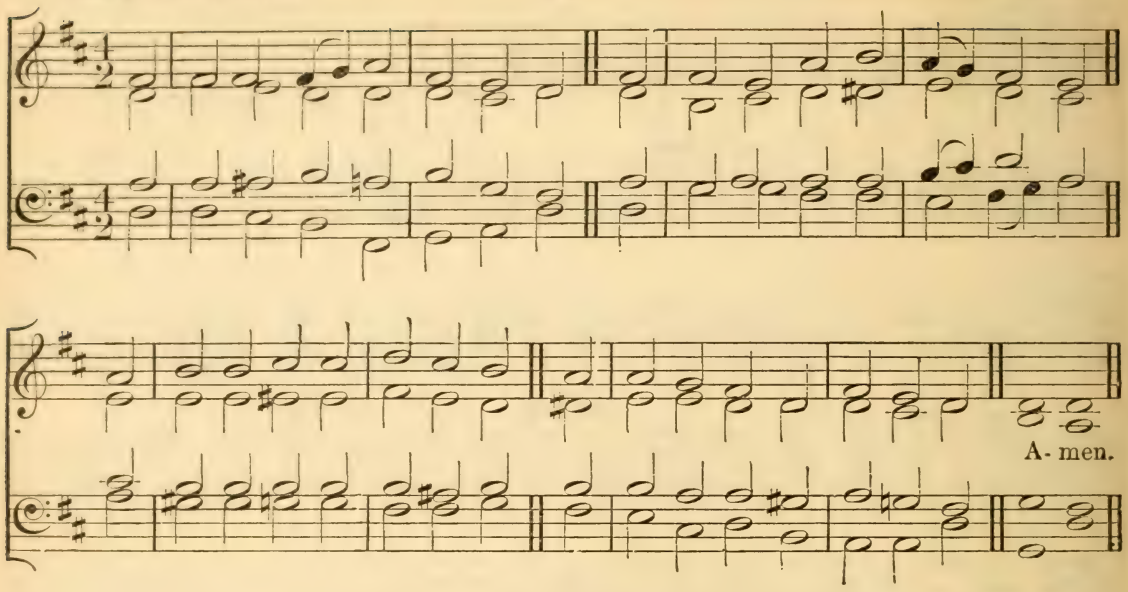
mp Change is our portion here,
Along the heavenly road:
In faith and hope and holy fear,
In love towards our God:
di How often we distrust the word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

mp Change is our portion here:
cr Yet midst our changing lot, [drear,
Midst withering flowers and tempests
f There is that changes not.
ff Unchangeable Jehovah's word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

mp Changeless, the way of peace:
Changeless, Emmanuel's name;
f Changeless, the covenant of grace;
Eternally the same.
cr "I change not," is a Father's word.
"And I am with thee," saith the Lord.
Amen.

288. OXFORD.

L.M. J. STAINER.



"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—ISAIAH lxi. 10.

f JESU, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

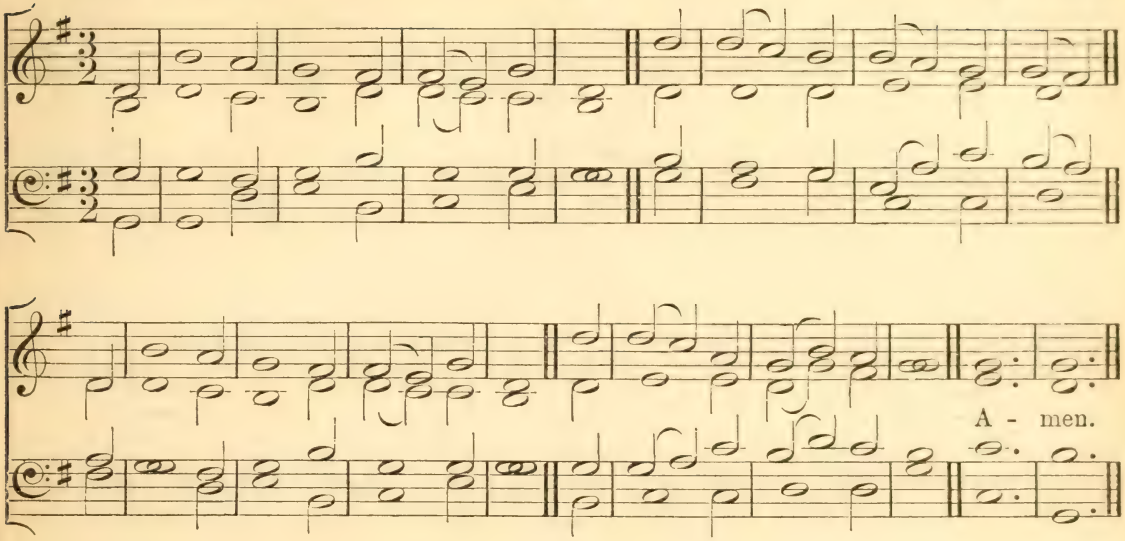
cr When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
p Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

cr Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove:
ff Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell. Amen.

289. BELMONT.

C.M.

S. Webbe.



"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zechariah xiii. 1.

mf THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

cr Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

mp E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
cr Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

f Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save; [tongue
p When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

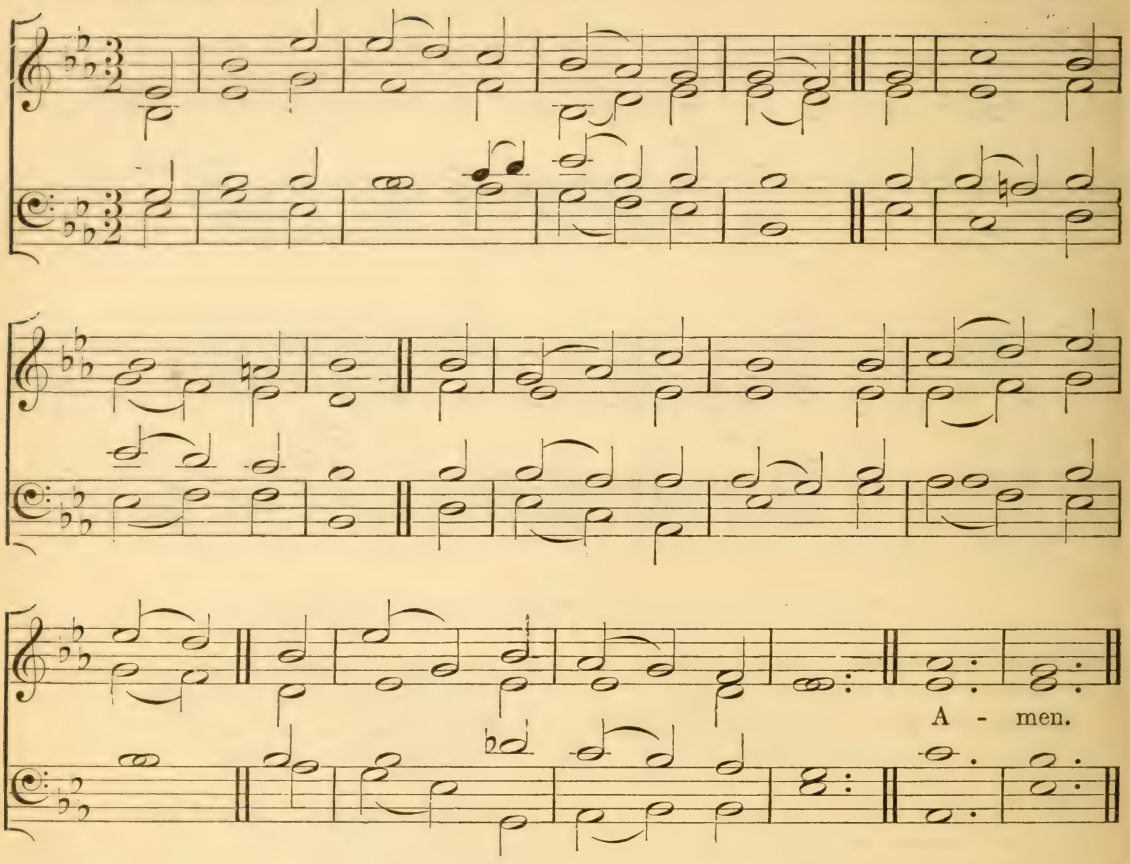
mf Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

cr 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
f To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine. Amen.

290. ABRIDGE.

C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE x. 20.

mf When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
cr I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

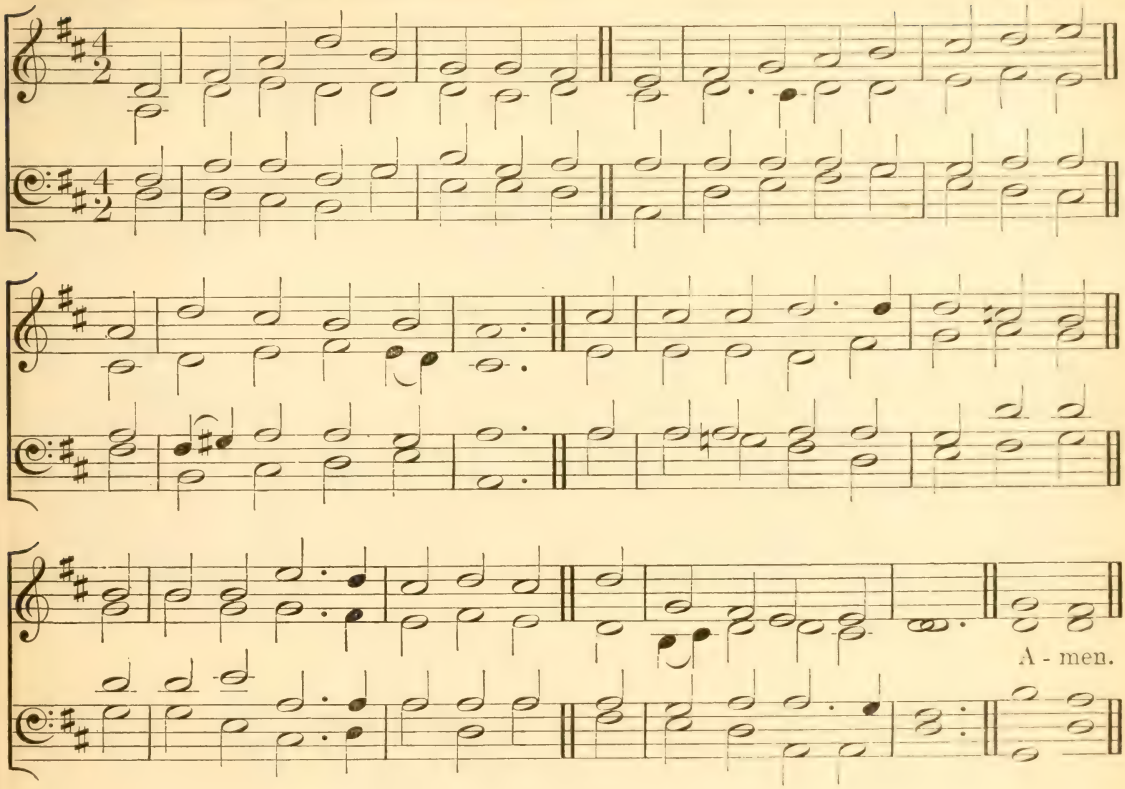
f Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
mf May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

di There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
p And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. Amen.

291. MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8.8.6.

W. HAYES.



"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER v. 7.

mf O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

mp How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
cr Oh could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

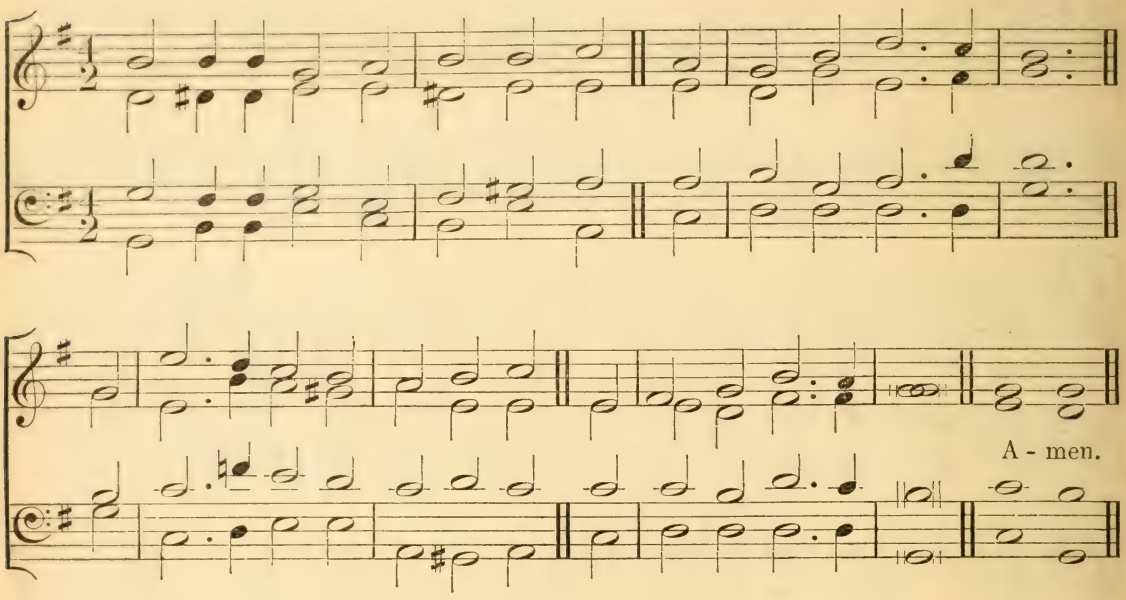
mp Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
cr Then rise with lighten'd cheer;

mf Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

mp We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
cr But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

mf Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers,
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
di Even in affliction, peace. Amen.

292. NOX PRÆCESSIT. C.M. J. Baptiste Calkin.



"*Then shall the Lord be my God.*"—Genesis xxviii. 21.

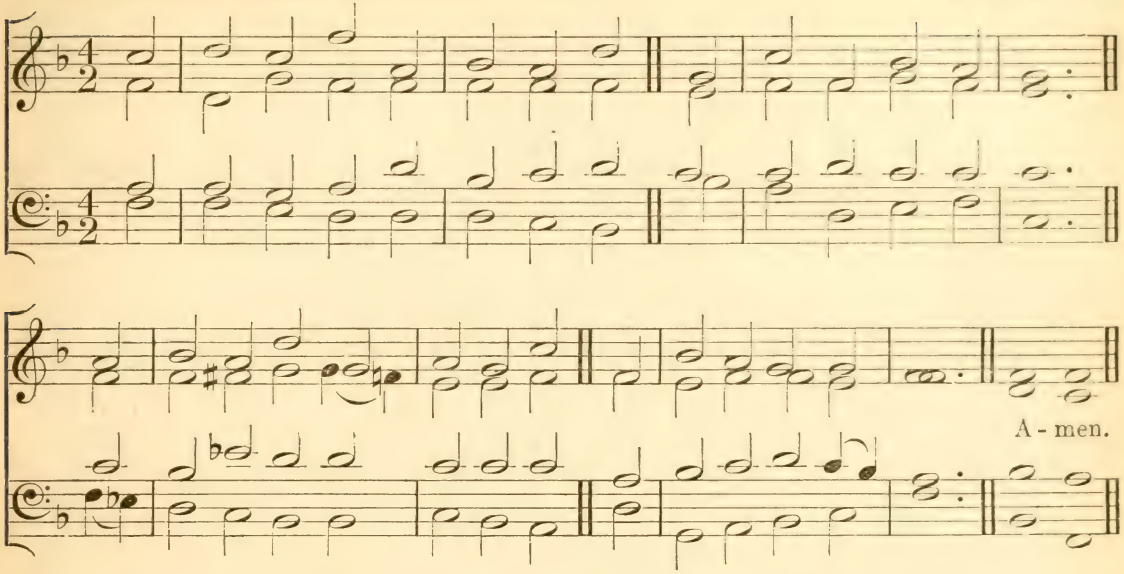
mf Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

mp Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

cr Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
f And crown my journey's end. Amen.

293. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. C.M.

G. M. GARRETT.



"*Your life is hid with Christ in God.*"—COLOSSIANS iii. 3.

f REJOICE, believer in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

mp Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
cr Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

mf Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
f A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear?

As surely as He overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love His name,
Shall triumph in Him too. Amen.

294. WISMAR.

Six 8s.

J. H. SCHEIN.

A-men.

"It was founded upon a rock."—MATTHEW vii. 25.

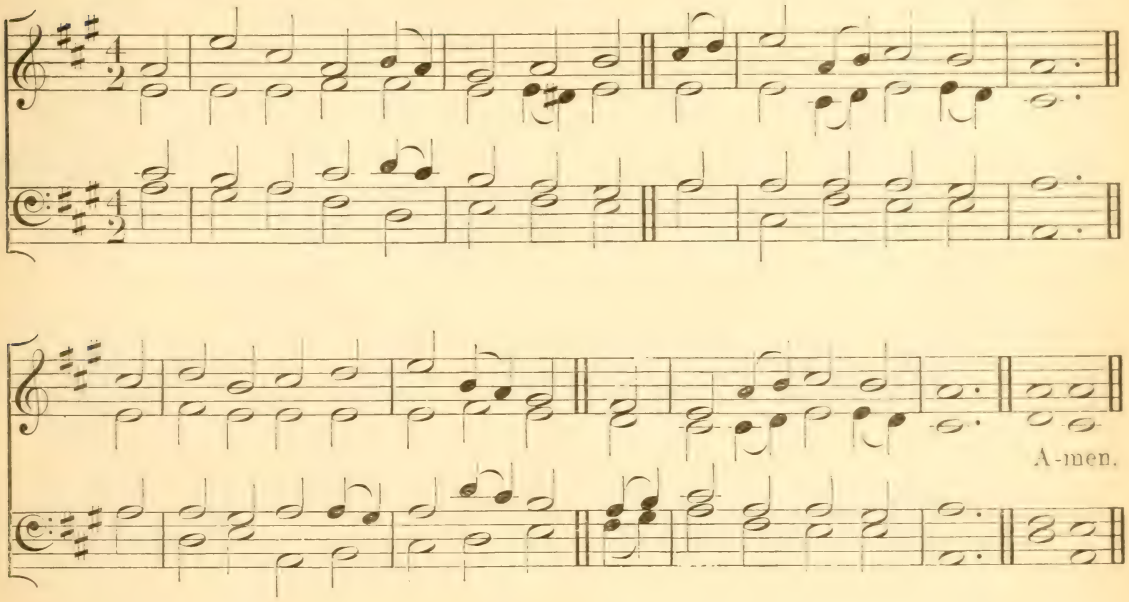
f MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
di No merit of my own I claim,
cr But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

mf When long appears my toilsome race,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

f His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
di When every earthly prop gives way,
f He then is all my hope and stay.
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

f When the last trumpet's voice shall sound,
mp Oh may I then in Him be found,
cr Robed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand. Amen

295. ST. STEPHEN. C.M. W. JONES.



"Thy footsteps are not known."—PSALM lxxvii. 19.

mp GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
f He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

mp Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
cr He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

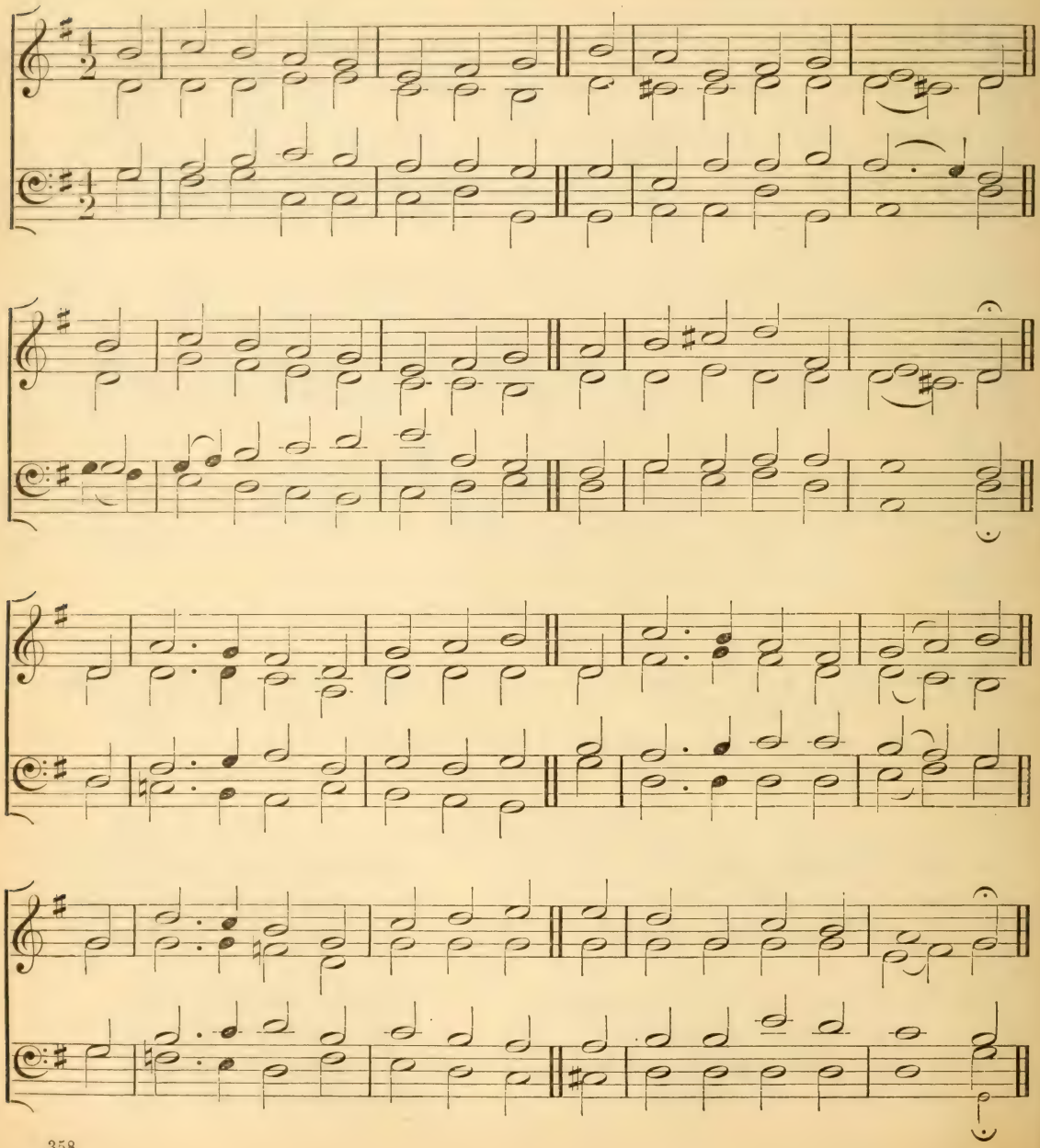
mp Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
cr Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

mp Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
cr He hides a smiling face.

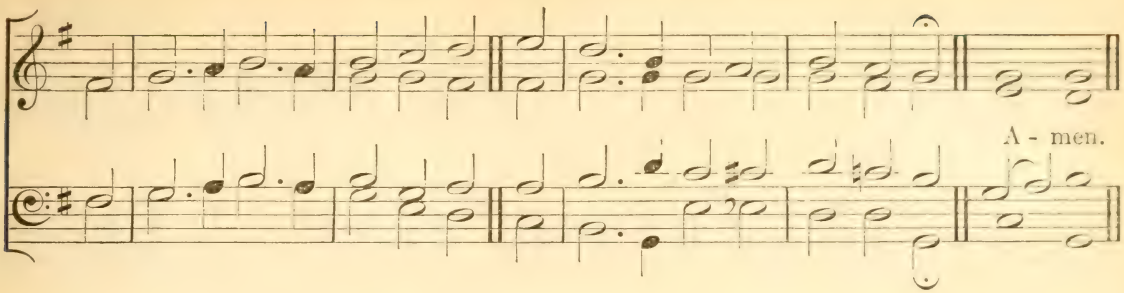
mf His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
f God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

296. ST. ATHANASIUS. P.M. CHARLES VINCENT.



Sundays after Trinity: Faith.



"*Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.*"—PSALM lxi. 2.

f O ROCK of Ages! since on Thee
By grace my feet are planted,
'Tis mine in tranquil faith to see
The rising storm undaunted.
When angry billows round me rave,
And tempests fierce assail me;
To Thee I cling, the terrors brave,
For Thou canst never fail me;
Though rends the globe with earthquake shock,
Unmoved Thou stand'st, Eternal Rock.

p Within Thy clefts I love to hide,
When darkness o'er me closes;
There peace and light serene abide,
And my still heart reposes;
cr My soul exults to dwell secure,
Thy strong munitions round her:
She dares to count her triumph sure,
Nor fears lest hell confound her:
f Though tumults startle earth and sea,
Thou changeless Rock, they shake not Thee.

p From Thee, O Rock once smitten, flow
Life-giving streams for ever;
And whoso doth their sweetness know,
He henceforth thirsteth never;
cr My lips have touch'd the crystal tide,
And feel no more returning,
The fever that so long I tried
To cool, yet felt still burning;
f Oh, wondrous well-spring, brimming o'er
With living waters evermore.

mf On that dread day when they that sleep
Shall hear the trumpet sounding,
And wake to praise, or wake to weep,
The judgment throne surrounding;
When, wrapp'd in all-devouring flame,
The solid globe is wasting,
And what at first from nothing came
Is back to nothing hasting;
di Even then, my soul shall calmly rest,
p O Rock of Ages, on Thy breast. Amen

297. KEBLE.

10s. 4s.

J. Barnby.

Smoothly.

(Small notes for 3rd verse.)

A - men.

"Father, not My will, but Thine, be done."—Luke xxii. 42.

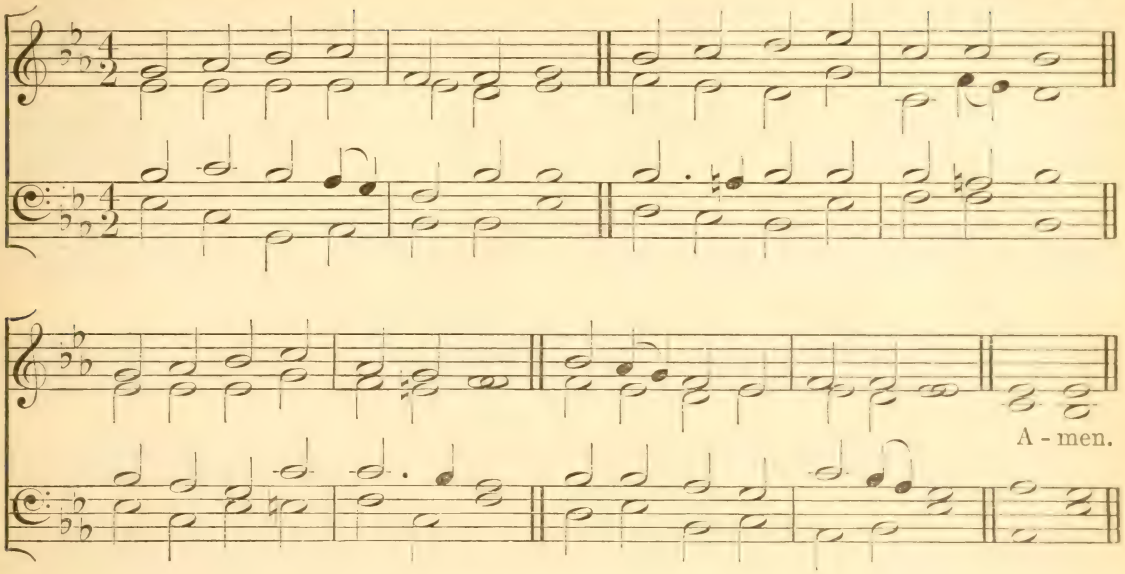
mp O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will:
I will lie still.
p I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm, [breast,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's
In perfect rest.

mf To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
Doth Christ impart
p The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

mp "O Father, not My will, but Thine, be done,"
So spake the Son.
cr Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys;
p That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest. Amen.

298. GIBBONS.

7s. O. GIBBONS.



"My sheep shall never perish."—JOHN x. 28.

mf THINE for ever :—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
cr Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

f Thine for ever :—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

p Thine for ever :—Oh how bless'd
They who find in Thee their rest !
cr Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
Oh defend us to the end.

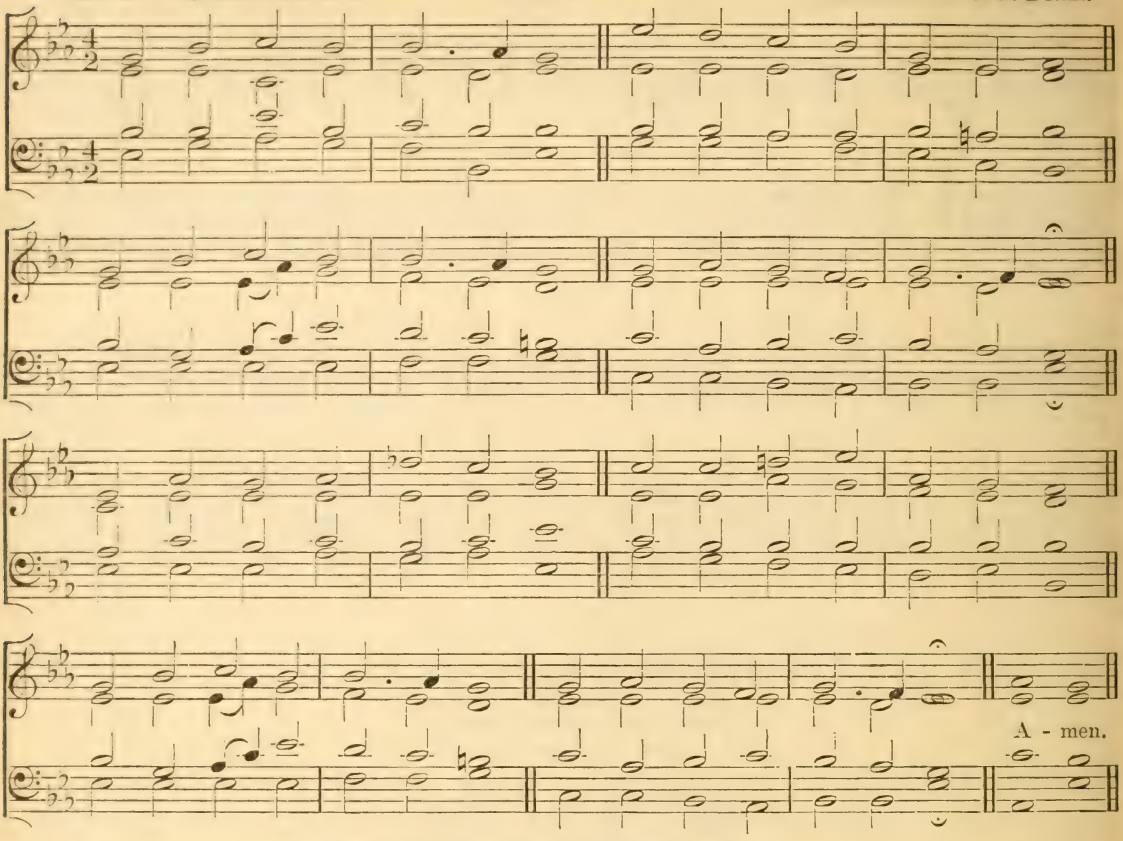
p Thine for ever :—Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
cr Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

f Thine for ever :—Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

299. HOLLINGSIDE.

D. 7s.

J. B. Dykes.



"I flee unto Thee to hide me."—Psalm cxliii. 9.

mp Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cr While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
mf Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
di Safe into the haven guide,
p Oh receive my soul at last.

mf Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
di Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
cr All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
mf Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

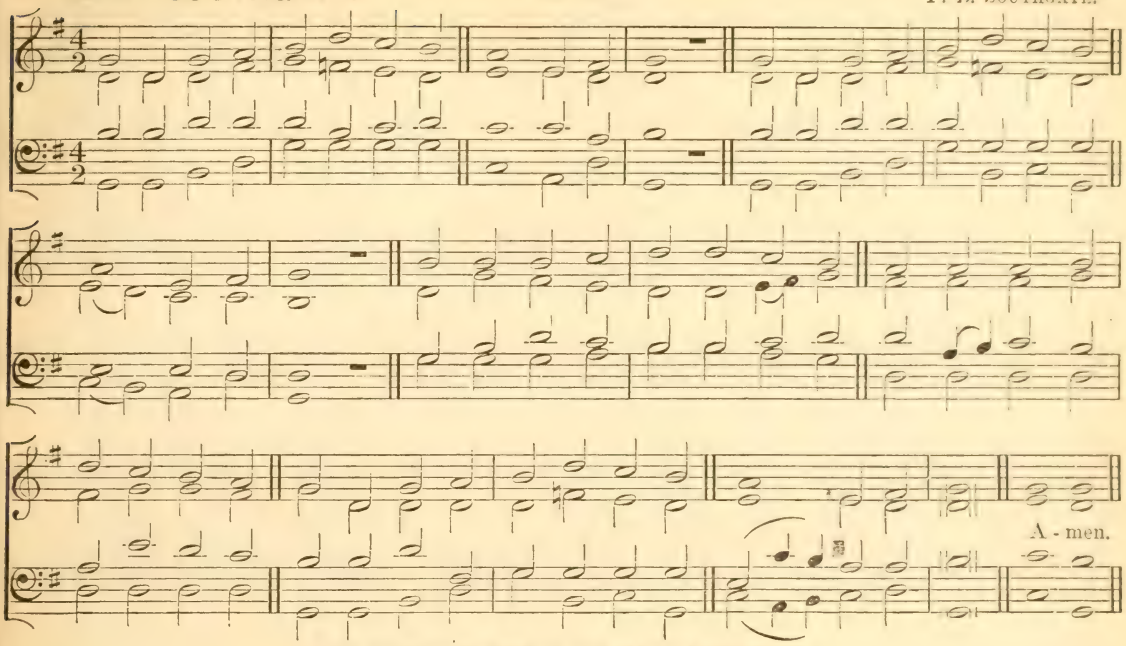
mf Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
p I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
mf Thou art full of truth and grace.

cr Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
f Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

300. SOUTHGATE.

8s. 4s.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



"Is it well with thee? It is well."—2 KINGS iv. 26.

mf THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
p Precious is the blood that heal'd us;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
f Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us;
All must be well.

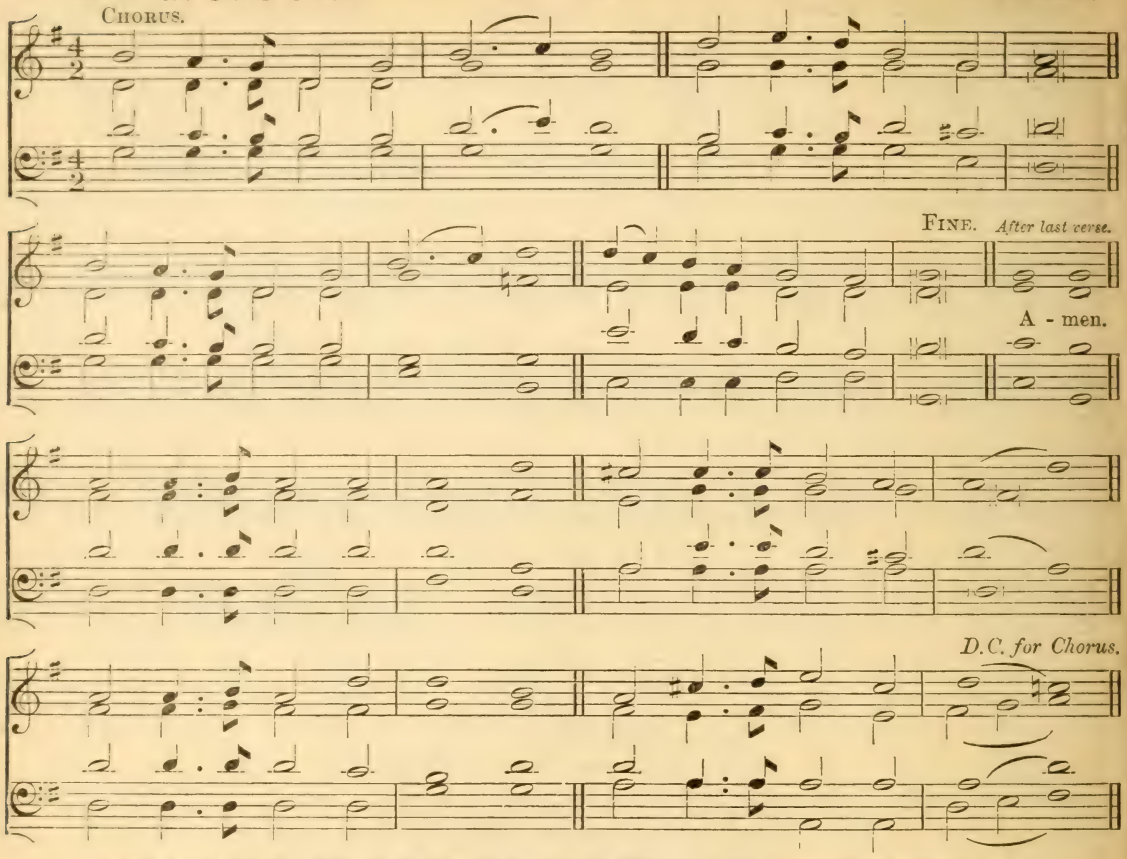
p Though we pass through tribulation,
f All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
cr Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

f We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
cr Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
mf On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
di Or in living or in dying,
f All must be well. Amen.

301. IN SINU JESU.

D. 7s. 6s.

W. H. DOANE.



"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 27.

mp SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
cr There by His love o'ershadow'd
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
p Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
cr Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
mf Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadow'd
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

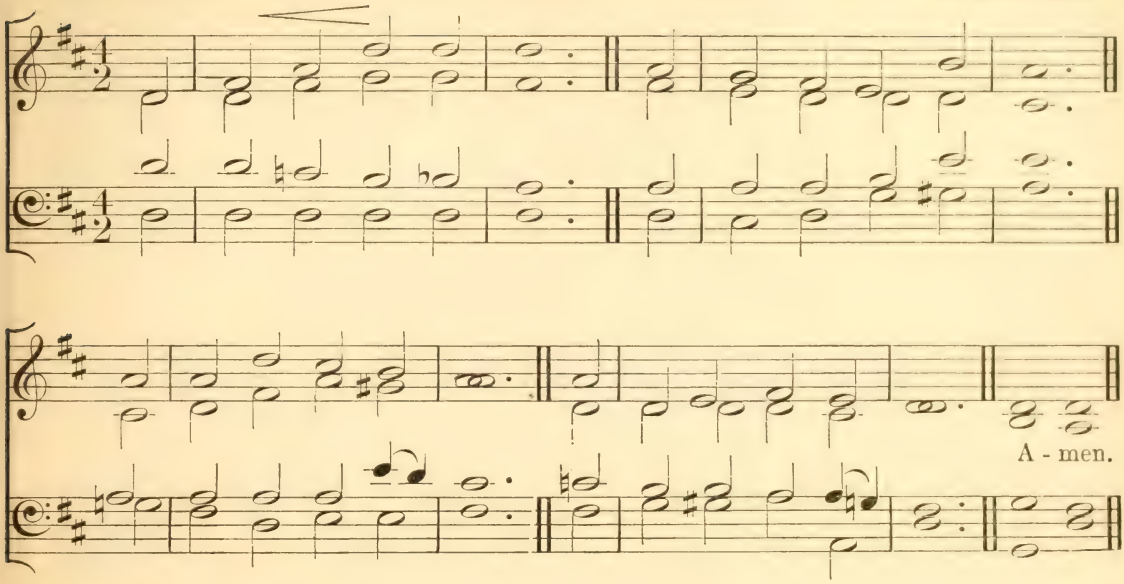
mp Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
cr Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
mf Safe in the arms, &c.

mp Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
f Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
mp Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
cr Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
mf Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadow'd
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Amen.

302. VIA CRUCIS.

6s.

S. M. Barkworth.



"Make Thy way straight before my face."—Psalm v. 8.

mp Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
cr Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

mf The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
di Else I must surely stray.

mp Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

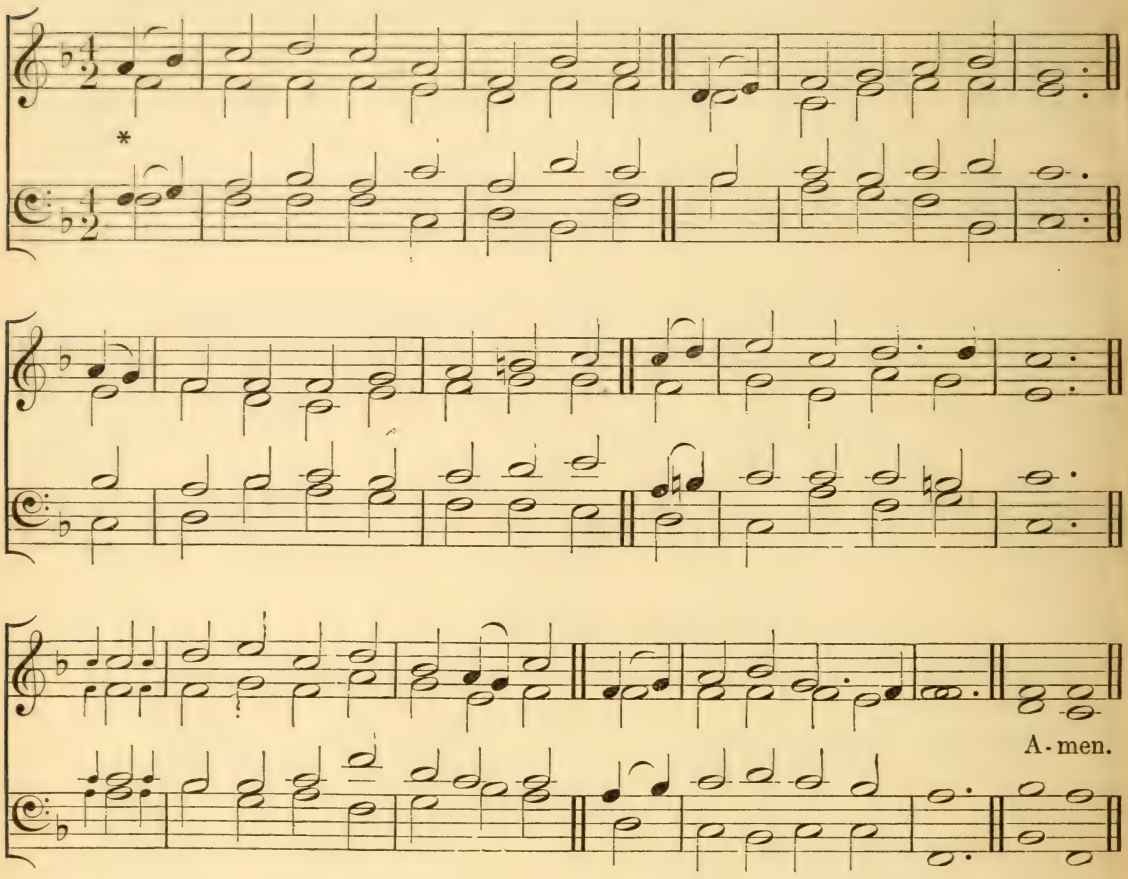
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

mf Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
f Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. Amen.

303. MORWELLHAM.

P.M.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



"My soul is even as a weaned child."—PSALM cxxxi. 2.

mf FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
di But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

* For verse 1 omit this chord, and divide 2nd chord of following bar into crotchets. For verses 5, 7, and 8, the slur must be omitted, and similar modifications are required in other places to suit the various rhythms of the hymn.

mp I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

mf Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
dl And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

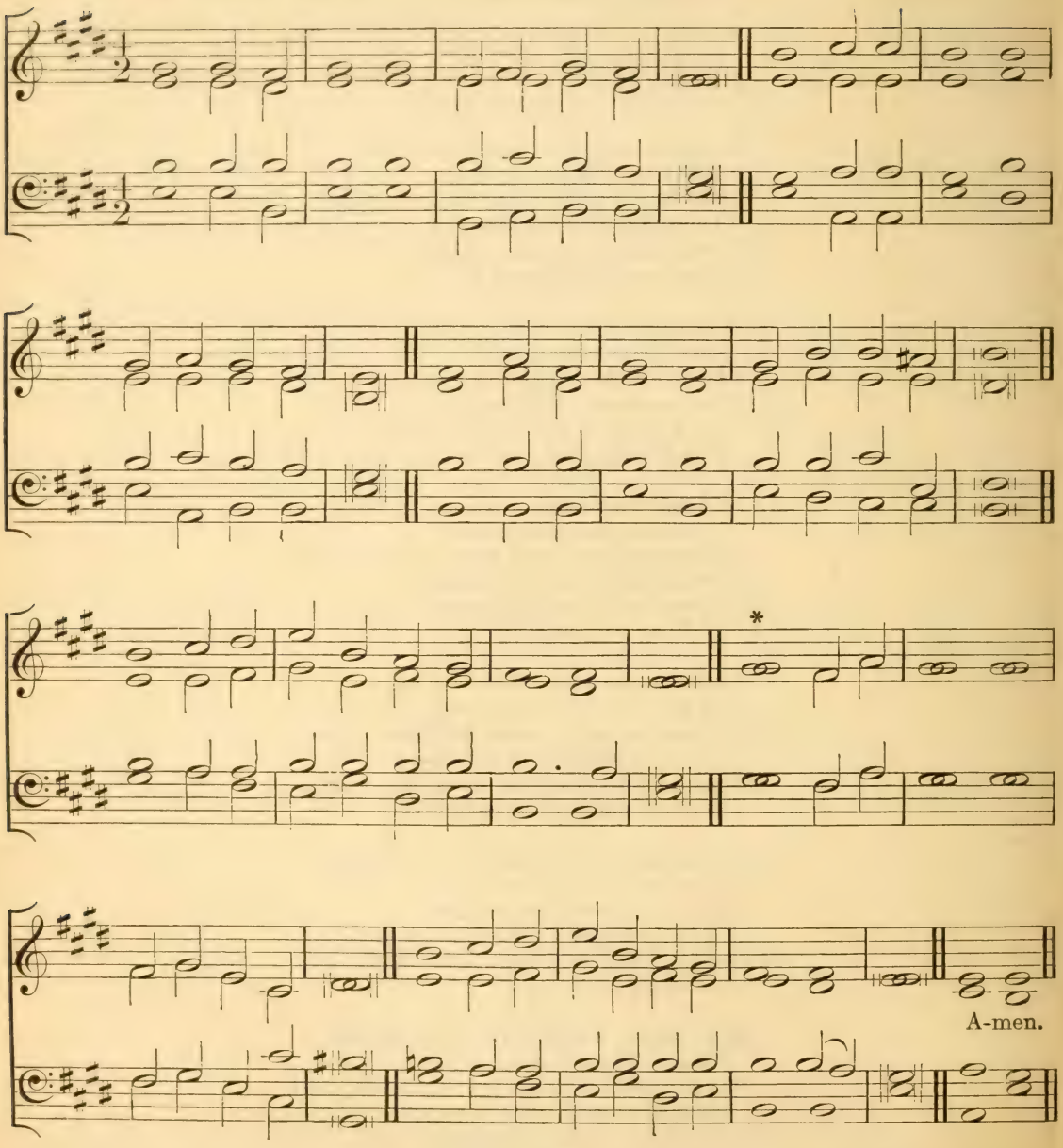
cr So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
mf Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be;
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee:
dl More careful,—not to serve Thee much,—
But to please Thee perfectly.

p There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
cr But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

f In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty. Amen.

304. WORDSWORTH. Six 10s.



"*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.*"—LAMENTATIONS iii. 24.

mp LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
cr With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

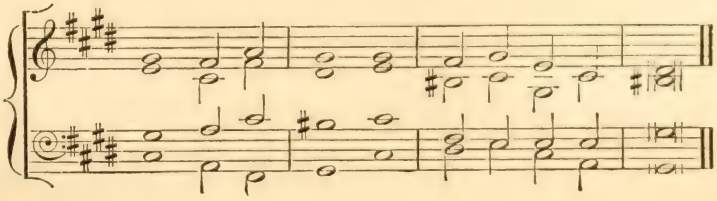
mf The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possess'd:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

cr Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen:
A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines:
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
di All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

mf While here, alas, I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore:
cr But when I meet Him in the realms above
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
f And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine. Amen.

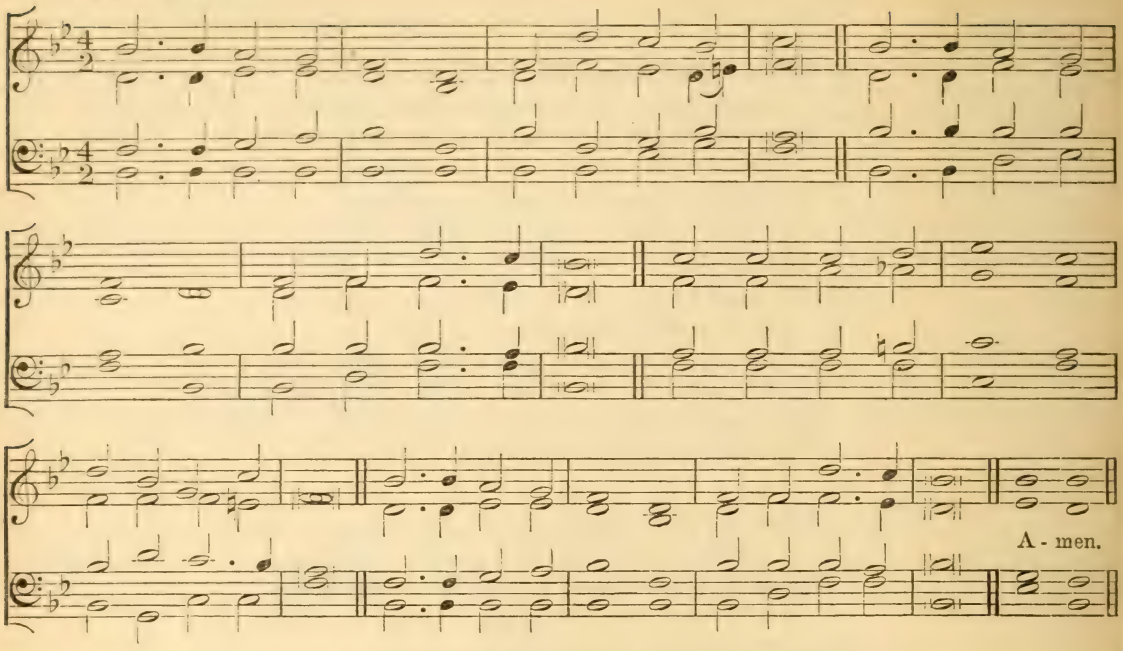
May be sung to No. 439.

* *Organ Accompaniment (ad lib.) for 5th line:—*



305. FIDES.

11s.



"*He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.*"—2 TIMOTHY i. 12.

mf JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
mp Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
cr There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
p Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

mf Jesus, I may trust Thee, name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth;
p Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame,
cr Sinners read and worship, trusting in that name.

mf Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:
mp Sinners gather'd round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

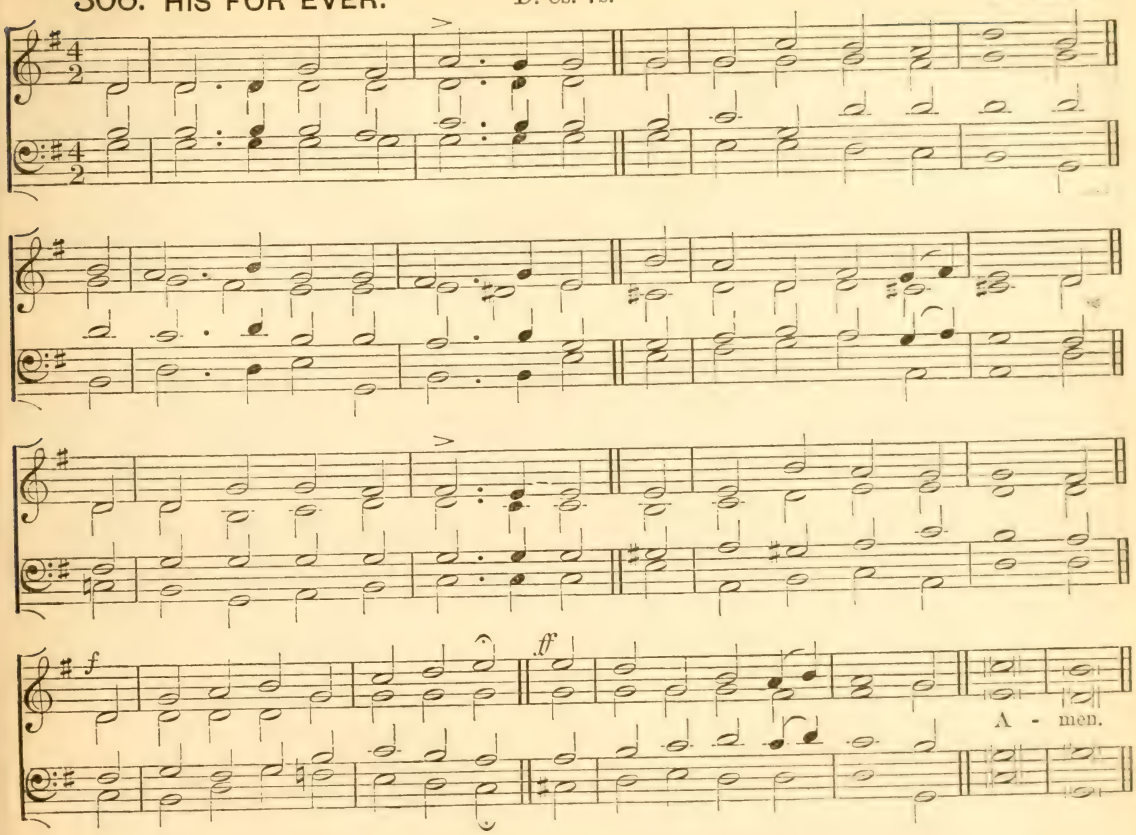
mf Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
di Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

f Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out;
ff Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God. Amen.

306. HIS FOR EVER.

D. 8s. 7s.

J. Barnby.



"*Full assurance of faith.*"—Hebrews x. 22.

mf I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
cr And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
f For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

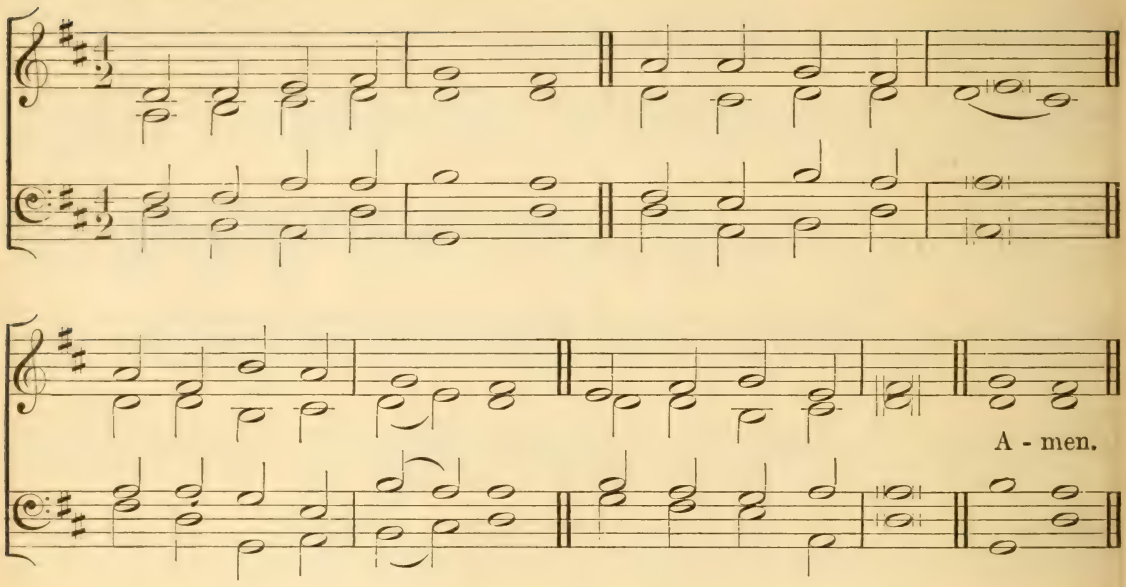
mp I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
cr Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
mf My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

f I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
di And then to rest for ever.

mf I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
From Him, who loves me now so well
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
f No: I am His for ever. Amen.

307. CLEWER.

6s. 5s.



"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God."—PSALM xlii. 11.

mf OH, let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

p Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
cr God His watch is keeping,
di Though none else be near.

mf God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

p When in grief we languish
cr He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

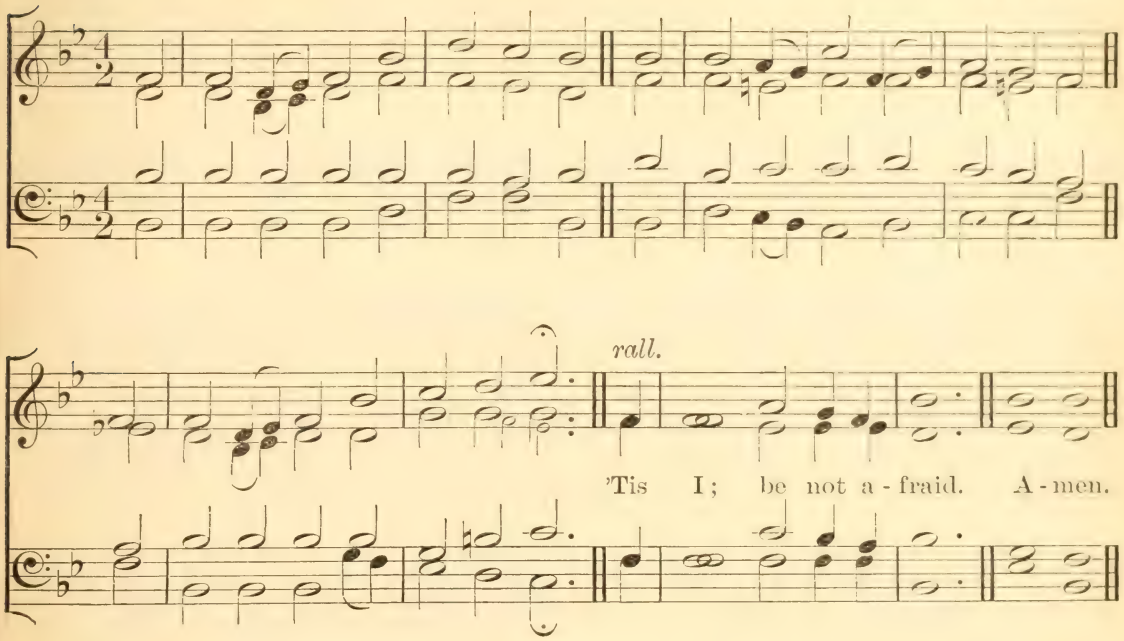
p All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
cr Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

mf Jesus, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
f Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love. Amen

308. IVER.

8s. 6.

J. C. Wale.



"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."—Matthew xiv. 27.

mf Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
di What still small accents greet mine ear?—
p.cr 'Tis I; be not afraid.

mp 'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
cr 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

mf These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me:
They bear no breath of wrath to thee:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

p This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

mf Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
cr My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

mf When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, mid thousand welcomes sweet;
f One well-known Voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I; be not afraid. Amen.

309. SEAHAM.

P.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.

A-men.

"*Ye shall find rest unto your souls.*"—MATTHEW xi. 29.

cr JESUS, I rest on Thee,
In Thee myself I hide:
p Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can I rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
My weary soul alone can rest.

mf Thou Holy One of God,
The Father rests in Thee;
The voice of Thy atoning blood
Pleads evermore for me: [blest:
cr The curse is gone; through Thee I'm
God rests in Thee; in Thee I rest.

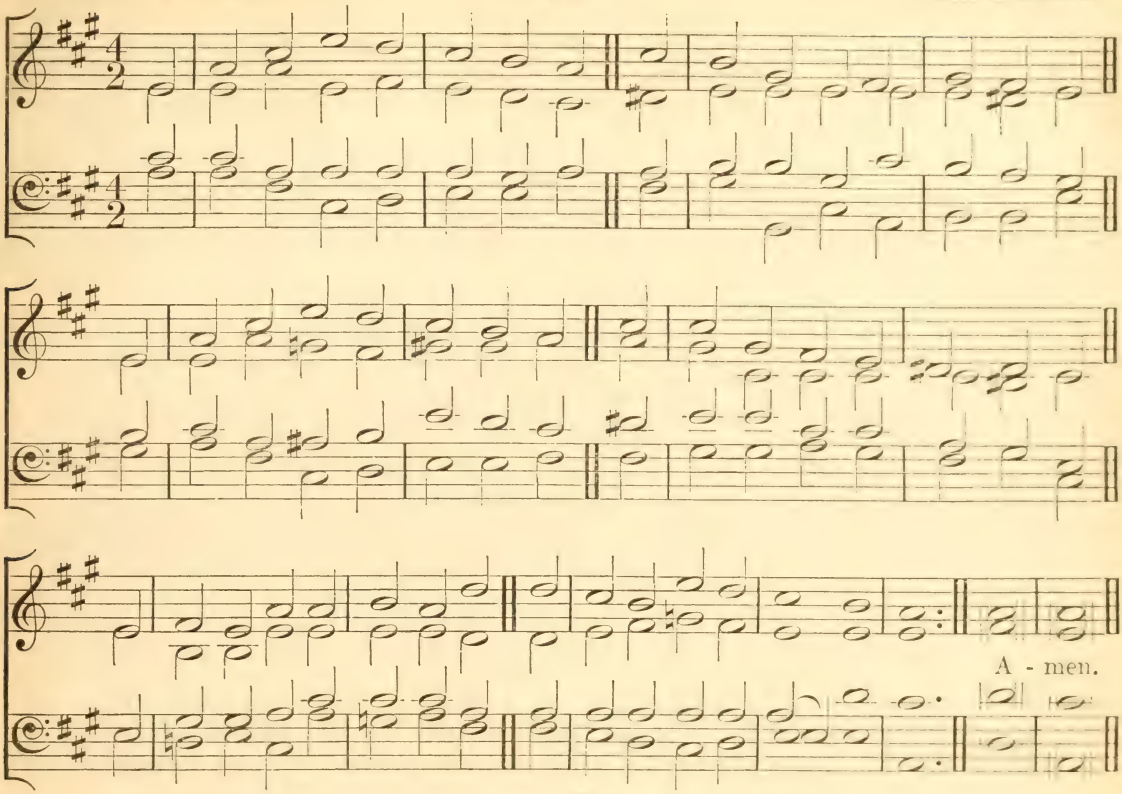
mf The slave of sin and fear
Thy truth my bondage broke,
cr And now my spirit loves to wear
Thy light and easy yoke:
f The love which fills my grateful breast,
Makes duty joy and labour rest.

ff Soon the bright glorious day,
The rest of God, shall come;
di Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home:
mf Then of the promised land possess'd
My soul shall know eternal rest. Amen.

310. ST. MARY TAVY.

Six 8s.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



"The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail."—1 KINGS xvii. 14.

mf O THOU, whose wondrous love had given
Thine own and only Son for man,
Ere shone the earliest star in heaven
Or earth was framed or time began,
And chosen us in Him to be
His Bride for all eternity;—

cr Thou, who hast deign'd for us to build
The mansions of Jerusalem,
With all Thy gifts of goodness fill'd
And rich with crystal gold and gem,
f Whose gates and walls and streets declare
One glorious name, "The Lord is there;"—

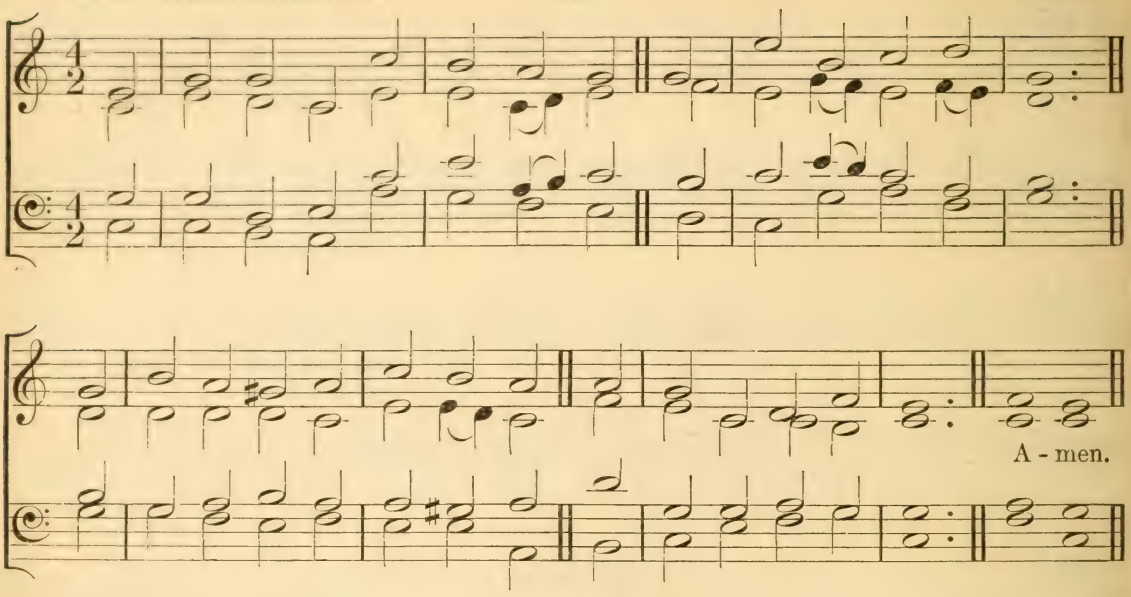
mp Now in this little space between
Two vast eternities of love,
This narrow isthmus of things seen
Thy children cross to rest above,
Wilt Thou refuse to be our guide
And all our daily needs provide?

cr Oh shame upon the faithless heart
Which harbours such a thought of Thee!
mf My God, that Thou art what Thou art
Is promise, aye and proof to me
While passing through this shadowy vale
The cruse of oil shall never fail.

f From everlasting I am Thine
In Thy free covenant of grace;
To everlasting Thou art mine
In faith's response and love's embrace:
The life our Father gave and plann'd
Is safe in His Almighty hand. Amen.

See also Hymns 96, 103, 151, 159, 163, 208, 280, 362, 525.

311. WESTMINSTER. C.M. J. TURLE.



"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart."—DEUTERONOMY vi. 5.

mf MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

p How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

mf How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

p Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

cr Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me
di The love of my poor heart.

mf No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee. Amen.

312. ELLERS. [First Tune.] 10s.

E. J. Hopkins.

cres - - - cen - - - - - do.

mf

dim - - in - - u - - en - - do.

f

A - men.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

mf O God, I love Thee; not that my poor love
May win me entrance to Thy heaven above, [know
di Nor yet that strangers to Thy love must
p The bitterness of everlasting woe.

cr But, Jesu, Thou art mine, and I am Thine, [Divine,
mf Clasp'd to Thy bosom by Thy arms
di Who on the cruel cross for me hast borne
p The nails, the spear, and man's unpitying scorn.

No thought can fathom, and no tongue express [measureless,
Thy griefs, Thy toils, Thy anguish
Thy death, O Lamb of God the undefiled;
And all for me, Thy wayward sinful child.

cr How can I choose but love Thee, God's dear Son,
mf O Jesu, loveliest and most loving One?
Were there no heaven to gain, no hell to flee, [Thee.
For what Thou art alone I must love

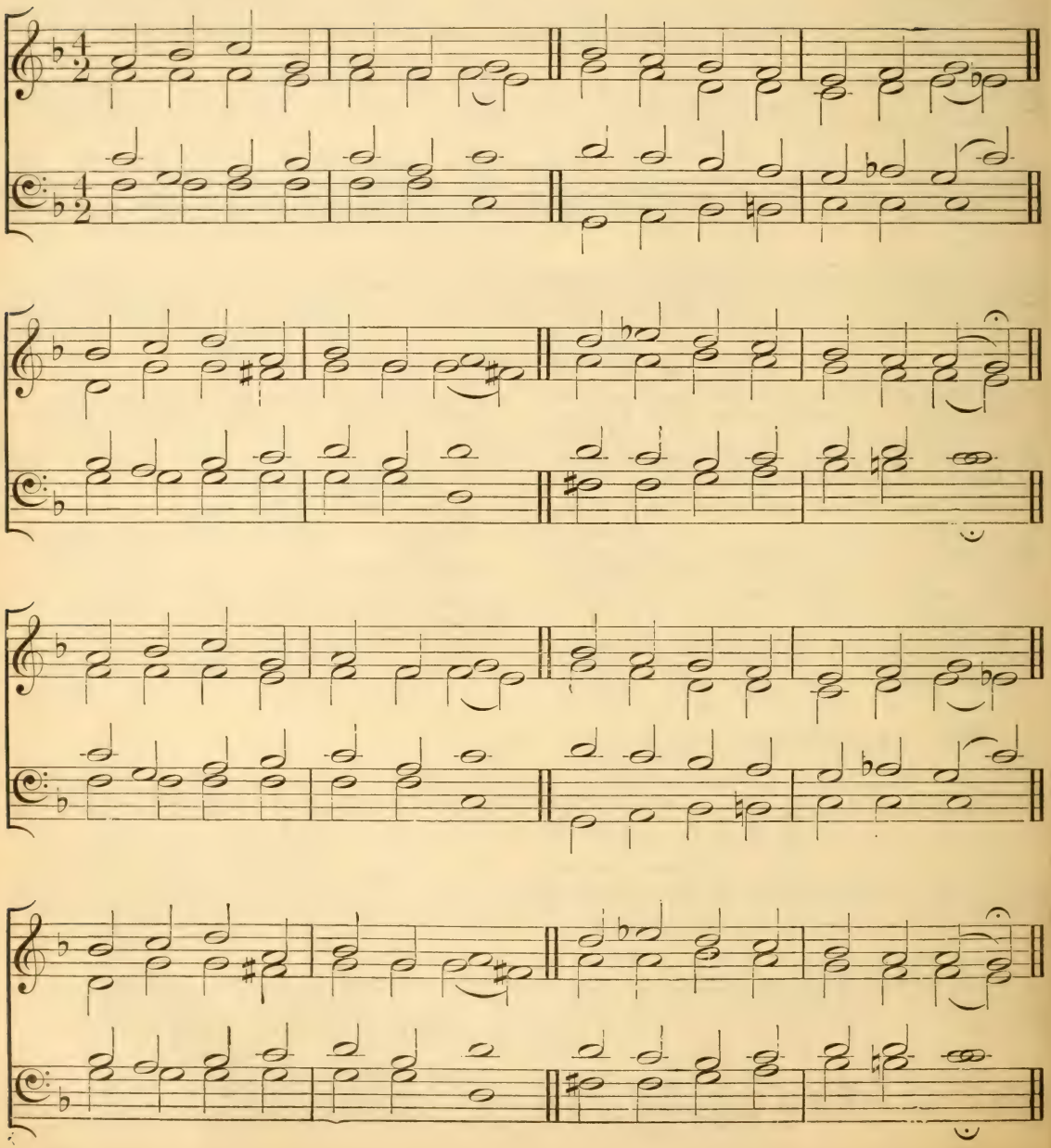
mp Not for the hope of glory or reward,
ff But even as Thyself hast loved me, Lord,
cr I love Thee and will love Thee and adore,
f Who art my King, my God for evermore.
Amen.

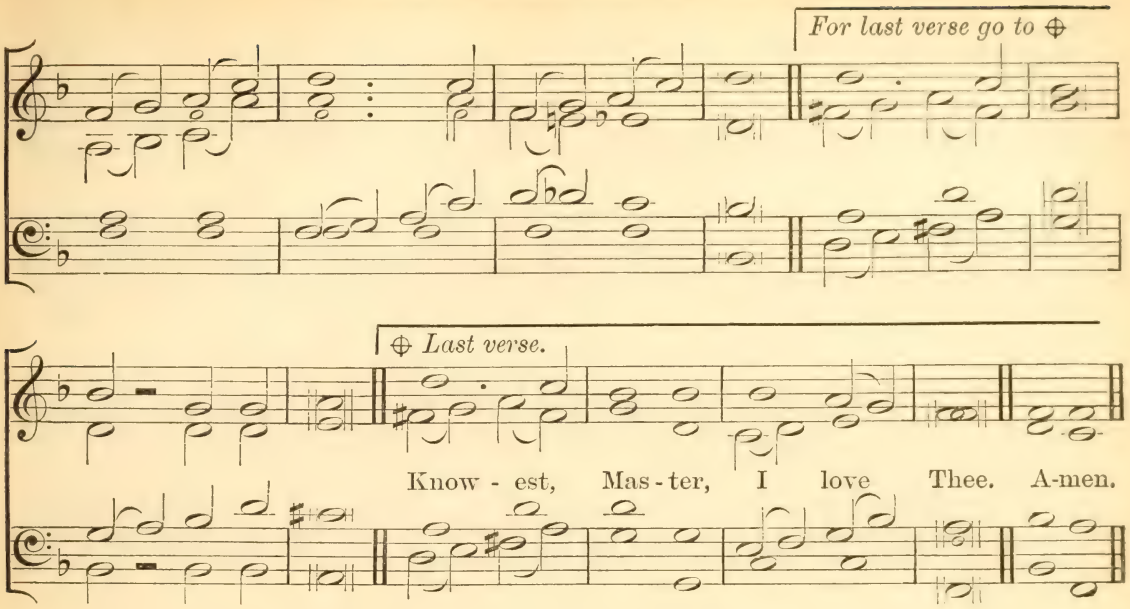
312. LYNMOUTH. [Second Tune.] 10s.

D. J. Wood.

A - men.

313. EXETER. Ten 7s. D. J. Wood.





"Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee."—JOHN xxi. 17.

mf FROM the guiding star that led
Sages to the manger bed;
From the God incarnate press'd
To the mother-maiden's breast;
From the labours humbly plied
Day by day at Joseph's side;
From the sacred lessons learn'd
When the lamp of evening burn'd,—
di Steals the voice persuasively,
"Lovest thou, yea, lovest Me?"

mf From the Holy Dove who came
Through the azure heavens like flame;
From the fast, the foughten strife;
cr From the victory of life;
f From the happy homes that smiled,
Parent heal'd and rescued child;
From the health that play'd again
On the cheek long worn with pain,—
di Still there sounds unweariedly,
p "Lovest thou, yea, lovest Me?"

p From the mingled glow and gloom
Of the Paschal upper room;
From the deepening shades that fell
Over Kedron's awful dell;
From the blood-stain'd pathway trod
By the fainting Son of God;
From the woes to us unknown,
Bitter cross, and sealèd stone,—
Ever comes persistently,
"Lovest thou, yea, lovest Me?"

cr From the dawn of Easter light
Breaking on the world's long night;
From the glories lingering yet
On the brow of Olivet;
f From the rapturous angel-songs;
From the Pentecostal tongues;
mp From the voice divinely sweet
At the golden mercy-seat,—
cr Pleads, and pleads victoriously,
"Lovest thou, yea, lovest Me?"

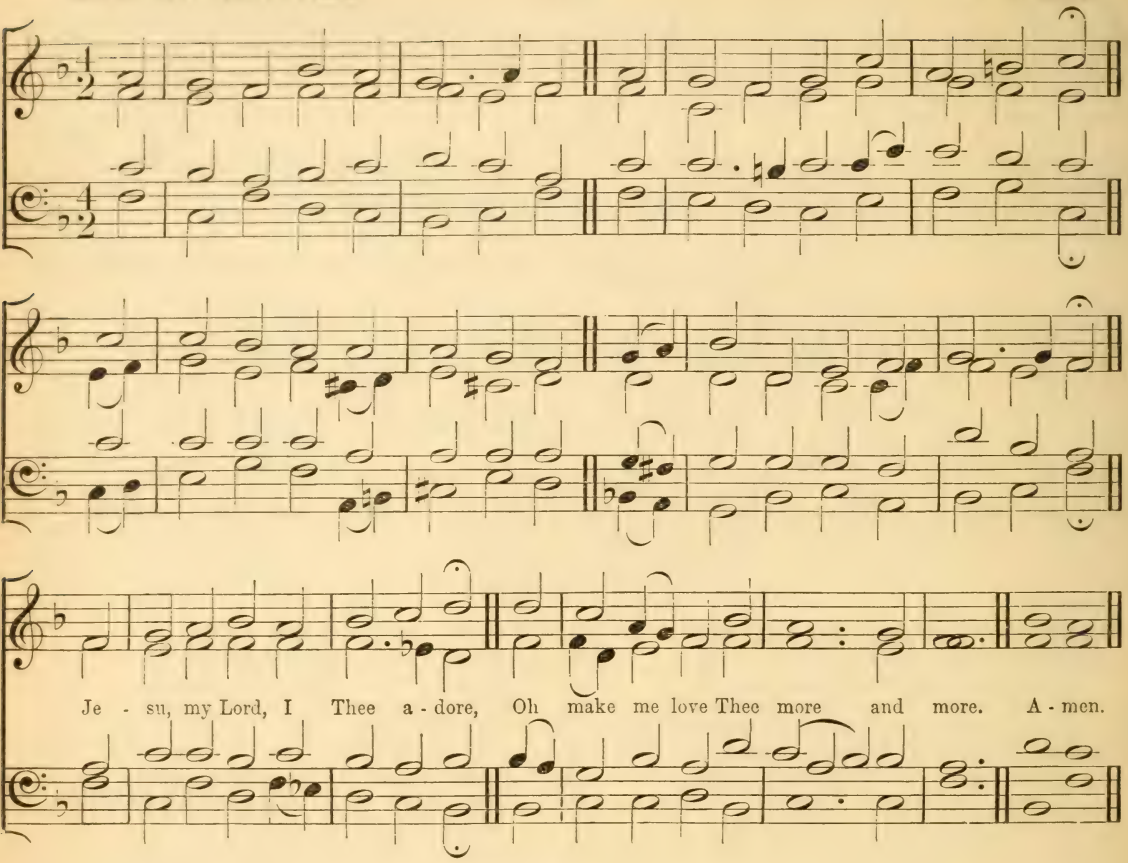
mp "Lord, Thou knowest through and [through
All I am and say and do,
All the daily wants that press,
All my hourly waywardness,
All my conflicts, crosses, cares,
Feeble praises, struggling prayers;—
cr Yet Thou knowest, Lord, that I
Fain for Thee would live, would die;
Surely Thou, who knowest me,
Knowest, Master, I love Thee. Amen.

May also be sung to "Philippi," No. 37.

314. ST. MATTHIAS.

Six 8s.

W. H. MONK.



"*Continue ye in My love.*"—JOHN xv. 9.

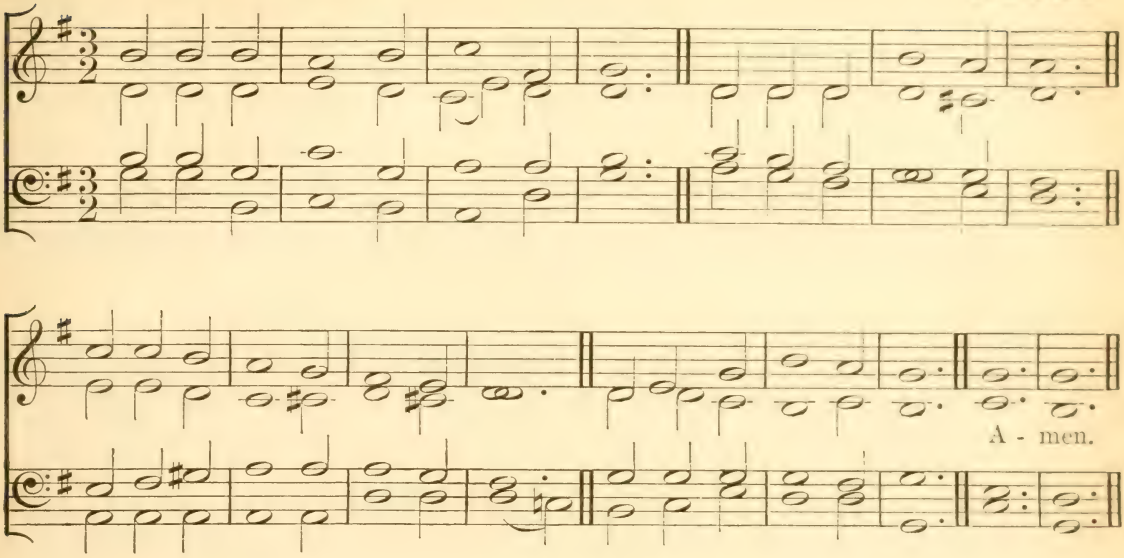
mf JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
cr Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

p Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
cr How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

mp Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
cr How great the joy that Thou hast brought
So far exceeding hope or thought!
f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

f Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
ff Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.
Amen.

315. ST. AGNES (DYKES). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—EPHESIANS iii. 17.

mf JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

f Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflow'd,
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

p O hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,
cr To those who seek how good Thou art—
f But what to those who find?

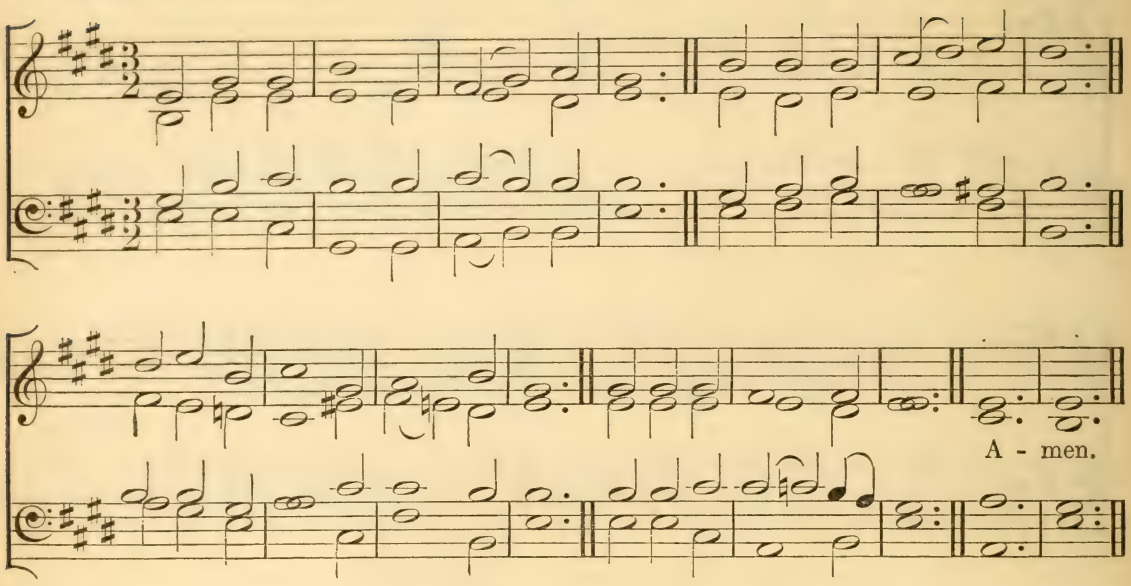
mf Ah, this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

f Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

316. WALDRONS.

C.M.

C. E. MILLER.



"*Whom having not seen, ye love.*"—1 PETER i. 8.

mf JESU, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine:
p The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

mp I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
cr And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

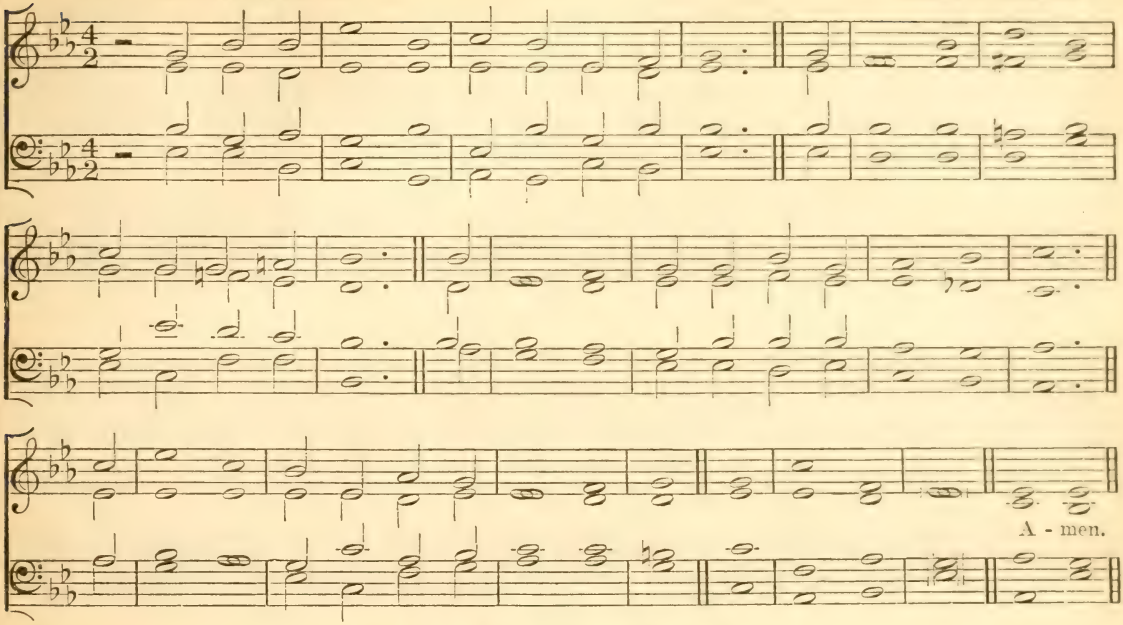
cr Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
f I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

di When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
f The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art. Amen.

May also be sung to "Sawley," No. 483.

317. BARNSTAPLE. 10s. 4.

HENRY J. EDWARDS.



"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 19.

mf IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus: yet this soul of mine
cr Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

mf It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus: yet these lips of mine
cr Would fain proclaim to all men, far and near,
A love which can cast out all faithless fear,
And waken love.

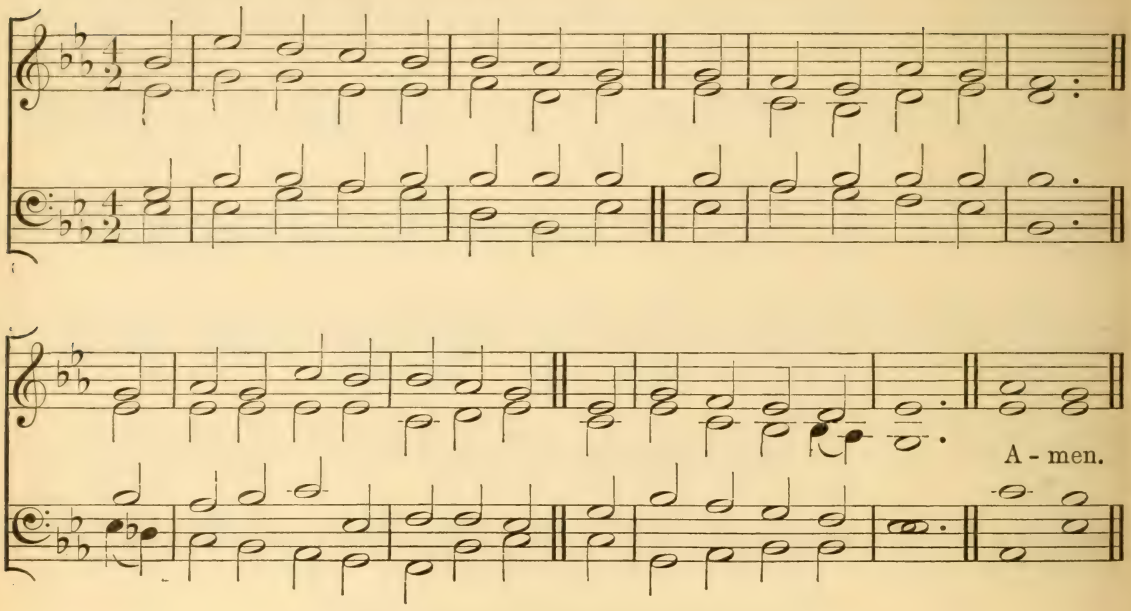
mf It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus: yet this heart of mine
cr Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which draws a guilty fugitive like me
Nigh unto God.

mf But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

f And when Thee, Saviour, face to face I see,
When at Thy glorious throne I bow the knee,
Then of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing. Amen.

318. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



"*Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*"—SONG i. 3.

f How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear:
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

mf It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

f Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

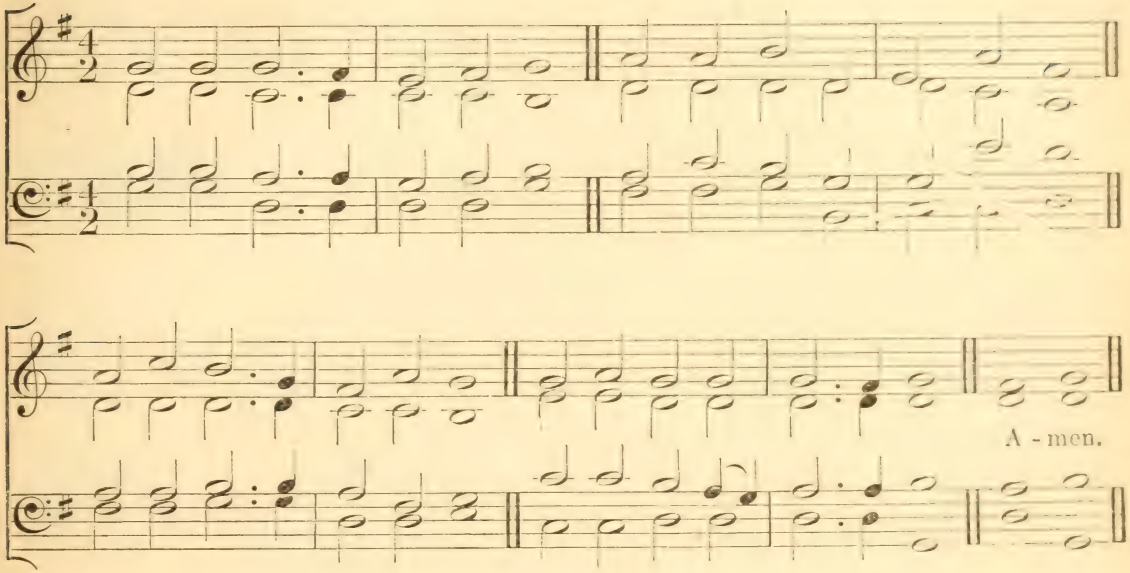
cr Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

p Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
cr But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

f Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
di And may the music of Thy name
p Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

319. ST. BEES.

7s. J. B. DYKES.



"Lovest thou Me?"—JOHN xxi. 15.

mf HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
p "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

mf I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
di Yes, she may forgetful be,
cr Yet will I remember thee.

mf Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
f Free and faithful, strong as death.

cr Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of My throne shalt be;
p Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

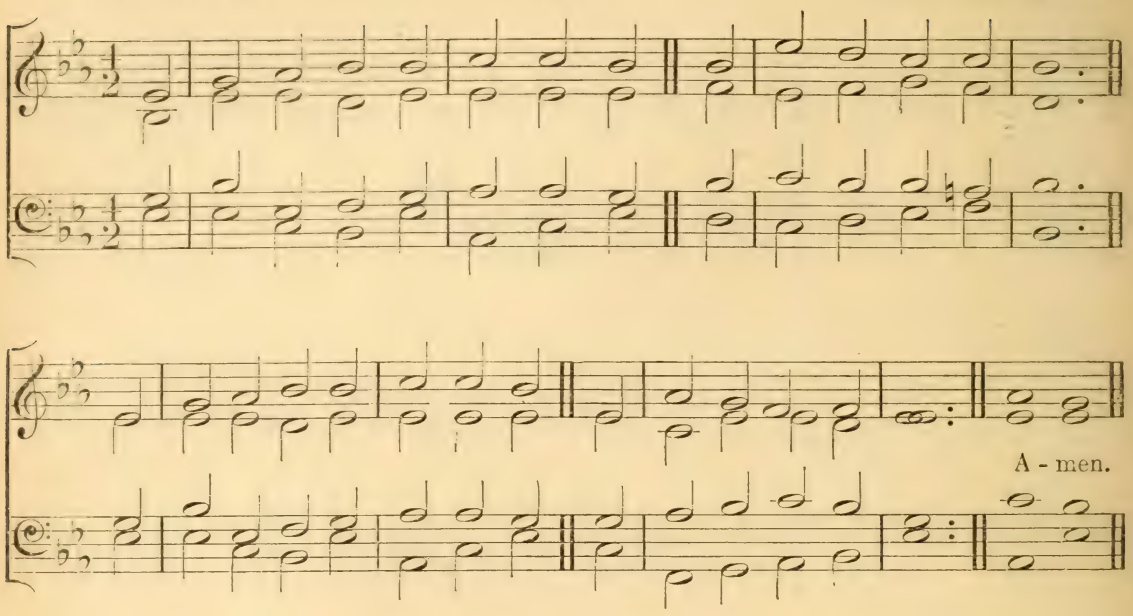
mp Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint:
cr Yet I love Thee, and adore;
f Oh for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

May also be sung to "Prayer," No. 6, Appendix.

320. TALLIS.

C.M.

TALLIS.



"*The name of Thy holy Child Jesus.*"—ACTS iv. 30.

mf THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of the Lamb of God
p Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

cr It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild

mf Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

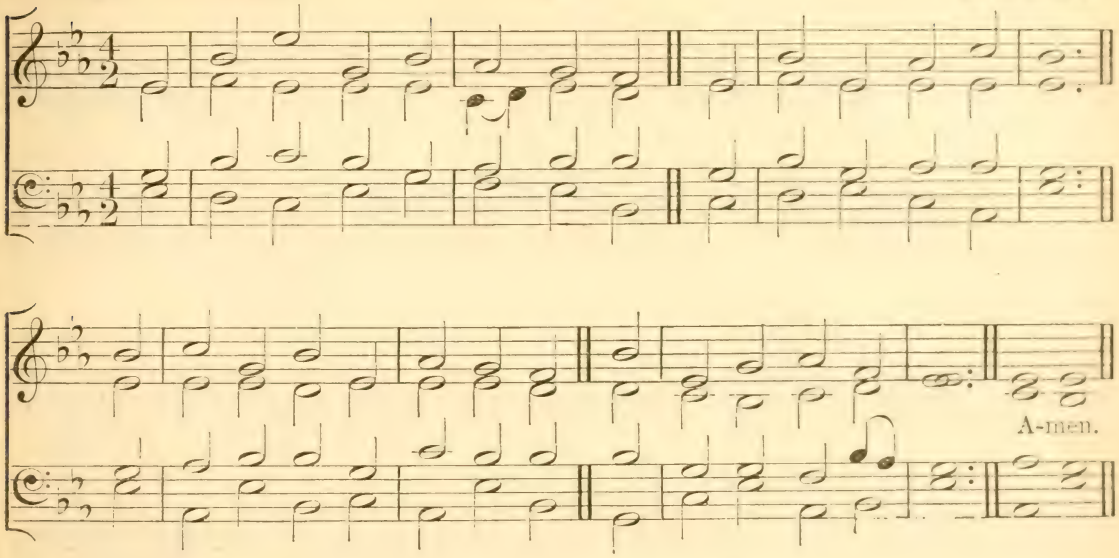
cr This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

f And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me. Amen.

321. ST. DAVID.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT.



"*The love of Christ constraineth us.*"—2 CORINTHIANS v. 14.

mf MY blessèd Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to Thee.

I love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself I see;
p I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

f Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
di Thou wouldst partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.

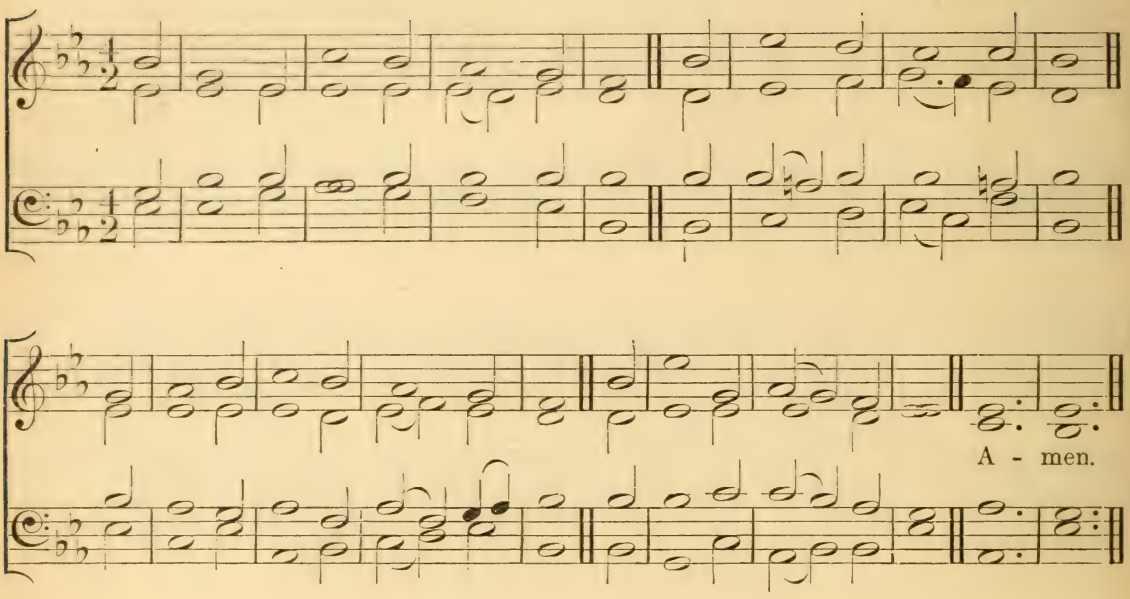
p Thou wouldst like wretched man be made
In every thing but sin,
cr That we as like Thee might become
As we unlike had been.

f Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace;
cr From glory thus to glory changed,
As we behold Thy face. Amen.

322. BEDFORD.

C.M.

WHEALL.



"*God, my exceeding joy.*"—PSALM xliii. 4.

f MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

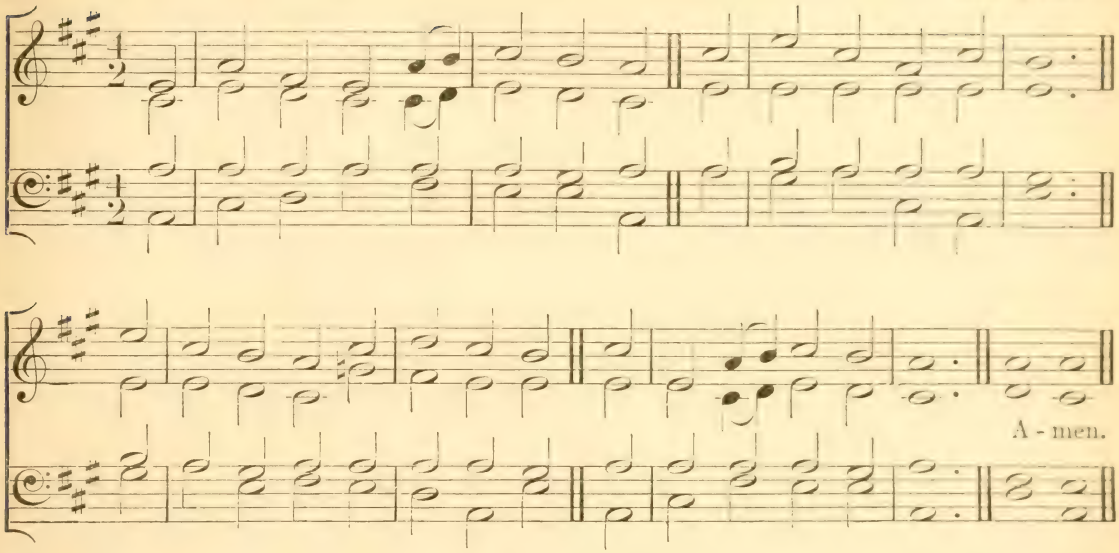
mf In darkest shades, if He appear,
cr My dawning has begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

f The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
di While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
p And whispers, I am His. Amen.

323. MARTYRDOM.

C.M.

HUGH WILSON.



"*An High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*"—HEBREWS iv. 15.

mf WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.

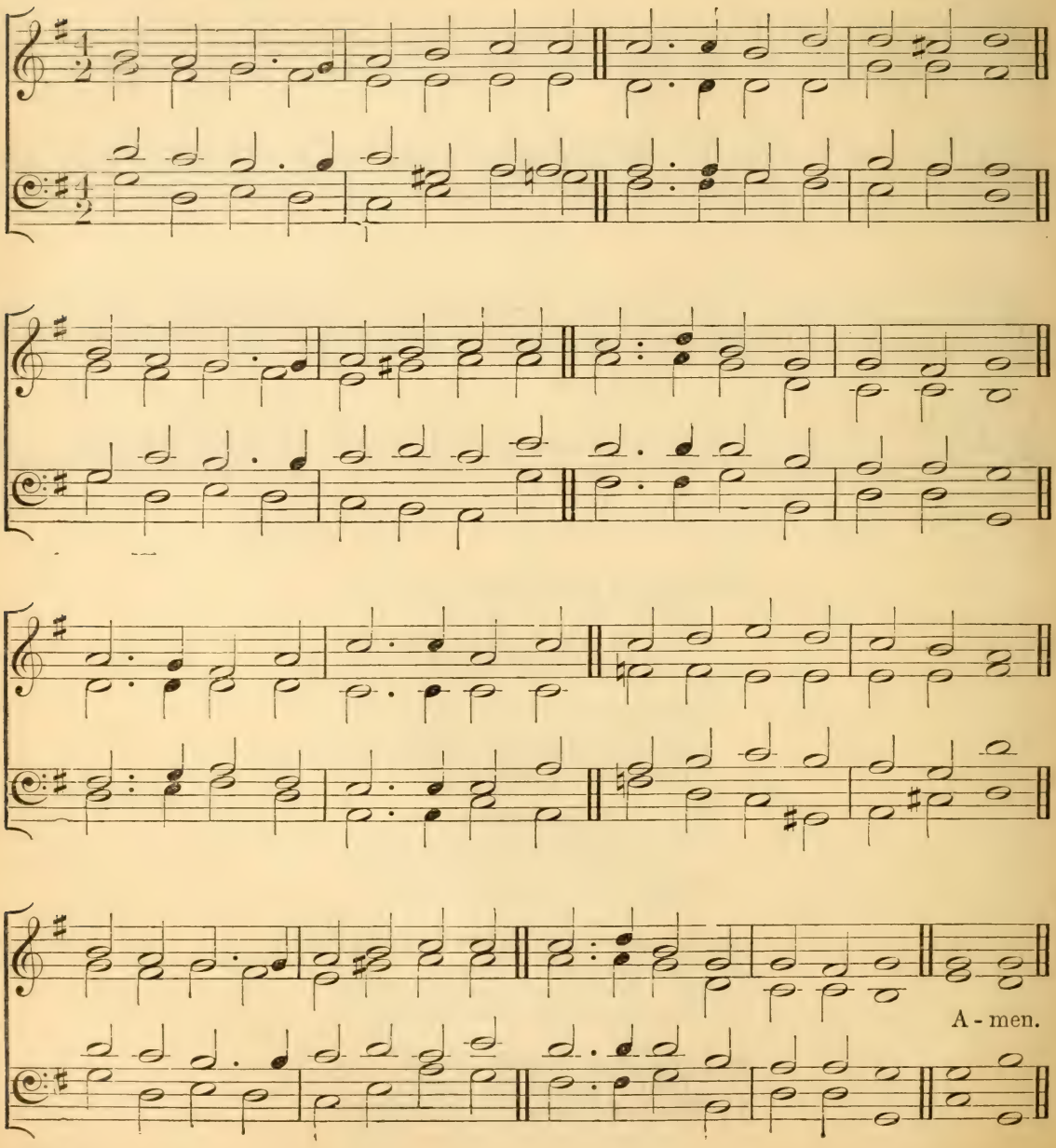
p Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out His cries and tears,
cr And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

mp He'll never quench the smoking flax,
cr But raise it to a flame;
mf The bruisèd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

cr Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
f We shall obtain delivering grace
In every needful hour. Amen.

324. FALFIELD. [First Tune.] D. 8s. 7s. Arthur Sullivan.



"*Christ in you, the hope of glory.*"—COLOSSIANS i. 27.

f LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:

p Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
cr Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

mf Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive:
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

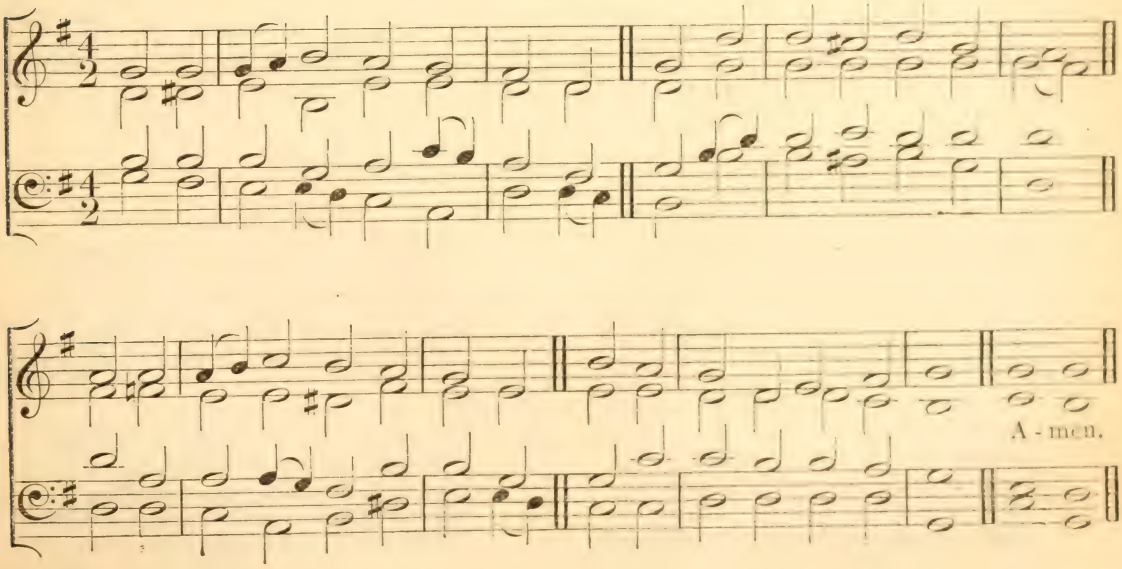
f Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

cr Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.

ff Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

324. LOVE DIVINE. [SECOND TUNE.] 8s. 7s.

J. STAINER.



325. MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8.8.6.

W. Hayes.

A - men.

"My soul followeth hard after Thee."—Psalm lxiii. 8.

mf O Love divine, how sweet Thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cr My thirsty spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

f Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
di They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

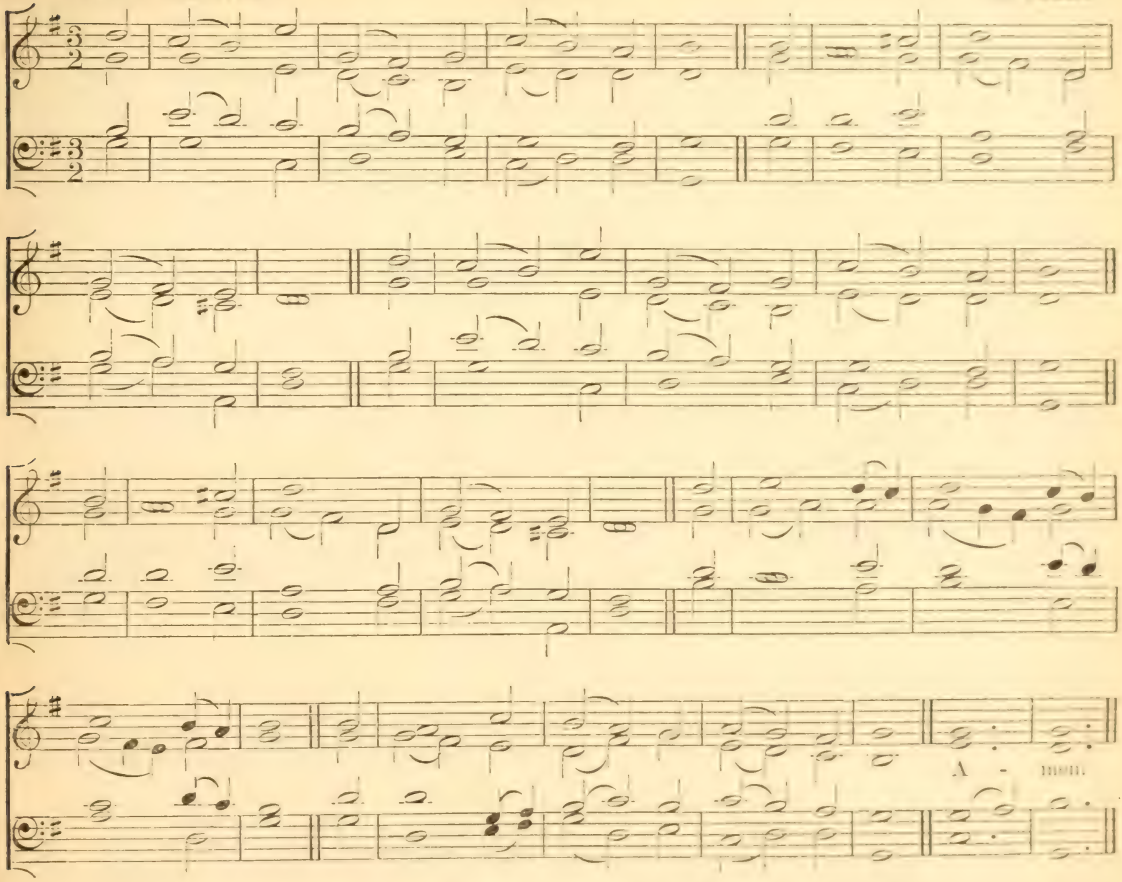
p God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cr For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

mf Oh, that I could for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
Amen.

326. SURREY.

Six 8s.

H. Carey.



"*I will love Thee, O Lord my strength.*"—Psalm xviii. 1.

f Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
cr Thee will I love till sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

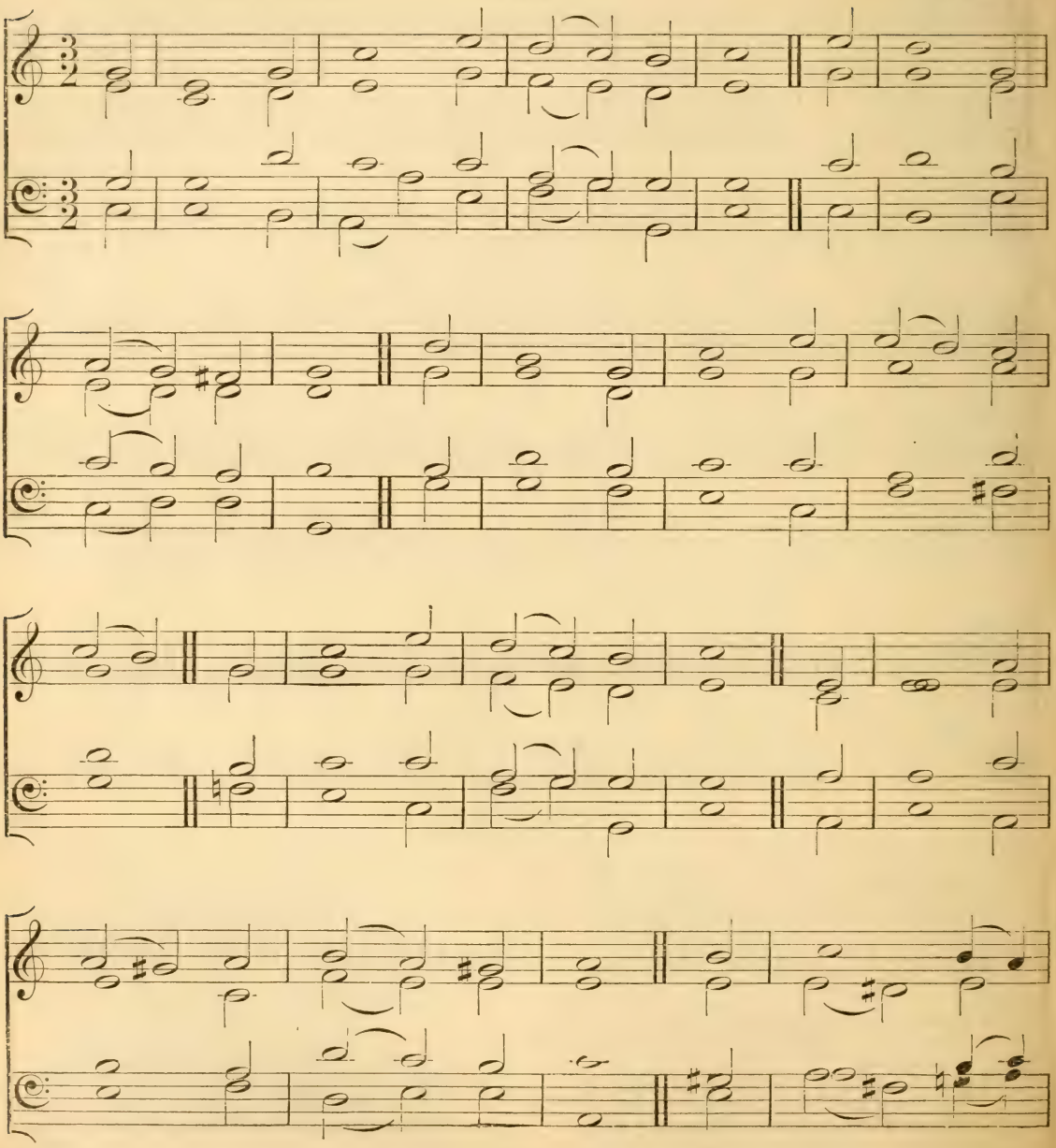
mf I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
f I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

mf Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
cr Strengthen my feet with heavenly grace
Still to press forward in Thy way:
ff That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

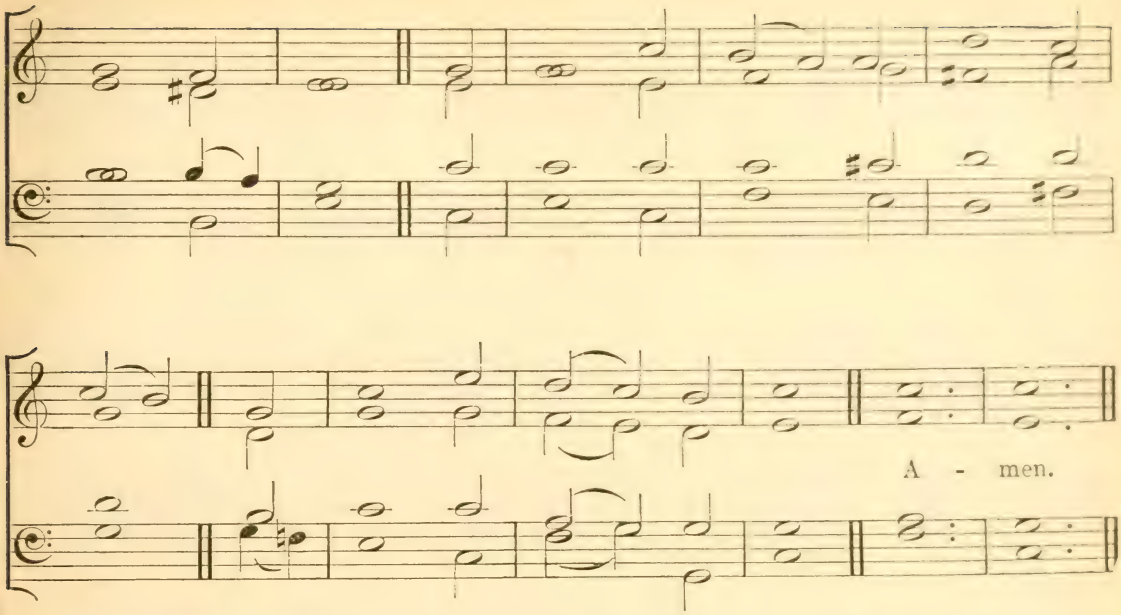
f Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
di Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
p What though my flesh and heart decay,
f Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.

An alternative Tune to this Hymn will be found in Appendix, No. 3.

327. ST. MATTHEW. D.C.M. W. CROFT.



Sundays after Trinity: Love.



"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."—LUKE vii. 47.

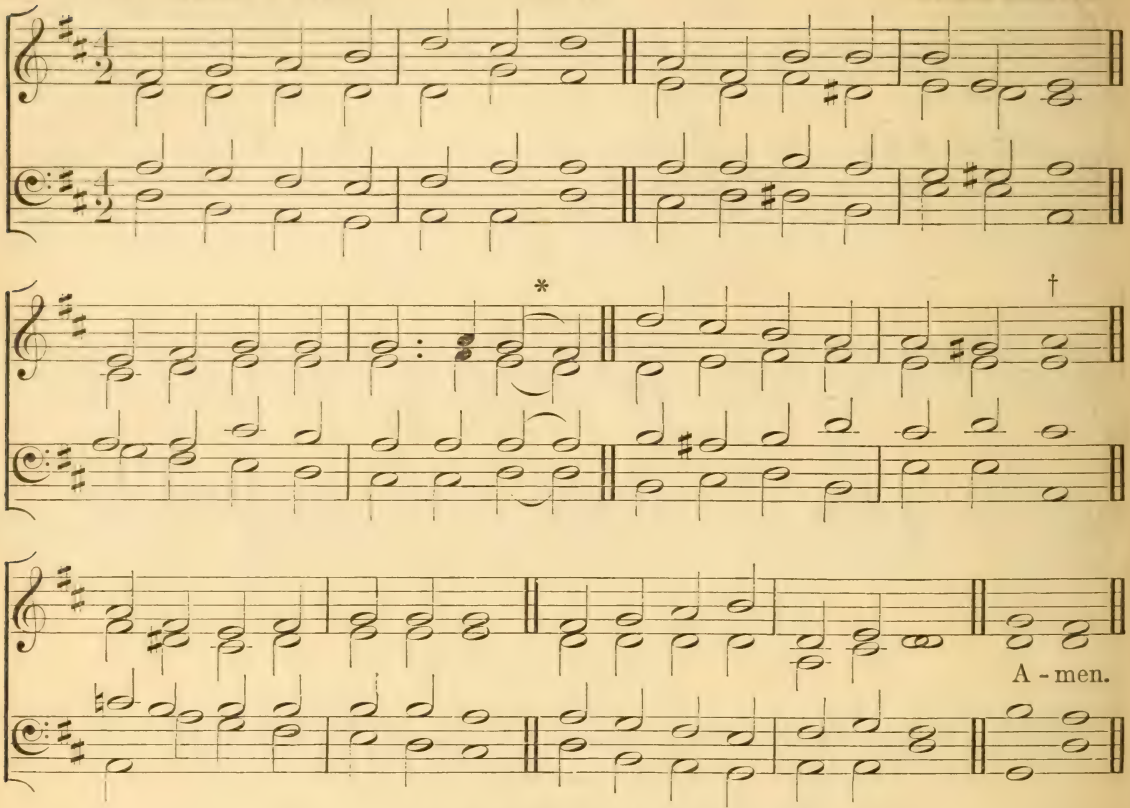
mf WE love Thee, Lord; yet not alone, because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on ocean and on land:
We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these, yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love arises to Thy throne.

p We love Thee, Lord, because when we had err'd and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the heavenward way.
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin and sorrow's night,
cr A guiding ray was granted us from Thy pure fount of light.

f Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us with everlasting love,
And sentest forth Thy Son to die that we might live above:
mp Because, when we were heirs of wrath, Thou gavest hopes of heaven;
cr We love because we much have sinn'd, and much have been forgiven. Amen.

328. MOUNT ZION.

Six 7s. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



"*We are debtors.*"—ROMANS viii. 12.

mf WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story,
f Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
di Not till then,—how much I owe.

f When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
di Not till then,—how much I owe.

f When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
p Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
mf Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
di Not till then,—how much I owe.

mp Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
p Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
cr Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

mf Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
p Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
cr Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe. Amen.

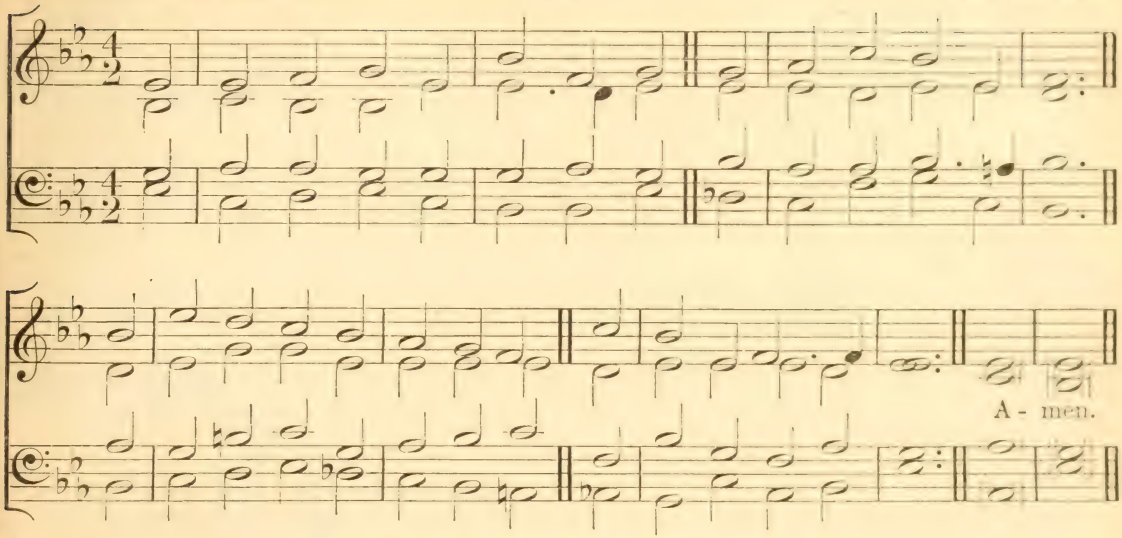
* In 1st verse these slurs must be omitted.

† In 1st verse this semibreve must be divided.

329. ST. HUGH.

C.M.

E. J. Hopkins.



"He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father."—John xiv. 21.

f Immortal love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

mf Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

mp But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

mf O Lord and Master of us all
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

mp Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

p Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

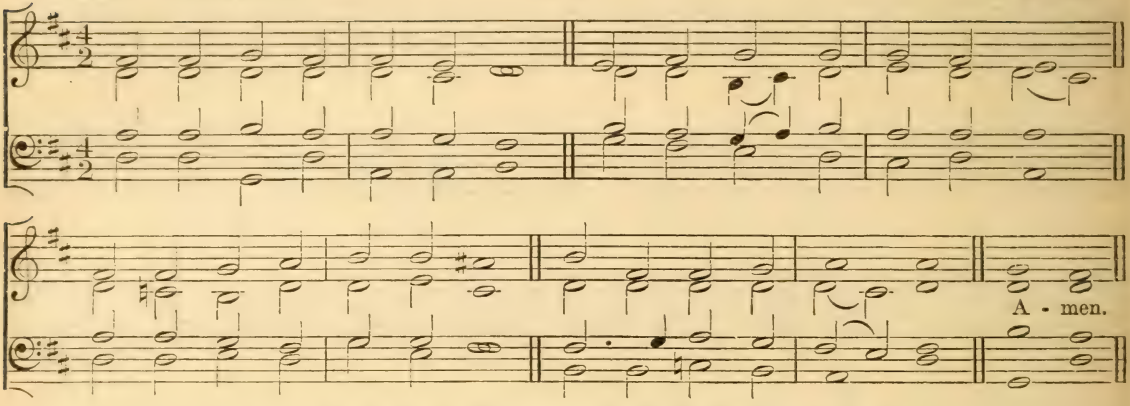
mf Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given;
p To turn aside from Thee is hell,
f To walk with Thee is heaven.

mp We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
cr But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
f The Light, the Truth, the Way.
Amen.

LITANY OF CHARITY.

330. CHARITY.

7s. 6. C. R. CUFF.



"If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."—1 JOHN iv. 11.

mf GOD of mercy, loving all,
Pitying Thy creatures' fall,
On Thy name of love we call;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

f Pouring forth Thy gifts divine,
Making love and goodness shine
O'er this fallen world of Thine;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mp Ever ready to restore,
And make strong to sin no more,
Sinners who their sin deplore;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mp Humble us that we may know
All the love Thy blessings show,
All that we to mercy owe;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mf Check the risings of our pride,
Heart, and looks, and actions guide,
May we in Thy love abide;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mp Save us from distrust of Thee,
May we calm and patient be,
cr Till the end at last we see;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mp When we wrongly suffer pain,
May we Jesus' spirit gain,
And from angry thoughts refrain;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

cr Give the love divinely strong,
Moved not though it suffer long,
Kind to those who do the wrong;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mf Give the love that envies none,
For the joy of work well done,
Or the good which they have won;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mf Give the love in kindness shown,
Living not for self alone,
Making others' good her own;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mf Give the love that thinks no ill,
And with power of gentle will
Can the voice of slander still;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mf Give the love that will abide
True and firm however tried,
And a brother's faults will hide;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

cr Give the love that foe or friend,
Slight or wrong cannot offend,
True, enduring to the end;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mf Give the love for which we pray,
Love that never can decay,
Never fail or pass away;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

cr Give the charity divine,
That in all our lives may shine,
Proving us that we are Thine;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee.

mf Loving man, and loving Thee,
May we here Thy children be,
di And prepare Thy face to see;
p Hear us, we beseech Thee. Amen

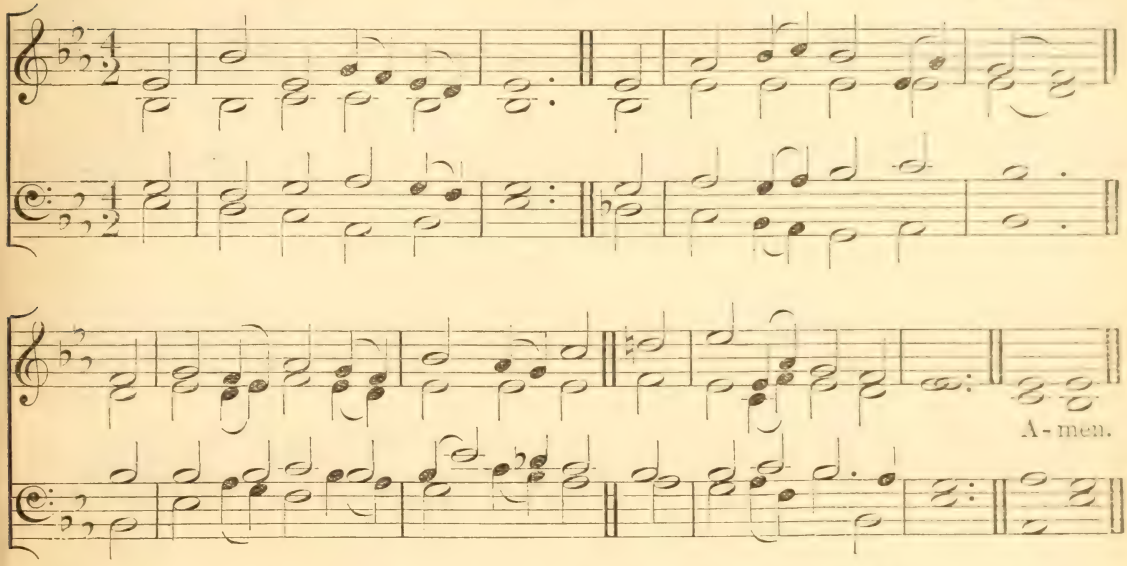
See also Hymns 139, 140.

"DAILY INCREASE IN THY HOLY SPIRIT MORE AND MORE."

331. CARLISLE.

S.M.

C. LOCKHART.



"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—MATTHEW v. 8.

mf BLESS'D are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

mp The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King:

p He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
cr And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

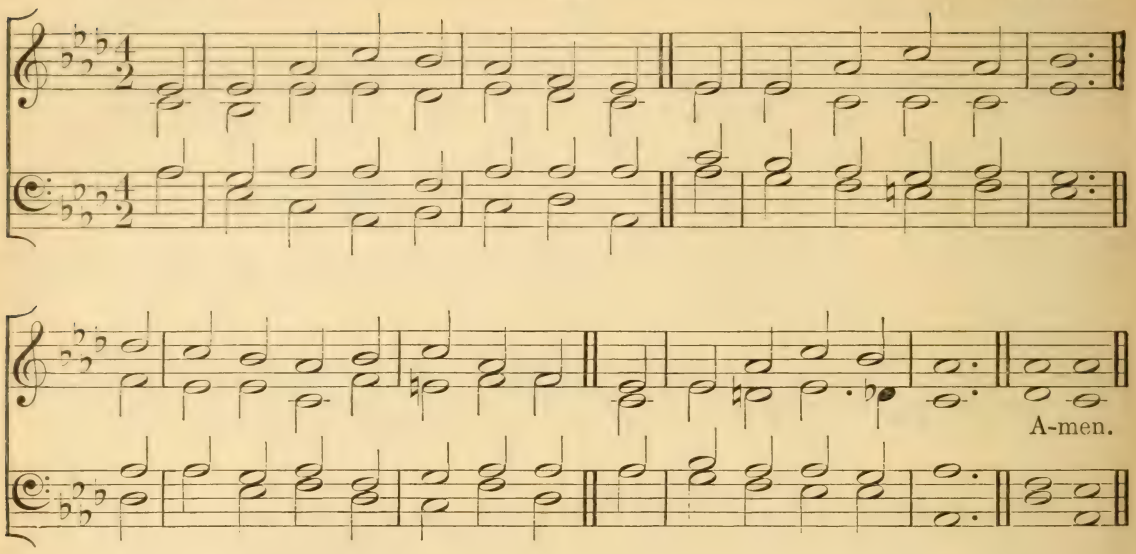
mf Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

May also be sung to "Franconia," No. 245

332. EVAN.

C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



"A new heart will I give you."—EZEKIEL xxxvi. 26.

f OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:
di A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:

mf A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

mp A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
cr Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

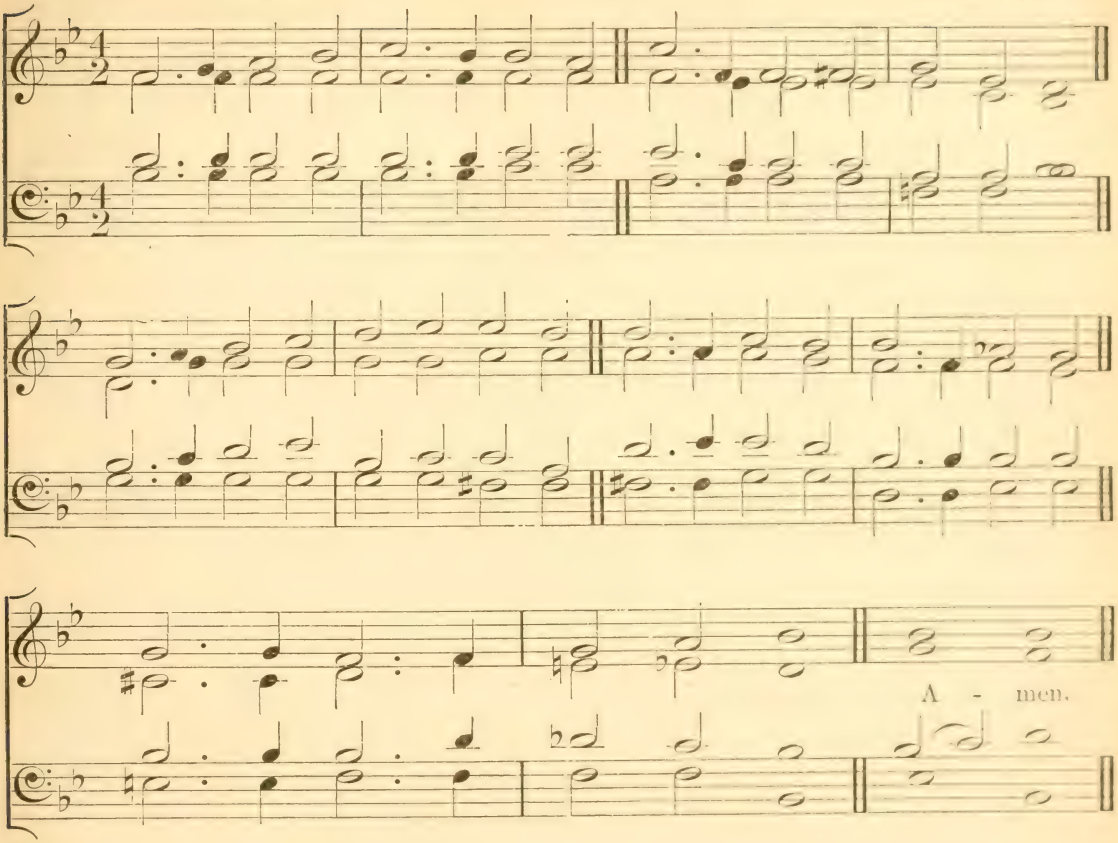
f A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

mf Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
p Thy new best name of love. Amen.

333. ST. JUDE.

8.7.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

p OH, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd,
"All of self, and none of Thee."

p Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray: "Forgive them, Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self and some of Thee."

cr Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,
p.cr "Less of self, and more of Thee."

f Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd;
Grant me now my spirit's longing,
"None of self, and all of Thee." Amen.

334. ST. BEDE. [First Tune.] 6s. 4s.

T. B. Southgate.

A - men.

"Jacob took the stone that he had put under his head, and set it up for a pillar; and he called the name of that place, Bethel" (R.V.).—Genesis xxviii. 18, 19.

mf Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
p Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr Still all my song shall be,
di Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

mp Though night steal over me,
My rest a stone,
As o'er the patriarch
Weary and lone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
di Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

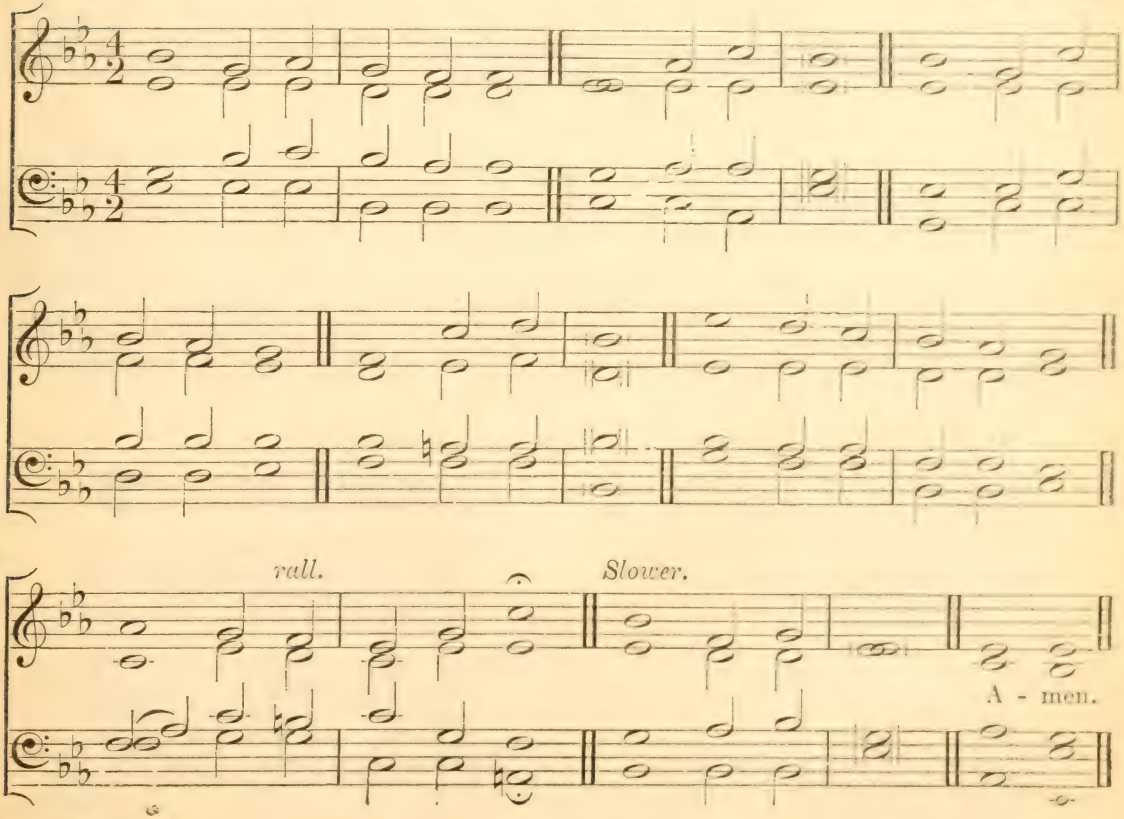
f There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
cr Angels to beckon me
di Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

f Then, all my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of the stony rock
Bethel I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
di Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

ff Till in my Father's house
Perfectly blest,
After my journeyings
Safe and at rest,
All my delight shall be
di Ever, my God, with Thee,
mp Ever with Thee. Amen.

334. WHITEFORD. [Second Tune.] 6s. 4s.

E. J. Hopkins.



335. ST. PAUL.

Six 8s.

J. STAINER.

Slow.

rall. e dim.

A-men.

"*Whom have I in heaven but Thee?*"—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

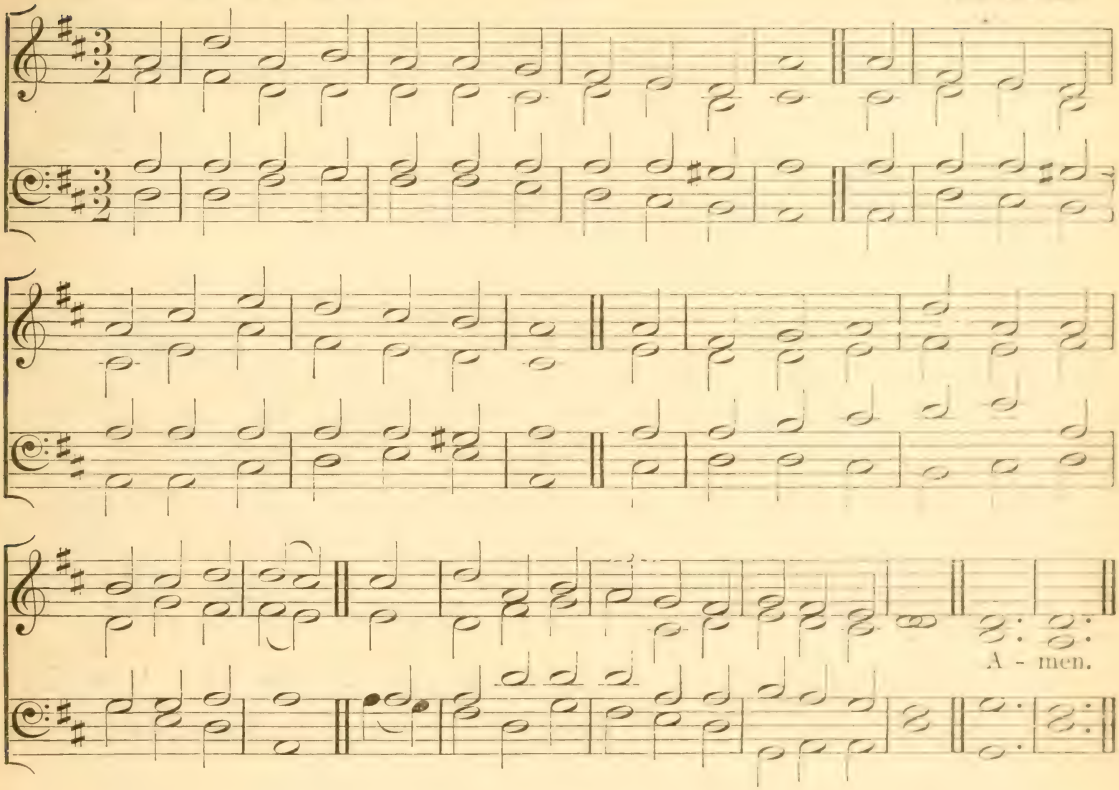
mf THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows:
di I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
p My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

mp Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
cr Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
f Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

mf Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

cr Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
f To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.
Amen.

336. MONTGOMERY. 11s. JOHN STANLEY.



"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—MATTHEW v. 6.

mf MORE holiness give me, more strivings within;
More patience in suff'ring, more sorrow for sin:
More faith in my Saviour, more sense of His care;
More joy in His service, more purpose in prayer.

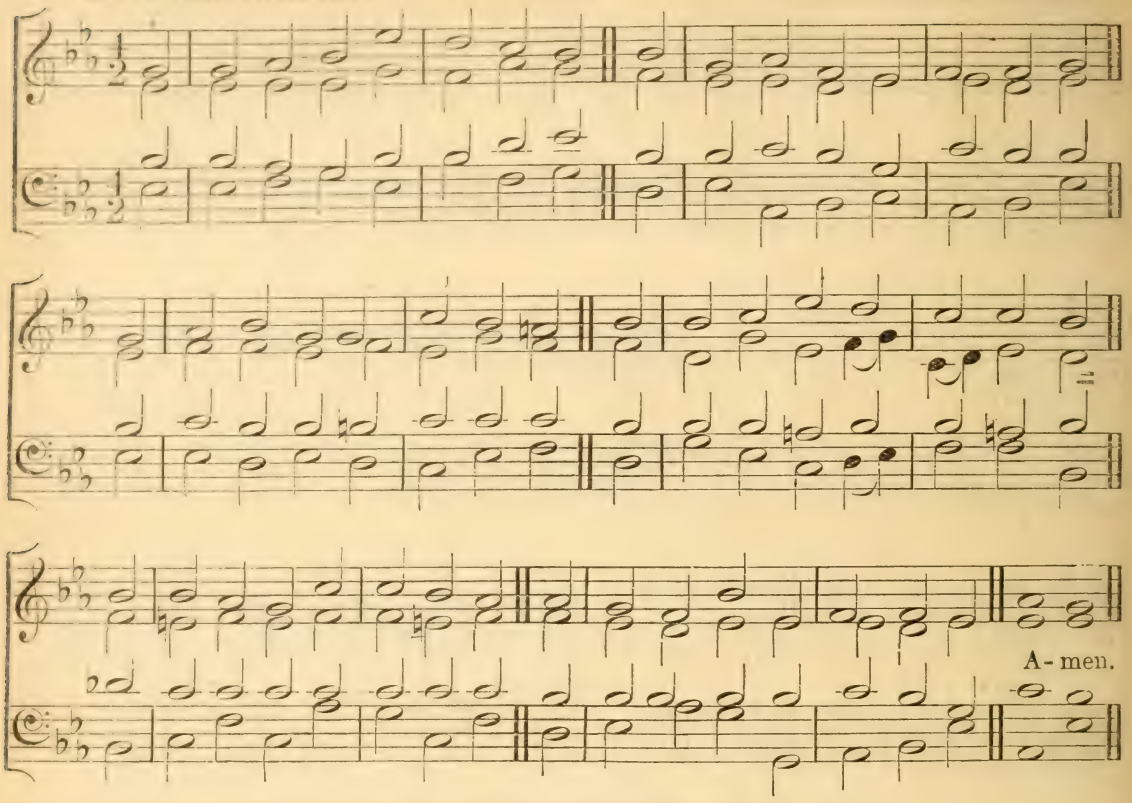
f More gratitude give me, more trust in the Lord;
More zeal for His glory, more hope in His word;
p More tears for His sorrows, more pain at His grief;
cr More meekness in trial, more praise for relief.

mf More purity give me, more strength to o'ercome:
More freedom from earth-stains, more longings for home;
More meet for Thy kingdom, O Lord, would I be,
More fruitful, more holy; more, Saviour, like Thee. Amen.

337. HUNTINGDON.

Six 8s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"*In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.*"—JOHN i. 4.

mf O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
di That lead our wandering feet astray:
mf At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
cr That youth may love, and age adore.

mf O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
f Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
mf In strength or weakness may we see
cr Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

mf O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
p When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
cr Turn Thou our darkness into light.

mf O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
f Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
p In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
cr Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

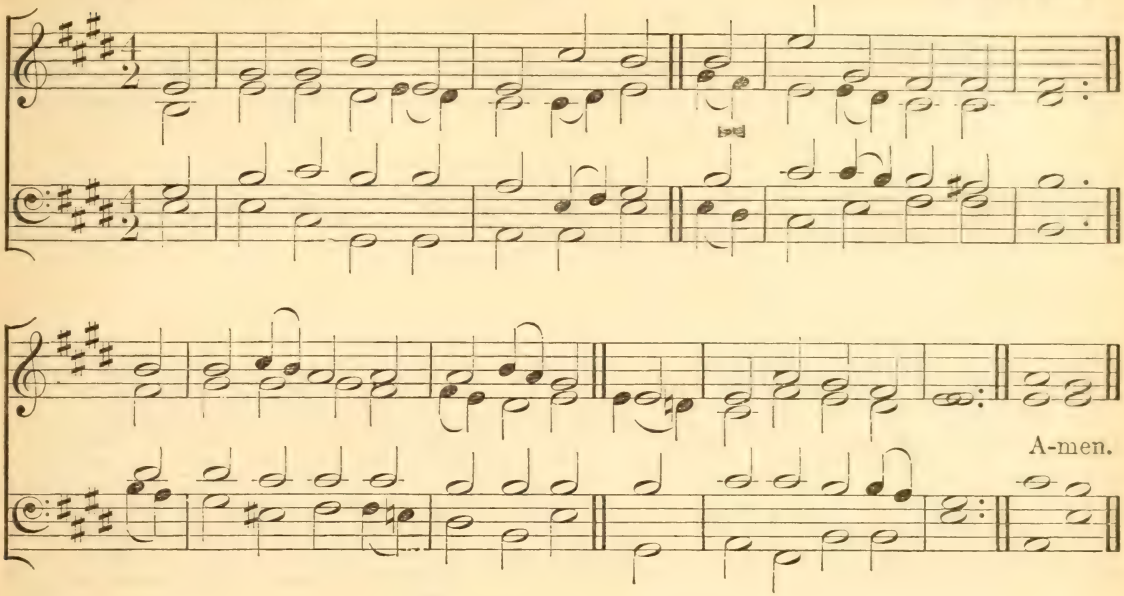
f O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
p Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
f Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
di Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

May be sung to "St. Mary Tavy," No. 310.

338. SOUTHWELL.

C.M.

H. S. Irons.



"My soul thirsteth for Thee."—Psalm lxiii. 1.

mf The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam:

cr But high she shoots through air and light
Above each low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

mf So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft through faith and love's pure air
To hold my course to Thee.

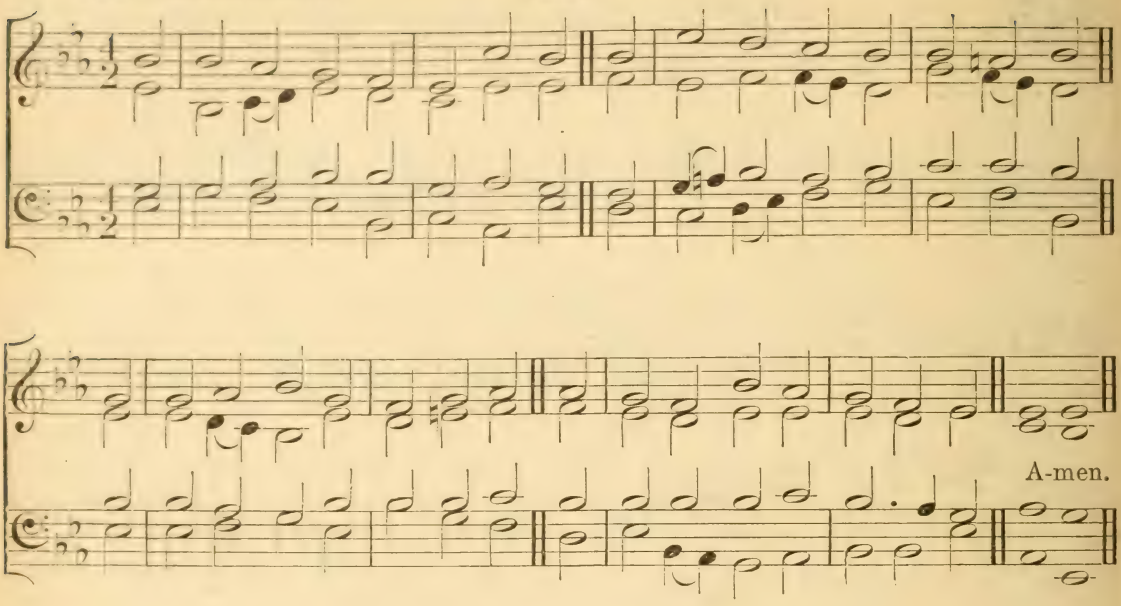
cr No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul as home she springs;
f Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings. Amen.

May also be sung to "Evangelist," No. 2, Appendix.

339. MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



"Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."—REVELATION v. 9.

mp JESU, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
Oh wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
Give me to know Thy love: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

cr How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

mf How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

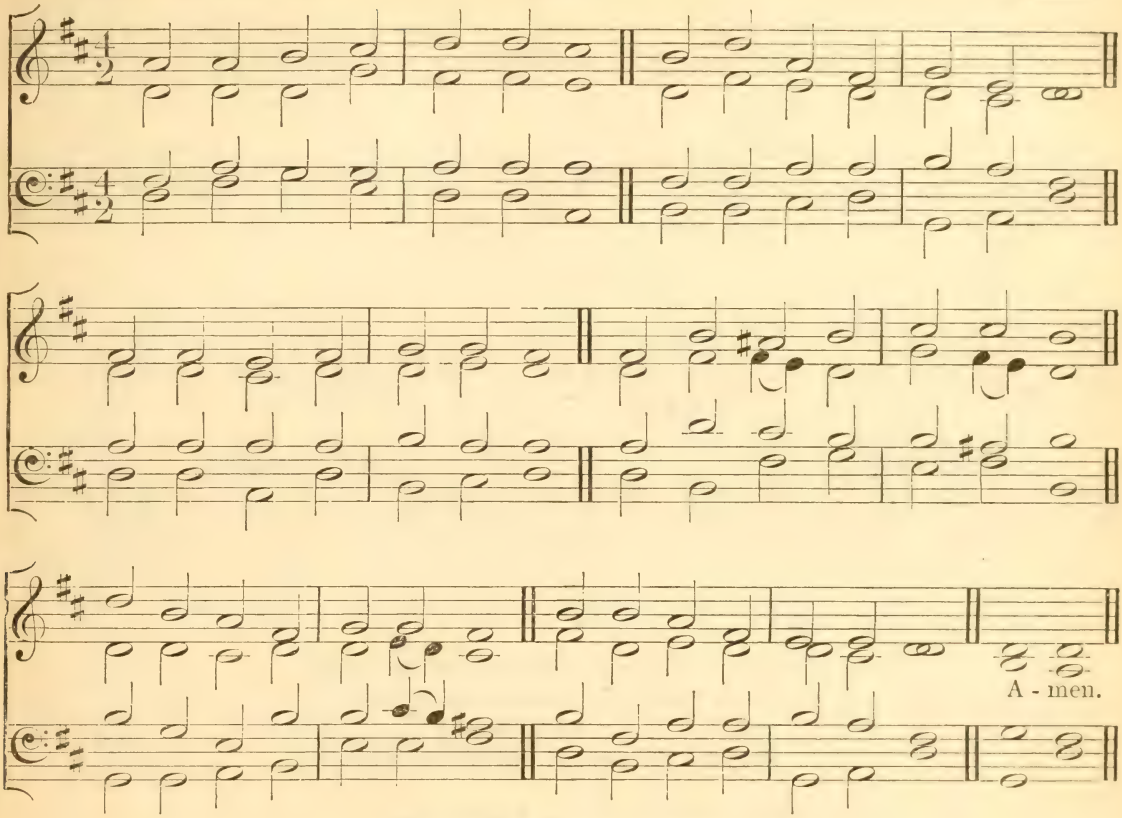
f Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

mf First born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow:
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:
pf Thine may we die: Thine may we live.
Amen.

340. RATISBON.

Six 7s.

WARNER.



"He careth for you."—1 PETER v. 7.

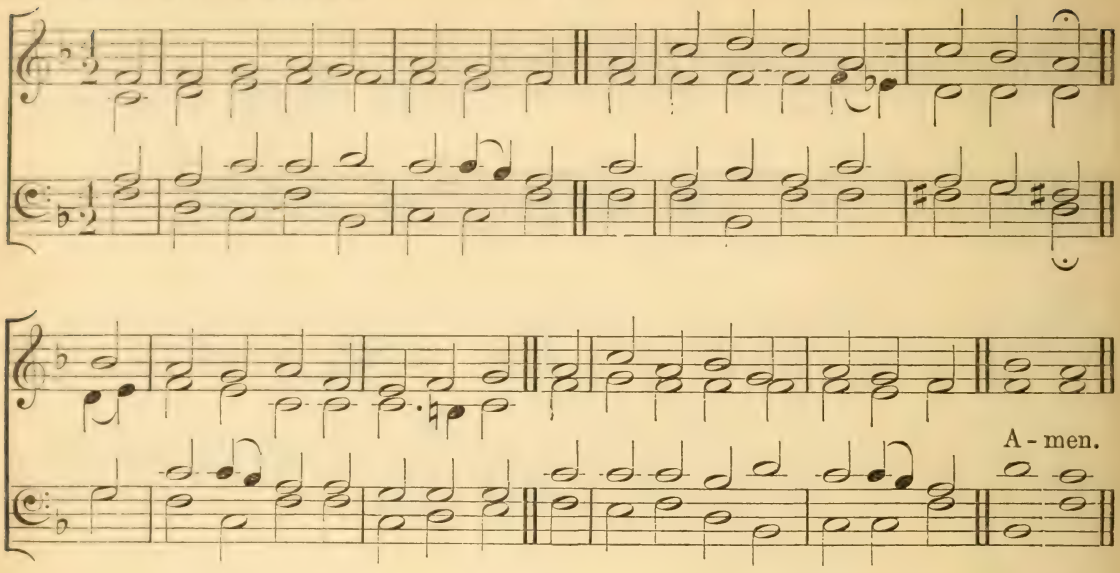
mf QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

mp As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

cr Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
f When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.
Amen.

341. ST. AMBROSE. L.M.



"Ask what I shall give thee."—1 KINGS iii. 5.

mf AND dost Thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

cr More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thine image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

mf Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,
f To have Thy boundless love reveal'd,
Its height, and depth, its breadth, and length.

mf Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if Thou art mine. Amen.

342. SANTA TRINITA.

L.M.

PIERACCINI.

A - men.

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me."—PSALM cxxxviii. 8.

mp LONG years I wander'd far astray,
Long years the paths of sorrow trod,
Still overshadow'd day by day
By love, the patient love of God.

mf The time of mercy came at last,
His sheep the Shepherd sought and found;
cr And, as He smiled and homeward pass'd,
f By love omnipotence was crown'd.

mf He brought me to His shelter'd fold,
He washed in blood my miry fleece,
And guided me with love untold
In ways of pleasantness and peace.

p Ah, Lord, this wayward heart of mine
Too often wounds its tenderest Friend;
cr But that unchanging heart of Thine
Loves its beloved ones to the end.

mf And love must realize its best:
Love cannot fail of love's design:
The child must find the Father's breast:
The human must become divine:

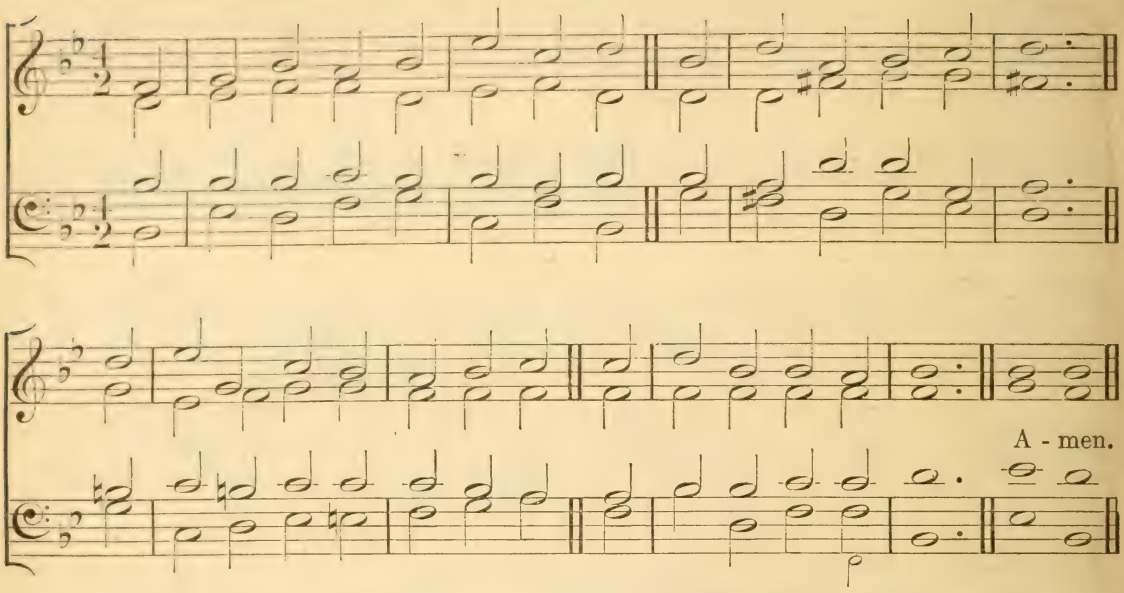
And then no wrinkle on her brow,
No blush of shame, of tears no trace,
Thy Bride who sees Thee dimly now
Unveil'd shall see Thee face to face.

f Oh rapturous gaze surpassing thought,
Which writes Thy likeness on Thine own;
A likeness near and nearer wrought,
And perfected before the Throne.
Amen.

343. CLOISTERS.

C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



"*Changed into the same image from glory to glory.*"—2 CORINTHIANS iii. 18.

mf O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art form'd within;
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin.

p Oh may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

cr Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

f There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee;
And in a fairer happier home
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

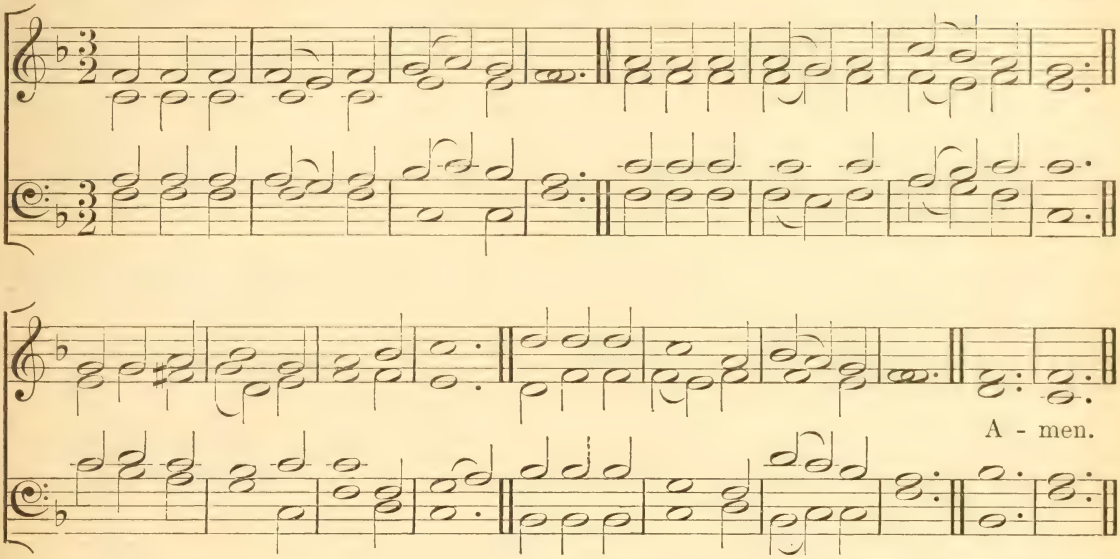
See also Hymns 14, 132, 139, 140, 148, 149, 156, 161, 163, 164, 166, 168, 183, 238, 252, 254, 255, **258**, 259, 260, 261, 262, 312, 321, 325, 330.

"WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM."

344. HURSLEY.

L.M.

P. RITTER.



"My helpers in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS xvi. 3.

mf LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

f Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
di I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

mf Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

f Oh give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

f Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

cr Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
ff Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

May be sung to "Birkenhead," No. 406.

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

345. SUPPLICATION.

6s.

GEORGE F. VINCENT.

Voices in Unison. Devotionally.

ritard.

A - men.

"I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."—EXODUS iv. 12.

mf SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day;
And through the written word
Thy very self display;
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
The little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

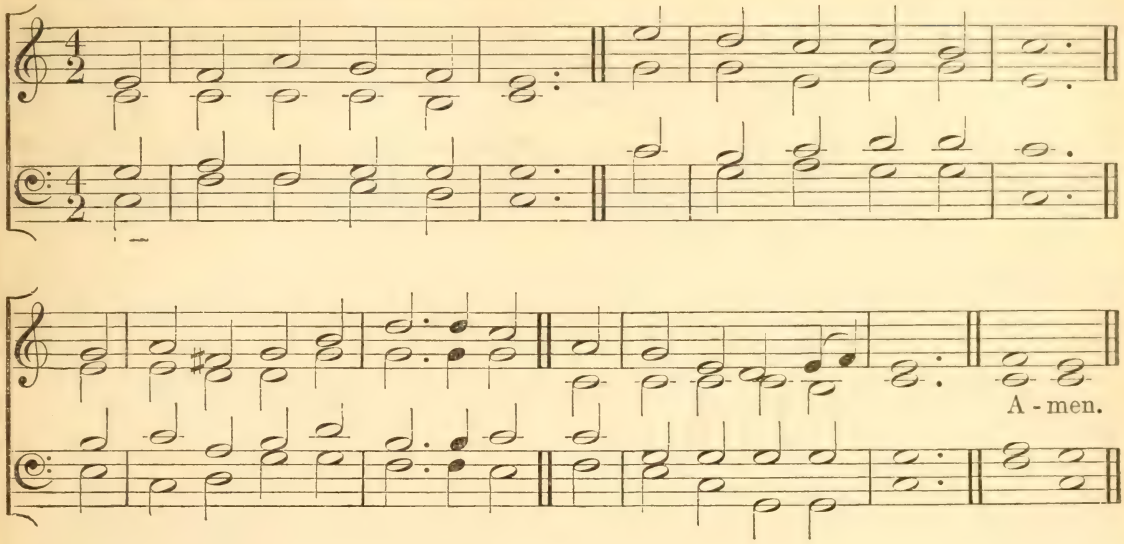
mp Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
cr That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

mf Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
cr And in His love rejoice.

mf Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
di And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart. Amen.

346. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"*Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.*"—ISAIAH xxxii. 20.

f Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

mf Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

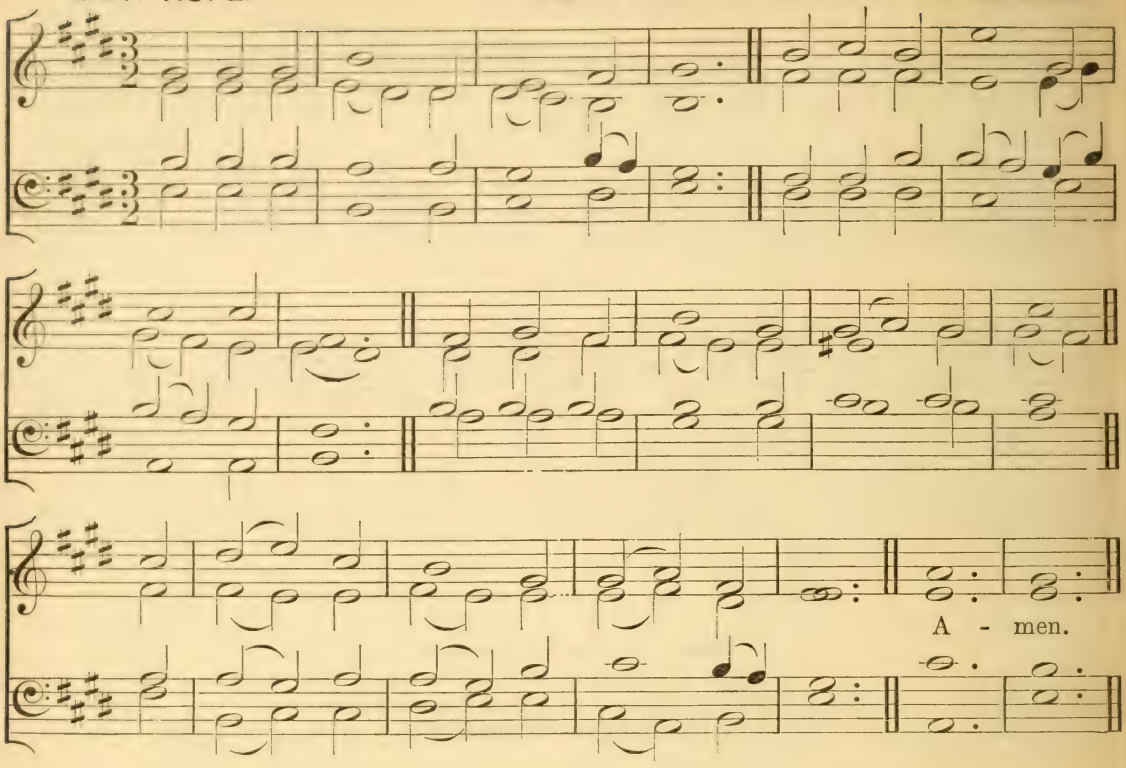
Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
cr Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

f Hence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
ff The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home. Amen.

347. HOPE.

L.M.

H. S. Irons.



"*Always abounding in the work of the Lord.*"—1 Corinthians xv. 58.

mf Go, labour on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
p It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

mf Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
cr The Master praises;—what are men?

mf Go, labour on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
cr Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away:
With strong great wrestlings souls are won.

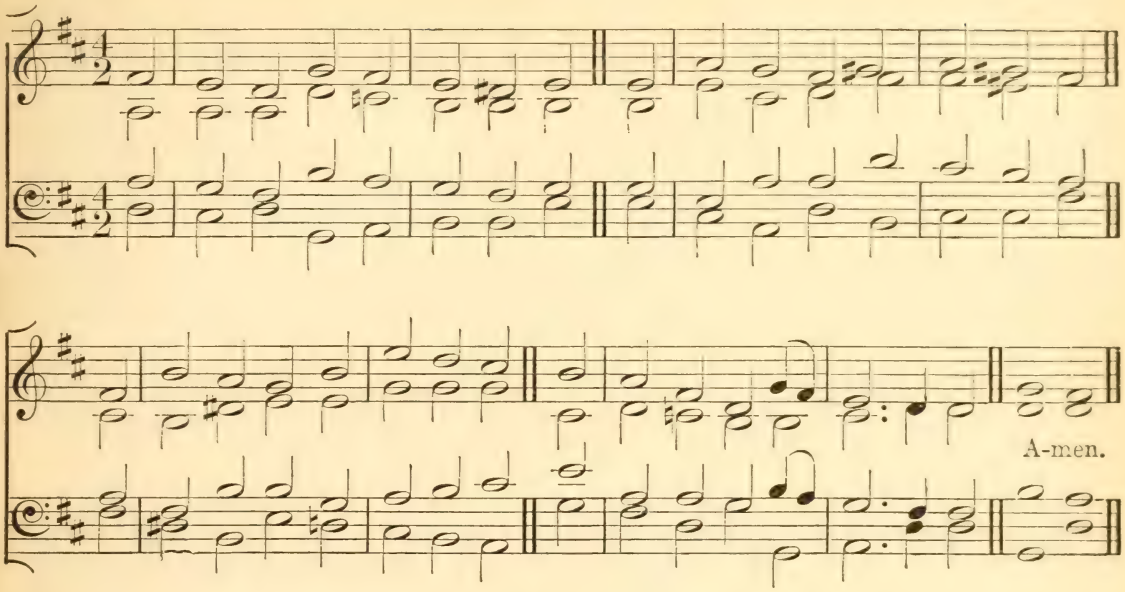
p Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
f Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

mf Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
cr Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
f The midnight cry, Behold, I come.
Amen.

348. COMMUNION.

L.M. J. BARNBY.



"*They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.*"—ACTS iv. 13.

mf MY God, my Father, let me rest
In the calm sun-glow of Thy face,
cr Until Thy love in me express'd
Draws others to Thy throne of grace.

mp O Jesu, Master, let me hold
Such secret fellowship with Thee,
cr That others, careless once and cold,
Won to my Lord and theirs may be.

mf Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
The light of life to me impart,
cr Till fire descending from above
Burns on and on from heart to heart.

f O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Still, still may love to love respond;
And teach me, when I love Thee most,
Depths all unfathom'd lie beyond. Amen.

349. BACA.

Six 6s.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

A - men.

"*Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake?*"—JOHN xiii. 38.

mf I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
cr That thou might'st ransom'd be,
And quicken'd from the dead.
f I gave My life for thee;
p What hast thou given for Me?

mp I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
cr That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
f I spent long years for thee;
p Hast thou spent one for Me?

f My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
di I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
f I left it all for thee;
p Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffer'd much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
mp I suffer'd much for thee;
What canst thou bear for Me?

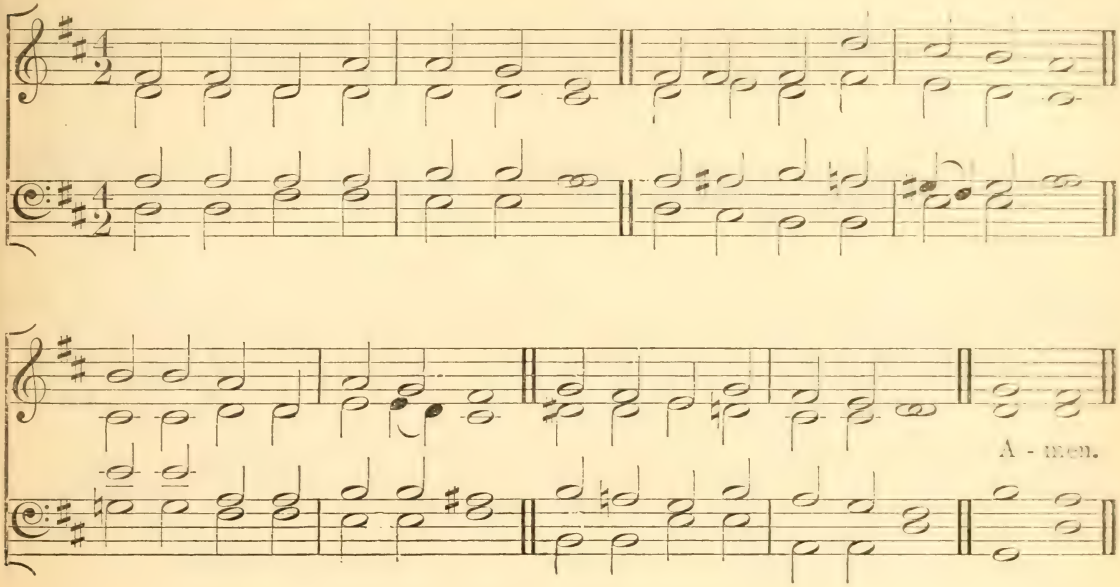
mf And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
cr Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
p What hast thou brought to Me?

f Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
I gave Myself for thee;
Give thou thyself to Me. Amen.

350. CONSECRATION.

7s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"Present your bodies a living sacrifice."—ROMANS xii. 1.

mf TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

f Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Fill'd with messages from Thee.

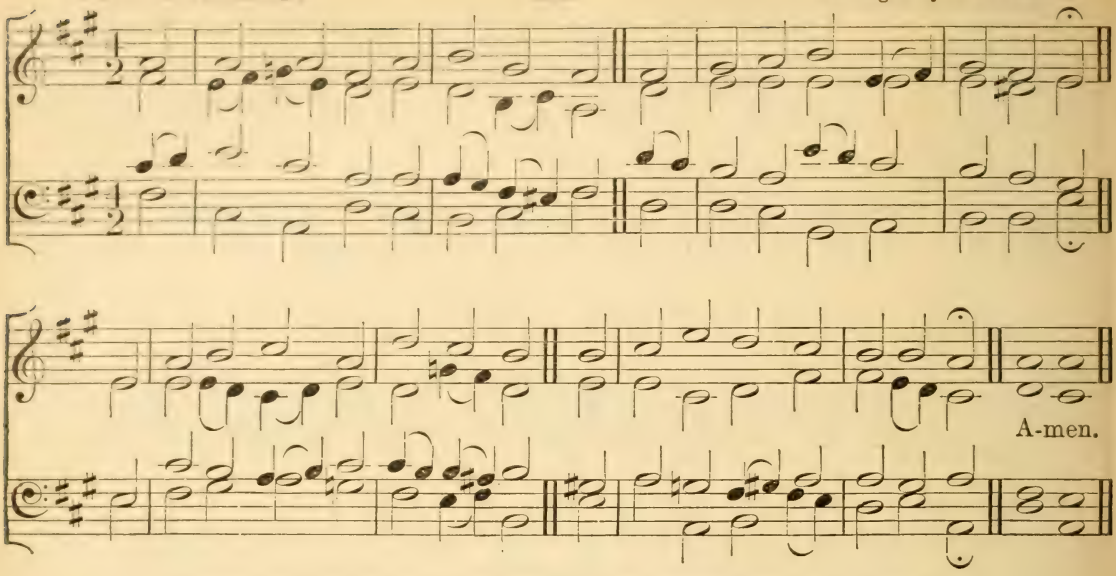
mf Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose

mp Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
cr It shall be Thy royal throne.

f Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for Thee. Amen.

May be sung to "St. Bees," No. 145.

351. BRESLAU.* L.M. Arranged by MENDELSSOHN.



"If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross daily, and follow Me."—LUKE ix. 23.

mf TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm:
cr My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thine heart and nerve thine arm.

mf Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
p Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

mf Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
cr 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

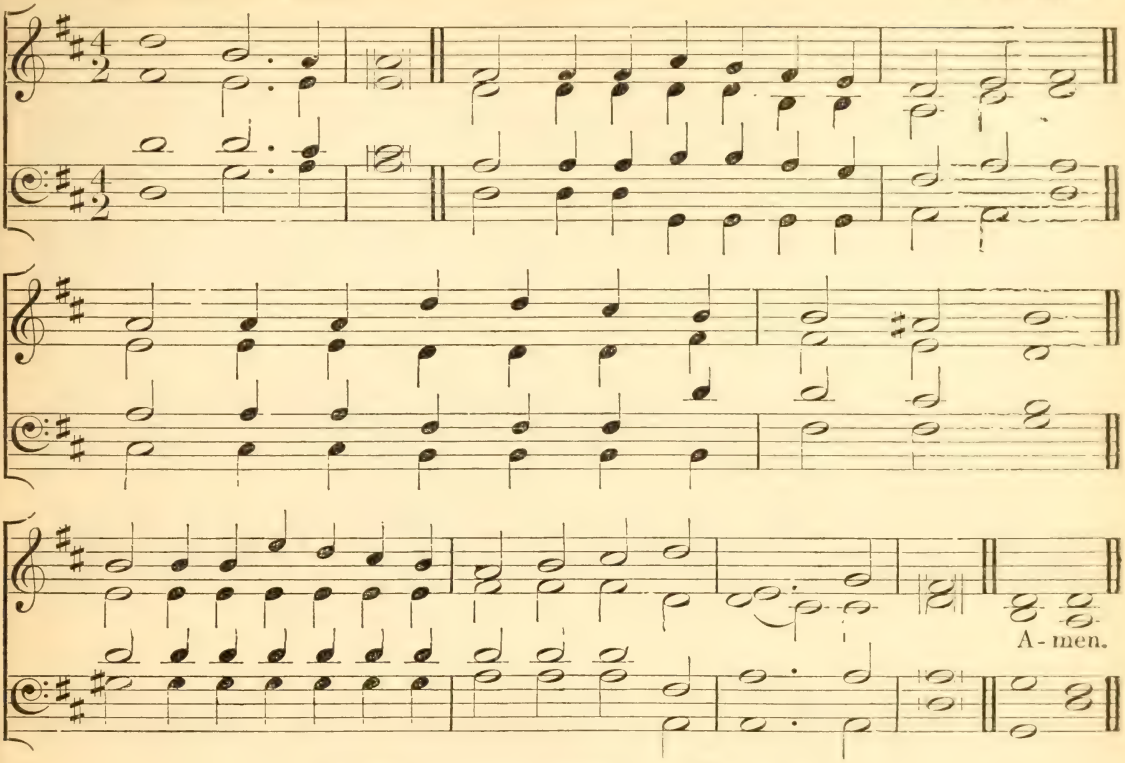
mf Take up thy cross and follow Him,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
cr May hope to wear the glorious crown. Amen.

* For simpler Arrangement of this Tune see No. 156.

352. ORA LABORA.

4s. 10s.

E. P. STEWART.



"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATTHEW xxi. 28.

COME, labour on.
f Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day."

Come, labour on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
di Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
p The night draws nigh.

mf Come, labour on.
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
cr New stations must be fill'd and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come."

f Come, labour on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
di By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

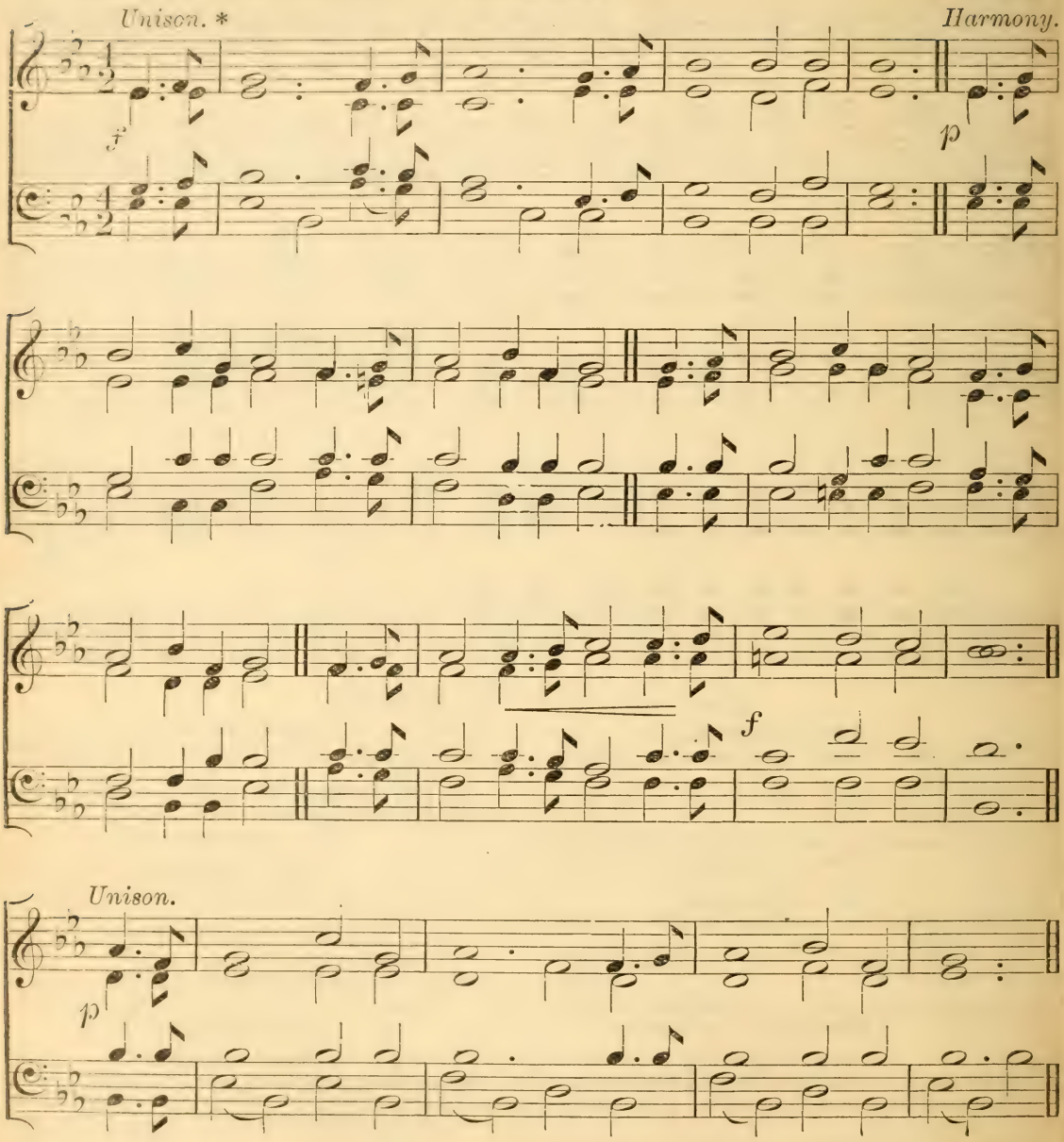
cr Come, labour on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
f And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done."

Come, labour on.
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
cr Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
p O Lord, with Thee! Amen.

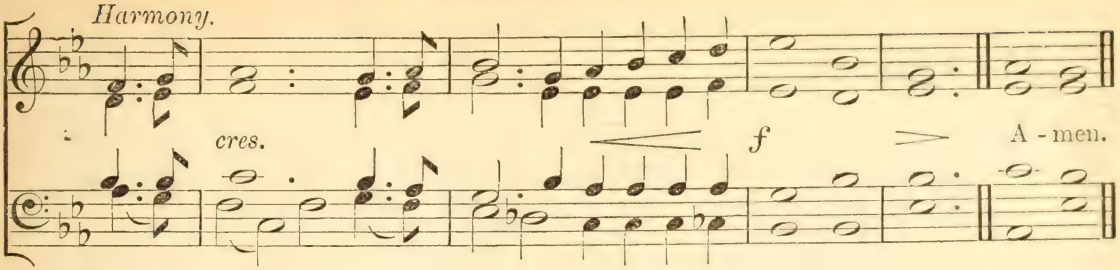
353. TO THE WORK.

12s. with Refrain.

D. JAYE.



* May be sung in harmony throughout, if preferred.



"I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be."—REV. xxii. 12.

mf To the work, to the work! we are servants of God:
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod:
mp With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew
cr Let us do with our might what our hands find to do:
mf Toiling on, toiling on,
Toiling on, toiling on,
cr Let us hope, let us watch,
f And labour till the Master comes.

mf To the work, to the work! let the hungry be fed,
To the fountain of life let the weary be led:
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be
While we herald the tidings, Salvation is free:
Toiling on, &c.

f To the work, to the work! there is labour for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall:
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, Salvation is free.
Toiling on, &c.

To the work, to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward;
cr When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
ff And we shout with the ransom'd, Salvation is free.
Toiling on, toiling on,
Toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope, let us watch,
And labour till the Master comes. Amen.

An alternative Tune, "Toiling on," No. 4 in the Appendix, may be used for this Hymn.

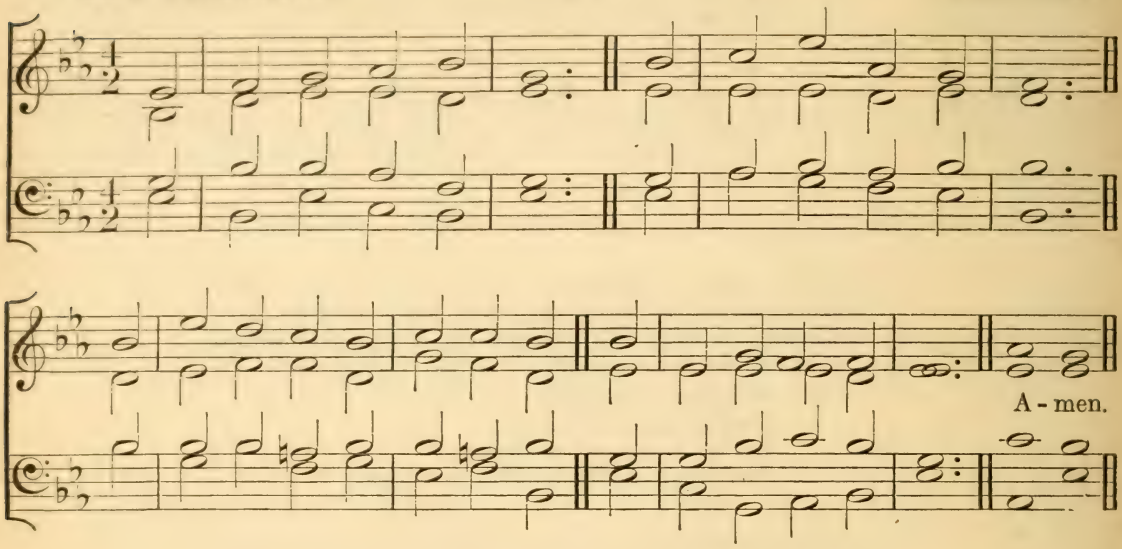
See also Hymns 2, 5, 14, 16, 18 66, 68, 186, 309, 598.

"MANFULLY TO FIGHT UNDER HIS BANNER."

354. FRANCONIA.

S.M.

German Chorale.



"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."—EPHESIANS vi. 10.

f SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

cr Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
mp Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

mf Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

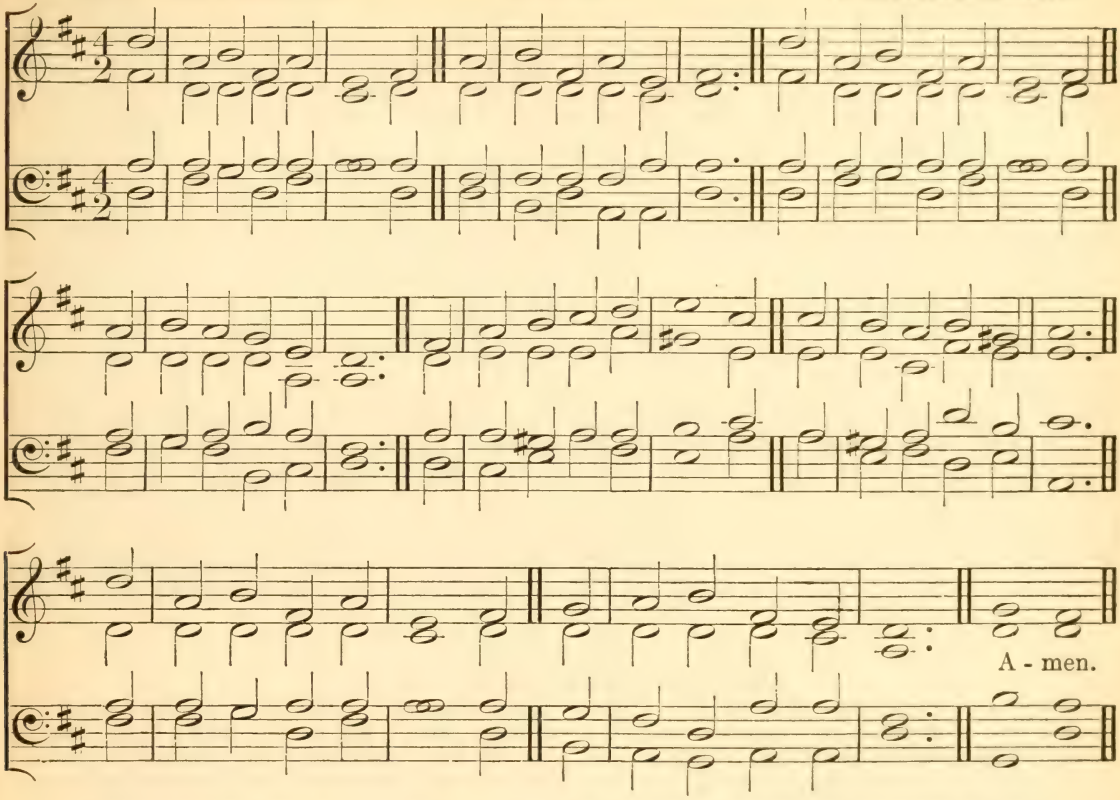
cr From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

f That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
ff Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last. Amen.

355. INVERNESS.

D. 7s. 6s.

W. Sterndale Bennett.



"That ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."—Ephesians vi. 13.

f Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
cr From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead;
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

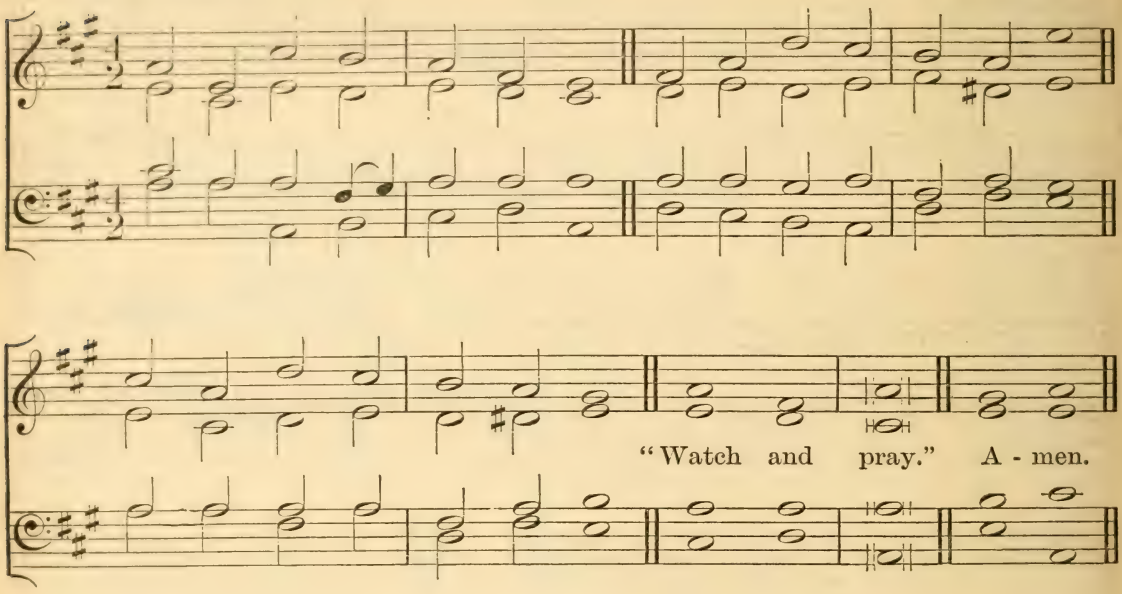
f Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumber'd foes;
cr Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

f Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
Stand in His strength alone;
p The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
cr Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

f Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
di The strife will not be long;
p This day the noise of battle,
f The next the victor's song:
ff To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

May be sung to "Ewing," No. 249 (part iii.).

356. SAMOS. 7s. 3. W. H. HAVERGAL.



"Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer."—1 PETER iv. 7.

mf "CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
p "Watch and pray."

f Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
p "Watch and pray."

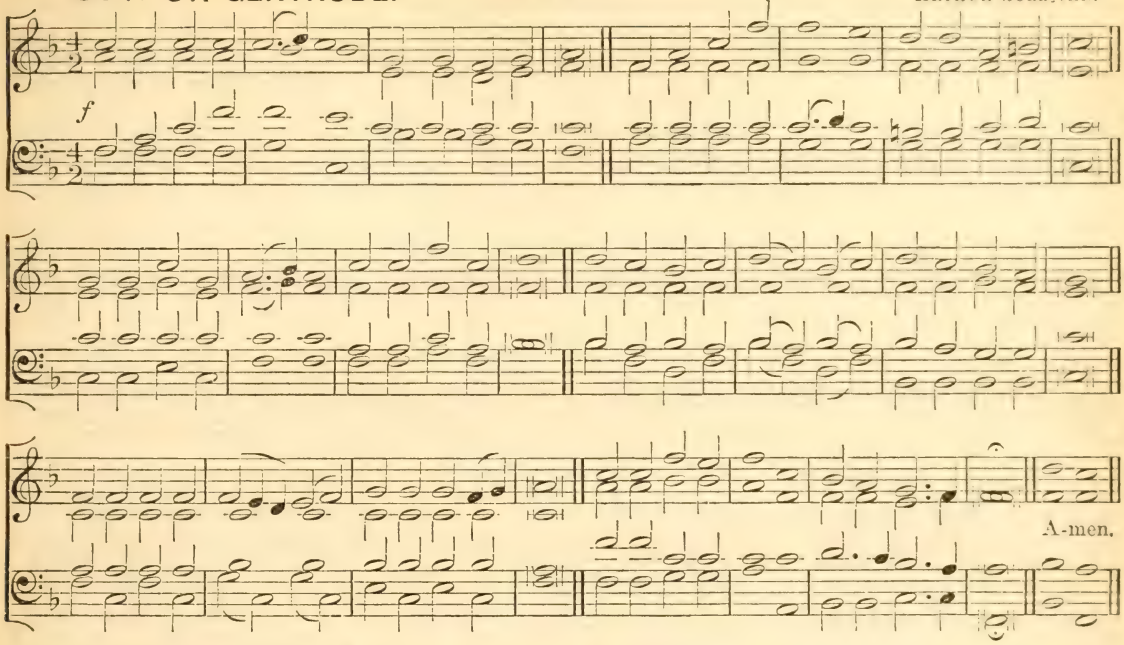
mf Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambush'd lies the evil one;
p "Watch and pray."

mf Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
cr All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

f Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
di Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

mf Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray." Amen.

357. ST. GERTRUDE. 11s. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



"Jehovah-nissi, the Lord my banner."—EXODUS xvii. 15.

f ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
* With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see, His banners go.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

f At the name of Jesus Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory! [praise:
cr Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of
Brothers, lift your voices; loud your anthems raise.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

f Like a mighty army, moves the church of God.
di Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.

mf We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

mp Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane;
cr But the church of Jesus constant will remain:
f Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

f Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song; [the King,
cr Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ
This through countless ages men and angels sing. [to war,
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Amen.

* *Or, throughout, as in many hymnals,*
Looking unto Jesus who is gone before.

358. BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN. 10.11.

J. STAINER.

A - men.

Last verse.

se - - ver; Mount, &c.

* Slur for first verse only.

"*Fight the good fight of faith.*"—1 TIMOTHY vi. 12.

mf BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest;
cr Onward, and onward still, be thine endeavour,
mp The rest that remaineth, will be for ever.

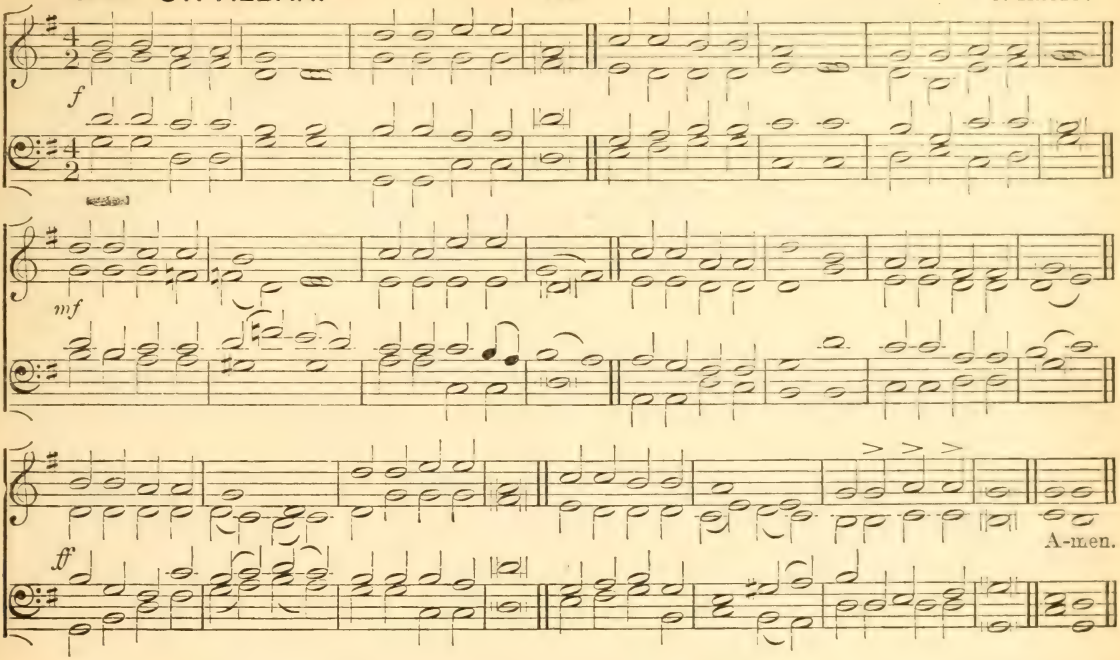
f Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee:
Run the race, Christian; heaven is before thee:
He, who hath promised, faltereth never:
mp The love of eternity flows on for ever.

p Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth:
cr Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;
f Mount when thy work is done; praise Him for ever. Amen.

359. ST. ALBAN.

11s.

J. HAYDN.



"*Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*"—EXODUS xiv. 15.

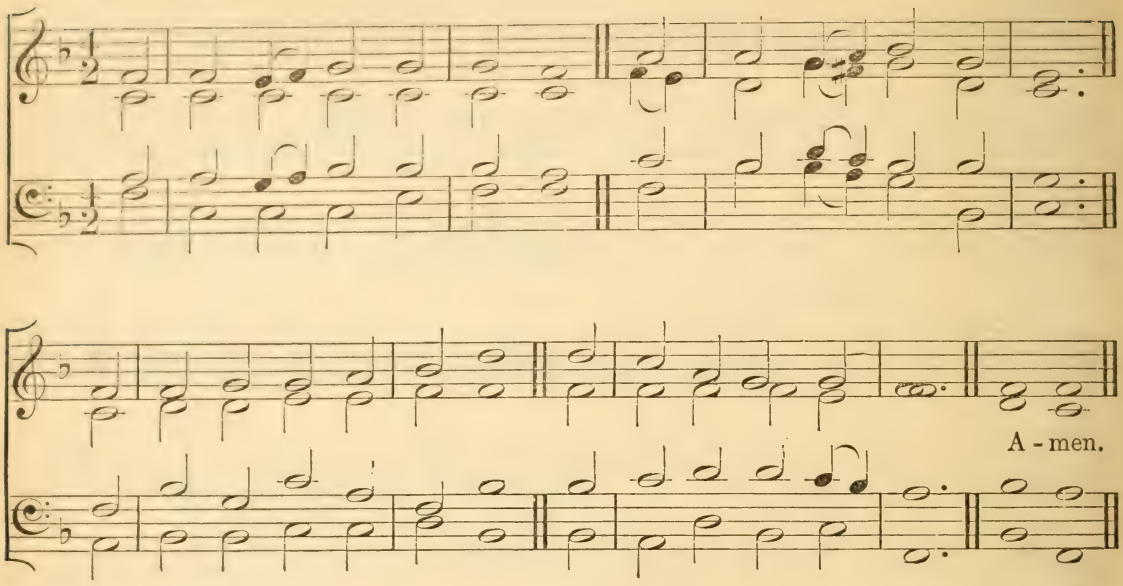
FORWARD! be our watchword, steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by Jehovah led?
ff Forward through the desert, through the toil and flight:
Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.

mf Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth:
p Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for day:
cr Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.
f Forward, out of error; leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness, forward into light.

ff Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him one day to be shared:
di Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard;
p Nor of these hath utter'd thought or speech a word:
f Thither, onward thither, in Jehovah's might:
Pilgrims to your country, forward into light.

ff To the Father's glory loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah, blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels endless honour done.
p Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of night;
cr Forward into triumph, forward into light. Amen.

360. KOCKER. 7s. 6s.



"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."
2 CORINTHIANS iv. 17.

f O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

mf O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then!

p The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
f The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

mf The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

cr What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light?

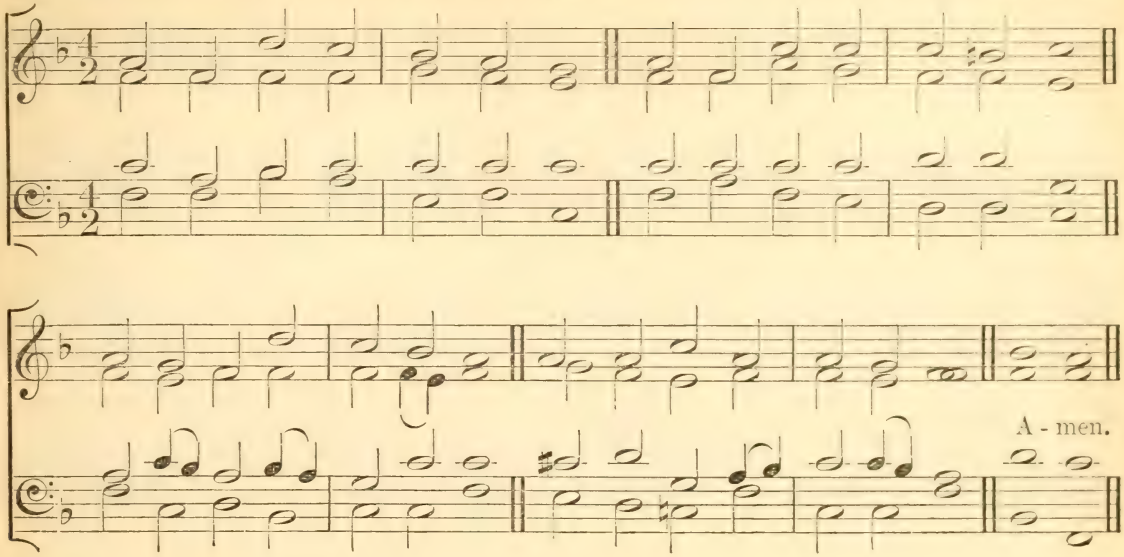
p The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

cr What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but a ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

f O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
di Where such a light affliction
cr Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

361. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett.



"*Quit you like men, be strong.*"—1 Corinthians ii. 13.

mf Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
cr Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

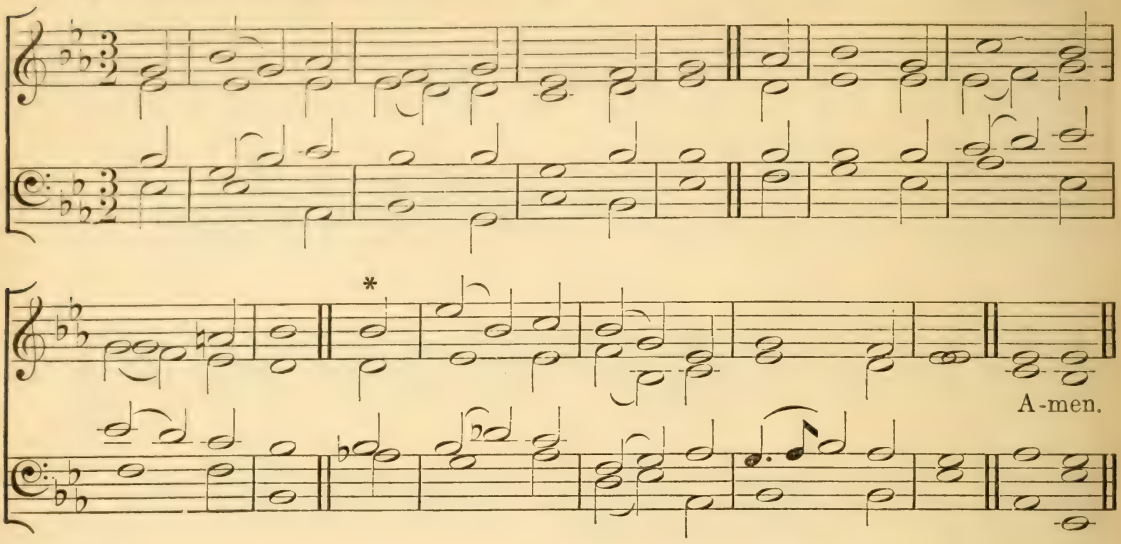
f Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
di Will ye flee in danger's hour?
f Know ye not your Captain's power?

mf Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
f Victory soon shall tune your song.

mp Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
cr Let not fears your course impede,
f Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
di Though opposed by many a foe,
f Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

362. MONKWEARMOUTH. 8s. CHARLES STEGGALL.



"*The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.*"—PSALM cxviii. 6.

f WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

p I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
cr But Jesus knows, and will provide.

p Though sin would fill me with distress,
cr The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

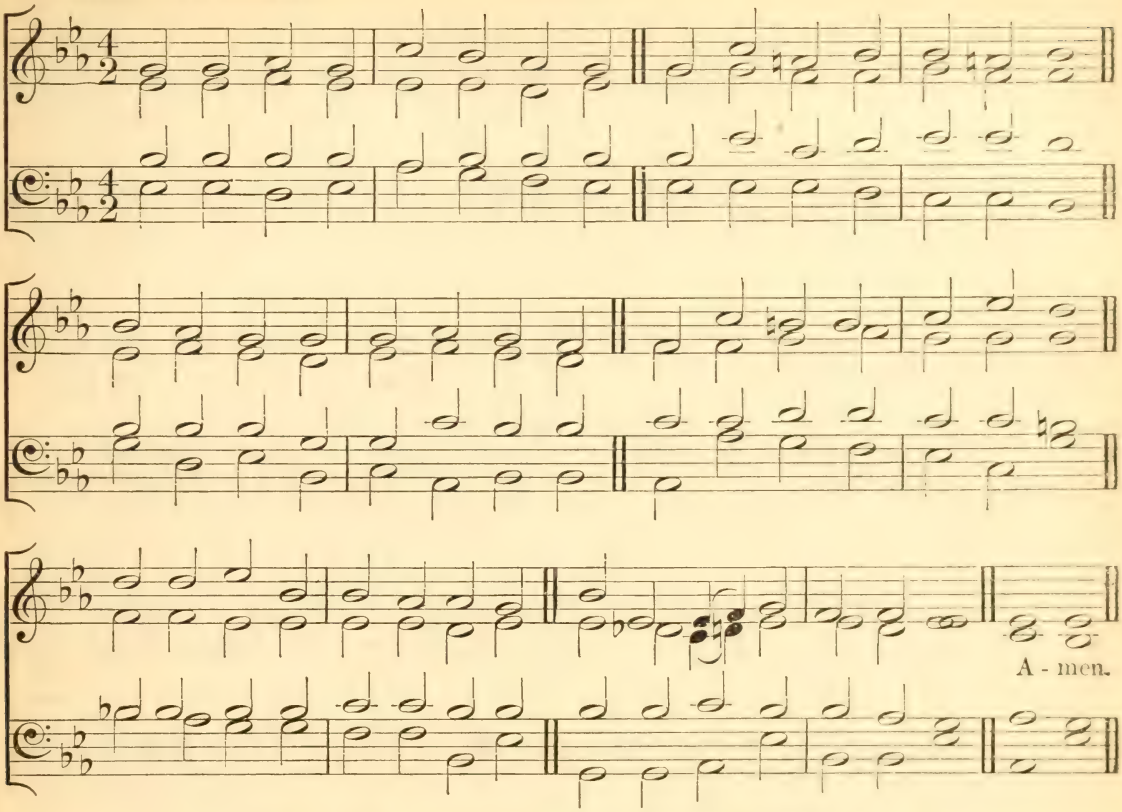
p Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
cr My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

f Against me earth and hell combine;
ff But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine. Amen.

* For first and last verses omit this chord and the slurs in the following bar. The first chord of the tune may also be omitted for first verse if considered desirable.

363. ST. PETER.

8s. 7s. 4s.



"The ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them."—NUMBERS x. 33.

mf LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
cr Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

p Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
f Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

364. ST. OSMUND.

8s. 7s. 4. H. S. IRONS.

A - men.

"*Why are ye fearful?*"—MATTHEW viii. 26.

mf WHY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship:
cr Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
p Where the mourners cease to weep.

mf Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
cr And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

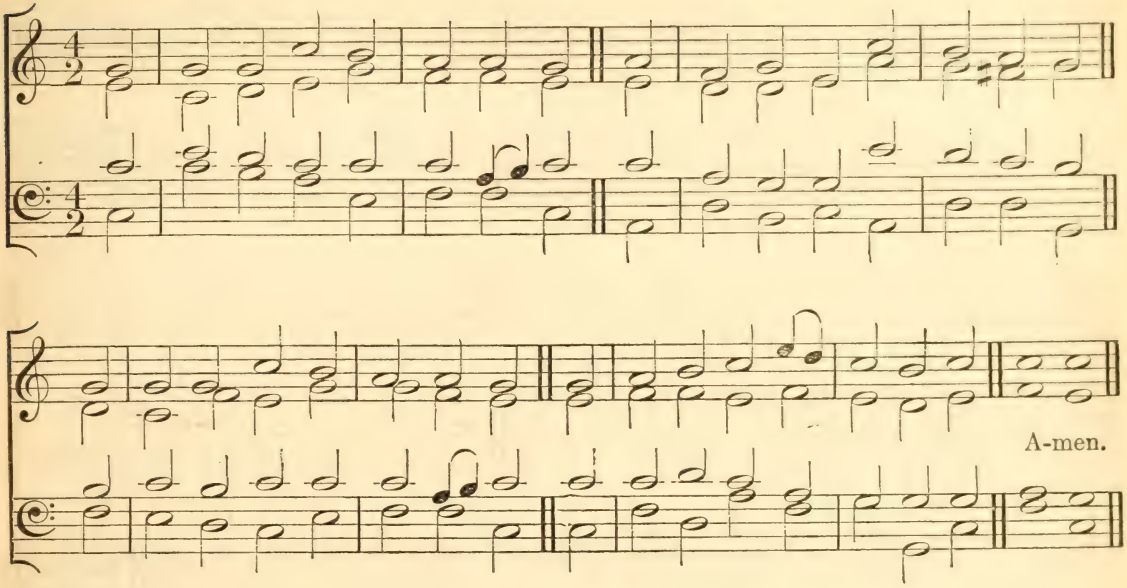
f Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

mf Oh what pleasures there await us:
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more:
p Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore. Amen.

365. MAINZER.

L.M.

J. MAINZER.



"*Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.*"—HEBREWS xiii. 14.

mf WE've no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind;
cr But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

p We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
cr But let the thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

mf We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name: the Lord is there.
It shines with everlasting light.

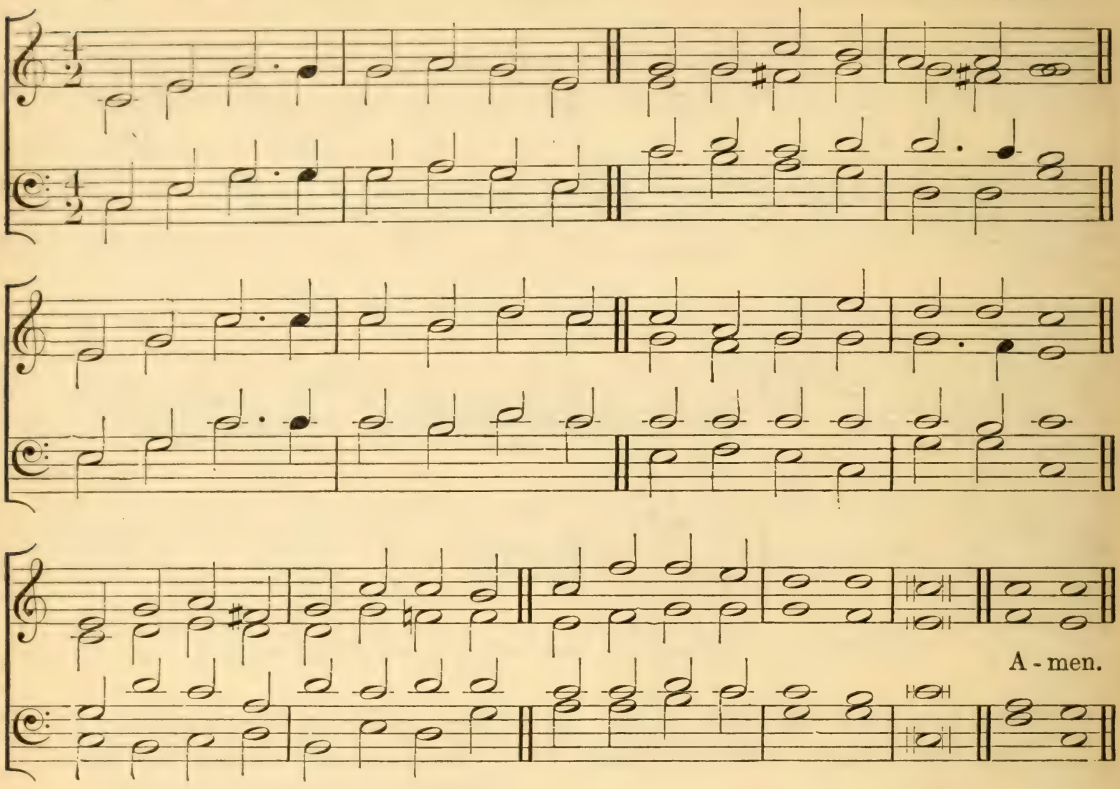
f Zion, Jehovah is her strength
Secure, she smiles at all her foes;
di And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

mp O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

p But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
cr While here, to do His will be mine;
And His, to fix my time of rest. Amen.

366. TRIUMPH.

8s. 7s. 4. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide, even unto death."—PSALM xlviii. 14.

mf GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
cr I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
mf Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

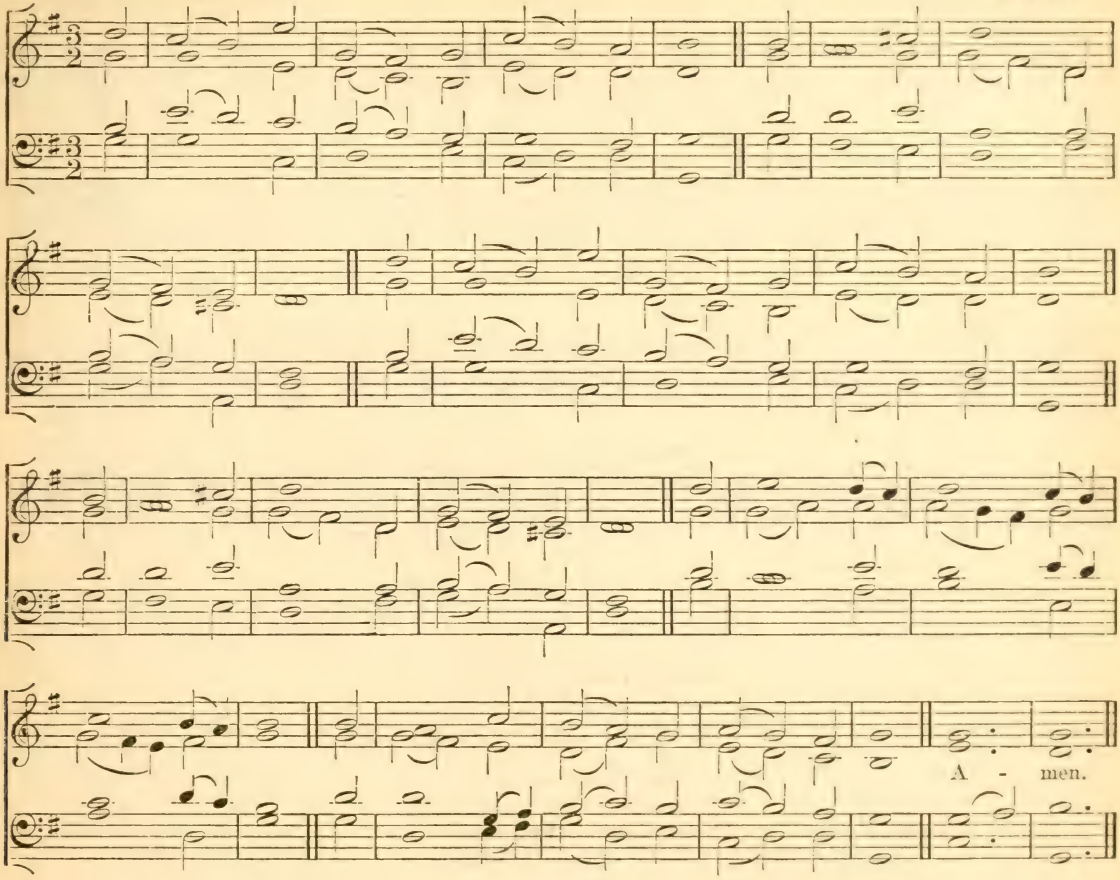
cr Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

p When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
cr Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen

367. SURREY.

Six 8s.

H. Carey.



"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isaiah xxxv. 10.

mf Leader of faithful souls and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
cr On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

p Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
cr But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
f Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

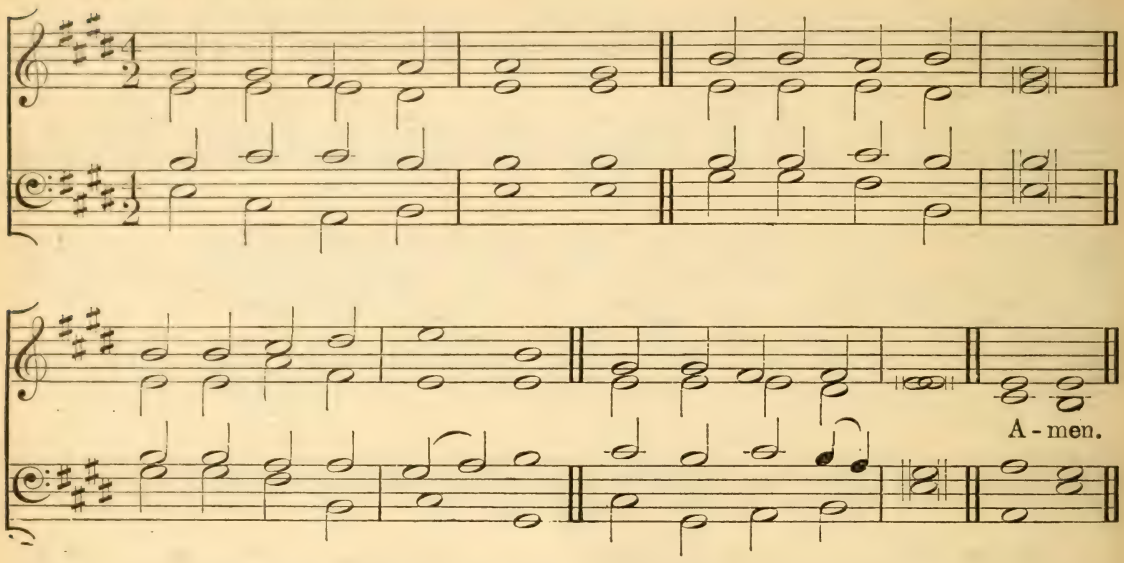
mp Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
f With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

ff Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies. Amen.

368. ST. LAMBERT.

6s. 5s.

R. R. CHOPE.



"Ye shall know the truth; and the truth shall make you free."—JOHN viii. 32.

p JESU, meek and gentle,
cr Son of God most High;
p Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

mp Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains

mf Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

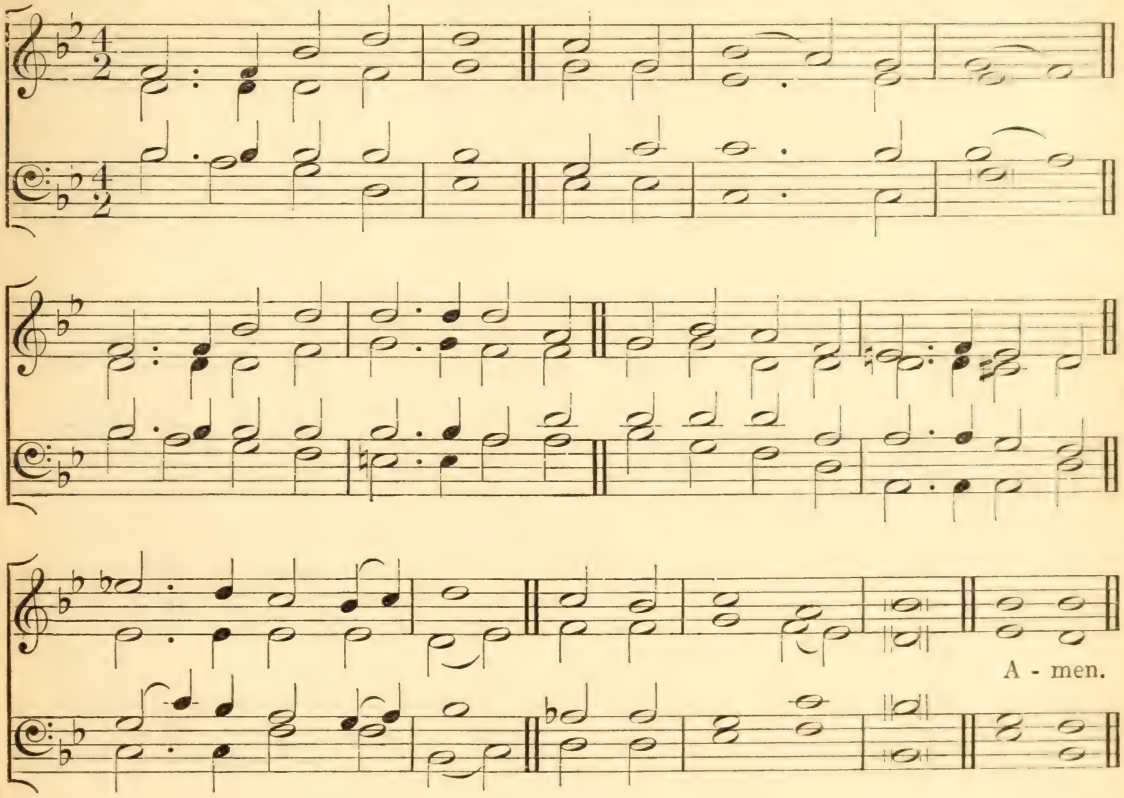
cr Lead us on our journey
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

p Jesu, meek and gentle,
cr Son of God most High;
p Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. **Amen.**

369. HAMPSTEAD.

5s. 8s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"The Lord your God went in the way before you."—DEUTERONOMY i. 33.

mf JESU, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
mp And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless:
f Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

mp If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

mp When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppress'd by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
f Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

mf Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
f Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

370. ST. EDMUNDS.

6s. 4s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

A - men.

"I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were."—PSALM xxxix. 12.

mp I AM a stranger here,
Heaven is my home,
Only a sojourner,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
cr Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

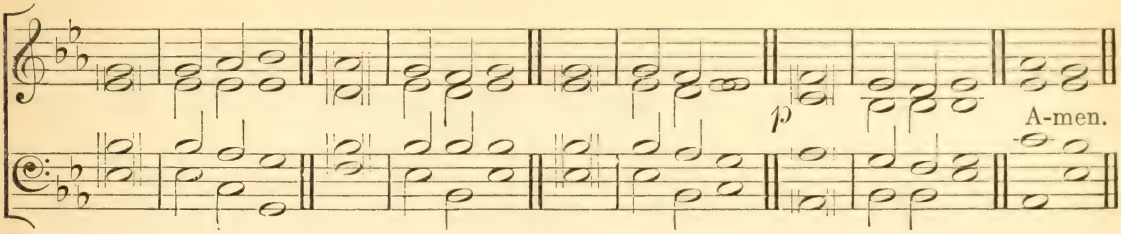
mf What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home,
di Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
cr Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
f Heaven is my home.

mf There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
cr I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
p Where all the saints of God,
After life's weary road,
Have their divine abode,
cr There is my home.

mf Therefore I'll murmur not,
Heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
cr For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand—
ff Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home. Amen.

371. TROYTE (No. I). [First Tune.]

A. H. D. Troyte.



"*Thy will be done.*"—Matthew xxvi. 42.

mf My God, my Father, whíle I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heárt to say,
p Thy will be done.

mp Though dark my path and sád my lot,
Let me be still and múrmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divíinely taught,
p Thy will be done.

mp What though in lonely griéf I sigh
For friends beloved no lónger nigh,
Submissive still would I′reply,
p Thy will be done.

mp If Thou should'st call me tó resign
What most I prize, it ne'ér was mine;
I only yield Thee whát is Thine;
p Thy will be done.

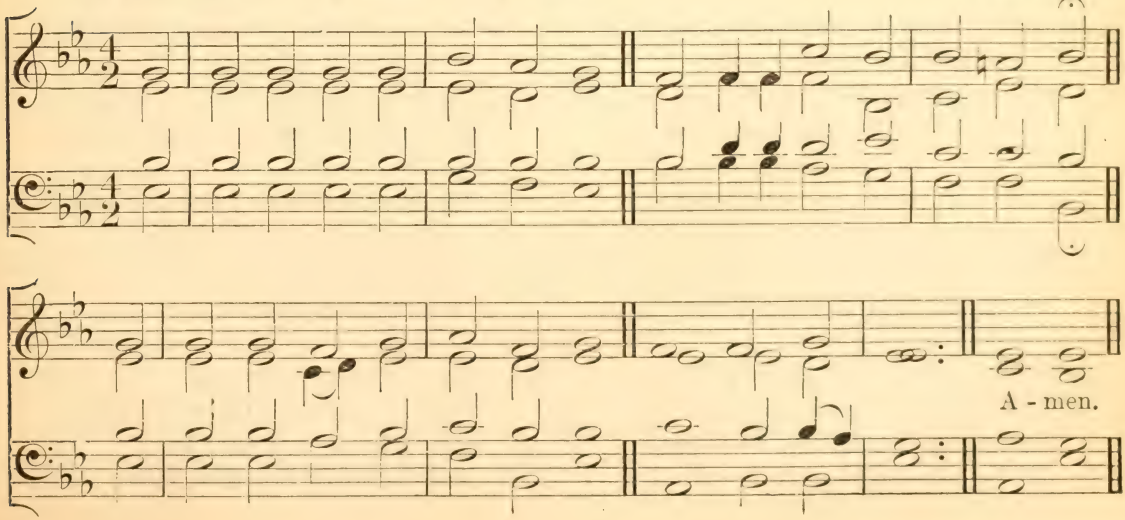
mf Let but my fainting heárt be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit fór its guest,
My God, to Thee I leáve the rest,—
p Thy will be done.

cr Renew my will from dáy to day,
Blend it with Thine, and táke away
All that now makes it hárd to say,
p Thy will be done.

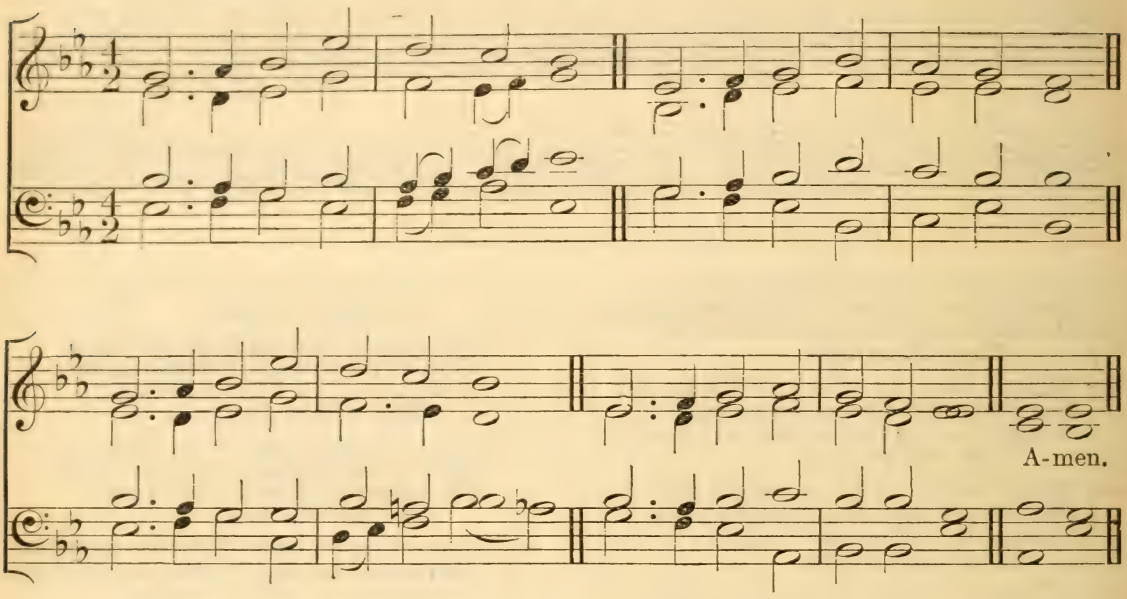
mp Then, when on earth I bréathe no more,
p The prayer, oft mix'd with téars before,
f I'll sing upon a háppier shore,
Thy will be done. Amen.

371. HERBERT. [Second Tune.] 8s. 4.

R. R. Chope.



372. INNOCENTS. 7s.



"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."—PSALM cxix. 54.

f CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

di We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
cr They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

f Sing, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

cr Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
ff There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

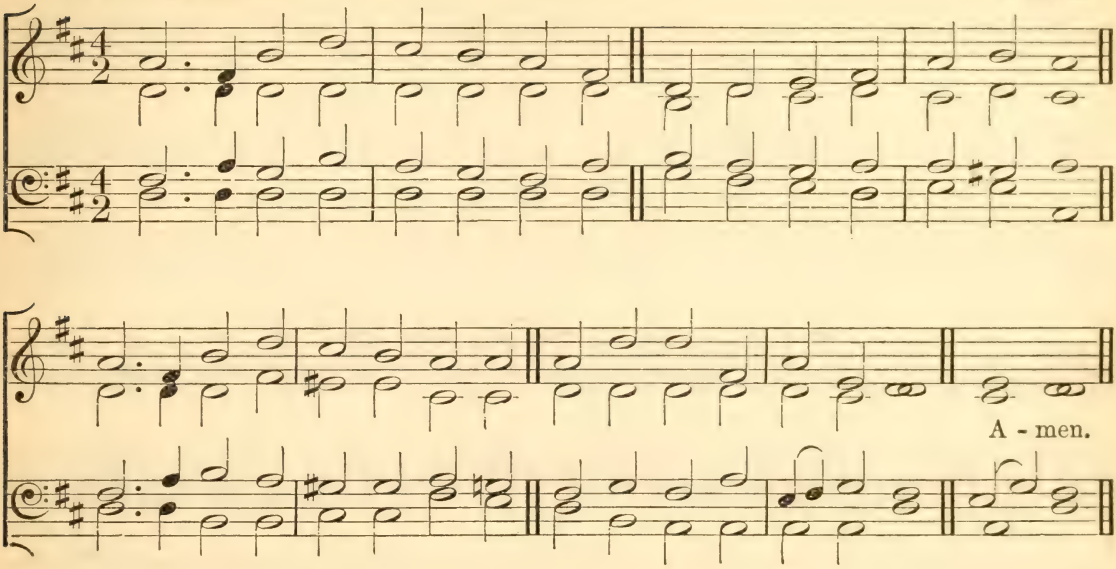
Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, the everlasting Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

mf Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

373. SYCHAR.

8s. 7s.

J. B. Dykes.



"The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion."—Isaiah li. 11.

f Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

mf Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

cr One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

f One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
cr One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

ff One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
di One the conflict, one the peril,
cr One the march in God begun:

f One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

mf Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
p Till we rest beneath its shade.

f Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
ff Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. **Amen.**

374. KIRKBRADDAN. [First Tune.] 11s.

E. C. Walker.

f

cres.

f

A - men.

For 4th line.

Organ Accompt. ad lib.

Senza Pedali.

"*His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us.*" (P.B.V.)—Psalm cxvii 2.

mf Saviour, blessèd Saviour, listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.
cr All we have we offer; all we hope to be;
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.

p Farther, ever farther, from Thy wounded side
Heedlessly we wander'd, wander'd far and wide;
cr Till Thou cam'st in mercy, seeking young and old,
p Lovingly to bear them, Saviour, to Thy fold.

mp Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die;
f Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

cr Great and ever greater are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow, toil or care is known,
Where the angel legions circle round Thy throne.

mf Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sin forgiven;
cr Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.

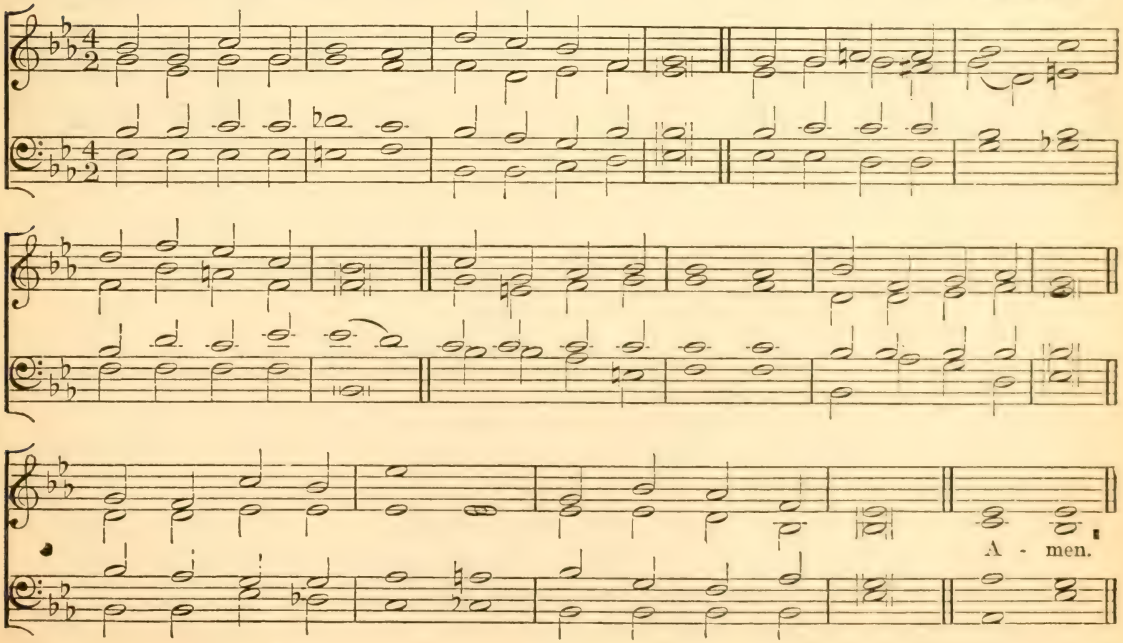
f Brighter still and brighter glows the western sun,
di Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's done;
p Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past;
May we, blessèd Saviour, find a rest at last.

cr Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

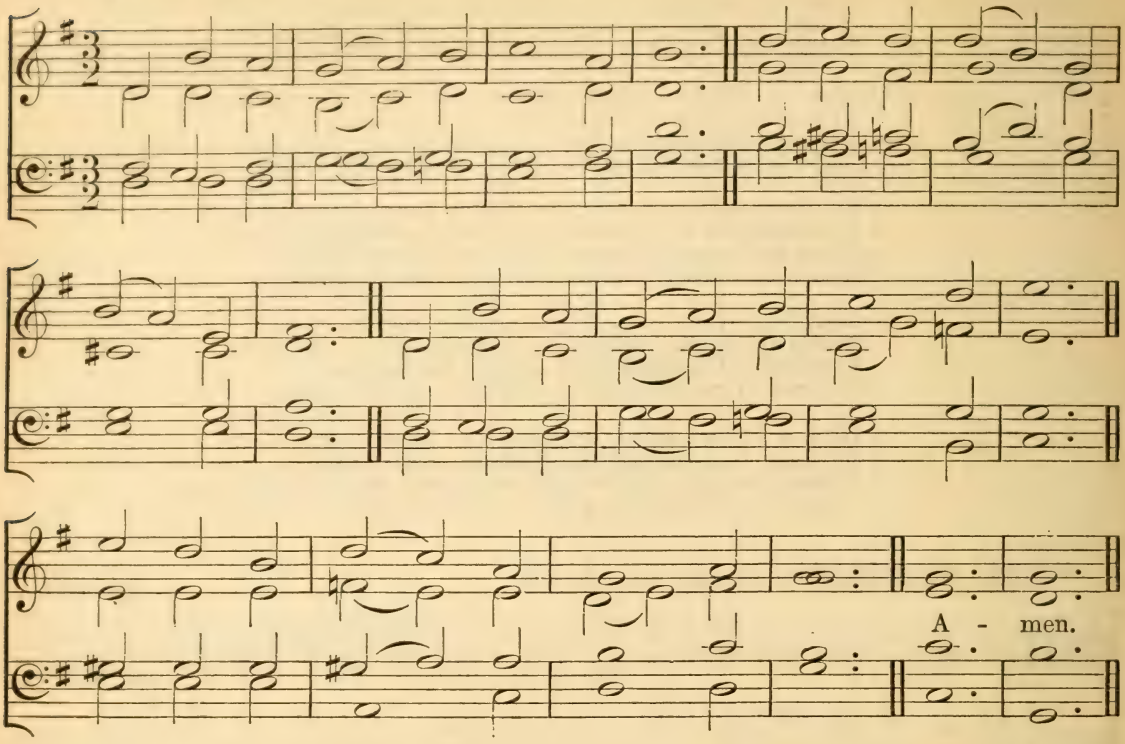
f Higher then and higher bear the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal;
ff Where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising praises to their King. Amen.

374. PLYMOUTH. [Second Tune.] 11s.

H. Moreton.



375. FOEL FRAS. L.M. H. A. HARDING.



"*Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.* —1 TIMOTHY vi. 12.

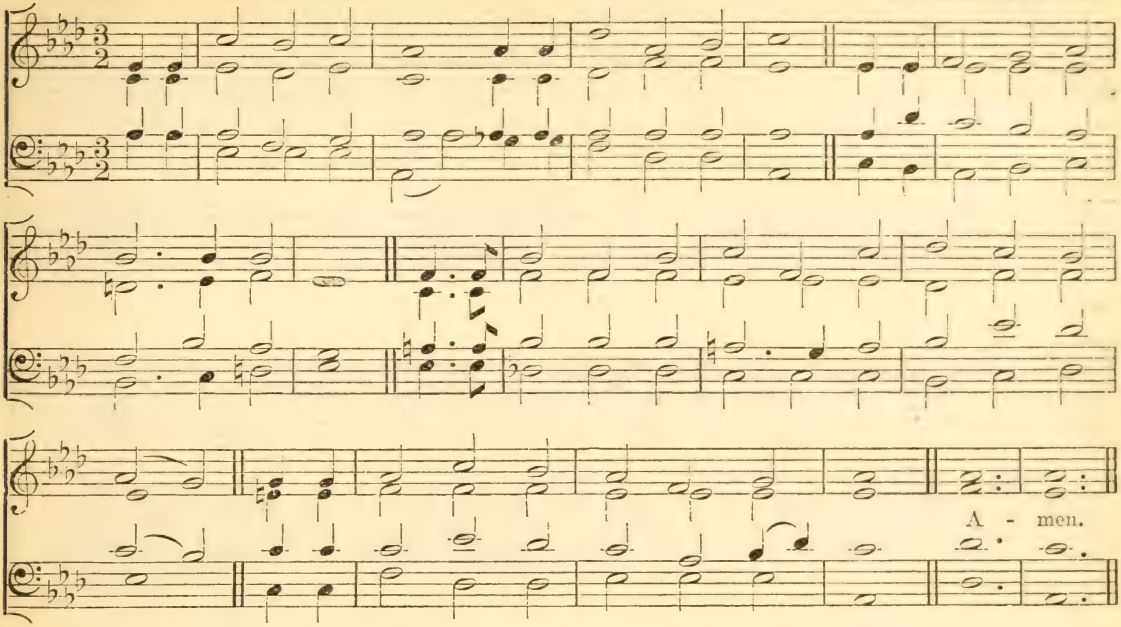
mf FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
cr Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

mf Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
cr Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

mf Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
cr Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

mf Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
cr Only believe, and thou shalt see
f That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

376. BIRMINGHAM. 12s. 9s. J. Granville Smith.



"*With one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel.*"—Philippians i. 27.

mf We are soldiers of Christ, who is mighty to save,
And His banner the cross is unfurl'd;
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same;
p And we think of the cross on which Jesus has died,
When we bear the reproach of His name.

mf At the font we were mark'd with the cross on our brow,
Of our grace and our calling the sign:
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,
For the armour we wear is divine.

We will watch ready arm'd if the tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile:
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,
And our spirits their freedom shall win.

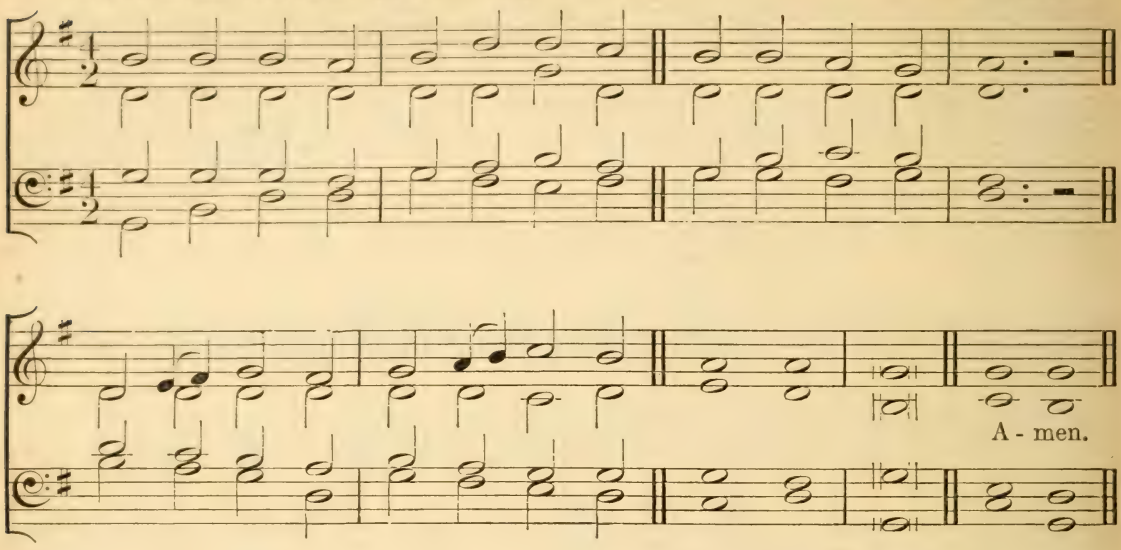
For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on high,
And the bright world to which we belong.

cr Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where Christ leads the way;
mf 'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
f We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

di Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
cr In the might of our God we will stand;
f Oh! what joy to be crown'd and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland.
Amen.

377. STEPHANOS. [First Tune.] 8.5.8.3.

H. W. Baker.



"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."—John xii. 26.

mp Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
mf "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
p Be at rest."

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

mf Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
cr "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns."

mf If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

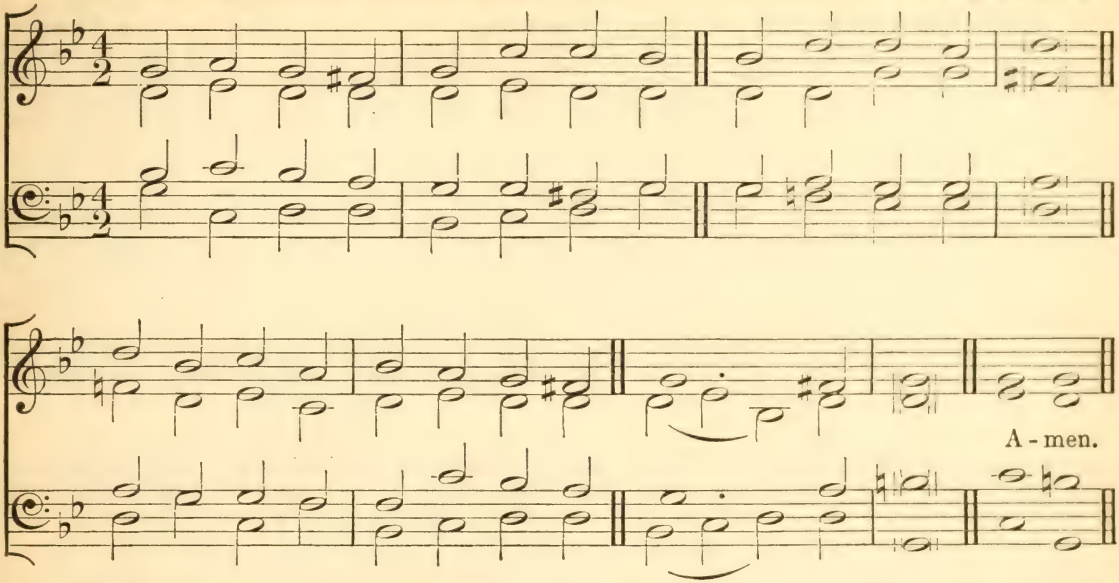
mf If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
cr Jordan pass'd."

mf If I ask Him to receive me
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth, and not till heaven
p Pass away."

cr Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
ff "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." Amen.

377. ST. SABBAS. [Second Tune.] 8.5.8.3.

A. R. Reinagle.



"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."—John xii. 26.

mp Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
mf "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
p Be at rest."

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

mf Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
cr "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns."

mf If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

mf If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
cr Jordan pass'd."

mf If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth, and not till heaven
p Pass away."

cr Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
ff "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." Amen.

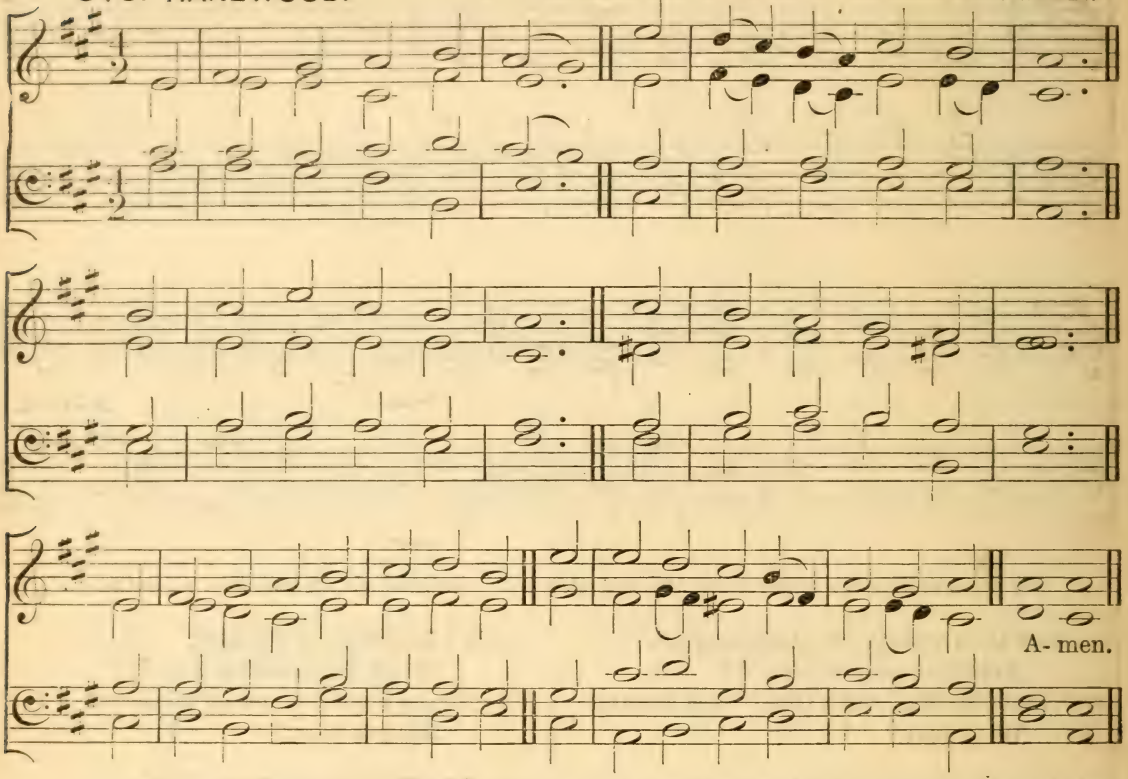
See also Hymns 22, 35, 92, 104, 113, 155, 239, 240, 243, 245, 247, 249.

"O GO YOUR WAY INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING, AND INTO HIS COURTS WITH PRAISE."

378. HAREWOOD.

6s. 4s.

S. S. WESLEY.



"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house."—PSALM lxxxiv. 4.

mf CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are fill'd:
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

f Oh then with hymns of praise
These hallow d courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.

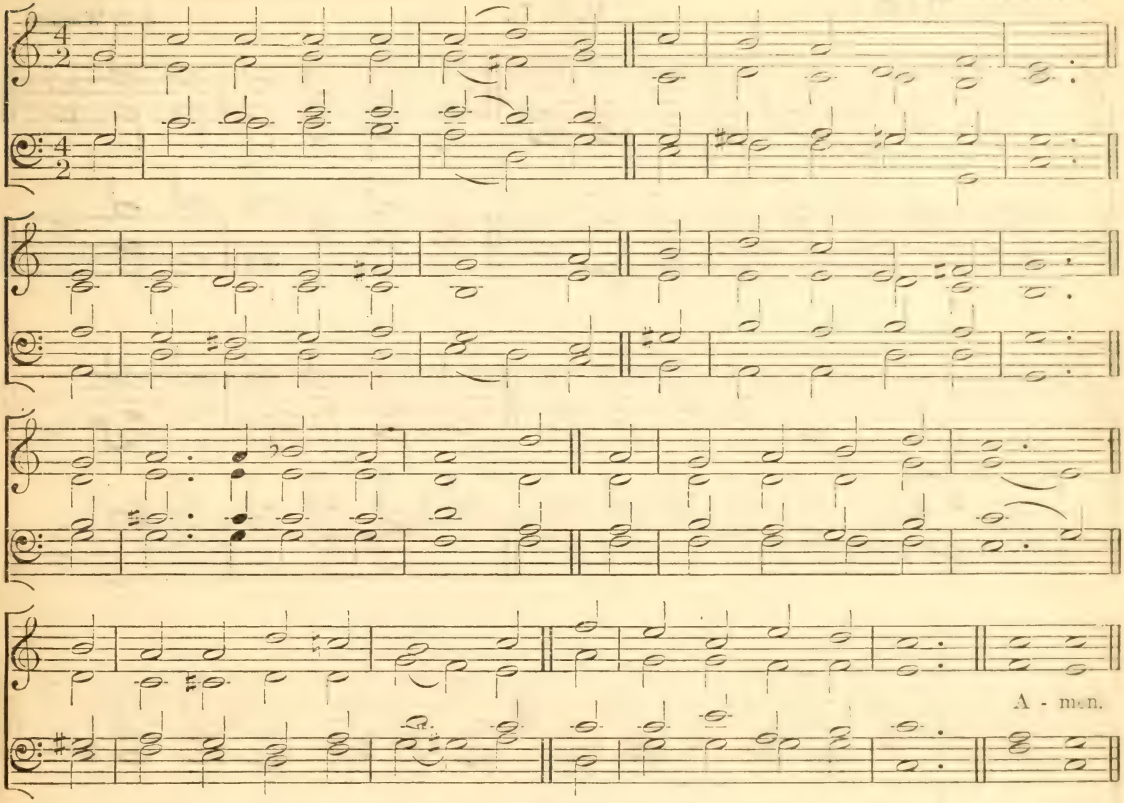
mf Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

cr Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
di Until that day
When all the blest
p To endless rest
Are call'd away. Amen.

CHURCH CONSECRATION OR DEDICATION FESTIVAL.

379. NOBISCUM DEUS. D. 7s. 6s.

CHARLES VINCENT



"Arise, O Lord, into Thy resting-place; Thou, and the ark of Thy strength."—PSALM cxxxii. 8.

mf GREAT God of our salvation,
Be this Thy resting-place,
Thy holy habitation,
Thy mercy-seat of grace.
cr What time the tempests gather,
p Light, love, peace, praise, be here:
The children with their Father:
f God with us: where is fear?

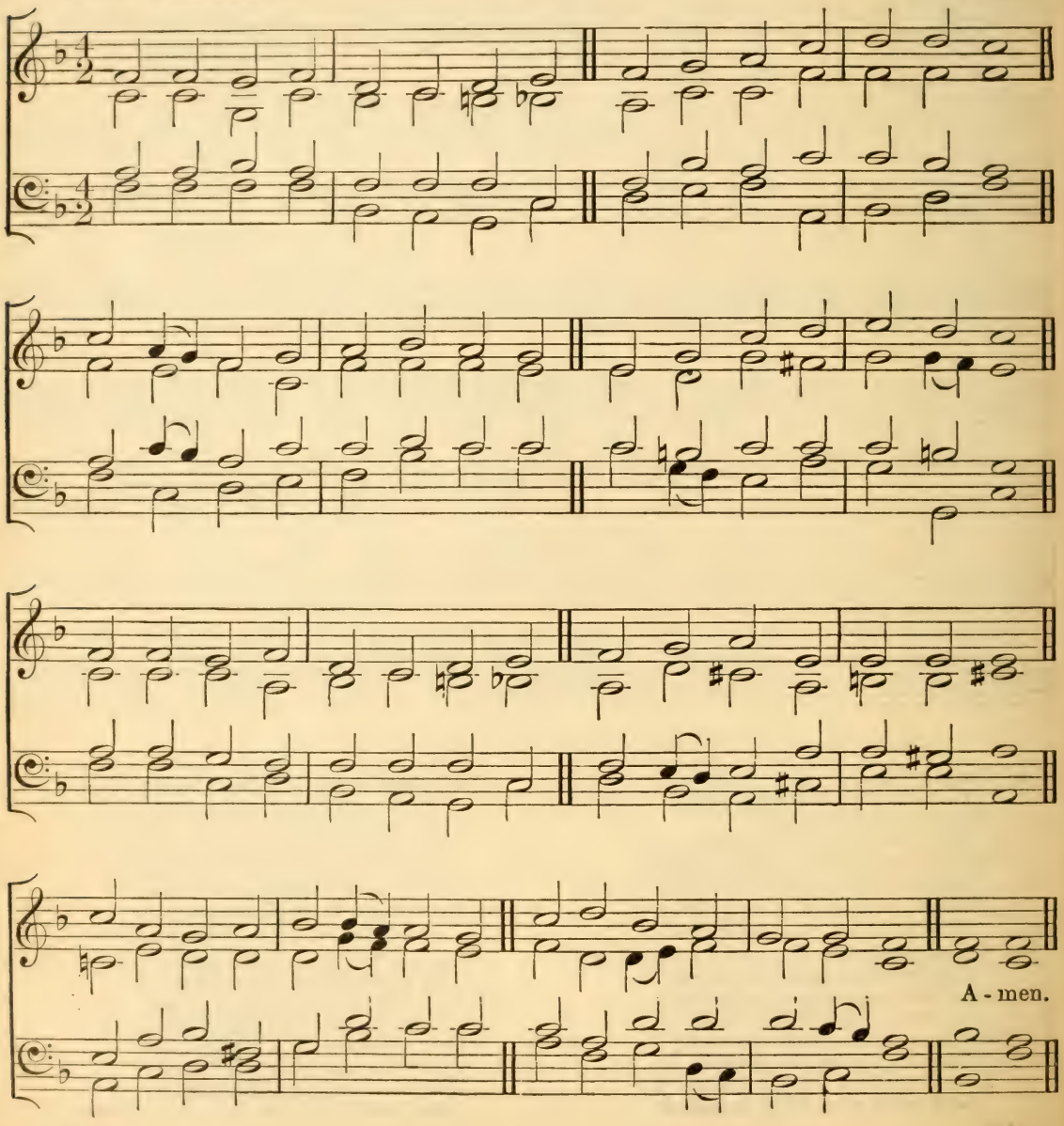
mp Though pilgrim hearts are moaning
The sin and strife of earth,
The whole creation groaning
In travail pangs of birth,
p Emmanuel leads us onward;
f His cross is in the van;
The clouds are rifted sunward:
God with us: what is man?

mf Though more the devil rages
As nearer draws his hour,
Hid in the Rock of Ages
We bide his wrath and power;
p For still the Dove is hovering
O'er every suppliant saint:
mf The Cloud His ark is covering:
f God with us: who can faint?

f Praise ye our God for ever,
In these His courts adored:
mf Nor death nor hell can sever
The servant and his Lord.
ff On, brothers, on; victorious
The Gospel's trumpet call;
The Lord of hosts before us;
God with us, one and all. **Amen.**

CHURCH RESTORATION.

380. ALLELUIA. D. 8s. 7s. S. S. Wesley.



"We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago."—EZRA v. 11.

f LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving,
Tread with songs the hallow'd way,
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons to-day!
mf Here they built for Him a dwelling,
cr Served Him here in ages past,
f Fix'd it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

mf When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Look'd on His decay'd abode;
Heard our prayers, and help'd our counsels,
Bless'd the silver and the gold,
cr Till once more His house is standing
f Firm and stately as of old.

mf Entering then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer;—
cr "Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised presence there!"
p Let the gracious word be spoken
cr Here, as once on Zion's height,
"This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight."

f Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
mf Clothe with righteousness its priesthood.
Guide its choir to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed:
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

f Praise to Thee, Almighty Father;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son;
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit;
Ever-blessèd Three in One!
p Threefold power and grace and wisdom;
cr Moulding out of sinful clay
f Living stones for that true temple,
Which shall never know decay. Amen.

CHURCH BELLS.

381. CARILLON.

8s. 7s.

CHARLES VINCENT.

Unison. VERSES 1, 3, 5, 7.

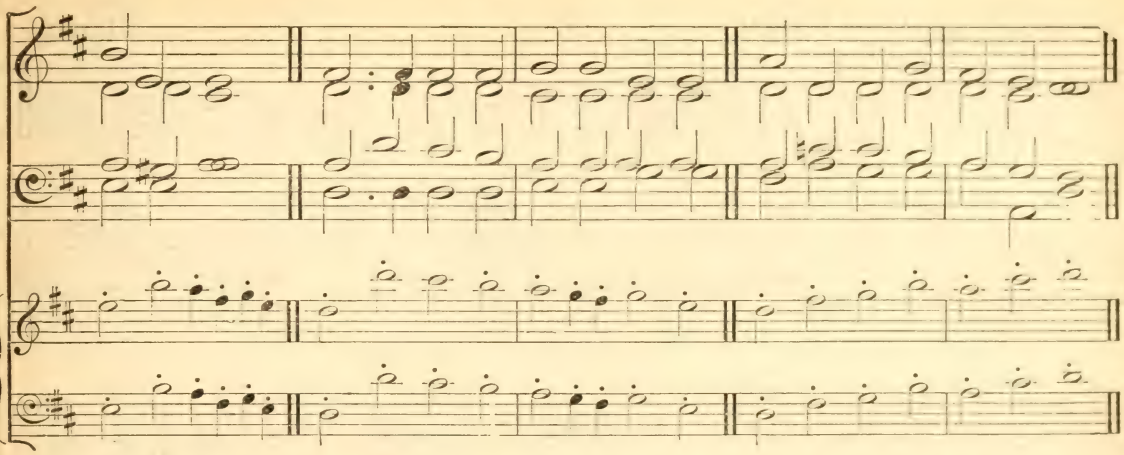
After last verse. *Harmony.* VERSES 2, 4, 6.

A - men.

After last verse.

pp

Sundays after Trinity: the House of Prayer and Public Worship.



"In the day of your gladness, and in your solemn days, ye shall blow with the trumpets, that they may be to you for a memorial before your God."—NUMBERS x. 10.

f HARK on high the joyful music!
Hark the concert of the bells!
Loud their voice rings out to heaven,
Loud the praise of God forth tells.

mp "Come to Jesus" seems to vibrate
cr In those rippling waves of sound:
f "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,"
Echoes all the welkin round.

mf Christian men shall hear at distance,
In their toil or in their rest,
Chimes that tell in one communion
Of one church they too are bless'd.

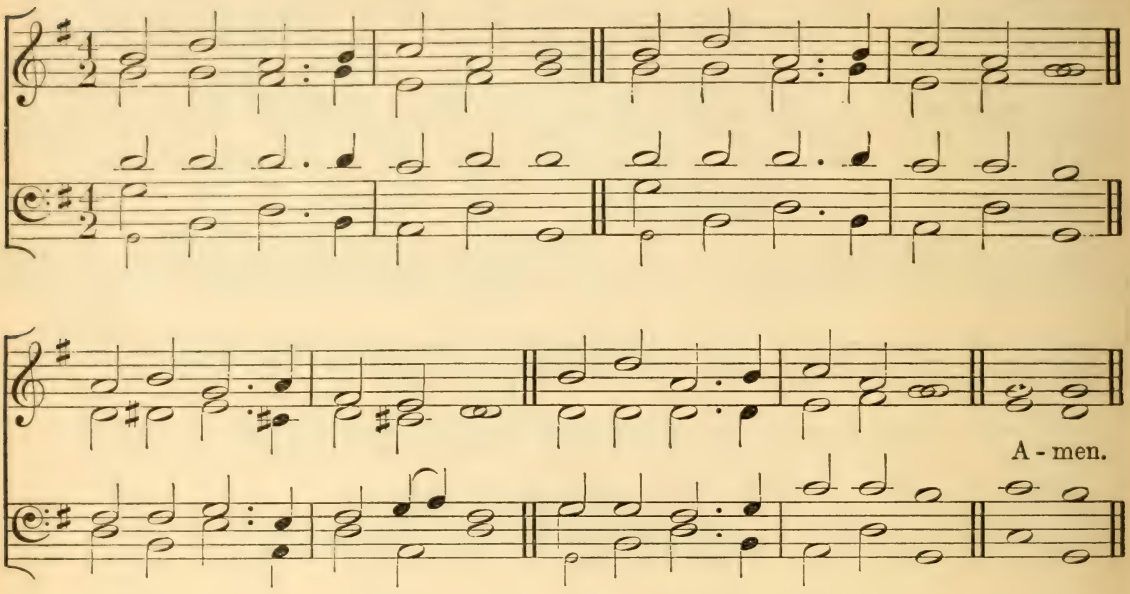
mp They who on the sick-bed languish
Listening seem to lose their pain,
cr And in spirit join their brethren
In the church's prayerful strain.

f Year by year the bells melodious
Shall their Easter anthem pour,
mp Where the dust of saints is garner'd,
cr Till the Master comes once more.

mp Hush! the Master's "I come quickly"
cr Rings in every heart and home;
mf And His faithful servants answer
"Yea, Amen, Lord Jesus, come."

f Hark the swelling pealing music!
Hark the swinging sounding bells!
Loud their voice rings out to heaven:
Loud the praise of God forth tells. Amen.

382. GERMAN HYMN. 7s. IGNAZ PLEYEL.



"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."—GENESIS xxviii. 17.

f To Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

p Thou through Him art reconciled,
I through Him became Thy child:
mf Abba, Father, give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

f While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue:
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

mf While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
p Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear; for Jesus intercedes.

mf While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
p And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day. Amen.

383. DARWELL.

6s. 4s.

J. DARWELL.

A-men.

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."—PSALM lxxxiv. 2.

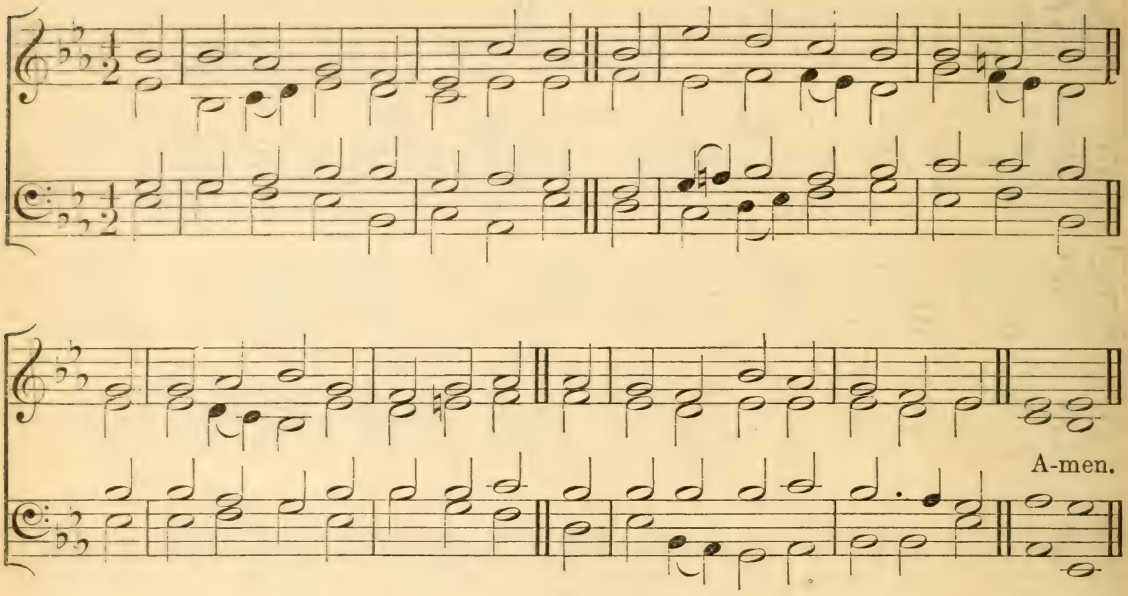
f LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

mf Oh happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still:
And happy they,
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

cr They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
f Oh glorious seat;
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

ff God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd.
We draw our blessings thence:
di Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
p Whose spirit trusts,
Alone in Thee. Amen.

384. MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



"To see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary."—PSALM lxiii. 2.

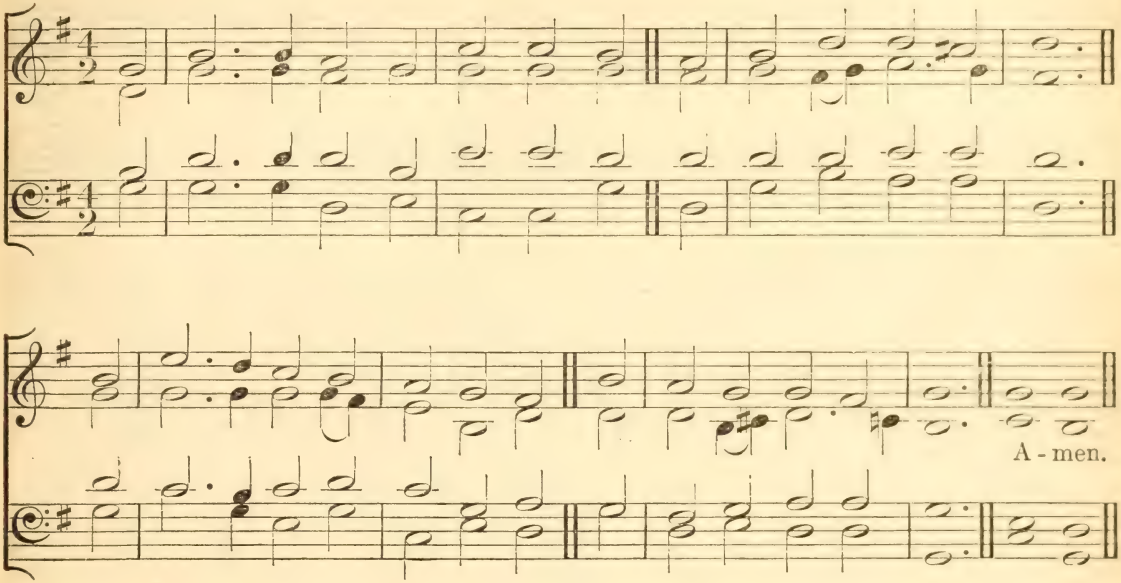
f O LORD, within Thy sacred gates,
Where I so oft have sought for Thee,
Again my longing spirit waits,
The fulness of delight to see.

cr In blessing Thee with thankful songs,
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise, that to Thy name belongs,
Daily with lifted hands I'll pay.

p Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my favour'd soul o'erflows;
cr Secure in Thee, my God, my King,
Of glory that no period knows.

f More dear than life itself, Thy love
My heart and tongue shall stillemploy;
Thy love to sing, Thy grace to prove,
Be this my glory, peace, and joy. Amen.

385. WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.



"In all places where I record My name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."—EXODUS xx. 24.

mf GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

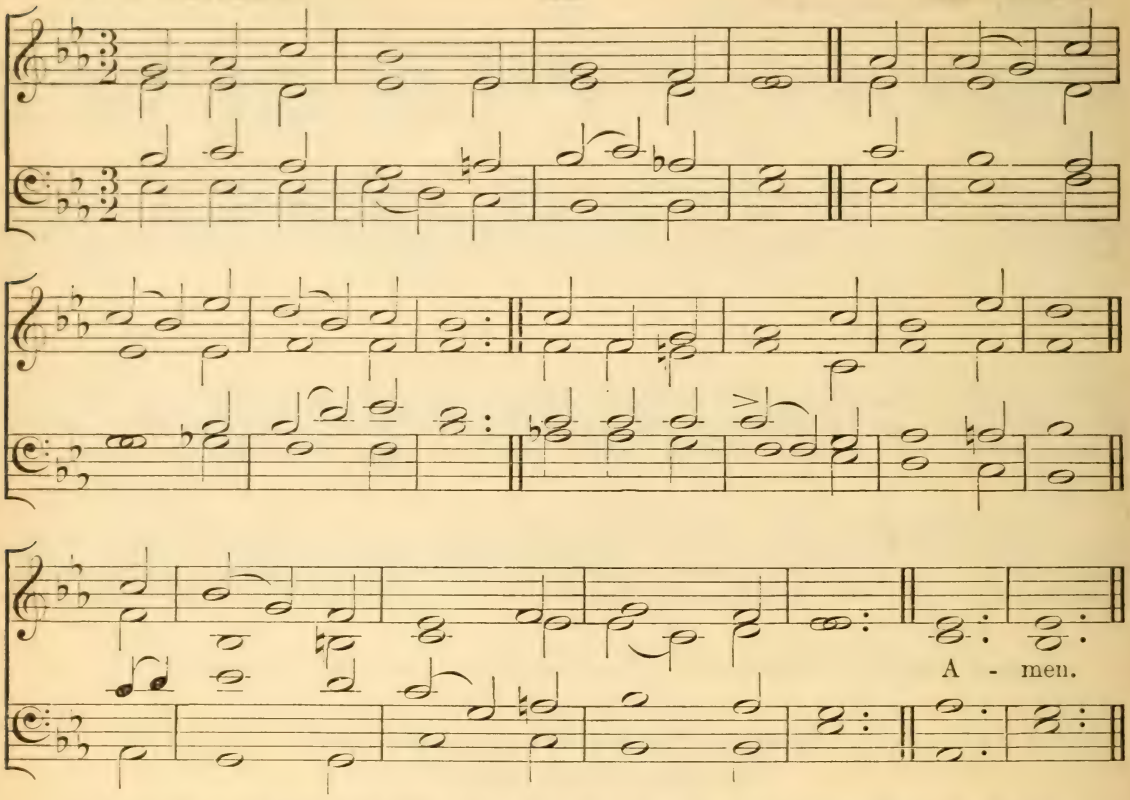
Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
p Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

mf May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares. Amen.

386. DUNELM.

L.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."—MATTHEW xviii. 20.

f JESU, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

mf For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

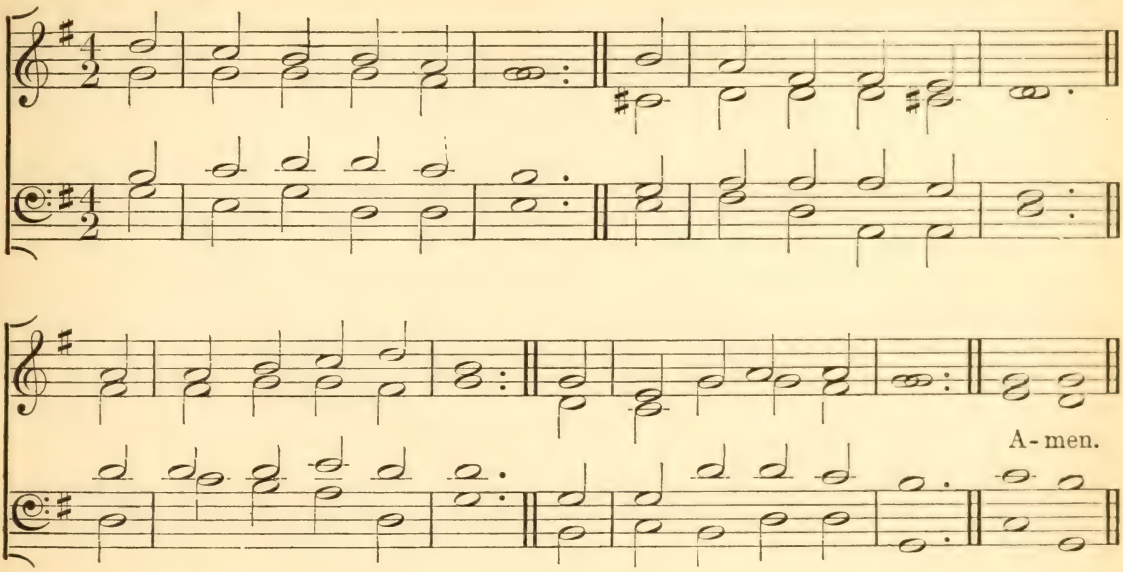
mf Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
cr Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

mf Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

cr Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
f Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make all hearts, O Lord, Thine own. Amen.

May be sung to "St. Ambrose," No. 5.

387. ST. CECILIA. 6s. L. G. HAYNE.



"One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."—PSALM lxxxiv. 10.

mf OH, happy feet that tread
Thine earthly courts, O Lord!
There heavenly light is shed;
p There Thine own peace is pour'd.

mp Oh, happy knees that press
Thy temple's lowly floor,
While contrite hearts confess,
And pardoning grace implore!

mf Oh, happy ears that hear
With glad and simple faith
The message ringing clear—
"Thy sins God pardoneth"!

f Oh, happy tongues that sing
With burning praise on fire,
Here faintly echoing
The bright celestial choir!

mf Oh, happy souls that rise
In childlike trust to Thee,
With hallow'd sacrifice
Of prayer and litany!

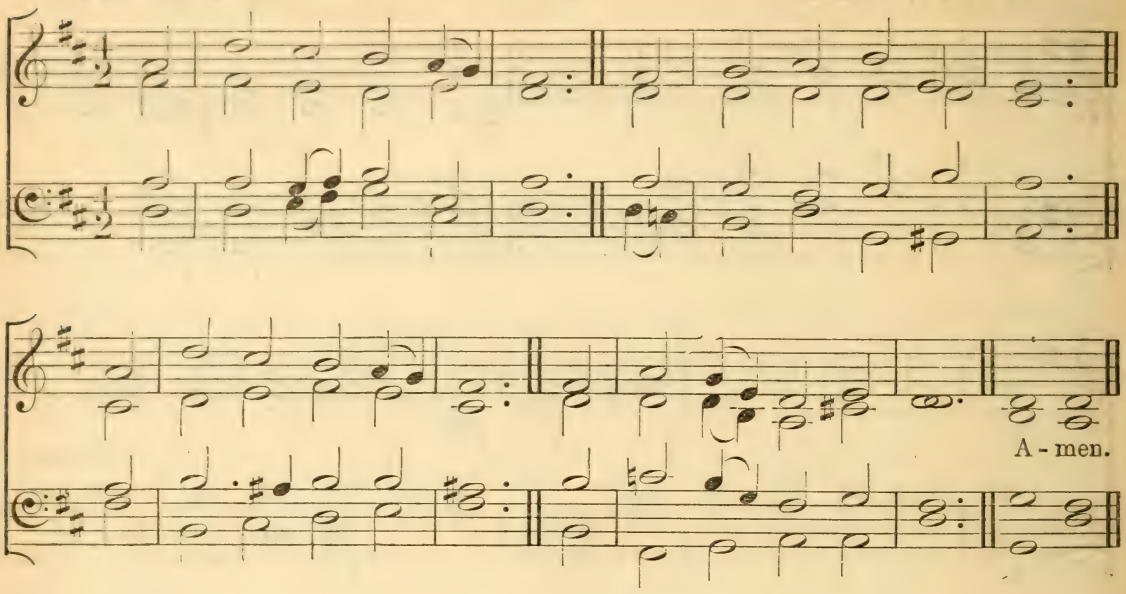
f Oh, happy eyes that light
With brave and holy pride
The one faith to recite,
For which the martyrs died

mp Oh, happier still who low
At Thy blest banquet kneel,
With trembling rapture glow,
And there Thy presence feel.

f But happiest happiest far,
cr To heaven's fair courts to soar,
And, where all glories are,
ff To praise Thee evermore! Amen.

388. DILEXI DECOREM. 6s.

S. M. Barkworth.



"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house."—Psalm xxvi. 8.

f We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

mf It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred font,
For there the Holy Dove
Pours out, as He is wont,
The effluence from above.

We love our Father's board,
Oh what on earth so dear?
Where faithful hearts, O Lord,
Still find Thy presence near.

We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

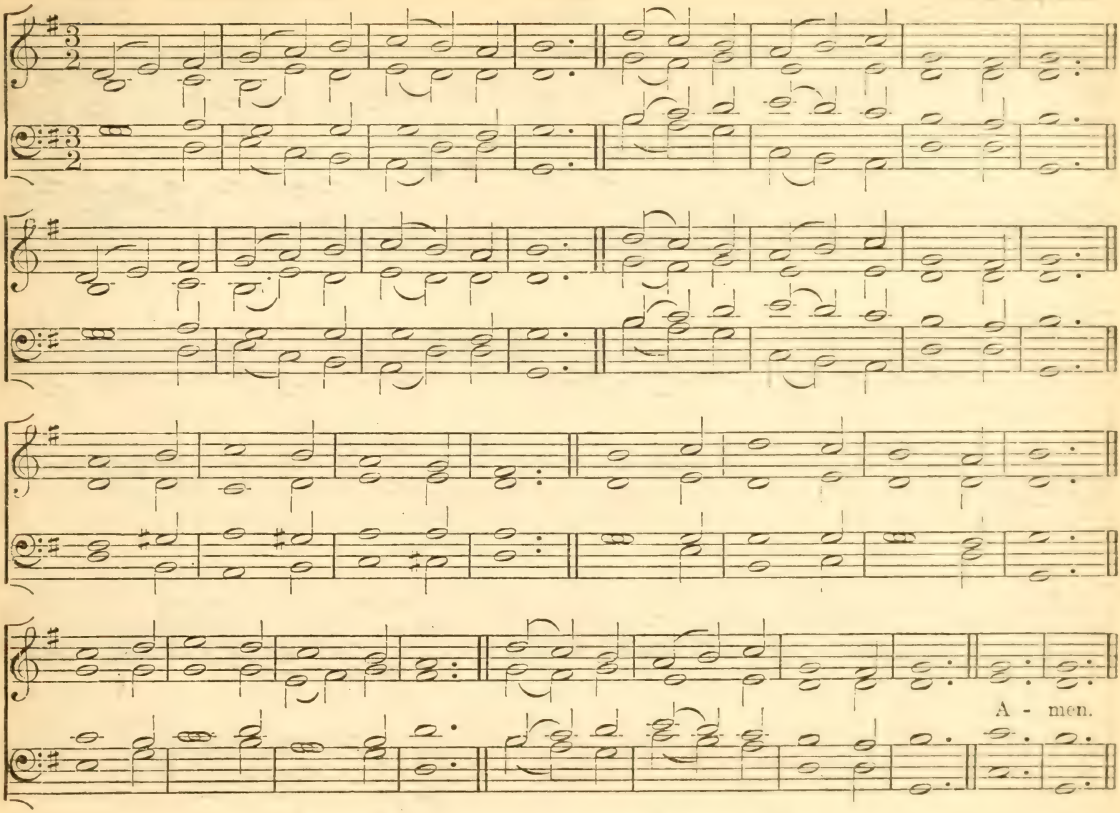
f We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
cr But oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

mp Lord Jesu, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
f In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

389. MAIDSTONE.

D. 7s.

W. B. Gilbert.



"*How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.*"—Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

f Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
di In this land of sin and woe.
cr Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
f For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

mf Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High:
p Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

f Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
ff On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length:
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

mp Lord, be mine this prize to win.
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place:
f Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart:
ff Grace and glory flow from Thee;
di Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.
Amen.

390. ST. JUSTIN.

Six 8s.

J. BARNBY.

A - men.

"The Lord is in this place."—GENESIS xxviii. 16.

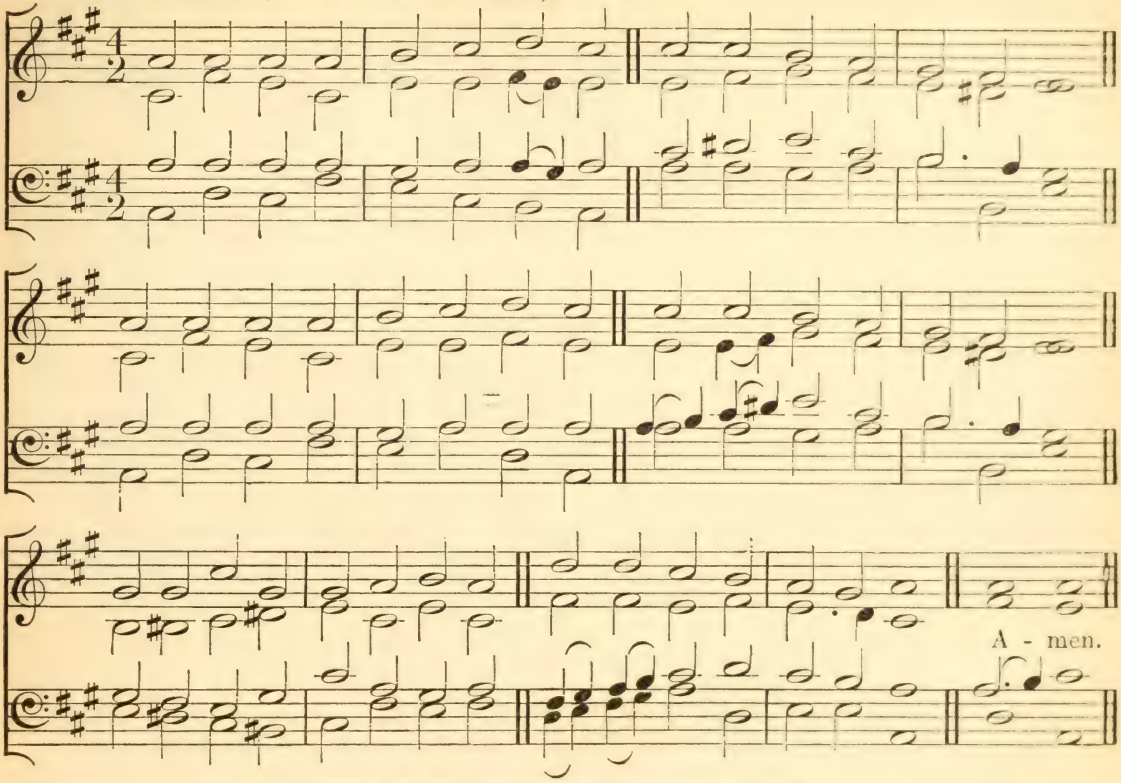
mf Lo, God is here: let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place:
p Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face:
cr Who know His power, His grace who prove,
p Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

f Lo, God is here: Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
ff To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
di Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

mf Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame for Thee alone;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh we give,
Oh take, oh seal them for Thine own;
f Thou art the God: Thou art the Lord:
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

ff Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless accepted sacrifice. Amen.

391. ORIEL (or PANGE LINGUA). 8s. 7s.



"The holy city, new Jerusalem."—REVELATION xxi. 2.

f BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones up-builded
Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel cohorts circled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

mf Bright thy gates of pearl are shining:
They are open evermore.
cr And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls may soar,
p Who for Christ's dear name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

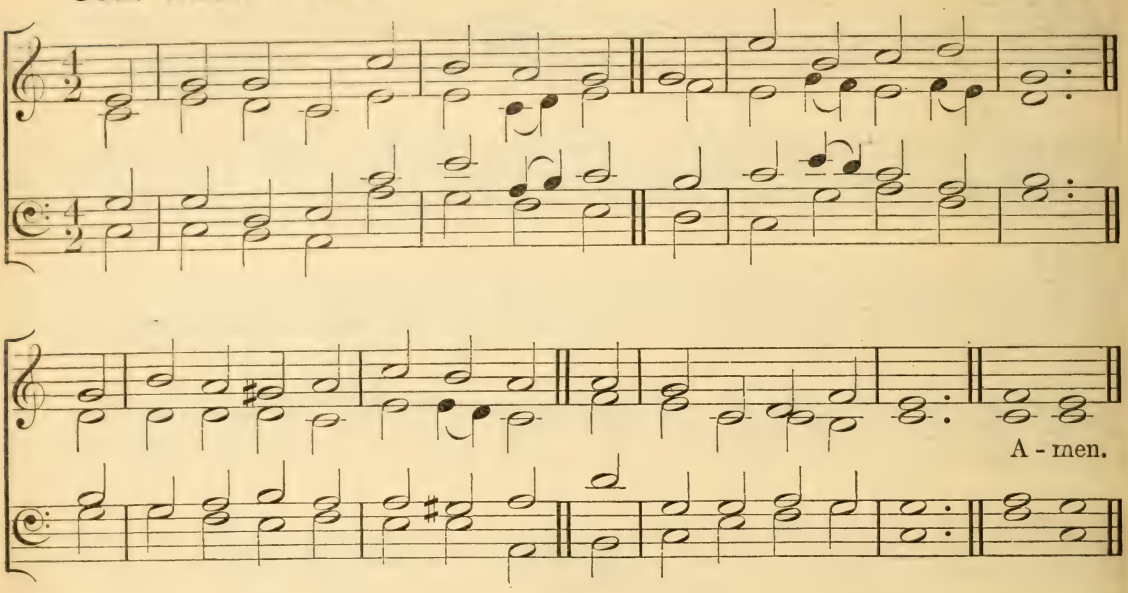
mp Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
cr In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath will'd for ever
That His palace should be deck'd.

f Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one,
ff Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

mf To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
p Hear Thy people as they pray;
cr And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

p Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they supplicate to gain,
cr Here to have and hold for ever
What they through Thy grace obtain
f And hereafter in Thy glory
With Thy blessèd ones to reign. Amen.

392. WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE.



"*Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.*"—1 PETER i. 5.

mf NOT unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
Be praise and glory given,
cr For every gracious thought and word,
Which brings us nearer heaven!

mf Thy saints are in Thy faithful hand,
Secure beneath Thine eye;
cr And safe, at last, they all shall stand,
Before Thy throne on high.

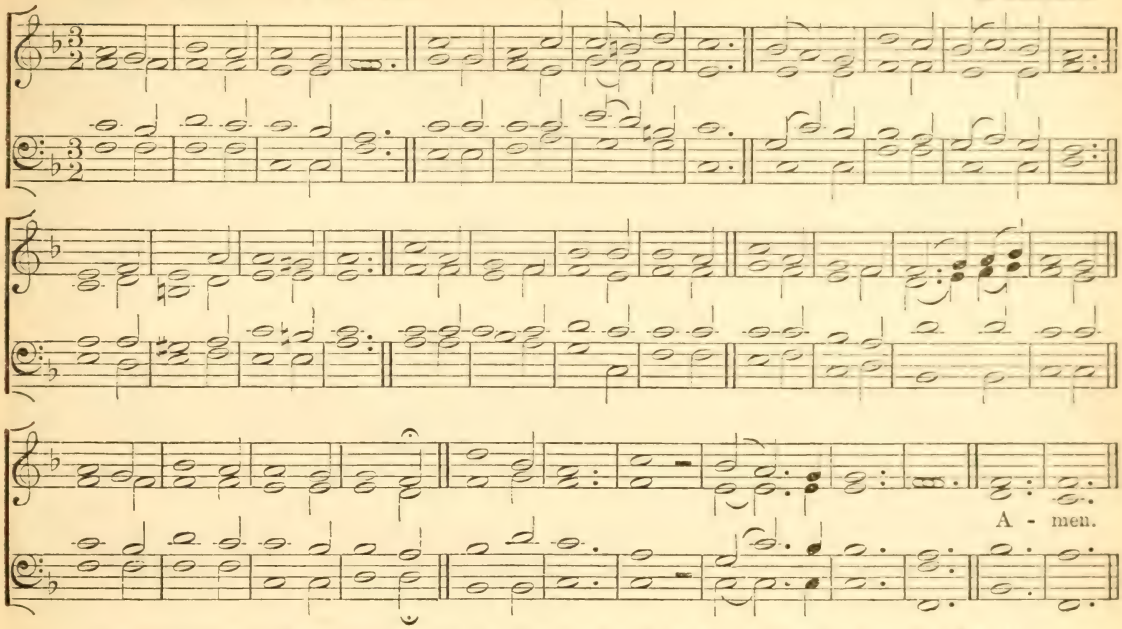
f Redeem'd from sin, and saved by grace,
Thy glory they shall see;
And eye to eye, and face to face,
For ever dwell with Thee.

mf Oh hasten, Lord, the glorious day;
Call all Thy children home;
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,
Lord Jesus, quickly come. Amen.

393. HOLY OFFERINGS.

7s. 8s.

R. REDHEAD.



"There was given unto Him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne."—REVELATION viii. 3.

mf HOLY off'rings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
cr Christ, present them; God, receive them.

mp Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas, too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
cr Christ, present them; God, receive them.

mf Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
p Lowlier penitence for sin,
cr More of Christ our souls within;
mf Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
cr Jesus, plead for; God, restore them.

mp Beamings of a Father's face,
Overflowing gifts of grace,
cr More of that deep consciousness
Of a changeless will to bless,
mf Which bestows the best assurance
Of eternal Love's endurance—
p Lost too often, we deplore them;
cr Jesus, plead for; God, restore them.

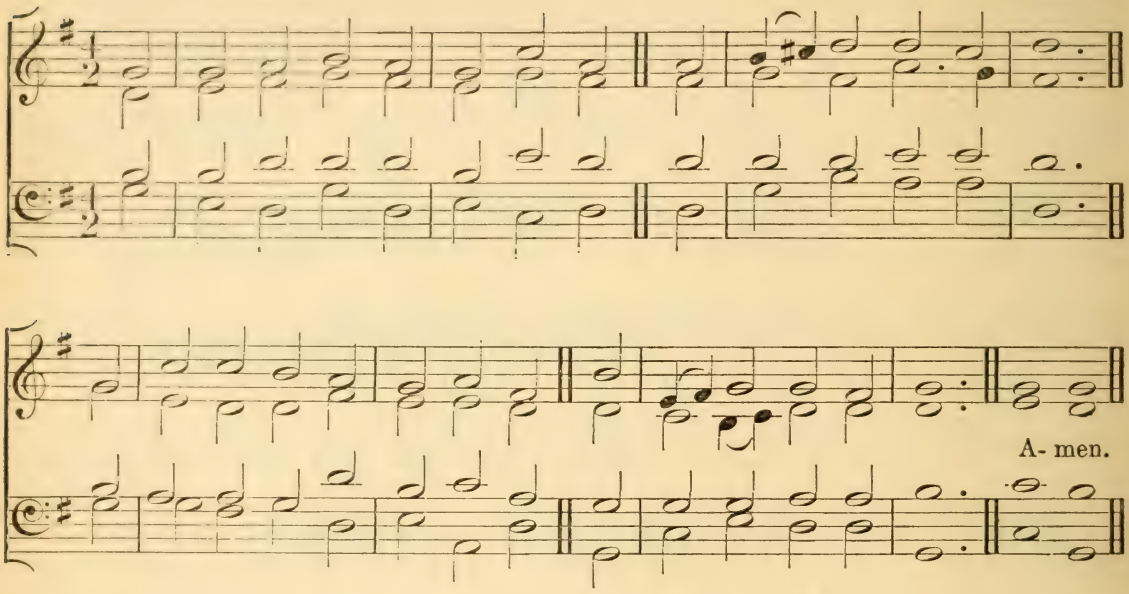
mf Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
p All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
cr On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

f To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
di Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
p Yet with hearts bow'd down most lowly,
Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy,
cr On Thine altar laid we leave them;
f Christ, present them; God, receive them
Amen.

394. FARRANT.

C.M.

RICHARD FARRANT.



"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—PSALM lv. 22.

mf AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

p Oh wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence Divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

f O Thou, above all blessing bless'd,
O'er thanks exalted far,
di Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

mf For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours." Amen.

395. ELLERS.

10s.

E. J. Hopkins.

mf "*The Lord will bless His people with peace.*"—Psalm xxix. 11. *cres - - - -*

1. *f* Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -

- *cen - - - - - - do.* *f*

- - cord our part - ing hymn of praise, We stand to bless Thee

diminuendo. *p*

ere our wor - ship cease, *p* Then low - ly kneel - ing wait Thy word of

peace. 2. *mp* Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way;

cr With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day; *mf* Guard Thou the lips from

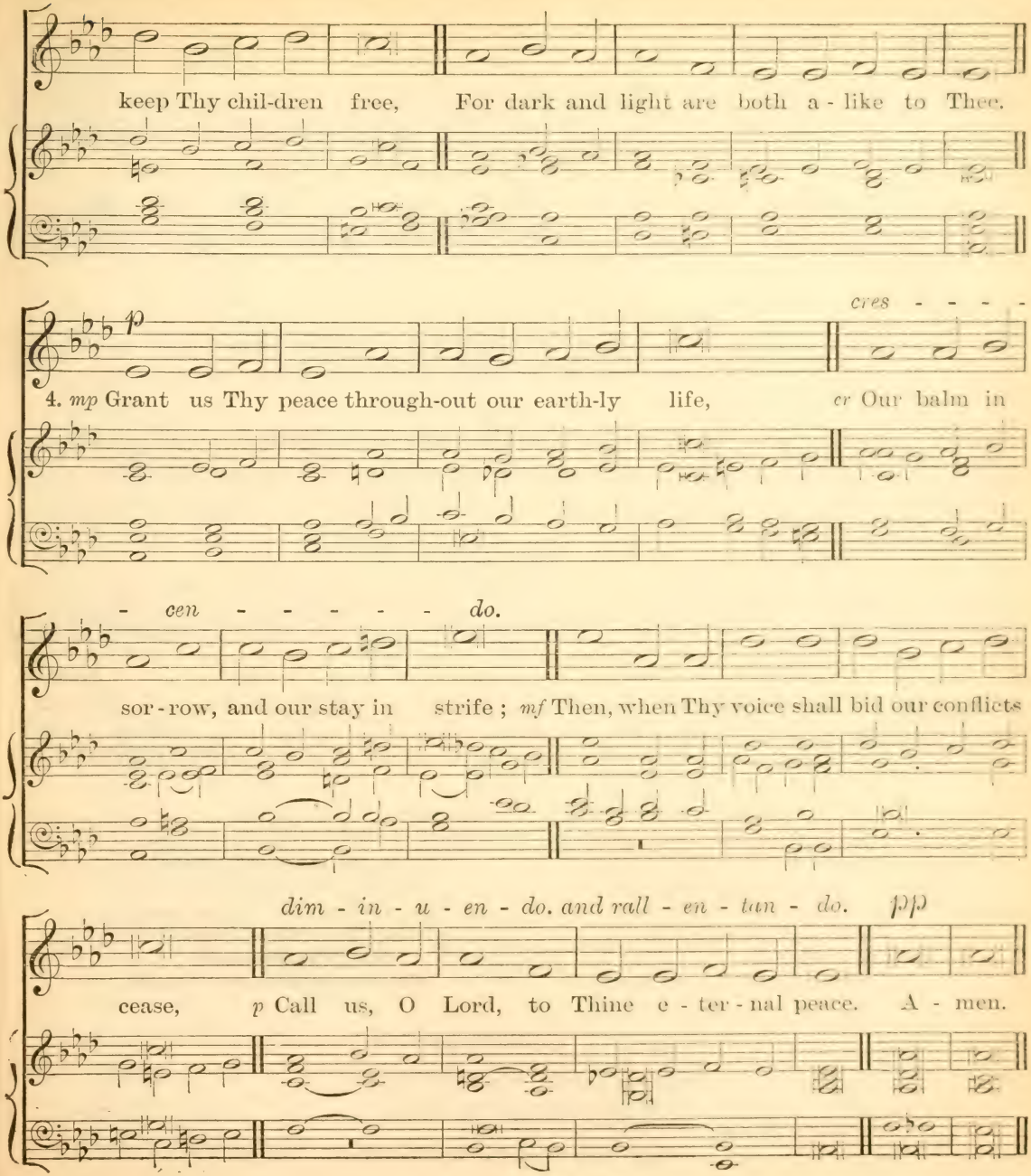
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name.

p *cres* - - - -

3. *mp* Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night, *cr* Turn Thou for

- - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

us its dark - ness in - to light; *mf* From harm and dan - ger



See also "Ellers" No. 99.

396. EVENSONG.

8s. 7s. 4. S. WEBBE.

A - men.

"While He blessed them, He was parted from them."—LUKE xxiv. 51.

mf LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
mf May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
cr May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

p So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
cr Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
f May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day. Amen.

See also Hymns 12, 18, 24, 215, 217, 225, 266, 401, 550.

"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

397. AURELIA.

D. 7s. 6s.

S. S. WESLEY.

A - men.

"*Christ is the head of the church.*"—EPHESIANS v. 23.

f THE church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
di From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
p With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

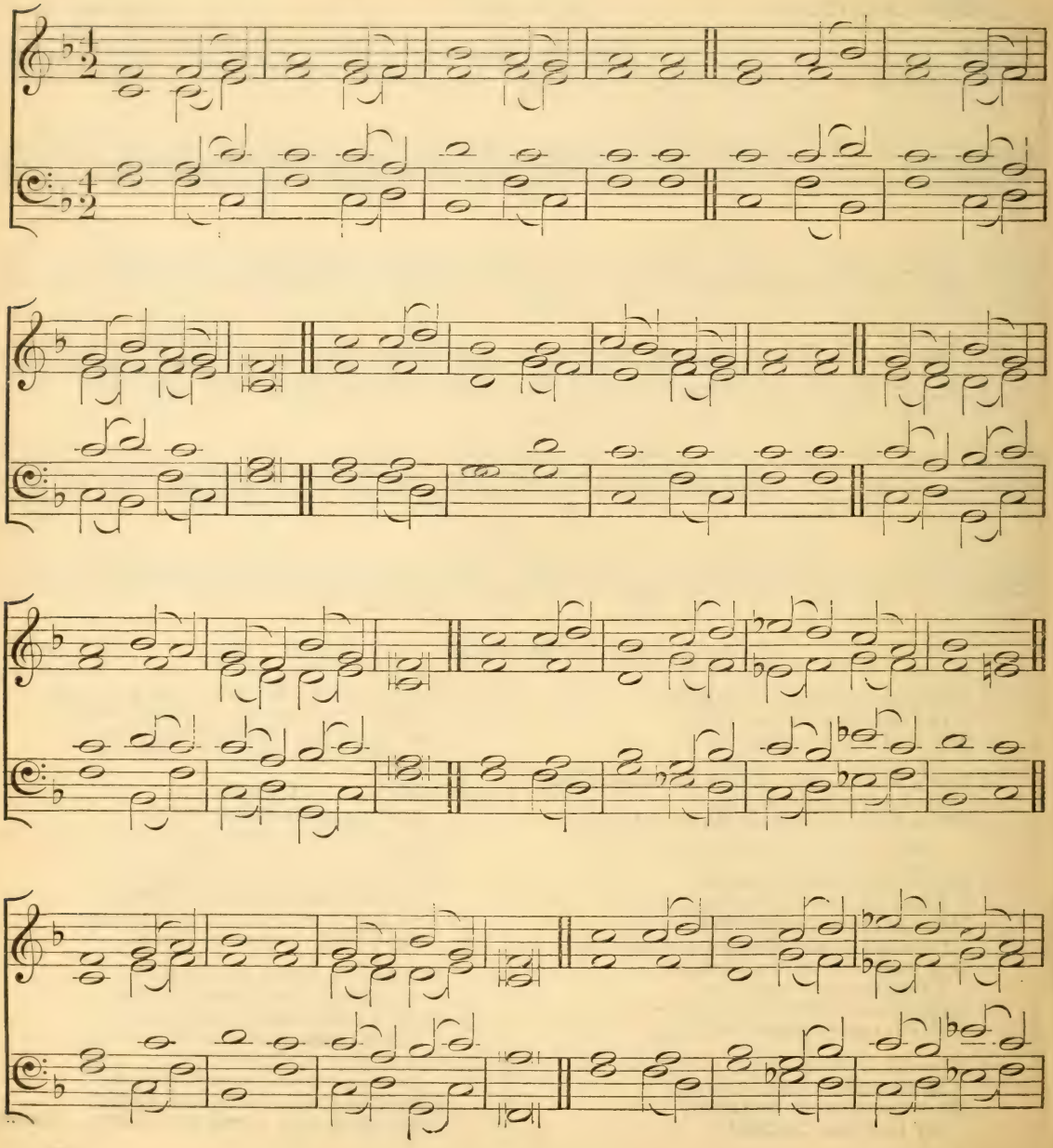
mf Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

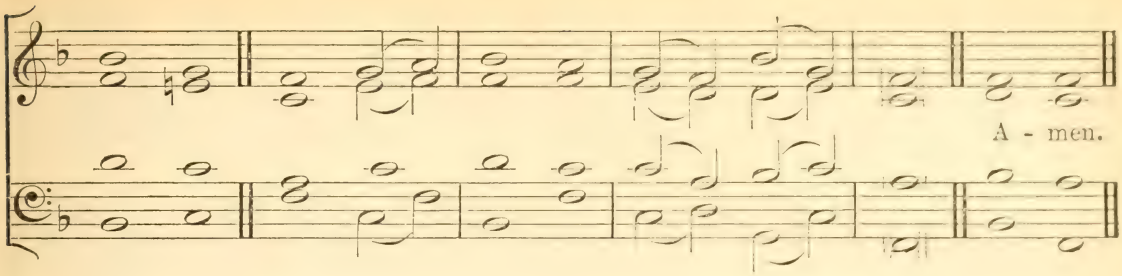
mp Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest:
cr Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
p And soon the night of weeping
f Shall be the morn of song.

mf 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumults of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
cr Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
f And the great church victorious
p Shall be the church at rest.

mf Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
p And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
cr Oh happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
f On high may dwell with Thee. **Amen.**

398. ALLA TRINITA BEATA. D. 8s. 7s.





"*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*"—PSALM lxxxvii. 3.

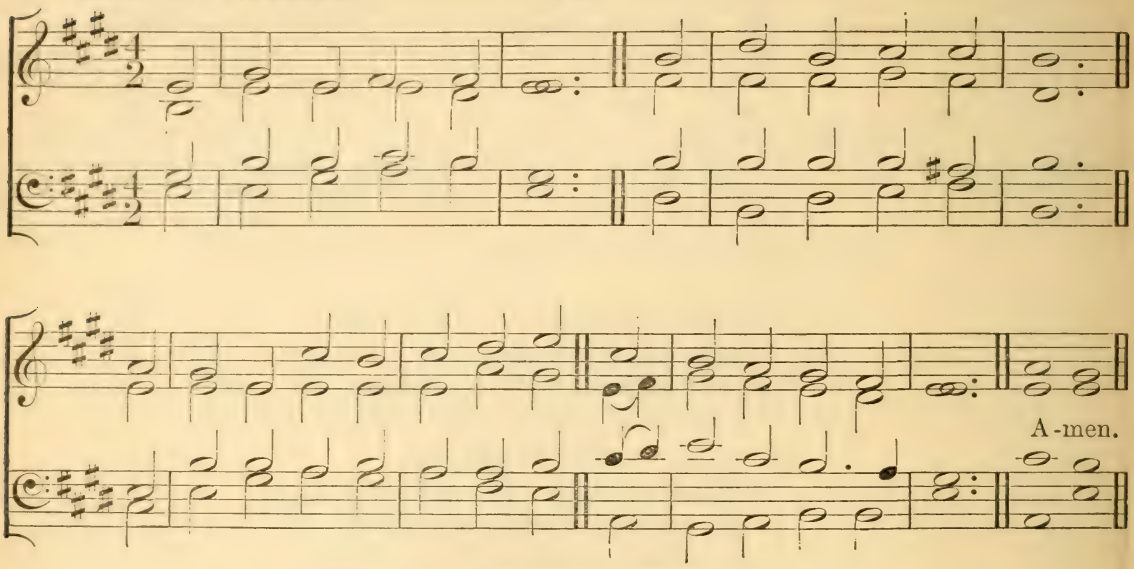
f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

mf See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

cr Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name;
p Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
f Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know. Amen.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Austria," No. 120.

399. ST. HELENA. S.M.



"*The whole family in heaven and earth.*"—EPHESIANS iii. 15.

mf ONCE more with chasten'd joy,
In fellowship we meet;
We still are on life's stormy sea,
cr They tread the golden street.

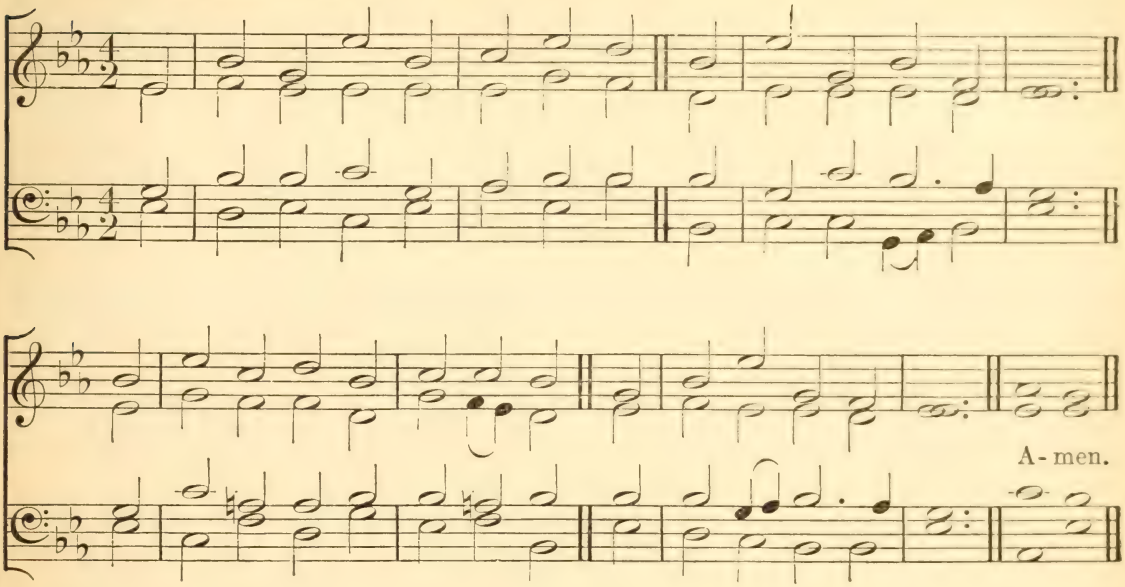
mf Jesus, we bless the grace
That folds them to Thy breast,
While we are in the thickest fight,
p They in Thy presence rest.

mp Faint are our notes of praise
To Thee, our Saviour, King;
f They cause the crystal walls of heaven
With perfect songs to ring.

mf And yet a living bond
Unites us all to Thee,
And binds all hearts in heaven and earth
Of Thy great family.

f Hark, hark, the Shepherd's voice,
"I come, I quickly come:"
And then—one flock within one fold,
One everlasting home. Amen.

400. LONDON NEW. C.M.



"All the Israelites passed over on dry ground until all the people were clean passed over Jordan."—JOSHUA iii. 17.

f COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven, are one.

mp One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath;
di Though now divided by the stream,
p The narrow stream of death.

f One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
mp Part of His host have cross'd the flood,
p And part are crossing now.

cr Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd;
f And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

cr O Jesus, be our guard and guide,
And when the word is given,
f Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven. Amen.

401. REST.

Six 8s.

J. STAINER.

Voices in Unison.

Harmony.

A-men.

"*They rest from their labours.*"—REVELATION xiv. 13.

mf THE saints of God, their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
cr Oh happy saints, for ever blest,
p At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

mf The saints of God, their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
cr Oh happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that dear home how sweet your rest!

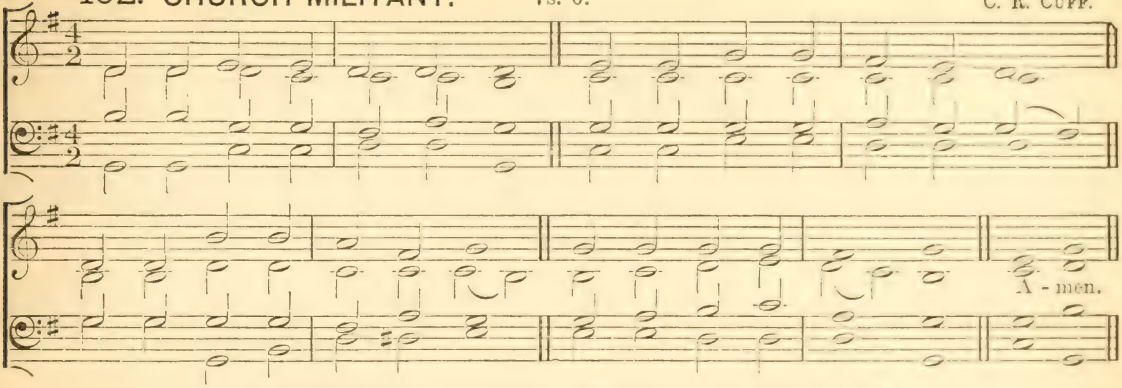
mf The saints of God, life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
cr Oh happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that calm haven of your rest.

The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
cr Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
f Oh happy saints, rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

mf O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
p Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
cr That with all saints our rest may be
f In that bright Paradise with Thee.
Amen.

LITANY FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

402. CHURCH MILITANT. 7s. 6. C. R. CUFF.



"Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it."—EPHESIANS v. 25.

mf JESU, with Thy church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Calm her in the time of woe:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

cr May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf All her ruin'd works repair,
Build again Thy temple fair,
Manifest Thy presence there:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

cr All her fetter'd powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
p Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf All her questions reconcile,
Let not Satan's touch defile,
Let not worldly snares beguile:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

cr May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
p And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where they call, to lead:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf May they live the truths they know,
And a holy pattern show,
As before Thy flock they go:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

May the grace of Him who died,
And the Father's love abide,
And the Spirit ever guide:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf All her evil purge away,
All her doubts and fears allay,
Hasten, Lord, her triumph day:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

p Help her in her time of fast,
cr Till her toil and woe are past,
f And the Bridegroom come at last:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

ff May she then all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

ff Fit her all Thy joy to share,
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

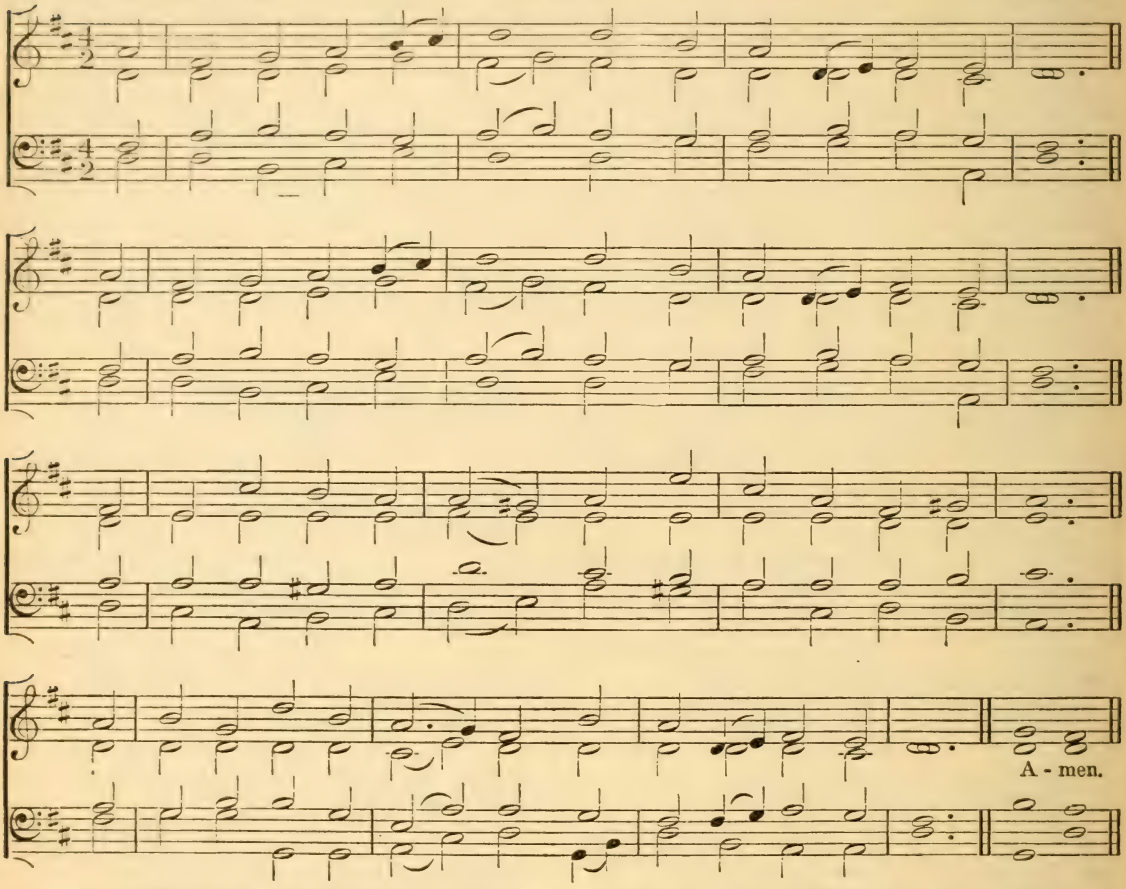
See also Hymns 532, 540, 541.

"WITH ALL THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN WE LAUD AND MAGNIFY THY GLORIOUS NAME."

403. PARADISE.

D. 7s. 6s.

F. WEBER.



"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints."—REV. XV. 3.

mf FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesus, all praises be address'd.
cr Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;
f Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

Saint Andrew.

mf Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
cr With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine advent near.

Saint Thomas.

mf All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
p On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord.
cr And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

mf Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's right hand.
di Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own,
cr On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr-crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

mf Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us reveal'd;
mp May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be seal'd.

The Innocents' Day.

mf Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they rest from pains and cares:
cr Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

f Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day:
mf So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

Saint Matthias.

mf Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy church from false apostles for evermore defend,
cr And, by Thy parting promise, be with her to the end.

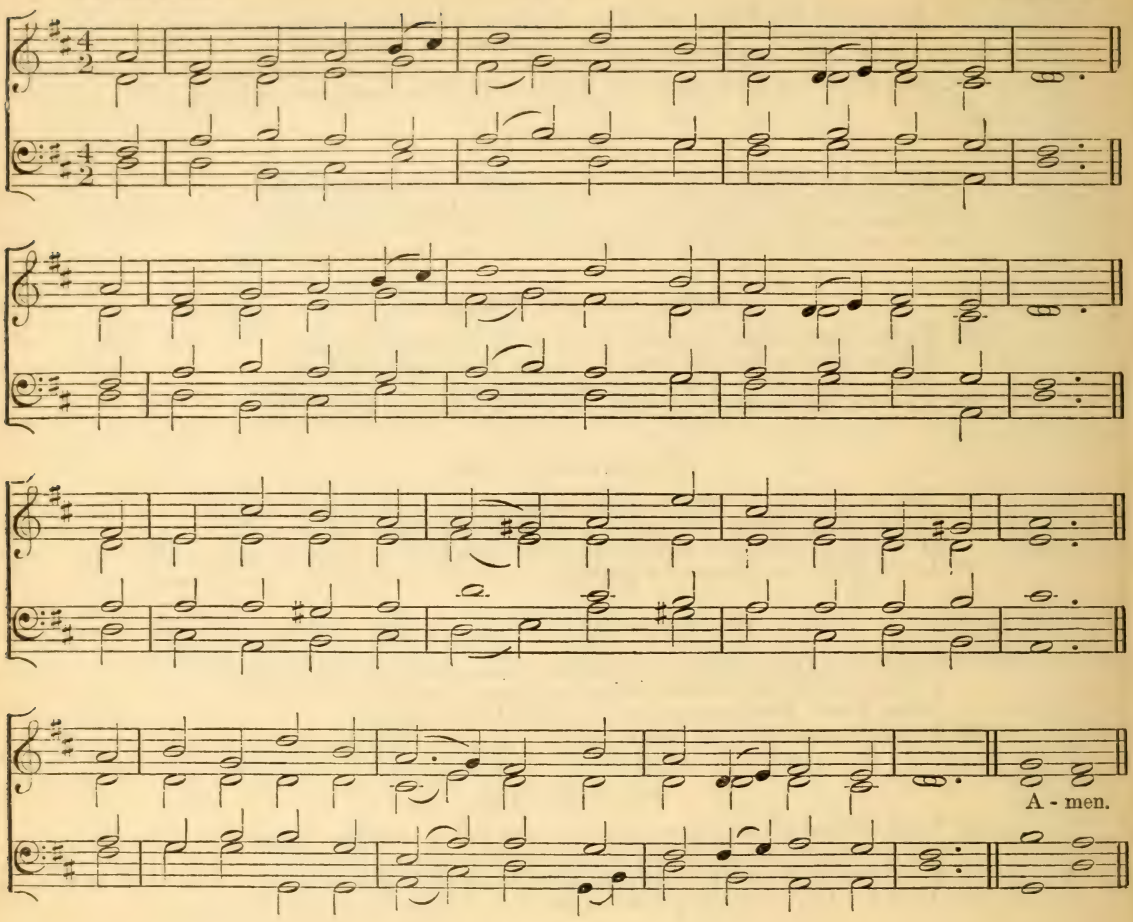
Saint Mark.

f For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
mf May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all as fruitful branches in Thee, the Vine, abide.

Saint Philip and Saint James.

mf All praise for Thine apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true.
cr And grant the grace to know Thee, the way, the truth, the life;
f To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

PARADISE. D. 7s. 6s. F. Weber.



Saint Barnabas.

mf The son of consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
cr As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

Saint John Baptist.

We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray,
mf Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

Saint Peter.

f Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold ;
di Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to feed Thy fold.
mf Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill ;
And grant them dauntless courage with humble earnest will.

Saint James.

mf For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veil'd decree ;
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

mf All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig-tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.
cr Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed ;
That Thine abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

Saint Matthew.

mf Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, oh give us hearts set free,
cr That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

Saint Luke.

mf For that beloved physician, all praise, whose Gospel shows
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
cr Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

mf Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day :
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.
cr May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
p And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

f Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song ;
di For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
cr And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

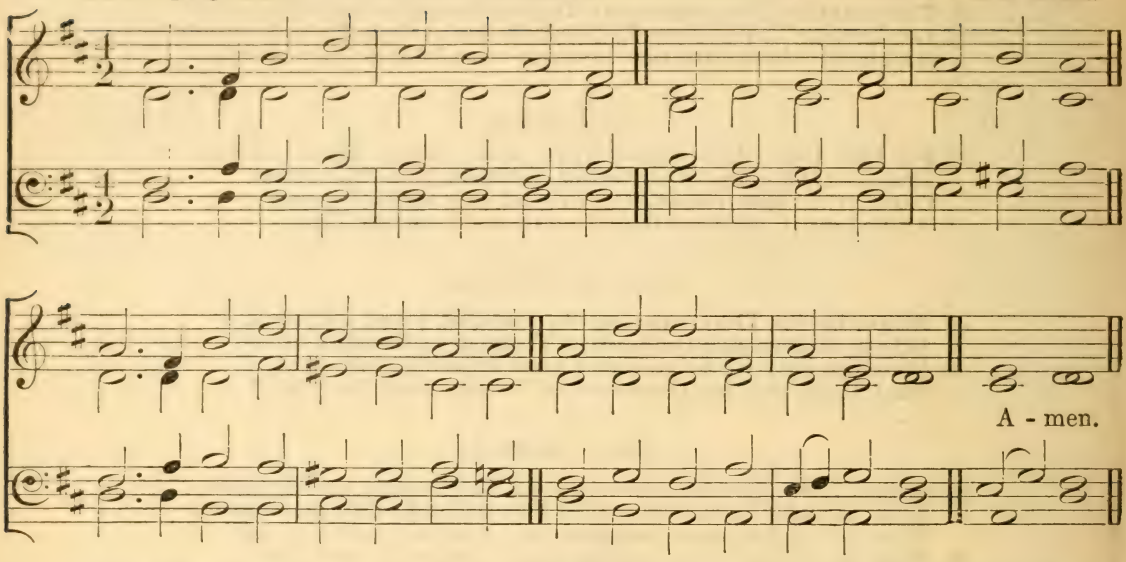
ff Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One ;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

404. SYCHAR.

8s. 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



"He saith unto them, Follow Me. And they straightway left their nets, and followed Him." —MATTHEW iv. 19, 20.

mf JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
cr Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
p Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

mf As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
p Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

mf In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
p "Christian, love Me more than these."

mp Jesus calls us. By Thy mercies,
cr Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee, best of all. Amen.

See also Hymns 118, 121, 127, 403.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

405. WINTER SOLSTICE. 6s.

CHARLES VINCENT.

Unison. *Harmony.*

A - men.

"The shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROVERBS iv. 18.

mp THE long descent is o'er;
The stair of light is won;
cr Earth sunward climbs once more:
mf We turn to Thee, our Sun,—

mp From downward steeps of doubt
p Saints once in anguish trod,—
Darkness within, without,—
cr To Thee, our Lord, our God.

mf Earth's darkest day is o'er;
Love conquers on Thy cross,
cr And there and evermore
Wins all by willing loss;

f The victory is won;
Light has an open field,
cr And slowly, one by one,
The gates of hell shall yield.

mf Light in Thy light we see,
Self's shadow falls behind;
cr Turning from all to Thee,
f All, all, with Thee we find.

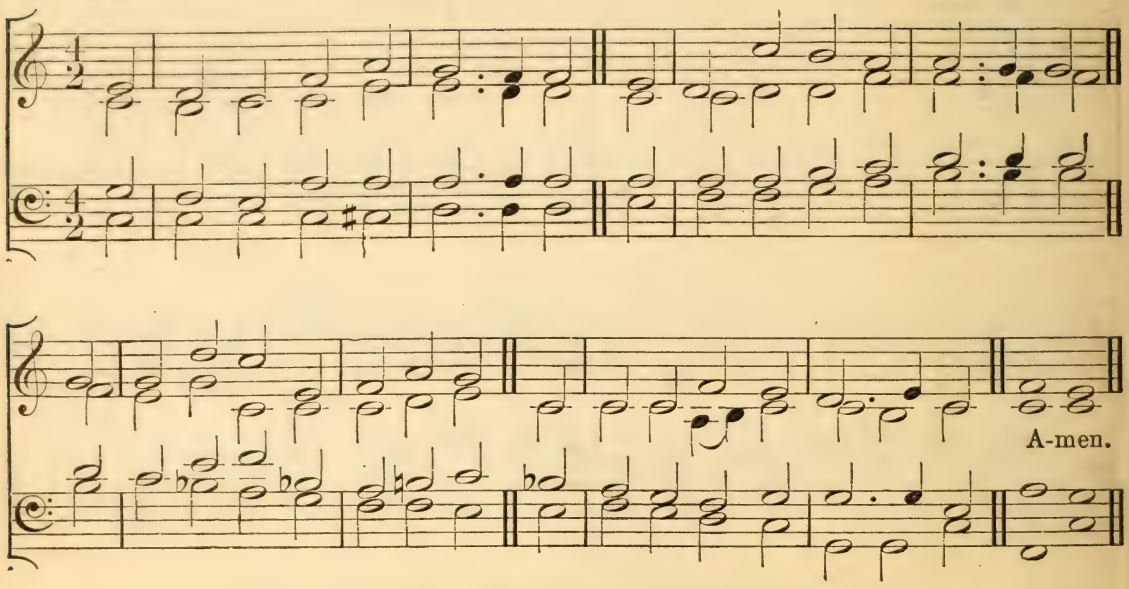
mf Slow, slow, the upward way
cr Where step by step we press;
Yet longer grows each day,
And every night is less;

f Till eve embraces morn,
Glowing from shore to shore,
And day of night is born,
And night shall be no more. Amen.

See also Hymns 281, 282, 403.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

406. BIRKENHEAD. L.M. W. H. Hunt.



"*He now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed.*"—Galatians i. 23.

f All-merciful, Almighty Lord,
We bless the love, its depth and height,
Which made by Thy transforming word
Thy foe a burning shining light;

mf A chosen messenger of God,
Eternity o'ershadowing time,
Whose bleeding feet unwearied trod
From shore to shore, from clime to clime;

Content to reckon all things loss,
To live and die for Thy dear name;
His only glory, Lord, Thy cross;
His heart aglow with heavenly flame.

mp O Master, may we follow him
Most humbly, as he follow'd Thee;
cr Nor let the Gospel torch grow dim,
But quenchless flash o'er land and sea.

f Still from the warrior hosts, that crowd
The ramparts and the gates of hell,
May strong heroic souls be bow'd
Beneath Thy feet, Emmanuel:

Henceforth no more their own, but Thine;
Much loved, much loving, much forgiven;
Apostles of the grace Divine
Which fashions thus the heirs of heaven. Amen.

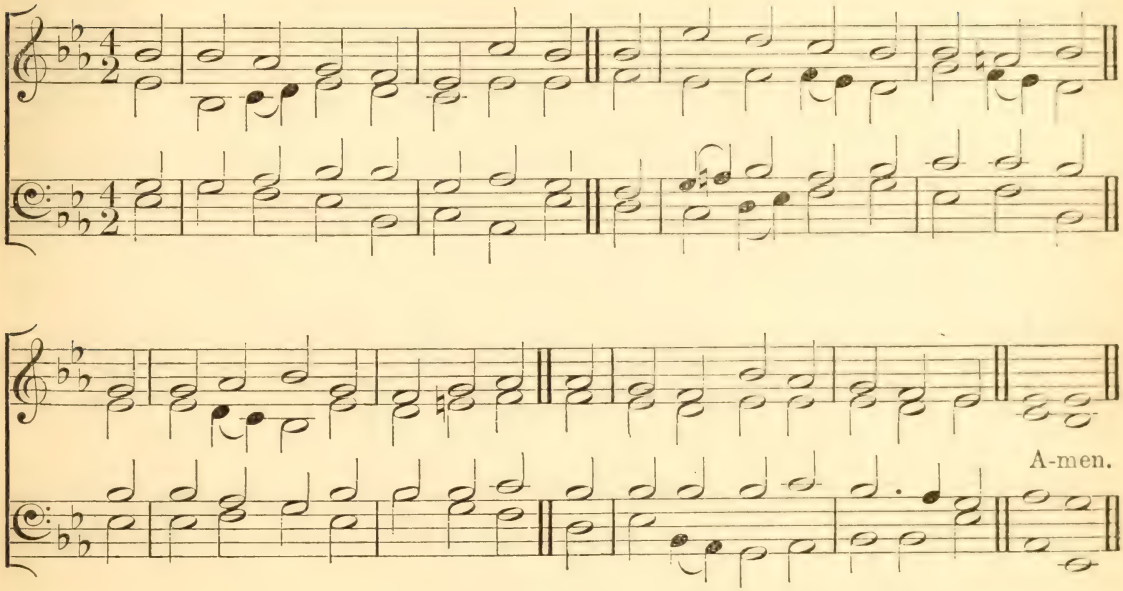
See also Hymns 53, 113, 118, 124, 403.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

407. MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. Weeble.



"They brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord, and to offer a sacrifice."—Luke ii. 22, 24.

mp Upon the virgin mother's breast
The Holy Infant calmly lay,
As fill'd with awe His parents press'd
Into the temple courts to pray.

mf Sure never gifts of costlier price
Were offer'd at the throne of prayer,
Since Abel's earliest sacrifice,
Than they that hour presented there.

cr Now human love and love Divine
Are seen to be for ever one;
The Father's infinite design
Reveal'd in His Eternal Son,

p Who there self-emptied, self-abased,
mf God everlasting was and is,
p And by the virgin's arms embraced
cr Embraces heaven and earth in His.

f O lordliest Child, O lowliest Lord,
With majesty and meekness crown'd,
By saints and seraphim adored,
di In swaddling bands of weakness bound;

mf Jesu, vouchsafe us, day by day
To follow Thy humility,
And offer, as we kneel and pray,
Pure minds and chasten'd hearts to Thee.
Amen.

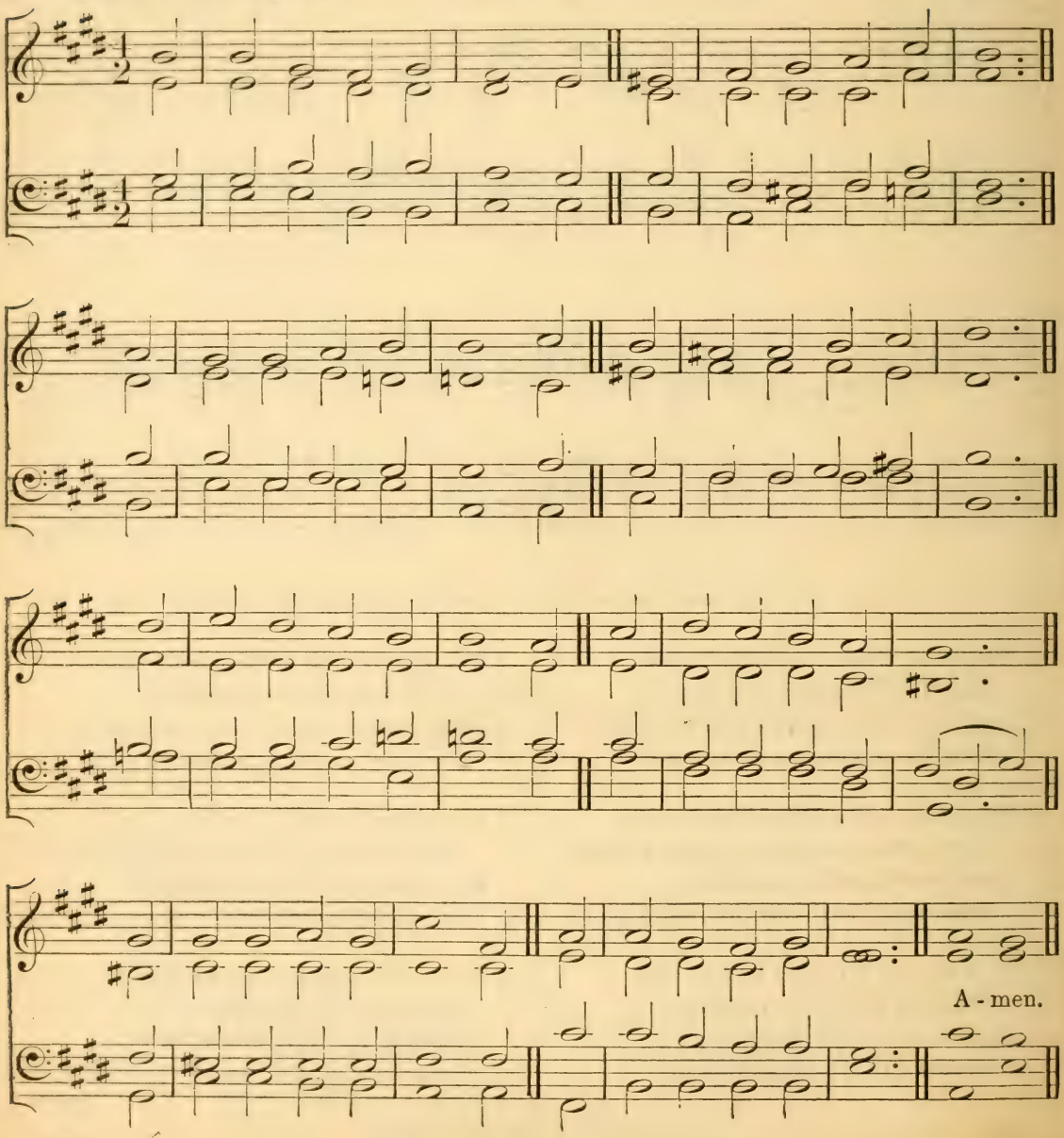
See also Hymns 136, 138, 403, 473.

ST. MATTHIAS' DAY.

408. ST. ANSELM.

D. 7s. 6s.

J. BARNBY.



"*He was numbered with the eleven apostles.*"—ACTS i. 26.

mf PRAISE to the Heavenly Wisdom
Who knows the hearts of all—
The saintly life's beginnings,
The traitor's secret fall;
Our own ascended Master,
Who heard His church's cry,
Made known His guiding presence,
And ruled her from on high.

Elect in His foreknowledge,
To fill the lost one's place;
He form'd His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace,
Then, by the lot's disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
cr And set him with the princes
On high for evermore.

mf For on the golden breastplate
Of our great Priest above,
Twelve are the stones that glisten
As throbs that heart of love;
And twelve the fair foundations
Of Salem's jasper wall;
And twelve the thrones predestined
Within her judgment-hall.

No mystic gem is lacking
In that divine array;
No empty throne shall darken
The glory of that day:
For lo! on Twelve the Spirit,
The Father's Promise, came;
And Twelve went forth together
To preach the saving Name.

Still guide Thy church, Chief Shepherd,
Her losses still renew;
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;
Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee. Amen.

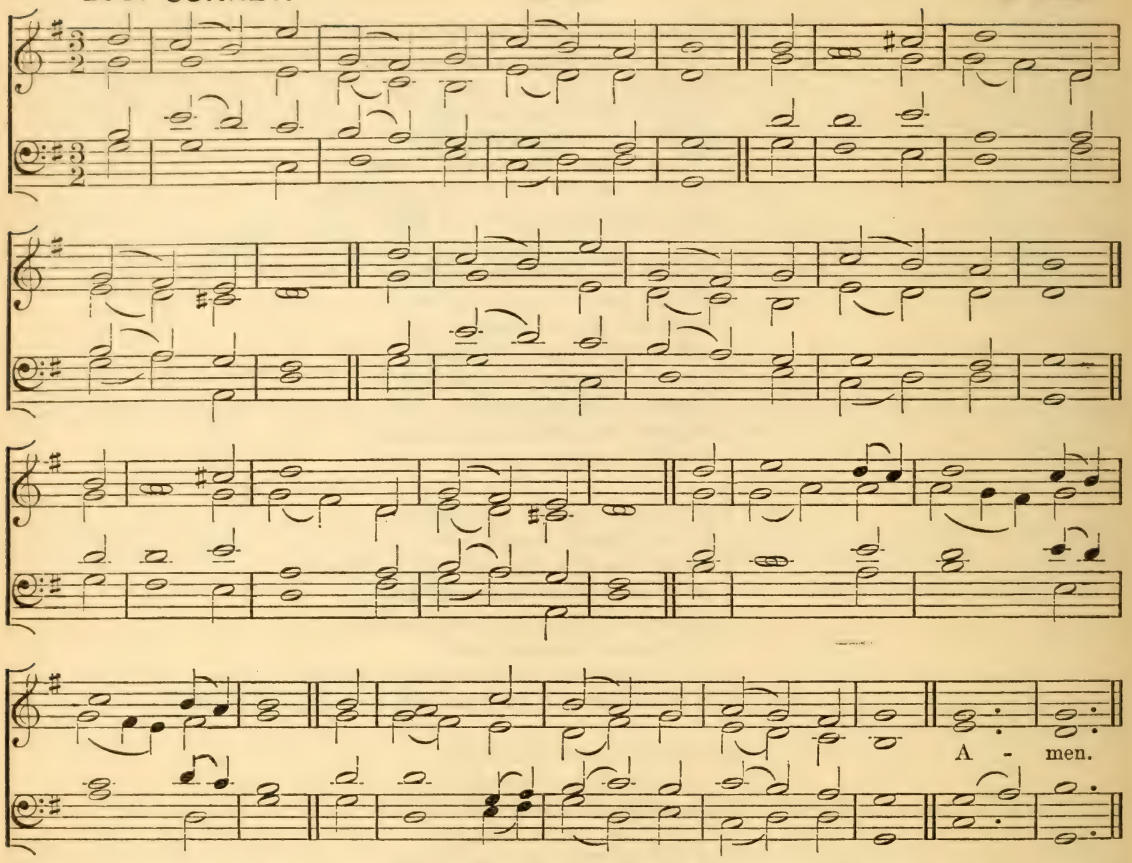
See also Hymns 51, 360, 403.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

409. SURREY.

Six 8s.

H CAREY.



"A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Emmanuel."—ISAIAH vii. 14.

mf O SAVIOUR, who in love didst take
A human body, for our sake;
di To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife;
cr All that belongs to man, but sin,
Thou didst this day Thyself begin.

p Saviour of infants, Thou didst rest,
Helpless, upon Thy mother's breast;
cr Saviour of children, Thou didst play,
And grow beside her, day by day,
All human life to soothe and save,
Up from the cradle to the grave.

mp Saviour, as low as Thou didst bend
From heaven to be the sinner's friend,
cr So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become divine,
f And Thy eternal love once more
God's image to the soul restore.

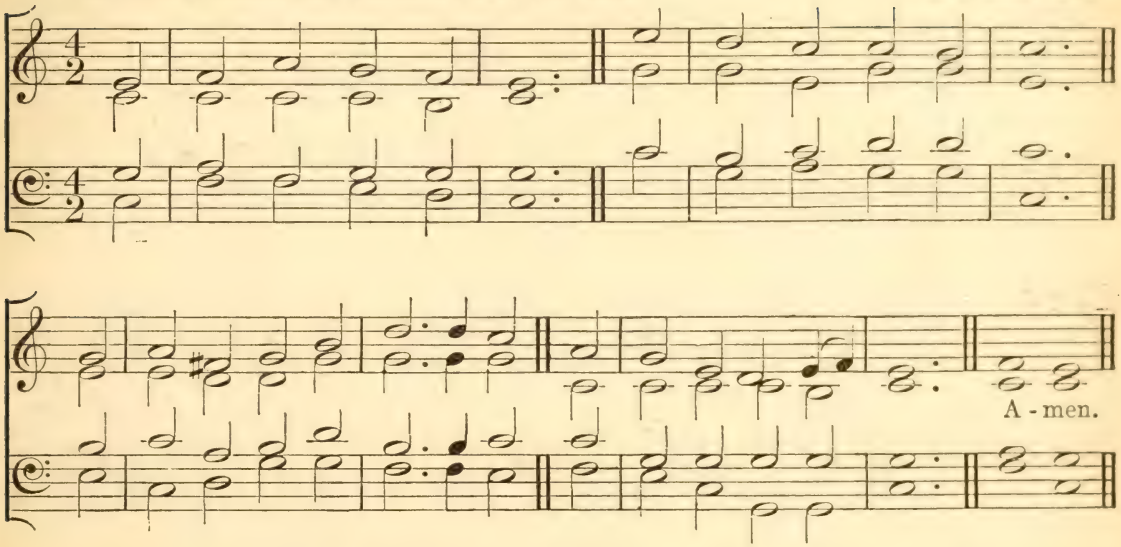
mf And when we cling too close to earth,
Forgetful of our heavenly birth,
And for the love of its poor dross,
Despise Thy crown or shun Thy cross,
Oh, let this festal day reprove
Such wrong to Thine incarnate love.
Amen.

See also Hymns 136, 305, 563.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

410. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."—HEBREWS vi. 12.

mf FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry;
Who counted Thee their great reward,
p And strove in Thee to die.

mf They all, in life and death,
With Thee their Lord in view,
Learn'd from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

f For this Thy name we bless,
cr And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
di And live and die in Thee. Amen.

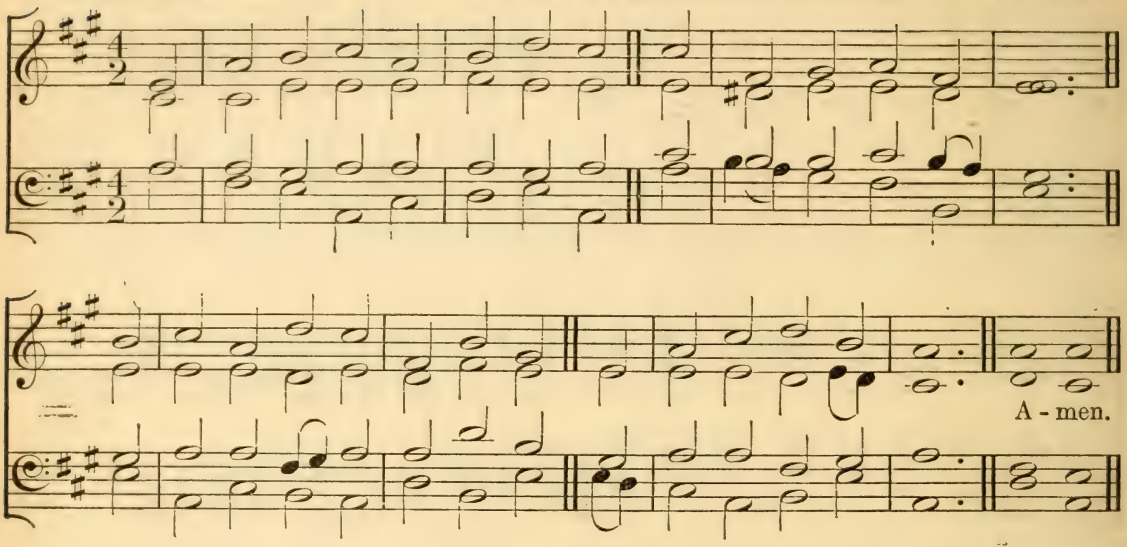
See also Hymns 267, 269, 403.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES' DAY.

411. ST. JAMES.

C.M.

RAPHAEL COURTVILLE.



"*I am the way, the truth, and the life.*"—JOHN xiv. 6.

mf THOU art the way,—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the truth,—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

f Thou art the life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those, who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
mf Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

See also Hymns 92, 117, 403.

ST. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

412. EIRENE.

11s. 10s.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Small notes and slurs for last verse only.

A - men.

"Barnabas, which is, being interpreted, The son of consolation."—ACTS iv. 36.

mf O SON of God, our Captain of Salvation,
Thyself by suffering school'd to human grief,
cr We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief;

mf Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving name from coast to coast;

f Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
p Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
cr And wins the sunder'd to be one again;

mf And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darken'd earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick-bed, and share the children's mirth.

f Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

mf Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
cr And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.

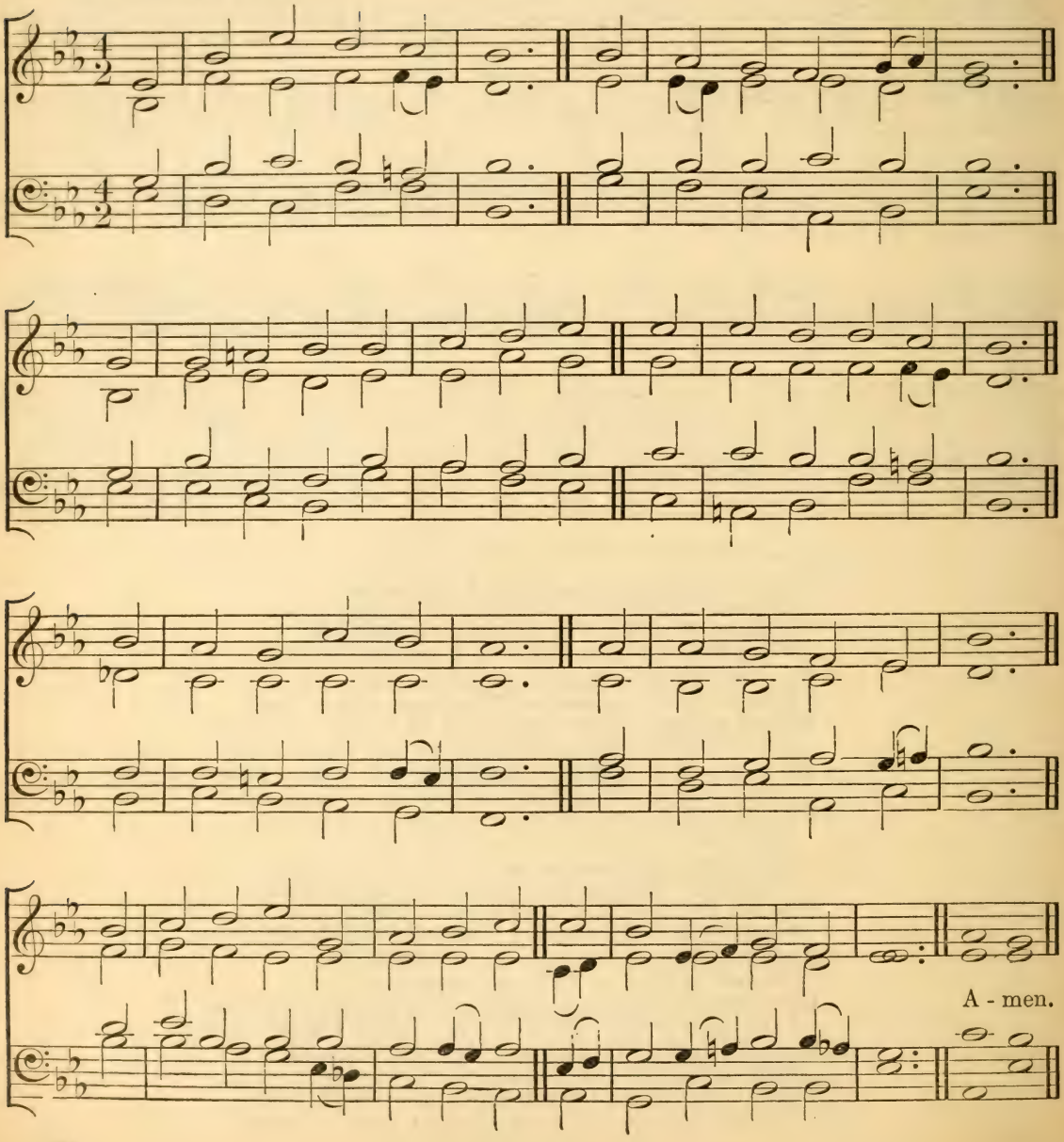
See also Hymns 139, 330, 403.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

413. FAIRFIELD.

D.S.M.

C. B. La Trobe.



"John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as He walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!"—JOHN i. 35, 36.

mf NOT far from Jordan's ford
Unknown a Stranger trod,
When lo, the voice reveals the Word
Behold the Lamb of GOD.
Oh true and living bread!
Oh present Paschal feast!
The One who liveth and was dead:
The Victim and the Priest.

f Upon the throne of thrones
Where cherubim adore,
And prostrate elders cast their crowns
And worship evermore,
di Behold the Heavenly Lamb,
p As on the altar slain,
f There with the Infinite I AM,
Is seen to rest and reign.

mf Amid the white-robed choirs,
Who with their waves of song
And melodies of golden lyres
The steeps of Zion throng,
The Shepherd King appears,
Who gave His life for them:
The Crucified is crown'd, and wears
Love's peerless diadem.

f Hark the joy bells of home,
Ringing eternal life!
The marriage of the Lamb is come:
He claims His holy wife.
mp What lies beyond no heart
Of pilgrim can conceive:
mf O Christ, we know Thee who Thou art:
Heaven meets who heaven believe. Amen.

May also be sung to "Nearer Home," No. 247.

See also *Hymns* 66, 355, 403.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

414. ROSS.

9s. 8s.

WALTER PORTER.

A - men.

"Upon this rock I will build My church."—MATTHEW xvi. 18.

f O ROCK of ages, One Foundation,
On which the living church doth rest,—
The church, whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise, Thy name be [bless'd.

mf Son of the living God, oh, call us
Once and again to follow Thee;
cr And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

mp When fears appal, and faith is failing,
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
And in Thy perfect love prevailing
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

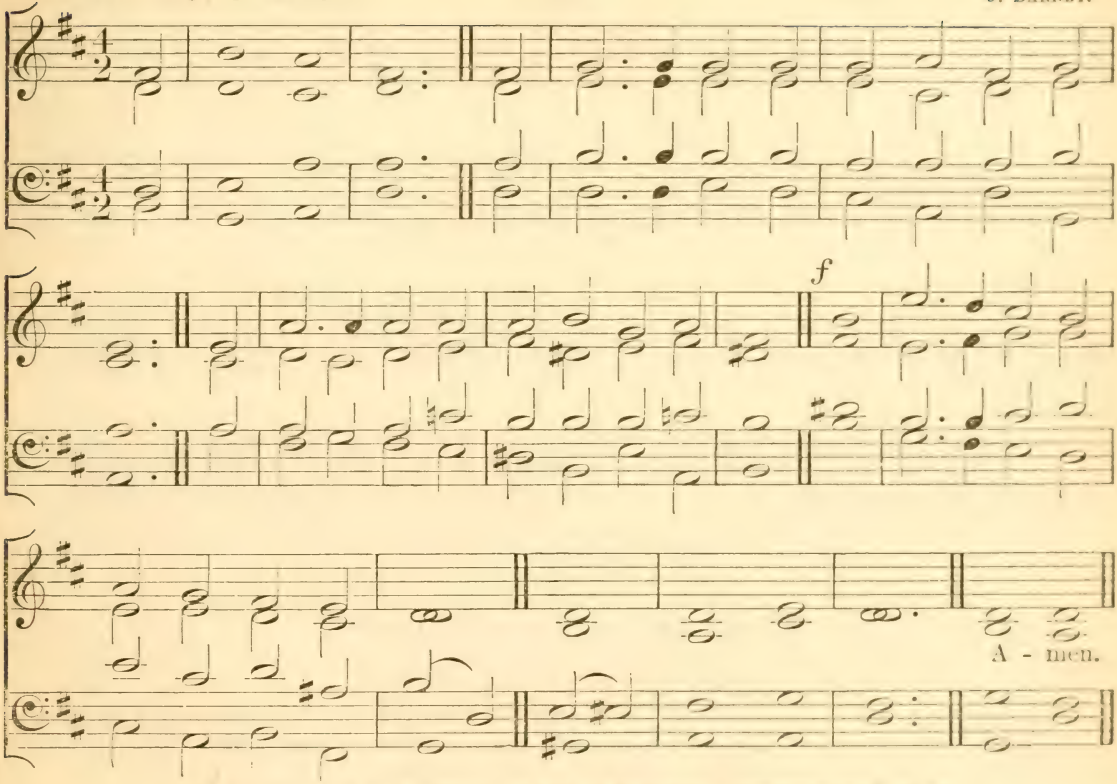
mf And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
p But with a look subdue us, Lord.

cr Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavour
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
f To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end. Amen.

See also Hymns 296, 351, 403.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

415. BONCHURCH. 4s. 10s. J. Barnby.



"All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."—1 Corinthians iii. 22, 23.

mf For ever ours,
cr The good and great of all the ages past;
The Father's children gather'd home at last:
f Oh wealth, unutterable wealth of love,
All ours above.

mf For ever ours,
The noblest and the best of every land,
Innumerable as the silver sand
Of ocean, or the dust of stars that gem
Night's diadem.

For ever ours,
Pilgrims and patriarchs and kings and seers,
Whose forms loom dimly through the [mist of years;
Apostles, martyrs, and evangelists,
All who are Christ's.

For ever ours,
p The lowliest who the purest crowns have [won
And sit the nearest Jesus on His throne,
And love Him most for most has been [forgiven;
The peers of heaven.

mf For ever ours,
The children by their angel guards [caress'd;
And all the myriad myriads of the blest;
Each heart a crystal well-spring of [delight,
All clothed in white.

f For ever ours;
What eye can range the limitless [expanse,
Or bear the blaze of love's inheritance?
Ours:—Christ is ours: oh, miracle of bliss!
And we are His. Amen.

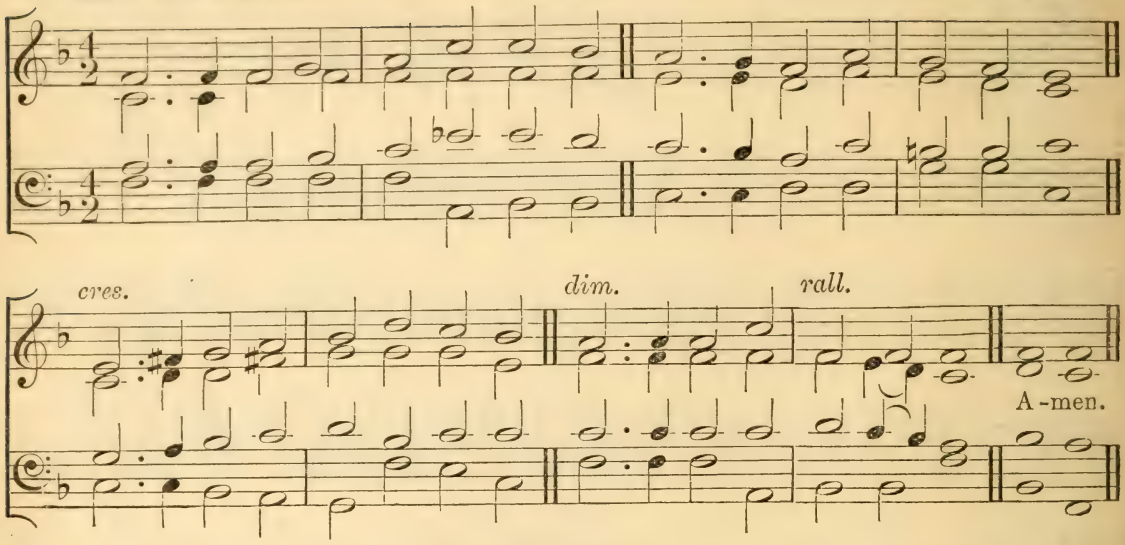
See also Hymns 115, 116, 243, 270, 403.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.

416. ST. FAITH.

8s. 7s.

C. E. MILLER.



"*The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"—2 TIMOTHY i. 19.

mf KING of Saints, to whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, by man forgotten,
Lives for ever round Thy throne;

Lights, which earth-born mists have darken'd,
cr There are shining full and clear,
Princes in the court of heaven,
di Nameless, unremember'd here.

p How they toil'd for Thee and suffer'd
None on earth can now record;
cr All their saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of their Lord.

p All is veil'd from us, but written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling, and the strife;

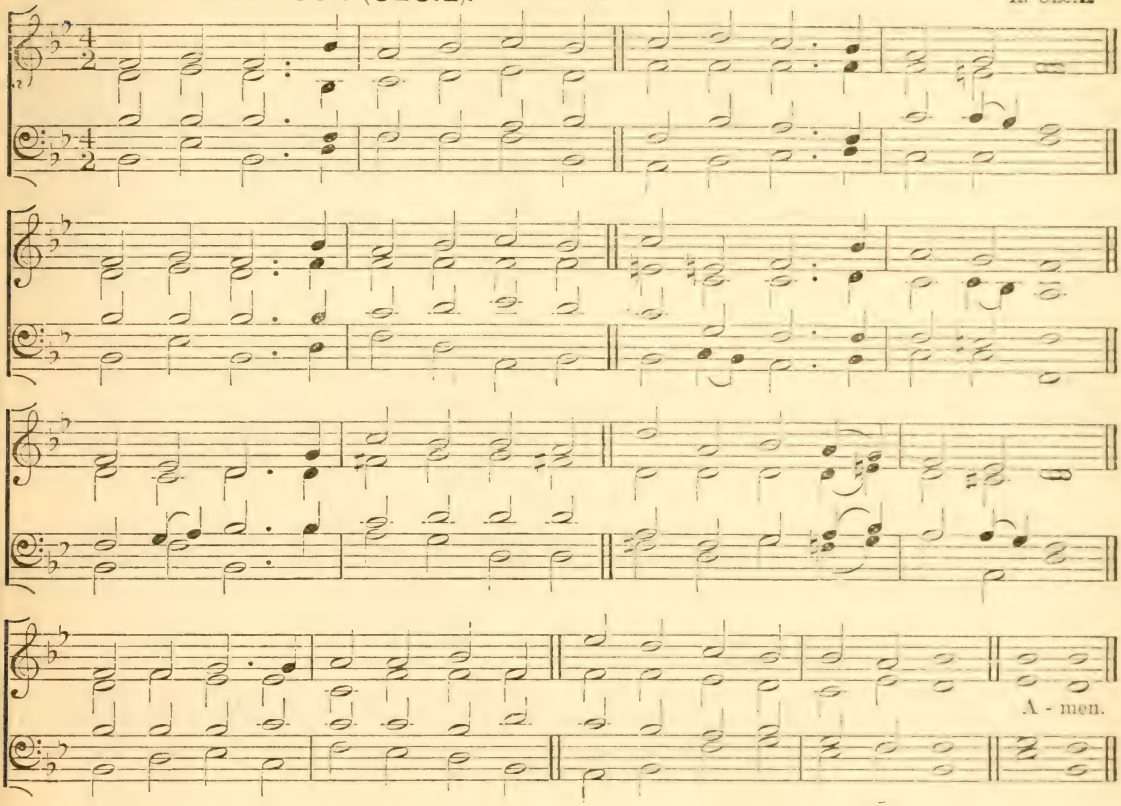
f There are told Thy hidden treasures;
p Number us, O Lord, with them,
cr When Thou makest up the jewels
f Of Thy living diadem. Amen.

See also Hymns 51, 347, 403.

ST. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

417. ST. AMBROSE (CECIL). D. 8s. 7s.

R. CECIL.



"*He left all, rose up, and followed Him.*"—LUKE v. 28.

mp JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
p Destitute, despised, forsaken,
mf Thou from hence my all shall be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
cr Yet how rich is my condition!
f God and heaven are still my own.

p Man may trouble and distress me,
cr 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
p Life with trials hard may press me,
cr Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
mf Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

cr Take, my soul, Thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
mf Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
mp Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
cr Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

ff Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
di Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cr Hope soon change to glad fruition,
f Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Amen.

See also Hymns 349, 350, 351, 403.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

418. HEREFORD.

D.C.M.

W. HAYES.

A-men.

"*All the angels stood round about the throne.*"—REVELATION vii. 11.

f FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
di And casting down each golden crow
Beside the crystal sea,
cr With voice and lyre, in happy choir,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

mf And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
cr While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
p Oh may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

mf Here where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
cr Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And serve Thee e'en as they;
f With them to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own;
Till life's first flower and fullest power
Be Thine and Thine alone. Amen.

419. PILGRIMS.

P.M. HENRY SMART.

A - men.

"The angel of the Lord said, Go, speak all the words of this life."—ACTS v. 20.

mf HARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling [wave-beat shore:
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling [more.
Of that new life when sin shall be no
p Angels of Jesus, angels of light, [night.
cr Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the

f Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, [come:
p Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
cr And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
mp The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p.cr Angels of Jesus, &c.

p Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;

cr And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing, [to Thee.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps
p.cr Angels of Jesus, &c.

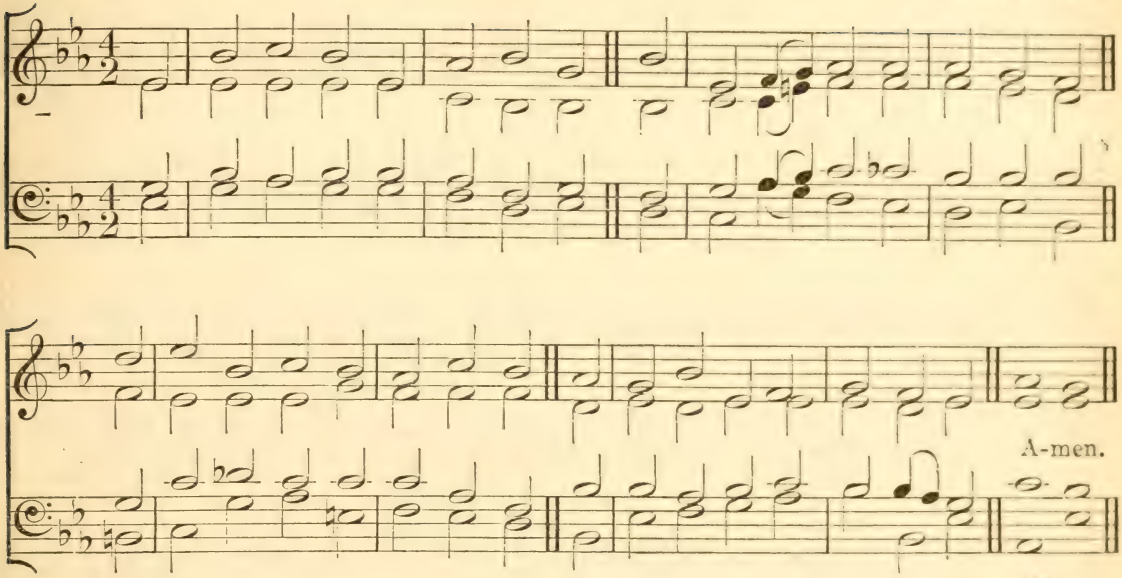
mf Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary, [night be past;
The day must dawn, and darksome
cr Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary, [will come at last.
And heaven, the heart's true home,
p.cr Angels of Jesus, &c.

f Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping, [above;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
cr Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, [cloudless love.
And life's long shadows break in
p Angels of Jesus, angels of light, [night.
ff Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
Amen.

See also Hymns 36, 90, 223, 506, 560.

ST. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

420. ST. SEPULCHRE. L.M. GEORGE COOPER.



"Luke the beloved physician."—COLOSSIANS iv. 14.

mp WHO feels not thoughts within him rise
At some beloved physician's name,
Which fill with brimming tears his eyes
And waken memory's warmest claim?

In tenderest hours of life and death
That healing friend is by our side,
Perhaps the last to catch our breath
Or gently whisper "Jesus died."

mf O Healer of our spirit needs,
Who knowest every tear that starts,
And every inward wound that bleeds
Down in the deeps of human hearts,—

We tell Thee all; we may, we must:
We cannot, would not hide from Thee:
Thy perfect love wins perfect trust:
Our suffering is our only plea.

And Thou art with us all the way
Of life's uncertain pilgrimage,
In storm and calm, by night and day,
In childhood, manhood, shadowing age.

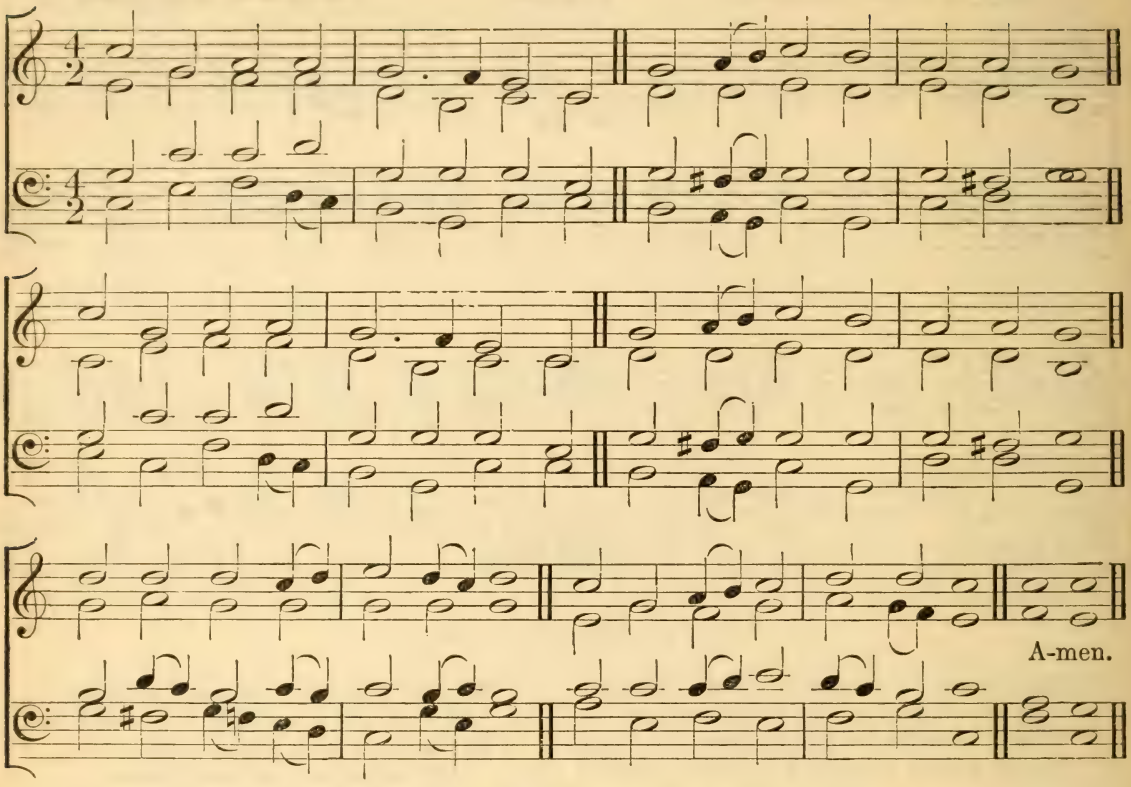
mp And when we feel the hands no more,
That grasp our own by Jordan's brink,
Thy arm will bear us safely o'er,
Thy bosom will forbid us sink.

f And in the land that lies beyond,
Where sin and sickness never come,
Thy love will be the clasping bond
Of all within the Father's home. Amen.

See also Hymns 267, 268, 403, 432.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE, APOSTLES.

421. ALL SAINTS. 8s. 7s. 7s.



"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."—DANIEL xii. 3.

f WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
ff Hallelujah! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

mf Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness:
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

p These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
cr These, who well the fight sustain'd,
f Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

p These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

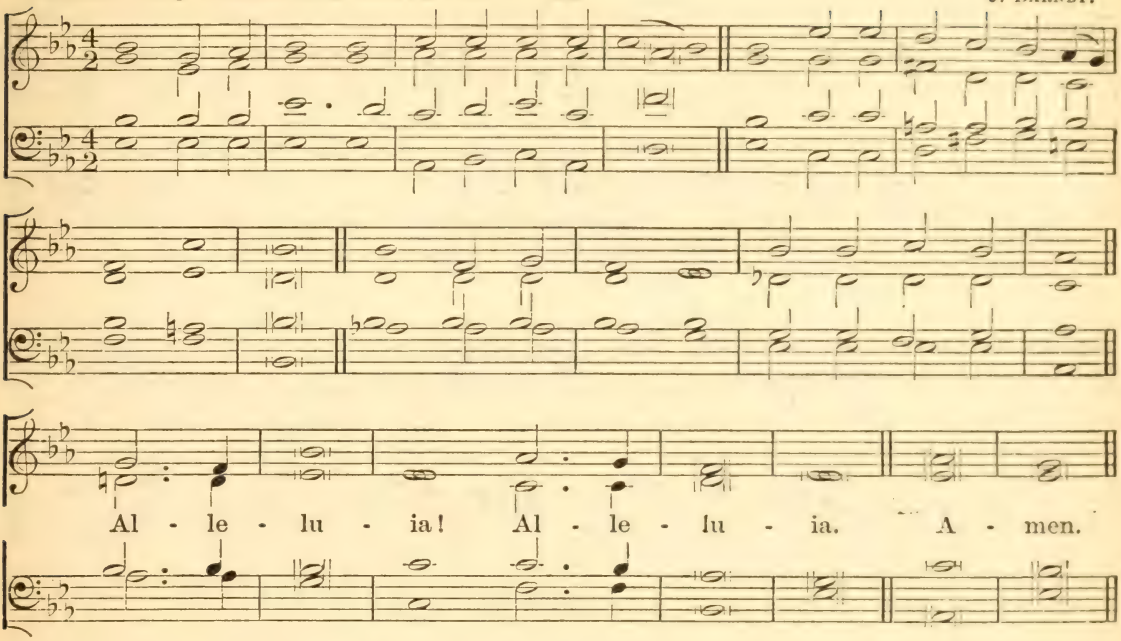
mf These are they who watch'd and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still;
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

See also Hymns 356, 357, 360, 403.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

422. PRO OMNIBUS SANCTIS. P.M.

J. Barnby.



"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."—Hebrews xii. 1.

mf For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
f Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
cr Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia!

mp Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
cr Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
f And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!

mf Oh blest Communion, fellowship divine!
cr We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
f Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

mf And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
p Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
cr And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong, Alleluia!

p The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.
Alleluia!

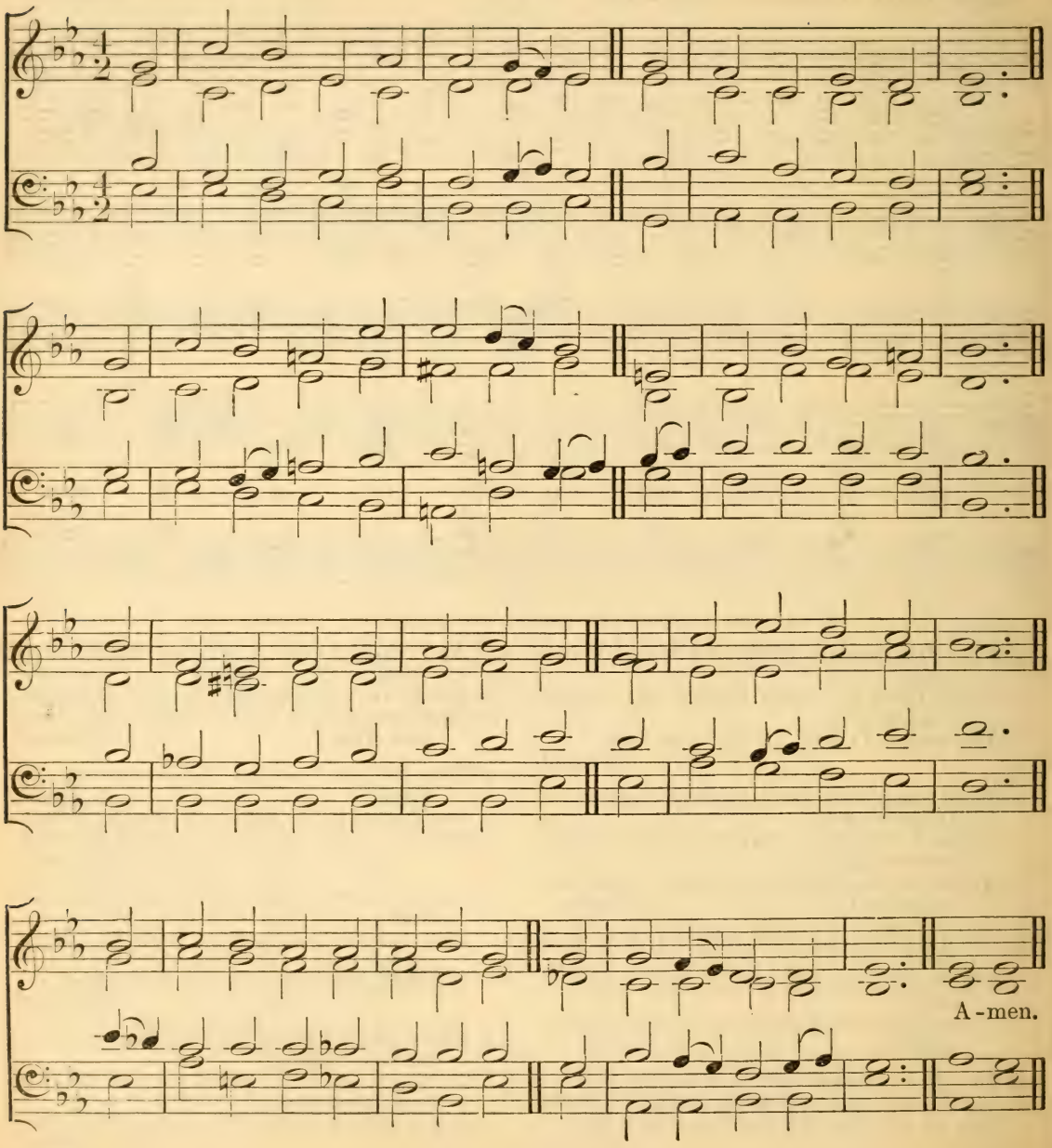
f But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

ff From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia! Amen.

423. KIRKSTALL.

D.C.M.

JAMES SHAW.



"I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."—REVELATION vii. 9.

f How bright these glorious spirits shine:
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
p Lo, these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
cr Those robes which shine so bright.

f Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
cr His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
ff By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

mf The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
cr 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
di And God the Lord from every eye
p Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

This hymn may also be sung to "St. Asaph," No. 205.

424. ANGELS.

L.M.

O. GIBBONS.

A - men.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes."—REVELATION vii. 14.

f Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

p Through tribulation great they came;
cr They bore the cross, despised the shame;
mf From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

cr Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

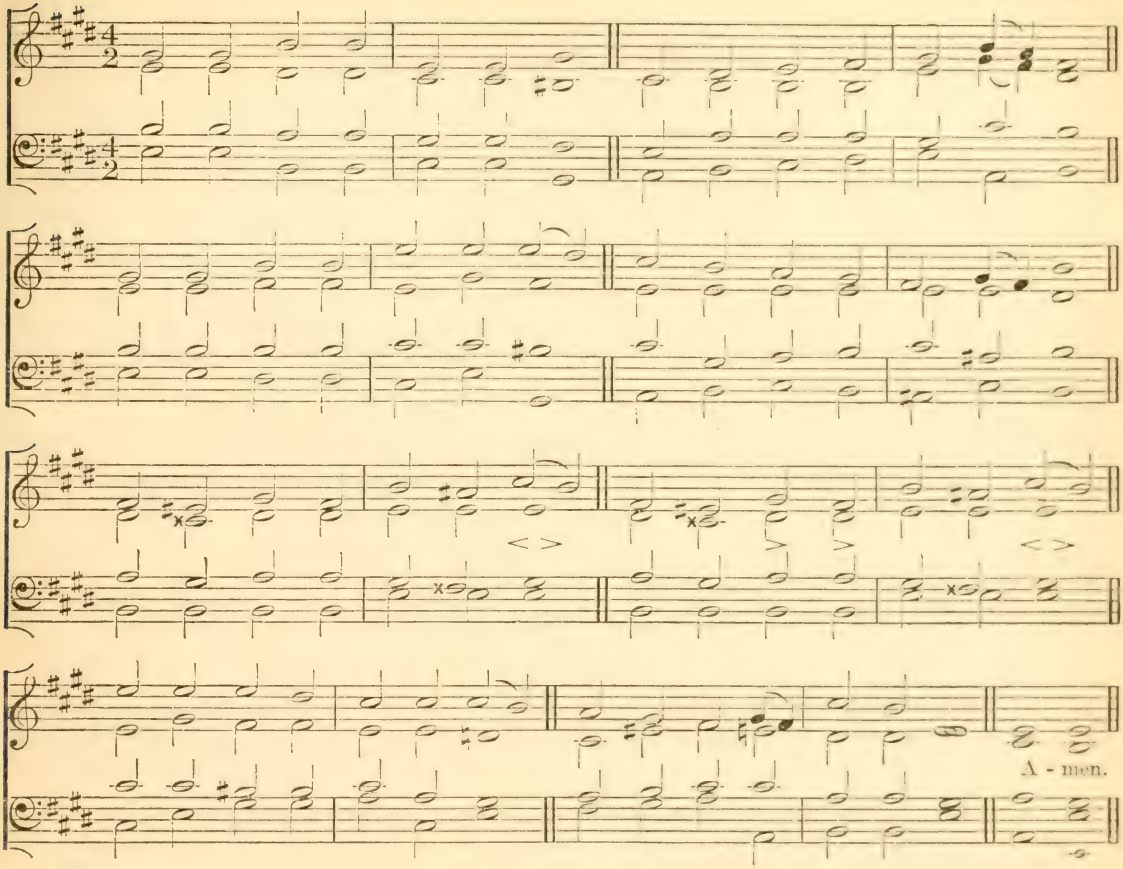
f They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud Hosannas raise:

ff Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God. Amen.

425. SORRENTO.

D. 7s.

J. H. Deane.



"What are these, which are arrayed in white robes?"—Revelation vii. 13.

f What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
cr Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

p These through fiery trials trod:
These from great affliction came;
cr Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His almighty name;

f Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

mf Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
cr Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
f Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
di And for ever from their eyes
p God shall wipe away the tears. **Amen.**

426. WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G SMART.

A - men.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne."—REVELATION iii. 21.

f GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

p Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts and fears.

mf I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

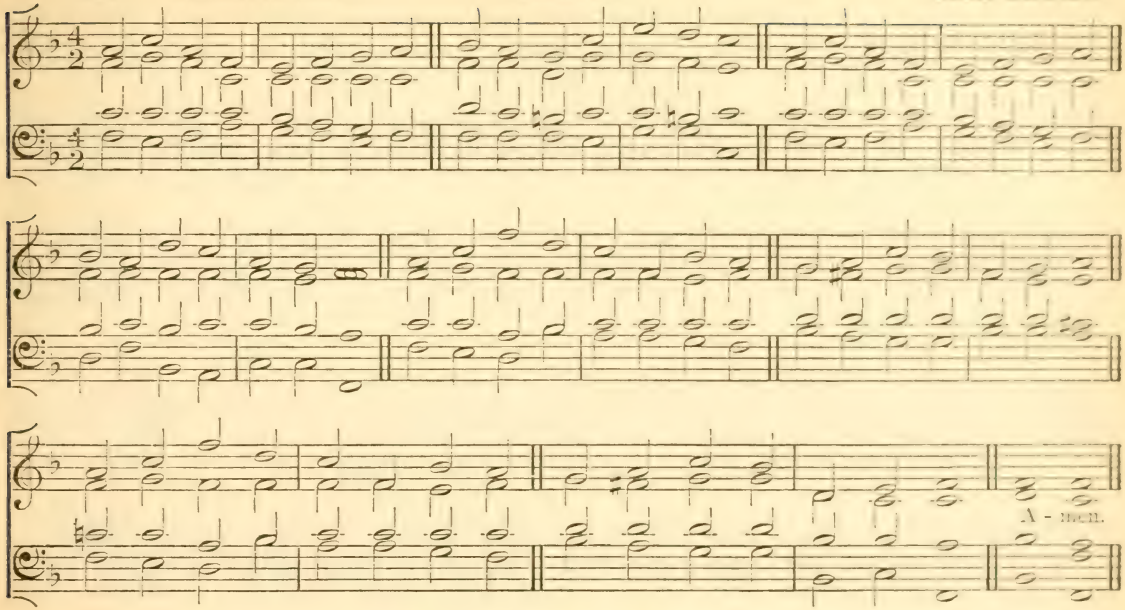
cr They mark'd the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

f Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. Amen.

427. DEERHURST.

D. 8s. 7s.

JAMES LANGRAN.



"Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne."—REVELATION vii. 9.

f HARK the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
cr Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee;
ff Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

mf Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
cr King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
mf Saintly maiden, godly matron,
e p Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
f Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

p They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
di Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
cr Tried they were, and firm they stood;
p Mock'd, afflicted, scourged, imprison'd,
Stoned, tormented, slain with sword,
f They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

ff Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
di Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cr And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

ff Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
f Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
p In the beatific vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

f God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose body join'd together
All the saints for ever dwell,
cr Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

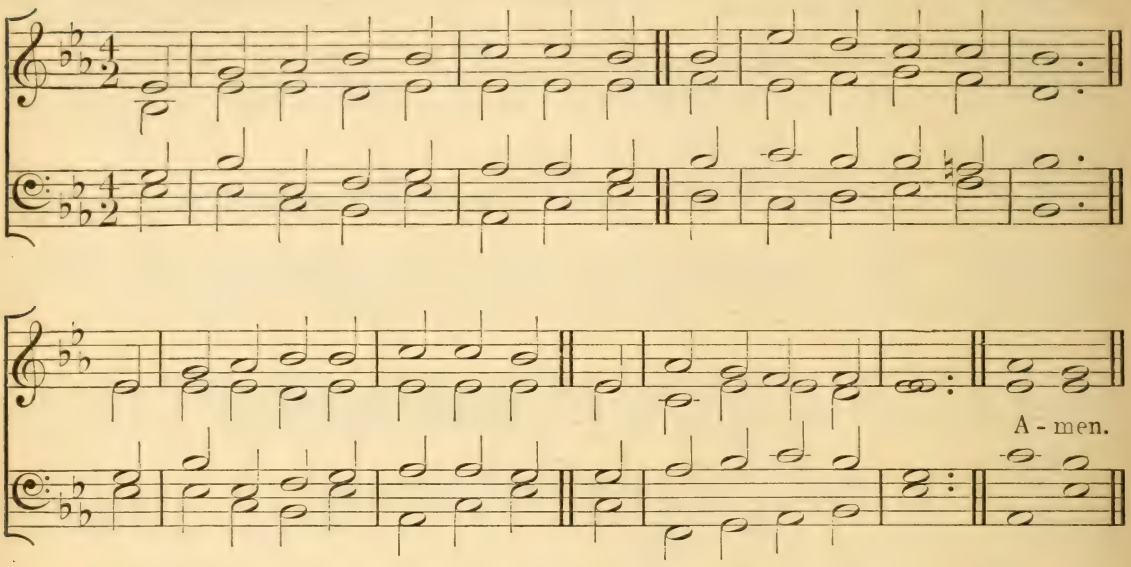
See also Hymns 80, 244, 401, 562.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE MOST MERCIFULLY TO ACCEPT OUR ALMS."

428. TALLIS.

C.M.

T. TALLIS.



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—MATTHEW XXV. 40.

mf FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
cr What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

mp But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

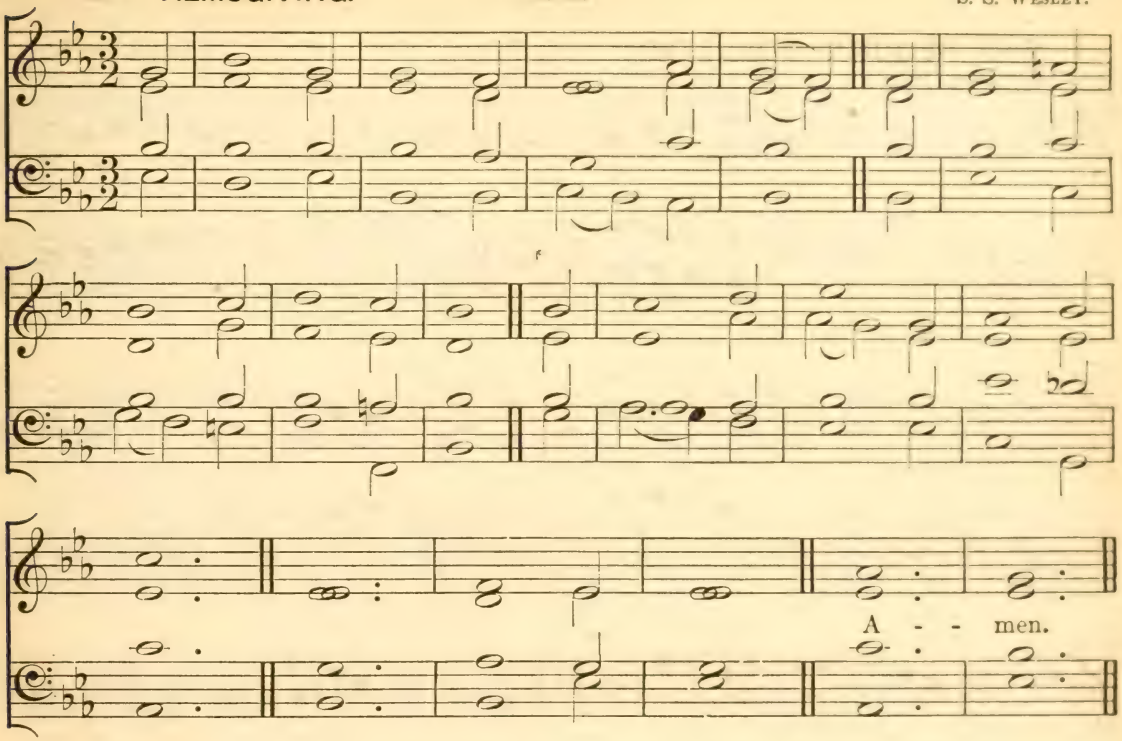
p In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
cr In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheer'd.

mf Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

429. ALMSGIVING.

8s. 4s.

S. S. Wesley.



"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."—1 Chronicles xxix. 14.

f O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

p Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

mf Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

p For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
cr For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
f What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

mf We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
cr Repaid a thousandfold will be,
f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all;

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give.
p Oh may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all. Amen.

FOR HOSPITALS.

430. REQUIEM (SCHULTES). 8s. 7s. 7s.

WILHELM SCHULTES.

Very slow.

A - men.

Org.

"*I was sick, and ye visited Me.*"—MATTHEW xxv. 36.

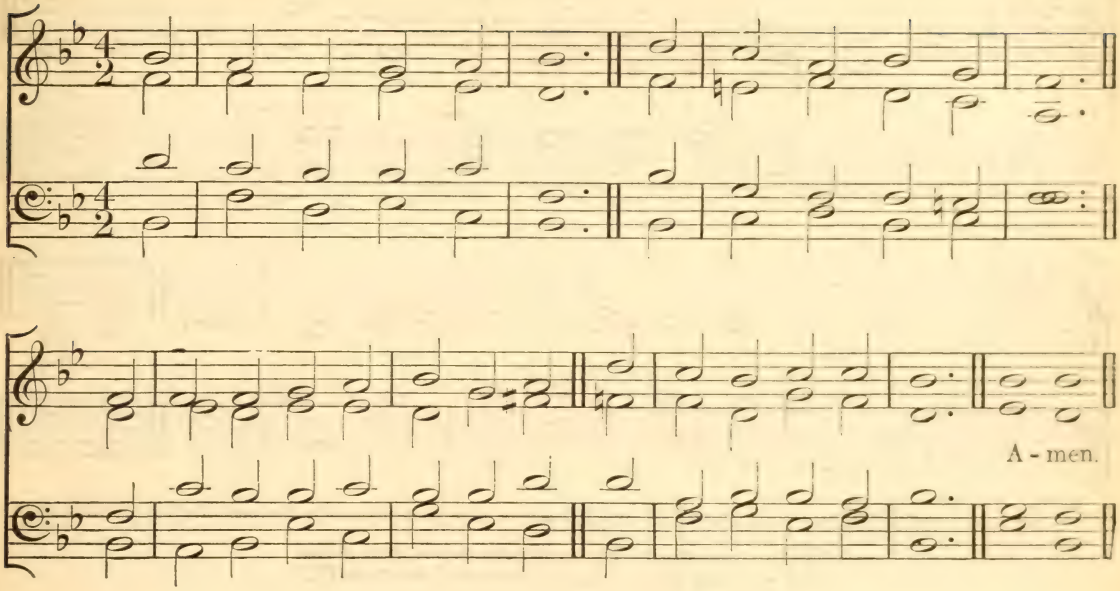
mf THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
p Hear us, Jesus, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
cr On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
mf Bringing all our offerings meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing virtue yield,
cr Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransom'd, cleansèd, heal'd,
f One in Thee together meet,
p Pardon'd at Thy judgment-seat.
Amen.

431. NARENZA. S.M.



"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another."—1 PETER iv. 10.

f WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

mf May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

p Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

cr To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

mf The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

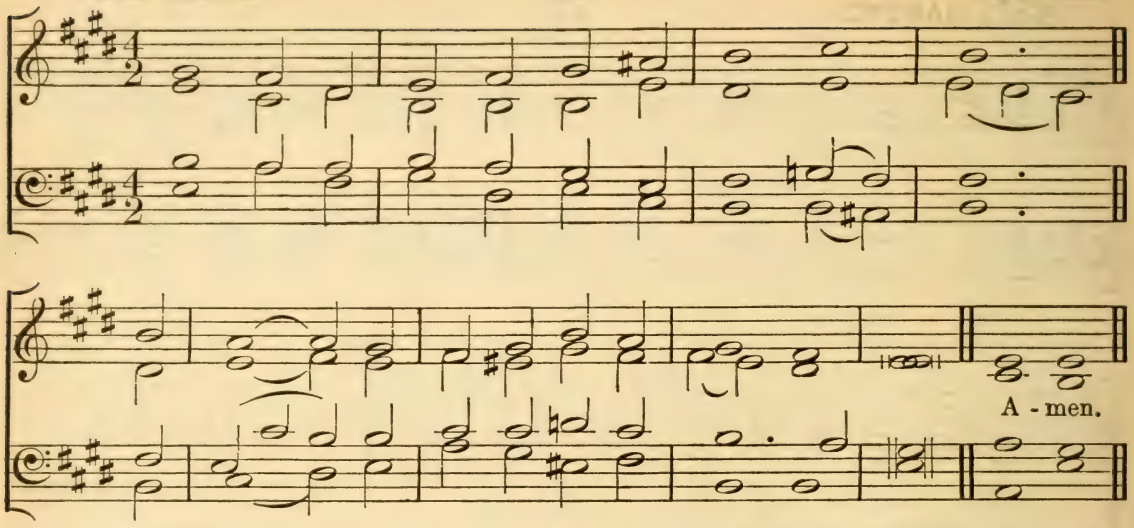
cr And we believe Thy word,
di Though dim our faith may be;
f Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

This Tune is also given in key C at No. 94.

432. REWE.

10s.

D. J. Wood.



"Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good; but Me ye have not always."—Mark xiv. 7.

mf "I go; the poor, My poor are with you still,
And ye may help them when and as ye will."

mp Such was the legacy Incarnate Love
Bequeath'd His own before He soar'd above:

Not gold or jewels, but His poor to claim
Our succour for the sake of His dear name:

cr No weary burden, but a rich bequest,
Whereby who blesses is himself twice bless'd.

mp Is it not ours to-day? Are not the poor,
The hungry and the naked, at our door?

And do not still the moans of anguish rise,
By day and night from sufferers to the skies?

And does not many a sorer deeper need
Than poverty or pain for mercy plead?

The wounded soul, the broken heart's distress;
Tears of the widow and the fatherless?

cr And He, who gave Himself for all, has given
To us His servants of the balm of heaven.

mf Kind thoughts and tender words and generous tasks,
These for His sorrowing ones the Master asks.

None are so poor but have some love to shower
On poorer than themselves, and this is power.

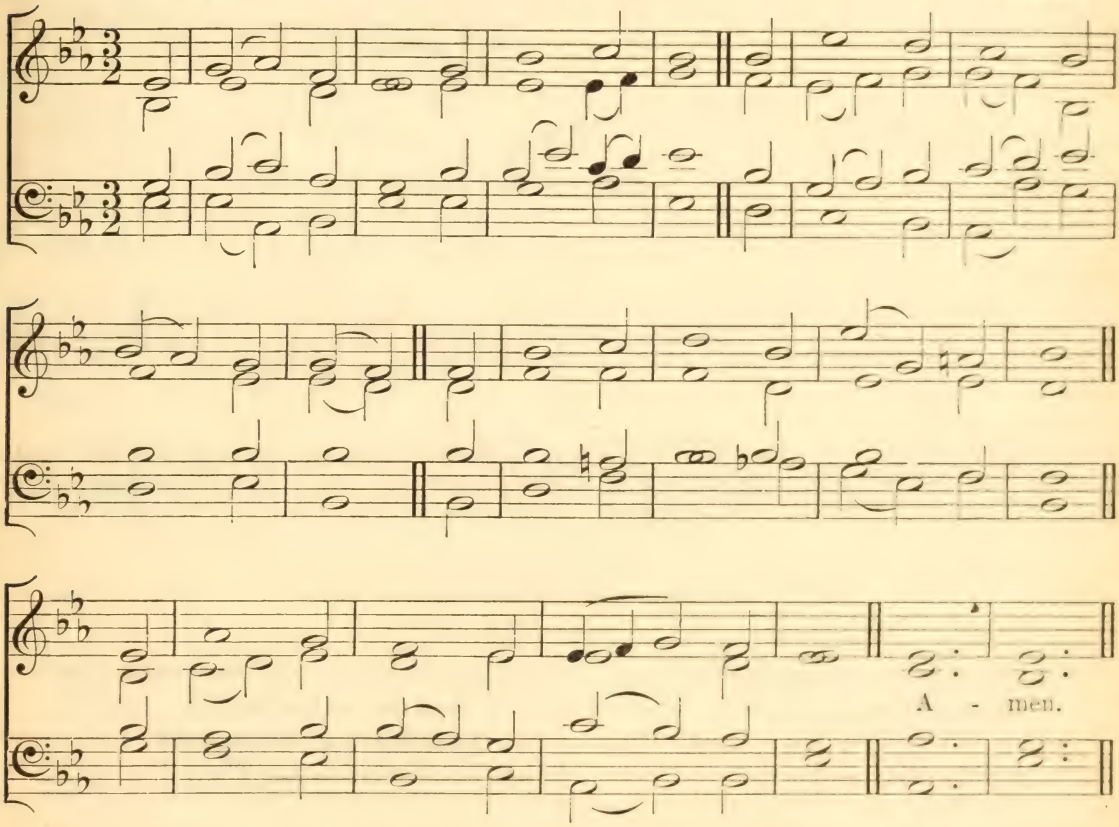
This is the worship pure and undefiled
The Father claims of every heaven-born child. **Amen.**

See also Hymns 349, 350.

"YE THAT MIND TO COME TO THE HOLY COMMUNION OF THE BODY AND BLOOD OF OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST, DRAW NEAR WITH FAITH, AND TAKE THIS HOLY SACRAMENT TO YOUR COMFORT."

433. ROCKINGHAM.

L.M. E. MILLER.



"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE xiv. 17.

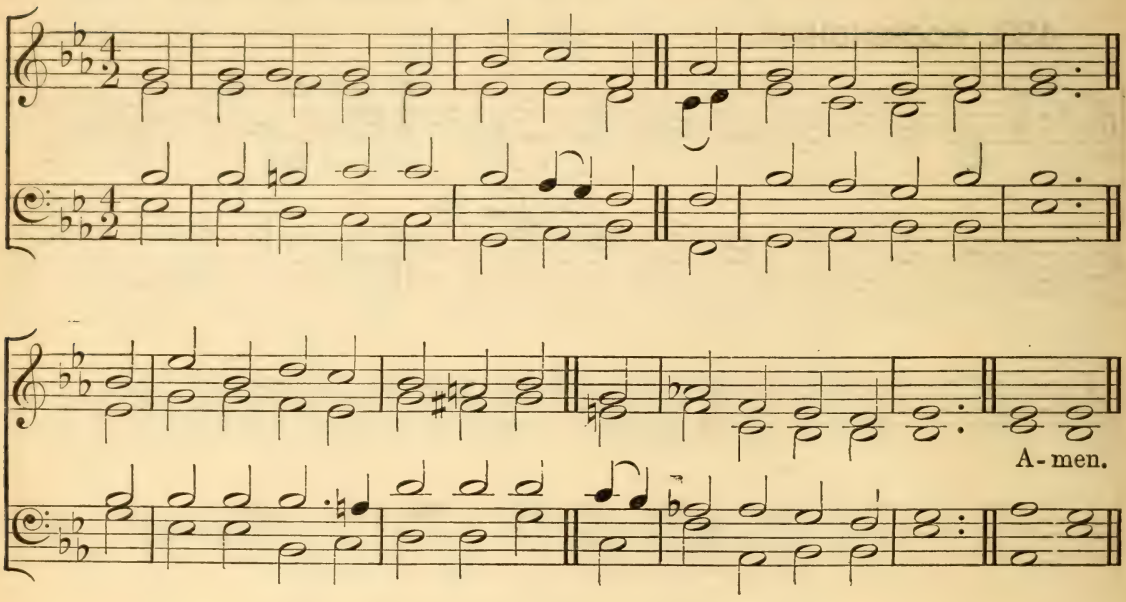
mf MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
cr Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

f Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
p Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
cr Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

mf Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

cr Oh, let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
f And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
Amen.

434. EVENTIDE (SMART). C.M. HENRY SMART.



"This do in remembrance of Me."—LUKE xxii. 19.

mf ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
p I will remember Thee.

mf Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy cup of blessing I will take,
p And thus remember Thee.

mp Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
p And not remember Thee?

mp When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
cr O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
p I must remember Thee.

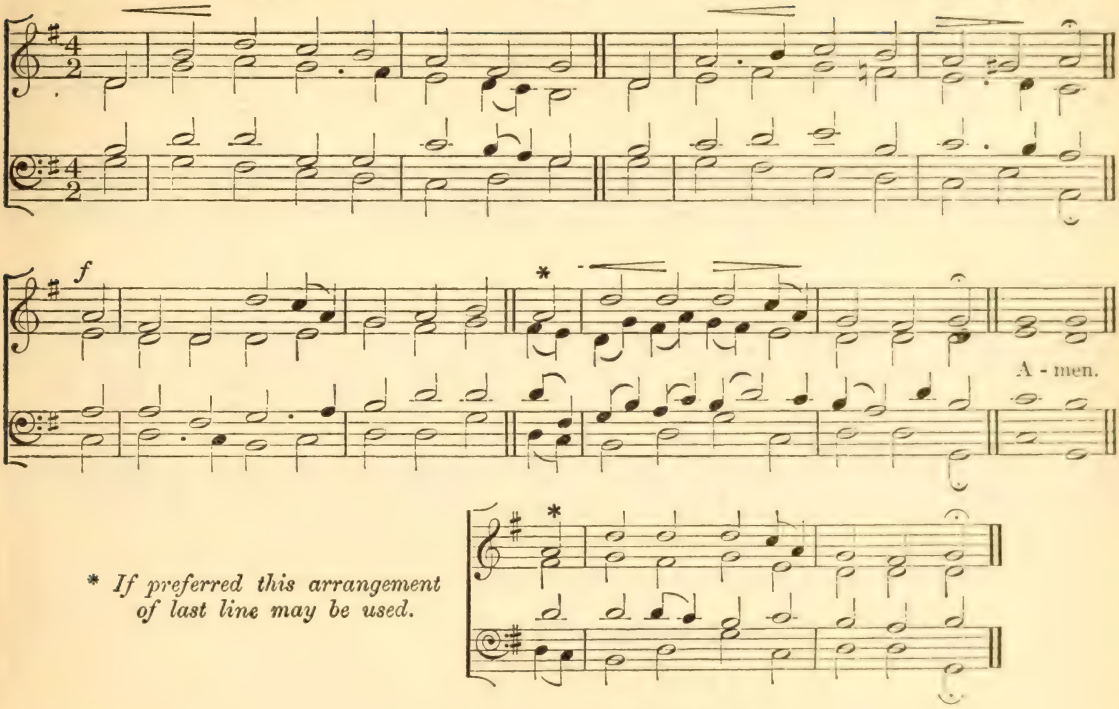
mf Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
cr Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

p And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
cr When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me. Amen.

435. BEXFIELD.

L.M.

W. R. BEXFIELD.



* *If preferred this arrangement of last line may be used.*

"*I am that bread of life.*"—JOHN vi. 48.

f JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men,
di From the best bliss that earth imparts,
cr We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

f Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
p Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee, Thou art good;
f To them that find Thee, All in All.

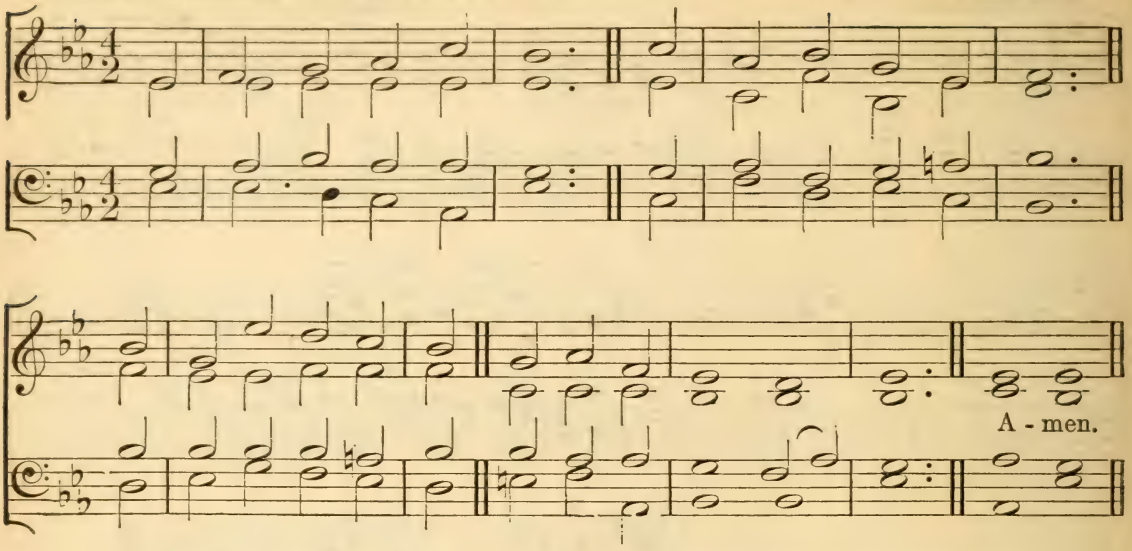
mf We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

p Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
cr Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see:
f Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

mp O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
cr Chase the dark night of sin away;
f Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

May be sung to "Santa Trinita," No. 342.

436. MOSELEY. [First Tune.] 6s. Henry Smart.



"The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."—John vi. 51.

mp I HUNGER and I thirst;
cr Jesu, my manna be:
f Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

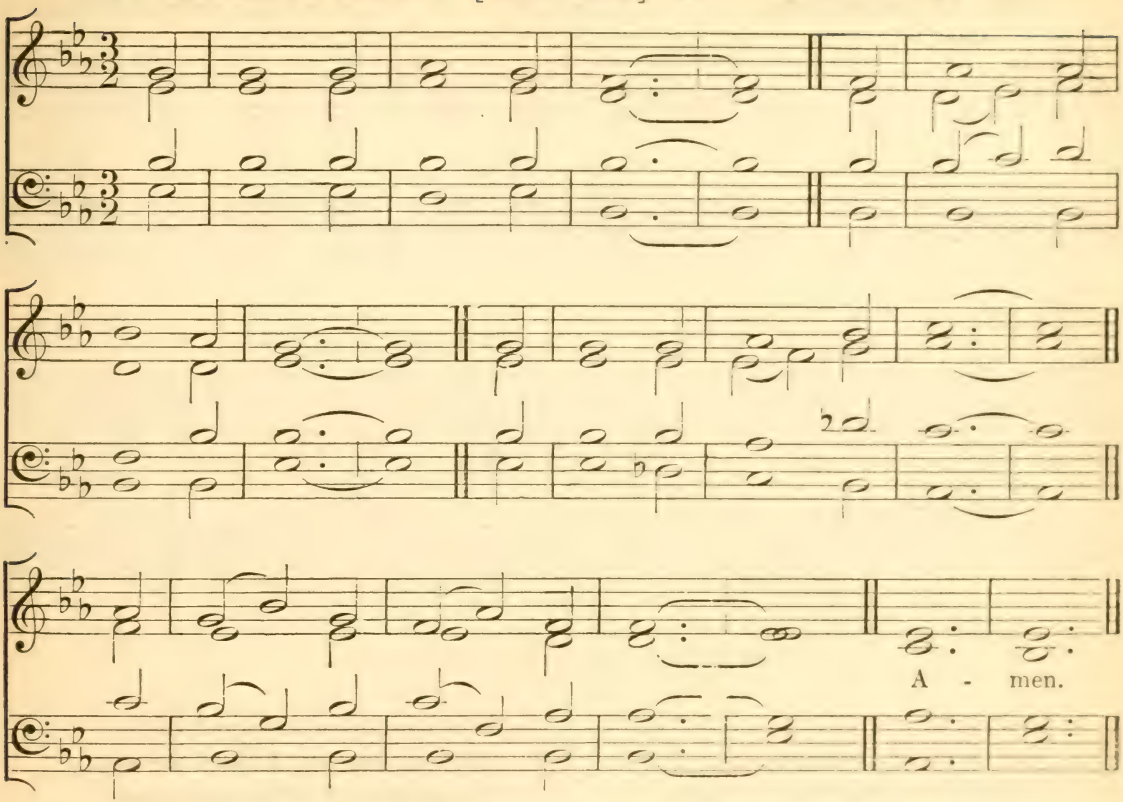
p Thou bruised and broken Bread,
cr My life-long wants supply;
mf As living souls are fed,
Oh feed me, or I die.

mp Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
cr Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

p Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
cr Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
di Help me, Thou Son of Man.

mf For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
f O living waters, rise
Within me evermore. Amen.

436. DOLOMITE CHANT. [Second Tune.] 6s.



"The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."—John vi. 51.

mp I HUNGER and I thirst;
cr Jesu, my manna be:
f Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

p Thou bruised and broken Bread,
cr My life-long wants supply;
mf As living souls are fed,
Oh feed me, or I die.

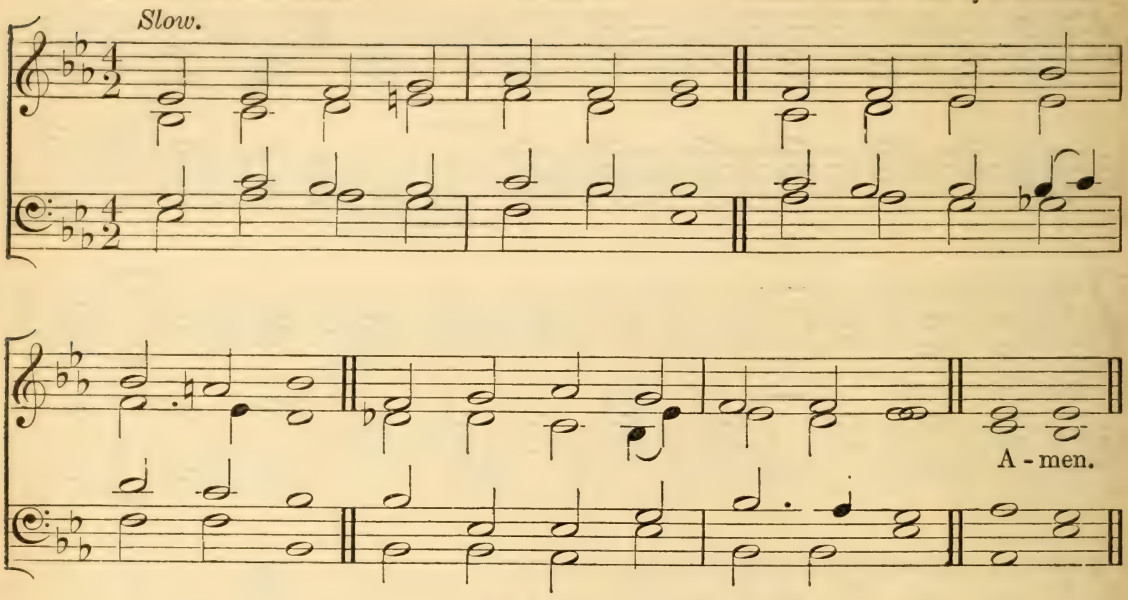
mp Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
cr Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

p Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
cr Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
di Help me, Thou Son of Man.

mf For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
f O living waters, rise
Within me evermore. Amen.

437. ST. KERRIAN.

Three 7s. German Chorale. Arr. by J. STAINER.



"*Thou preparest a table before me.*"—PSALM xxiii. 5.

mf JESU, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

p While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
cr All Thy wondrous love reveal.

p While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways
cr Turn our sadness into praise.

mp When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpour'd blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flow'd the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

cr From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
di Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

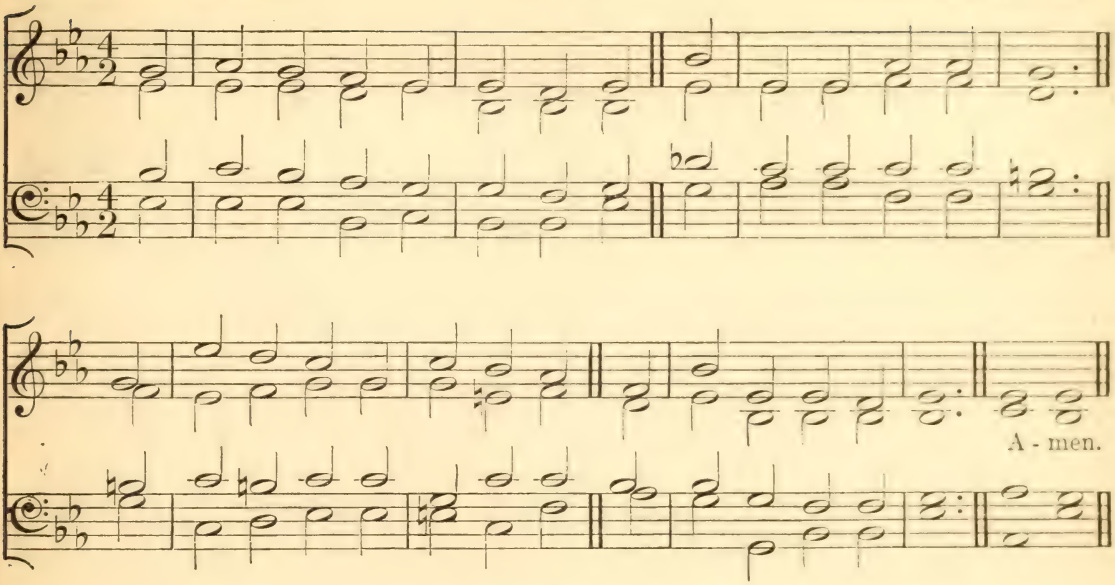
p Lead us by Thy pierced hand
cr Till around Thy throne we stand,
f In the bright and better land. Amen.

May be sung to "St. Philip," No. 141.

438. FINGAL.

C.M.

J. S. ANDERSON.



"I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REVELATION iii. 20.

p I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
cr Speak but the word, one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

p I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
cr Lord, speak, and make me whole.

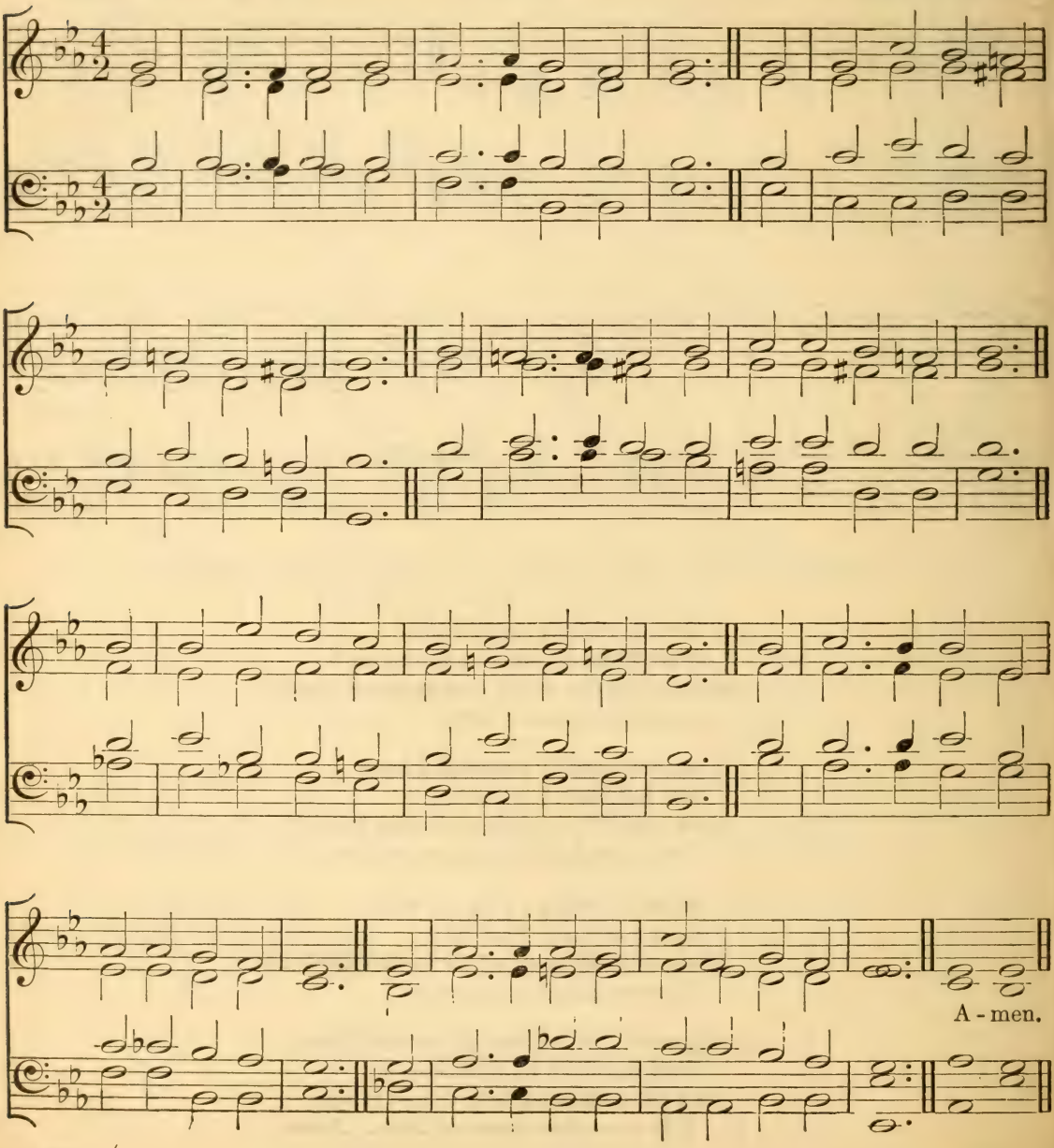
p I am not worthy; yet, my God,
cr How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

mf Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
p This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

439. DONUM DEI.

Six 10s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



Holy Communion.

"Through Him we have access by One Spirit unto the Father."—EPHESIANS ii. 18.

mf O HOLY Father, who in tender love
Didst give Thine Only Son for us to die,
The while He pleads at Thy right hand above,
We in One Spirit now with faith draw nigh,
And, as we eat this bread and drink this wine,
Plead His once offer'd sacrifice Divine.

mp We are not worthy to be call'd Thy sons,
Nor gather up the fragments of Thy feast;
Yet look on us, Thy sorrowing contrite ones,
cr On us in Him our Advocate and Priest,
mf Whose robe is fringed with mercy's golden bells,
Whose breastplate fathomless compassion tells.

mp Oh hear us, for Thou always hearest Him;
Behold us sprinkled with His precious blood;
cr And from between the shadowing Cherubim
Shine forth, and grant us in this heavenly food
mf Foretastes of coming glory, and meanwhile
A Father's blessing and a Father's smile.

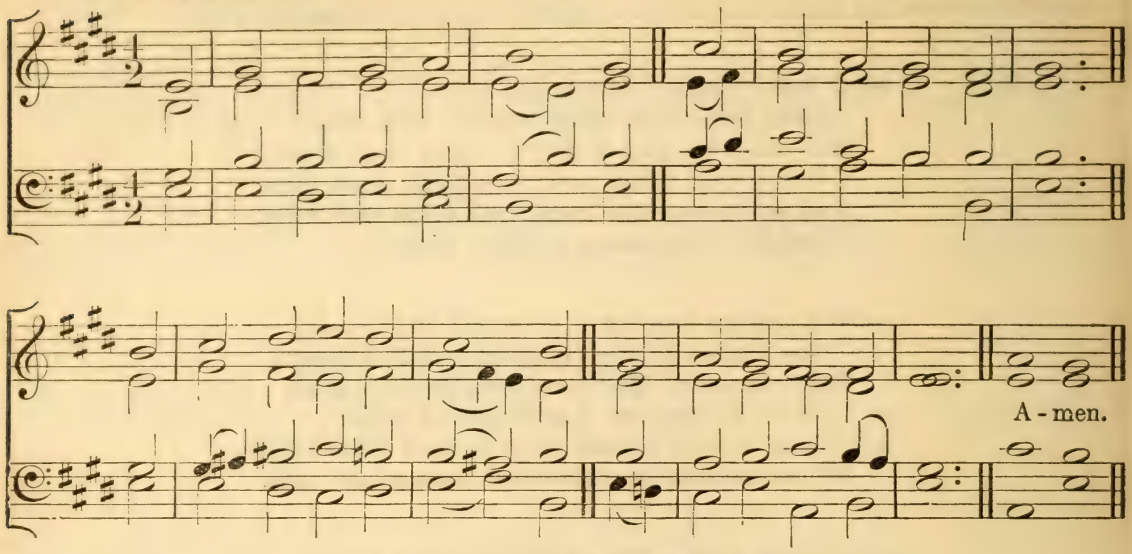
mp Nor only, Father, in Thy presence here
Low at Thy footstool for ourselves we pray,
But for the loved ones to our hearts most near
At home or toiling in far lands away:
cr Oh guard them, guide them, comfort and befriend,
And keep them Thine unfaltering to the end.

mf And, Father, ere we leave Thy mercy-throne,
Bound by these sacred pledges, yet most free
We give our hearts, and not our hearts alone,
But all we are and all we have to Thee;
f Glad free-will offerings all our pilgrim days,
Hereafter an eternity of praise. Amen.

440. GOLDBACH.

7s. 6s.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



"By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."—HEBREWS xiii. 15.

mf THOU standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer;
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee ever there;

Within the heavenly temple,
By mortal feet untrod;
Our King and Priest for ever,
Our Advocate with God.

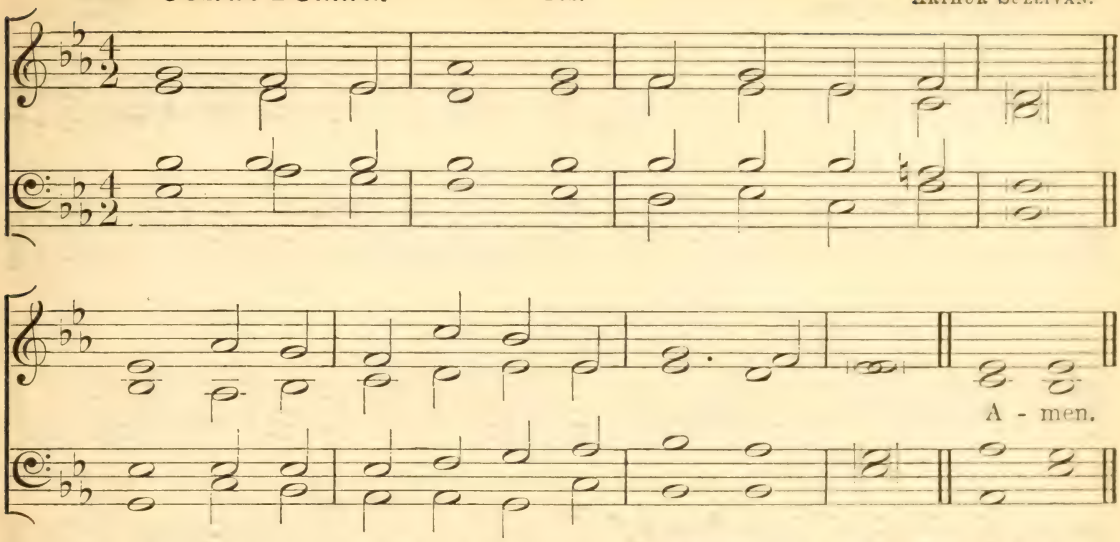
mp Out of Thy hand the incense
Ascends before the throne,
Where Thou art interceding,
Lord Jesus, for Thine own.

And through Thy blood accepted
With Thee we keep the feast;
cr Thou art alone the Victim,
Thou only art the Priest.

mf We come, O only Saviour,
On Thee, the Lamb, to feed;
Thy flesh is bread from heaven,
Thy blood is drink indeed. Amen.

441. CŒNA DOMINI. 10s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"—1 CORINTHIANS x. 16.

mp DRAW nigh and take the body of your Lord,
And drink with faith the blood for you outpour'd.

Saved by His body, hallow'd by His blood,
cr With souls refresh'd we render thanks to God.

f Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

di Offer'd was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

mf Victims were offer'd by the law of old,
Which in a type celestial mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

mp Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.

mf He, that in this world rules His saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

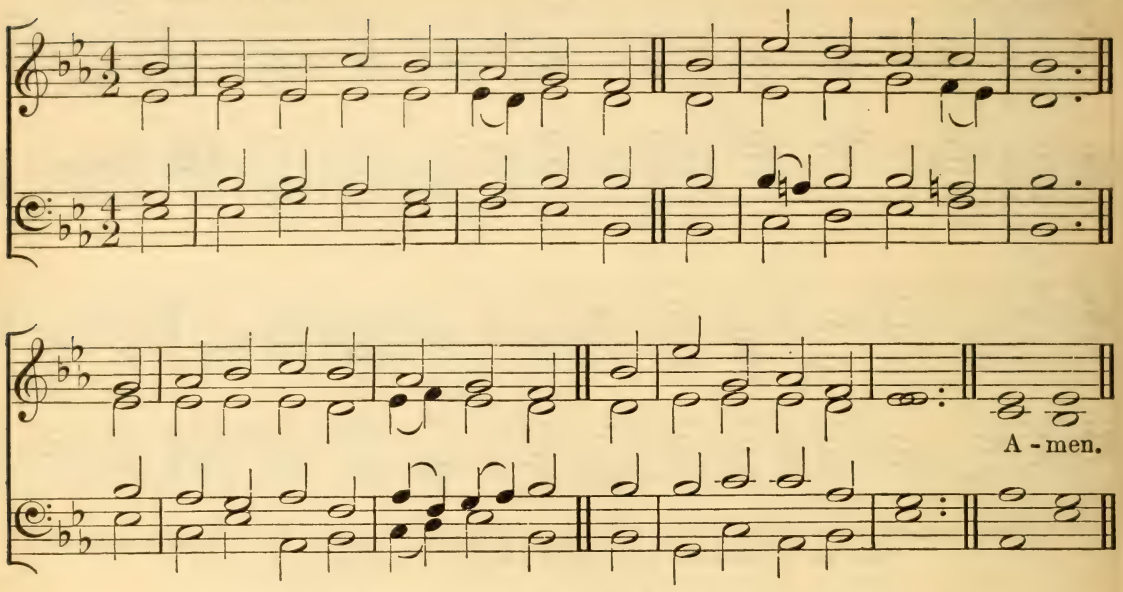
f With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

p O Judge of all, our only Saviour Thou,
In this Thy feast of love be with us now. Amen.

442. BEDFORD.

C.M.

W. WHEALL.



"We will go into His tabernacles: we will worship at His footstool."—PSALM cxxxii. 7.

mp O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thy footstool kneel.

cr Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

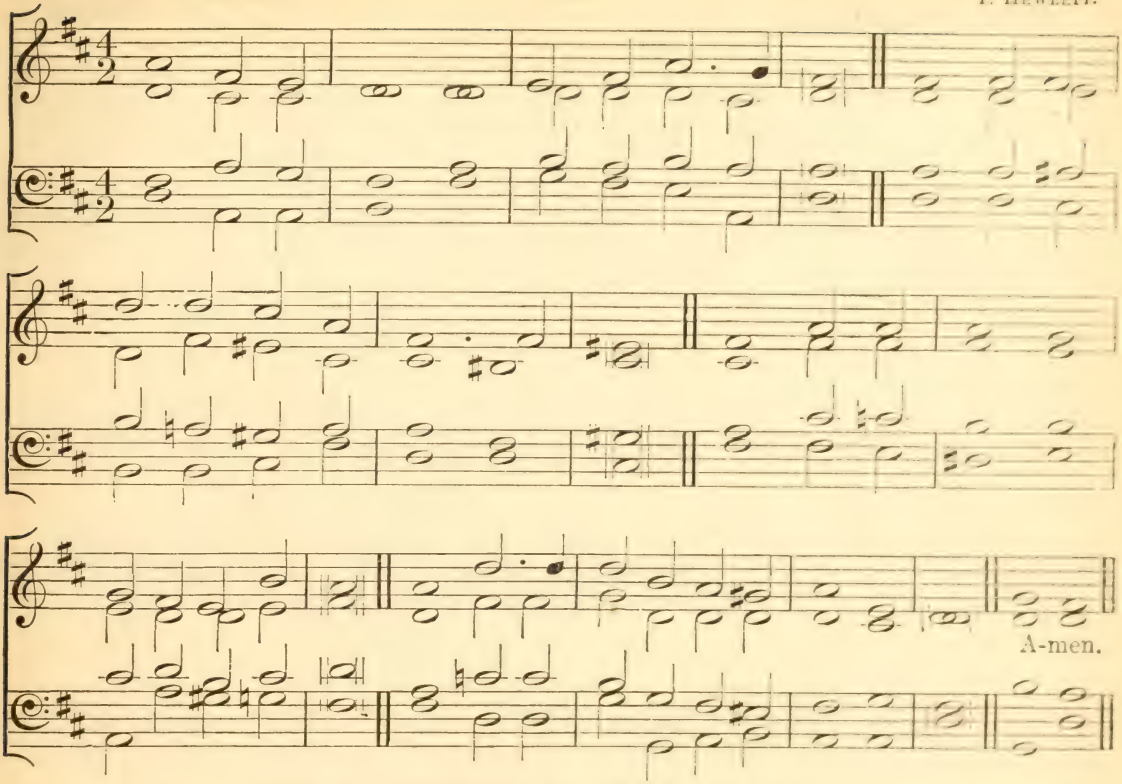
mf We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood.

Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
f And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine. Amen.

443. DALKEITH.

10s.

T. Hewlett.



"This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."—Luke xv. 2.

mp Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs [table fall,
With trembling hand that from Thy
A weary heavy-laden sinner comes,
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought Thy child, [board;
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,—
I only ask one reconciling word.

cr One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look, [again;
And I could face the cold rough world
mf And with that treasure in my heart could brook [men.
The wrath of devils and the scorn of

f And is not mercy Thy prerogative:
Free mercy,—boundless, fathomless, divine? [give!
di Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me for-
cr And Thine the greater glory, only Thine

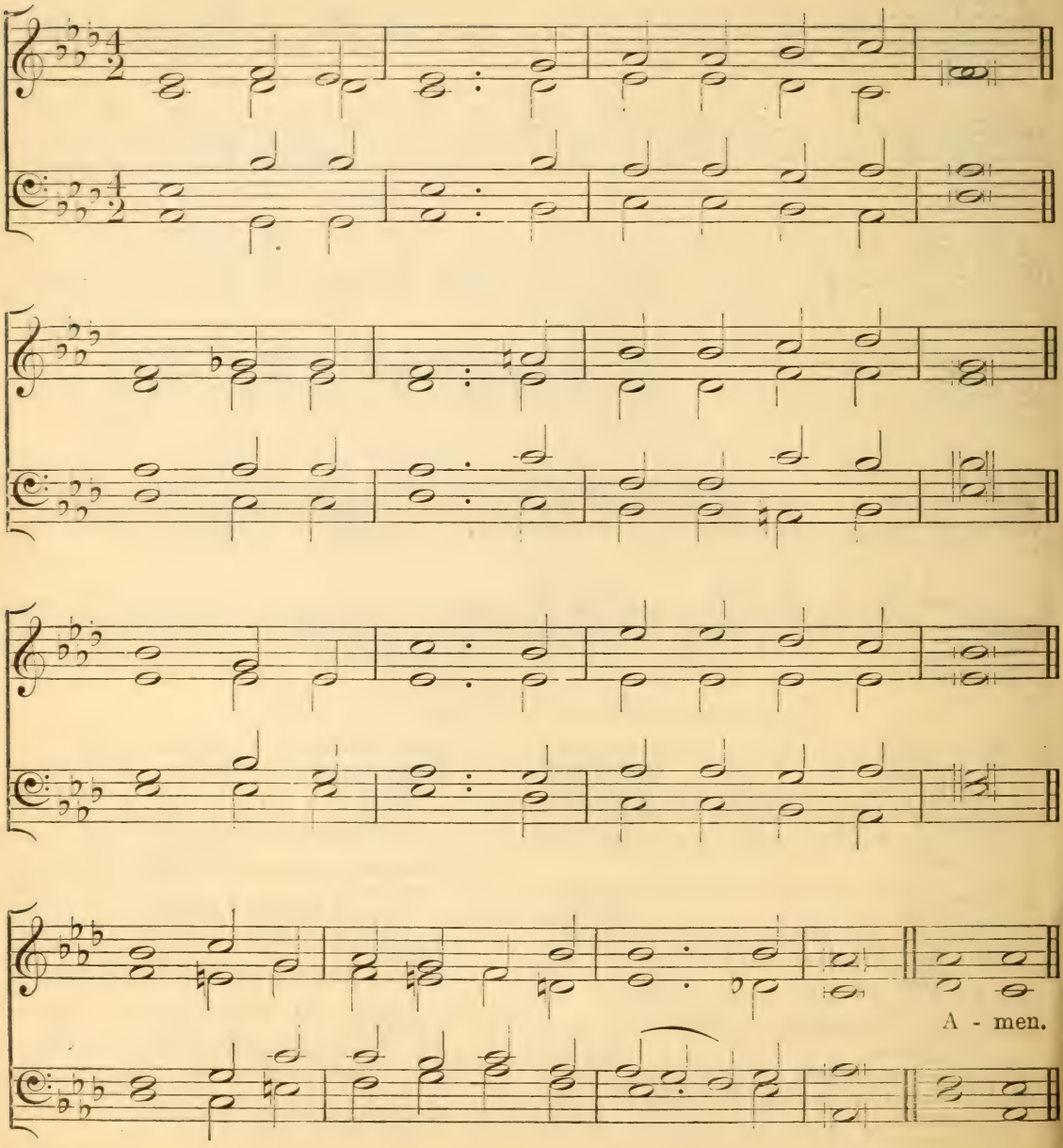
p I hear Thy voice: Thou bidst me come and rest. [feet:
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced
cr Thou bidst me take my place, a welcome guest [eat.
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet

mp My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee.
f Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
p Lord, let me sup with Thee: sup Thou with me. Amen.

444. BEAUMARIS.

10s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Holy Communion.

"I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."—JOHN xiv. 21.

mf HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
p And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

mf Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
cr It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

p.cr Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
p.cr Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:
mf Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and gone,
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.

di Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
cr Yet passing, points to the glad feast above;
f Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love. Amen.

445. CORPUS CHRISTI. 9s. 8s. Old Melody. Har. by CHARLES VINCENT.

"My flesh is meat indeed, My blood is drink indeed."—JOHN vi. 55.

Slowly. Voices in Unison.

mp

1. Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,

mp

cres. *p*

By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead;

cres. *p*

mp

2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed;

mp

cres. *f*

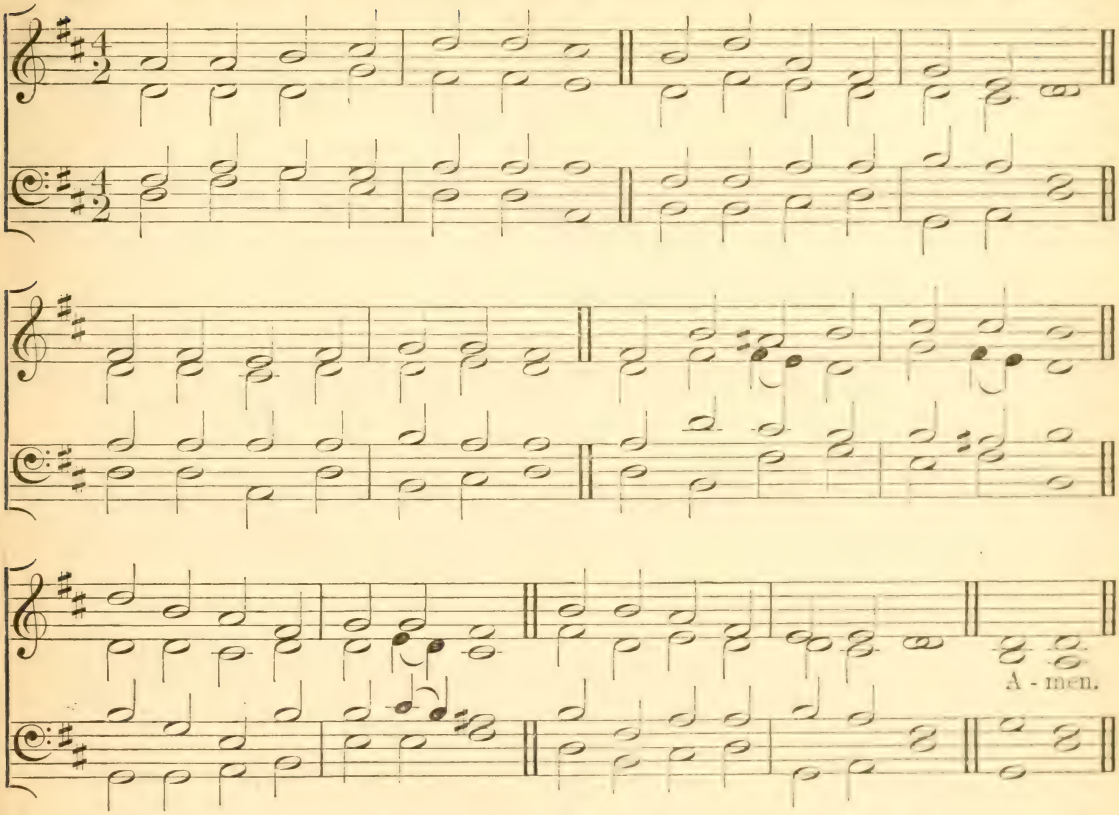
And be Thy feast to us the to - ken, That by Thy grace our souls are fed. A - men.

cres. *f*

446. RATISBON.

Six 7s.

WARNER.



"*Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life.*"—JOHN vi. 54.

mp BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
cr Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

mp Vine of heaven, Thy precious blood
Seals to-day our peace with God;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give;
To Thy cross we look and live;
cr Jesu, may we ever be
f Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

447. ST. DOROTHEA.

P.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.

Slow.

Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace. A - men.

Holy Communion.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN i. 36.

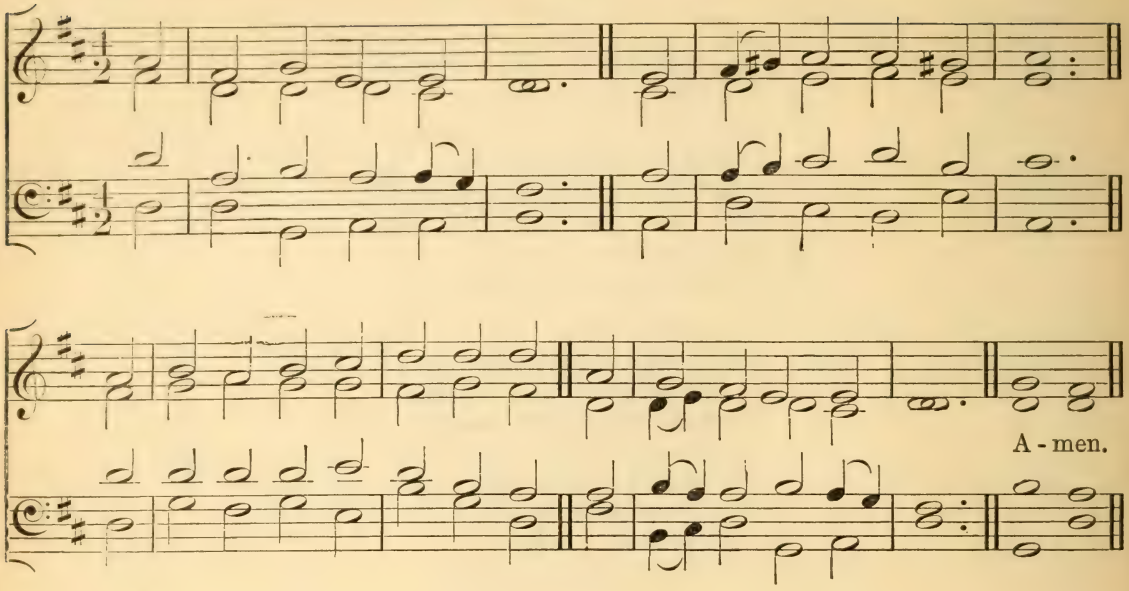
mp LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee;
And every struggling soul release;
cr Oh remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.

mp By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
cr Burst our bonds and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
Oh remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.

mf Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
p By Thy passion on the tree,
cr Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.

mf Lord, we would not hence depart
Till Thou our wants relieve.
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all Thine image give.
cr Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
f Oh remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace. Amen.

448. SWABIA. S.M.



"He brought me to the banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love."—SONG ii. 4.

mf SWEET feast of love divine;
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

cr Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

p The blood that flow'd for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of Thee.

mf Oh, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
cr What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;

f To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare. Amen

449. ST. JOHN.

Six 7s.

R. CECIL.

Slowly.

A - men.

"Ye do shew the Lord's death, till He come."—1 CORINTHIANS xi. 26.

p.cr TILL He come—Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
f Let us think how heaven and home
di Lie beyond that "Till He come."

p When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
di Hush, be every murmur dumb:
cr It is only till He come.

mp Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness, and the tomb,
p Only whisper "Till He come."

mf See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
p Some from earth, from glory some,
cr Sever'd only till He come. Amen.

450. RAMOTH.* 7s. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—JOHN vi. 68.

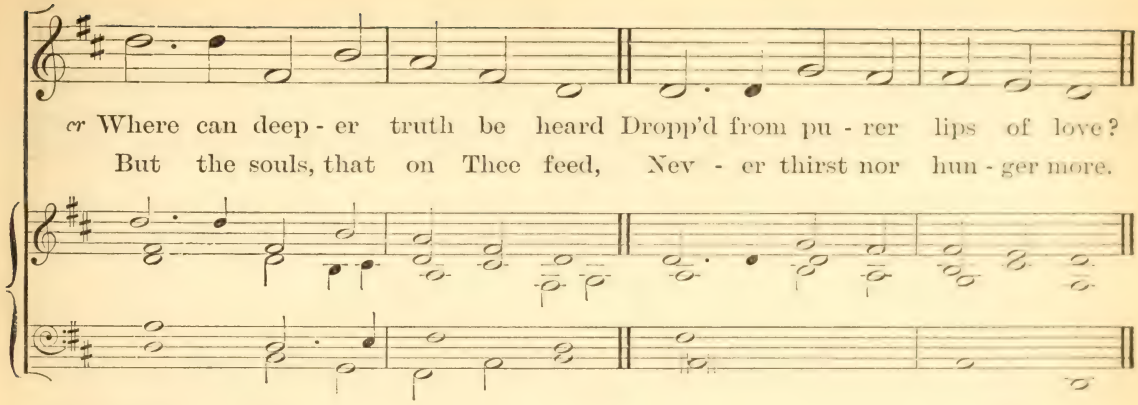
Voices in Unison.

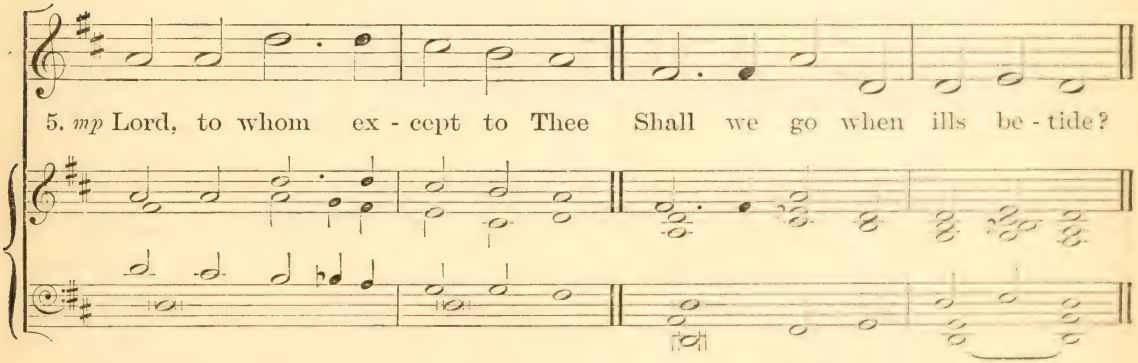
1. *mf* LORD, to whom ex - cept to Thee Shall our wan-d'ring spi - rits go;
3. *p* Aw - ful is that life of Thine Which the Spi - rit's breath in - spires;

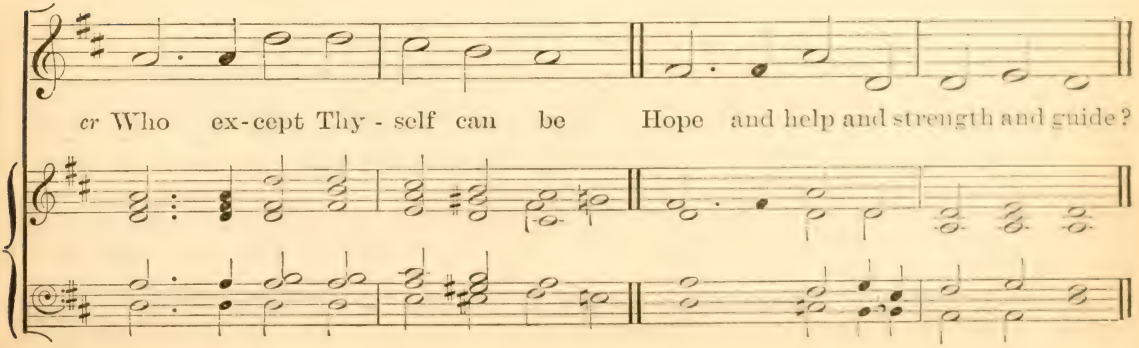
Thee whom it is light to see, And e - ter - nal life to know?
And the food must be di - vine Which each new - born soul de - sires.

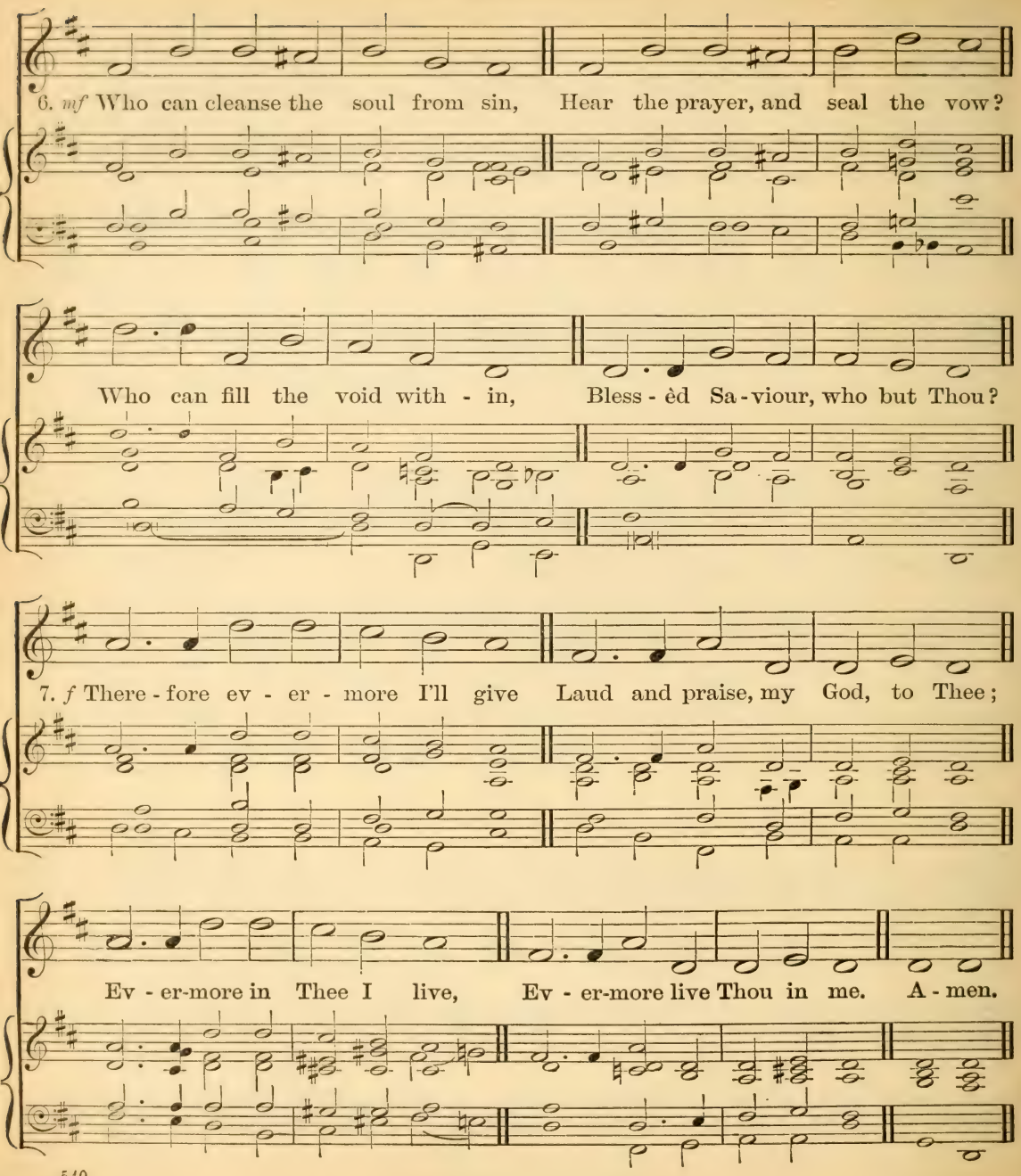
2. *mp* Tho' Thy dread mys - ter - ious word Hard to faith-less hearts may prove,
4. *mf* Is - rael on the heaven-ly seed Fed and died in days of yore;

* May be sung to "St. Bees," No. 145.

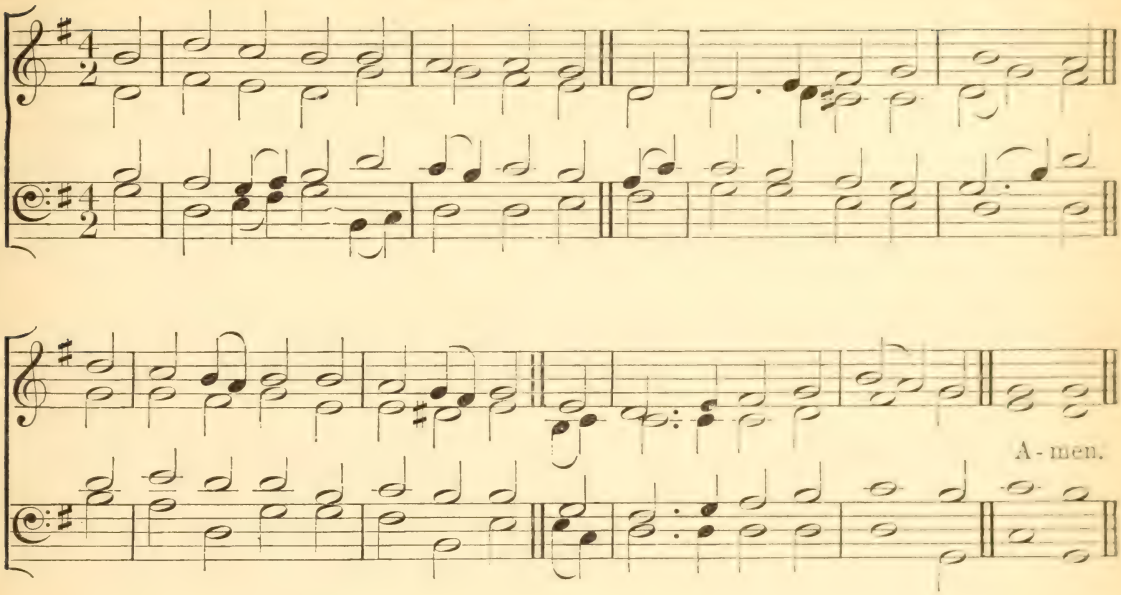

cr Where can deep - er truth be heard Dropp'd from pu - rer lips of love?
But the souls, that on Thee feed, Nev - er thirst nor hun - ger more.


5. mp Lord, to whom ex - cept to Thee Shall we go when ills be - tide?


cr Who ex-cept Thy - self can be Hope and help and strength and guide?


6. mf Who can cleanse the soul from sin, Hear the prayer, and seal the vow?
Who can fill the void with - in, Bless - èd Sa - viour, who but Thou?
7. f There - fore ev - er - more I'll give Laud and praise, my God, to Thee;
Ev - er-more in Thee I live, Ev - er-more live Thou in me. A - men.

451. DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s. 7s., Iambic. J. B. DYKES.



"The Lord is my Shepherd."—PSALM xxiii. 1.

f THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

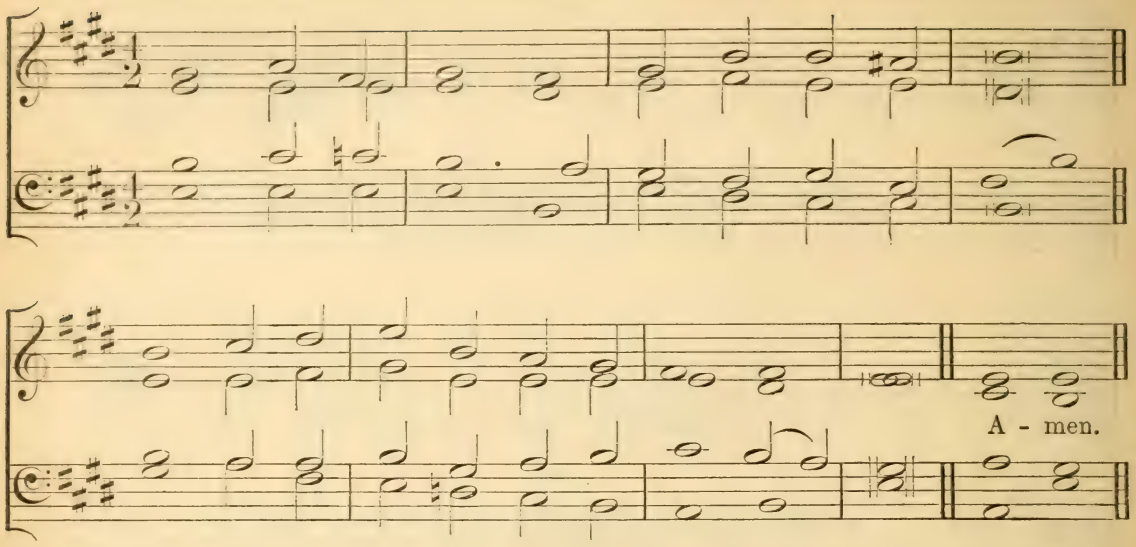
p Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
cr But yet in love He sought me,
di And on His shoulder gently laid,
f And home, rejoicing, brought me.

p In death's dark vale I fear no ill
cr With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

mf Thou spreadst a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

f And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

452. HISPANIA. 10s.



"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock."—PSALM lxxx. 1.

mf O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

mp Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

p O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

cr Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

p Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
cr Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

f Oh come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

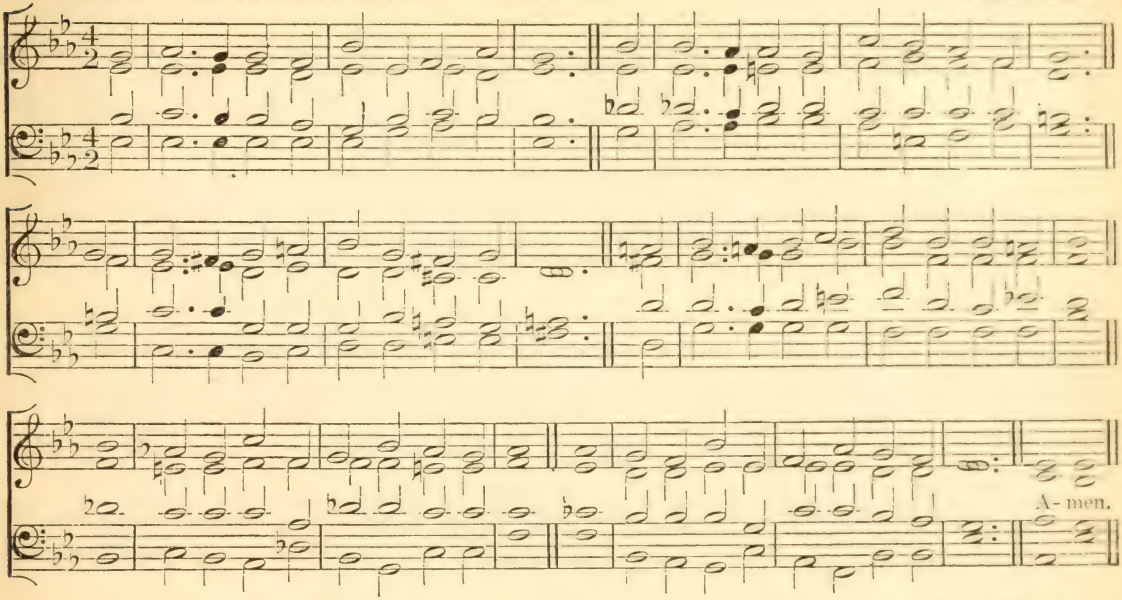
mf In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

cr Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.

mf Oh lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above. Amen.

THE PLEA FOR HEATHEN AND MOSLEM LANDS IN THE COMFORTABLE WORDS.

453. PRO MUNDI VITÂ. Six 10s. C. H. LLOYD.



"Come unto Me, all," &c., MATTHEW xi. 28.
"This is a true saying," &c., 1 TIMOTHY i. 15.
"So God loved the world," &c., JOHN iii. 16.
"If any man sin," &c., 1 JOHN ii. 1, 2.

mf O FATHER, who hast given Thine Only Son
To ransom the whole world from Satan's thrall,
For all the perfect sacrifice of One,
And life, through One who died, made free for all;
di Oh hear us now, while we Thy children plead
mp Thy boundless mercy and our brethren's need.

mf O Saviour, dost Thou bid the weary come
p And lean their weariness upon Thy breast,
cr Not only the sick souls of Christendom,
But all who crave and have not found Thy rest?
mf Hear Thou our prayer in this memorial feast,
Who art for all the Offering and the Priest.

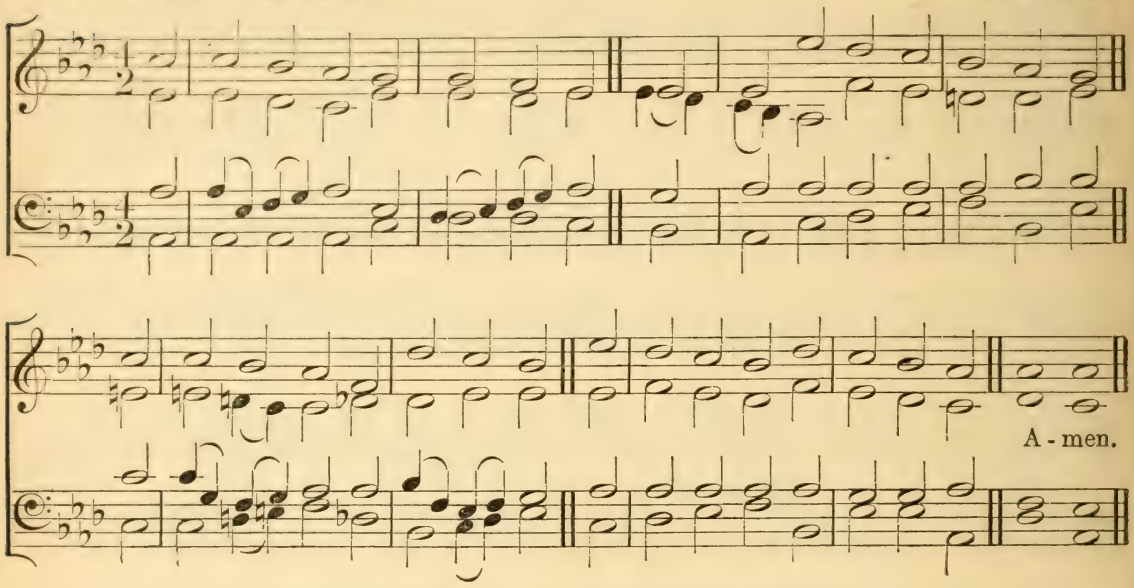
f O Spirit of the living God, by whom
The spirits of all flesh alone can live,
p Souls cry to Thee in anguish through the gloom:
Lord, when Thou hearest their dumb cry, forgive;
cr And draw them to the wounded feet and side
Of Him who lives for all, for all who died.

mf O Father, Saviour, Comforter Divine,
All hearts are open to Thy searching glance;
Lift up on this our darken'd world of sin
The light and glory of Thy countenance,
f Till Love its final victory hath won,
And, as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done. Amen.

See also Hymns 79, 138, 315, 316, 597, 598.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE ONE BAPTISM FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS."

454. ST. LAURENCE. L.M. L. G. HAYNE.



"*As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.*"—1 SAMUEL i. 28.

mf GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

cr Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and rear'd for heaven.

mf Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to Thee;
Assured that, if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

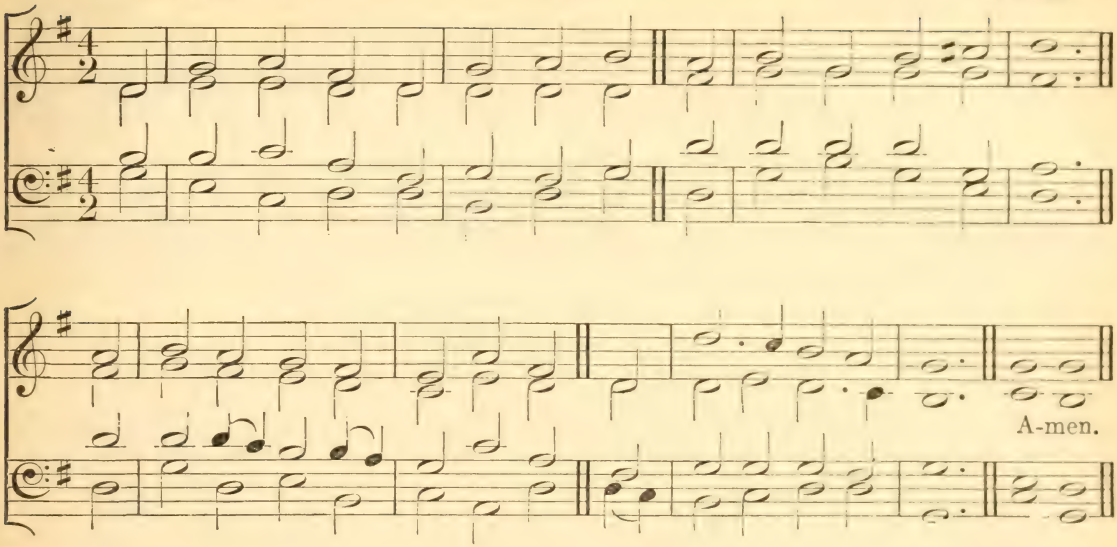
Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers upon *his* head;
p And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face.

mf Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above. Amen.

455. NOTTINGHAM.

C.M.

J. CLARKE.



"It shall be a token of the covenant betwixt Me and you."—GENESIS xvii. 11.

f IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

mf In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
cr We blazon here upon thy front
di His glory and His shame.

cr In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

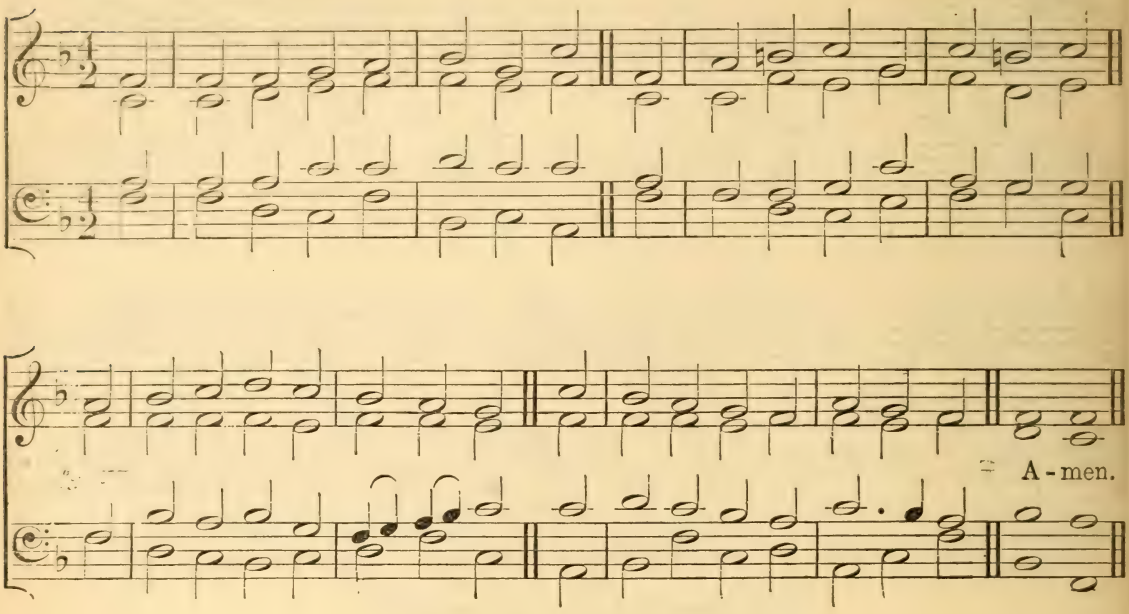
mf In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
cr And sit thee down on high.

mf Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
p And may the brow that wears His cross
f Hereafter share His crown. Amen.

456. ANGELS.

L.M.

O. GIBBONS.



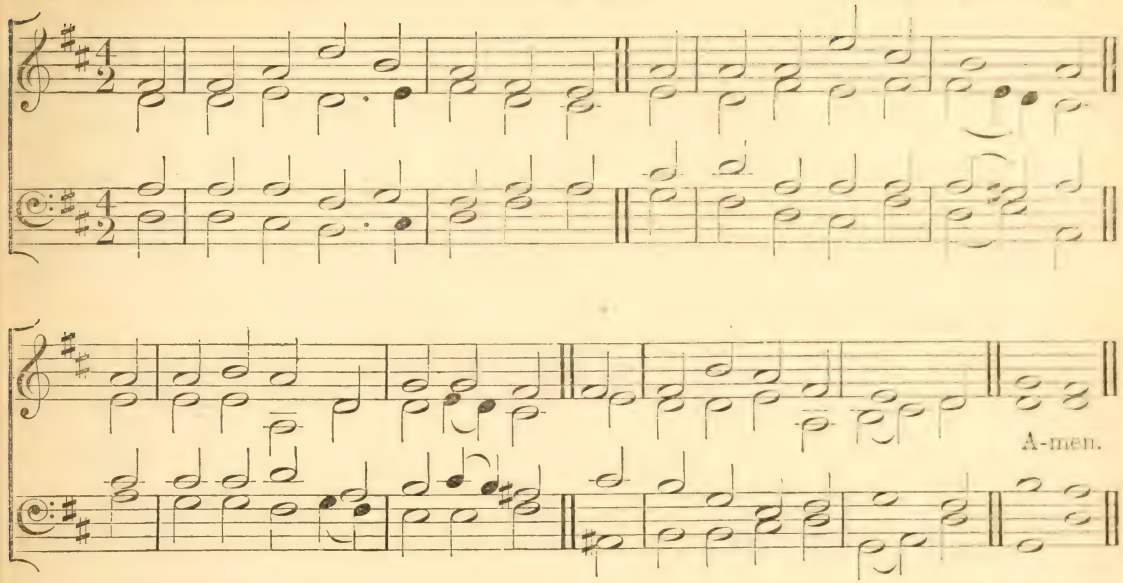
"Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—MATTHEW xxviii. 19.

mf COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Pour forth Thy energy divine,
p And sprinkle the atoning blood;
cr May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God. Amen.

457. ABERDEEN.

8s. 7s., Iambic. R. Brown-Borthwick.



"I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Corinthians vi. 17, 18.

f O God our strength, our hope, our rock,
Whose promise faileth never,
Into Thy chosen blood-bought flock
Receive this child for ever.

mp Now seal'd with Thy thrice holy Name
In these baptismal waters,
cr For *him* a place we humbly claim
Among Thy sons and daughters.

mf We stamp the cross upon *his* brow,
The symbol of Thy passion;
O Christ, vouchsafe *his* earliest vow
May be *his* life's confession.

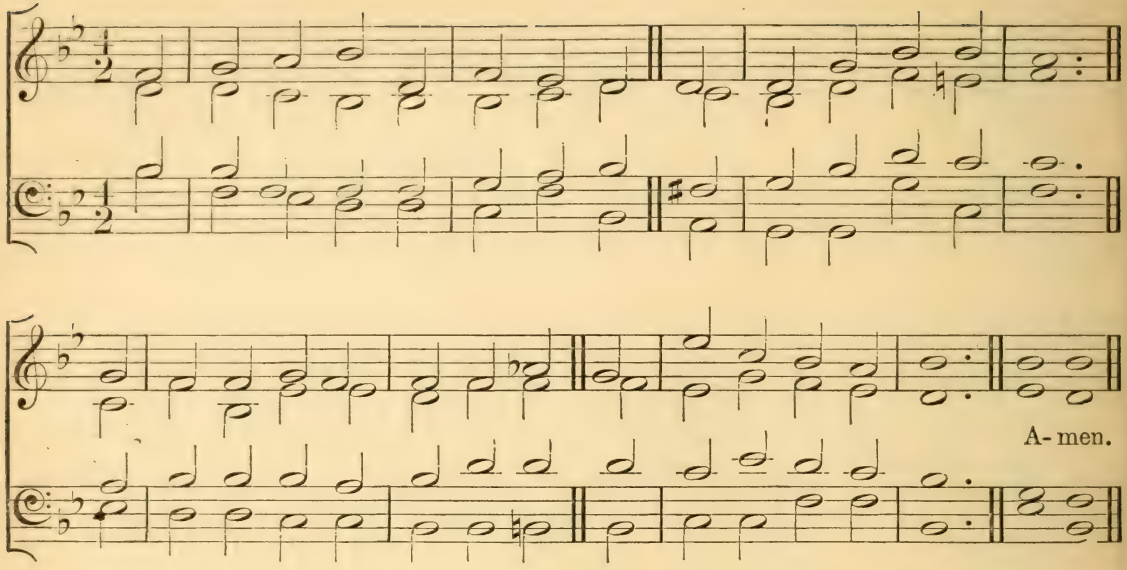
cr And, Father, grant nor life nor death
From Thee Thy child may sever,
f Thy soldier true to plighted faith,
Thy servant, Thine for ever. Amen.

May also be sung to "Dominus Regit Me," No. 451.

458. HARROW.

C.M.

J. W. IVIMEY.



"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."—MARK x. 14.

mf JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let these little infants be
Baptized into Thy death.

Oh let Thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew;
And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

cr Thy faithful servants let them prove
Girded with truth divine;
Be sharers in Thy dying love,
And followers of Thine.

mf Lord, plant us all into Thy death,
That we Thy life may prove;
p Partakers of Thy cross beneath,
f And of Thy crown above. Amen.

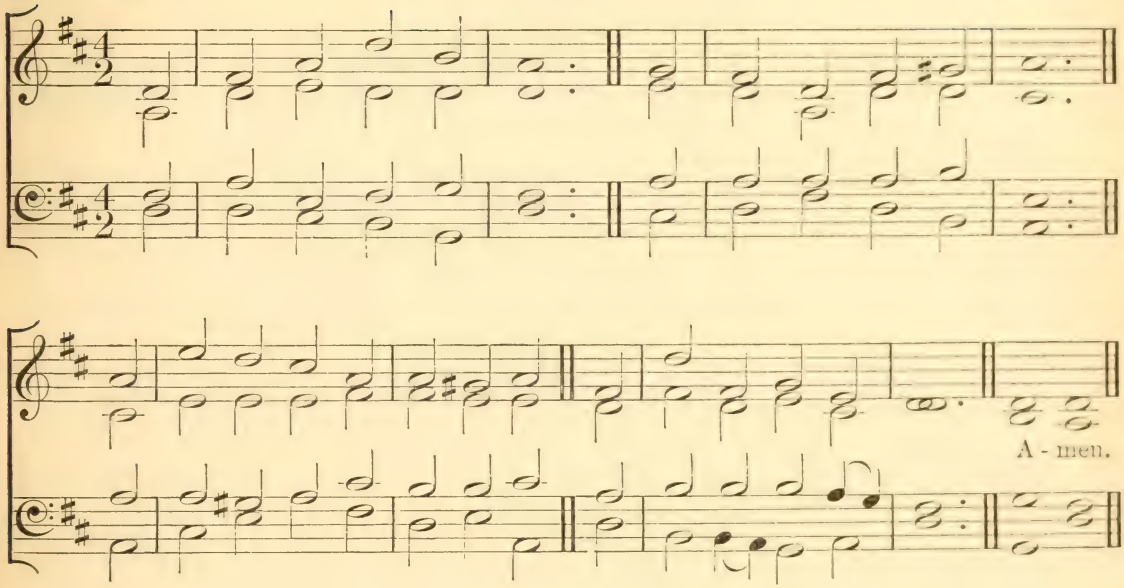
This Hymn may also be sung to "Belmont," No. 289.

BAPTISM OF SUCH AS ARE OF RIPER YEARS.

459. MORAVIA.

S.M.

L. R. West.



"Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord."—Acts xxii. 16.

f Stand, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For Thy Redeemer's name.

Arise, and be baptized,
p And wash thy sins away:
cr Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouch'd to-day.

mf Our heavenly country now,
Our Lord and Master, thine,
di Receive imprinted on thy brow
p His passion's awful sign.

mf No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enroll'd,—

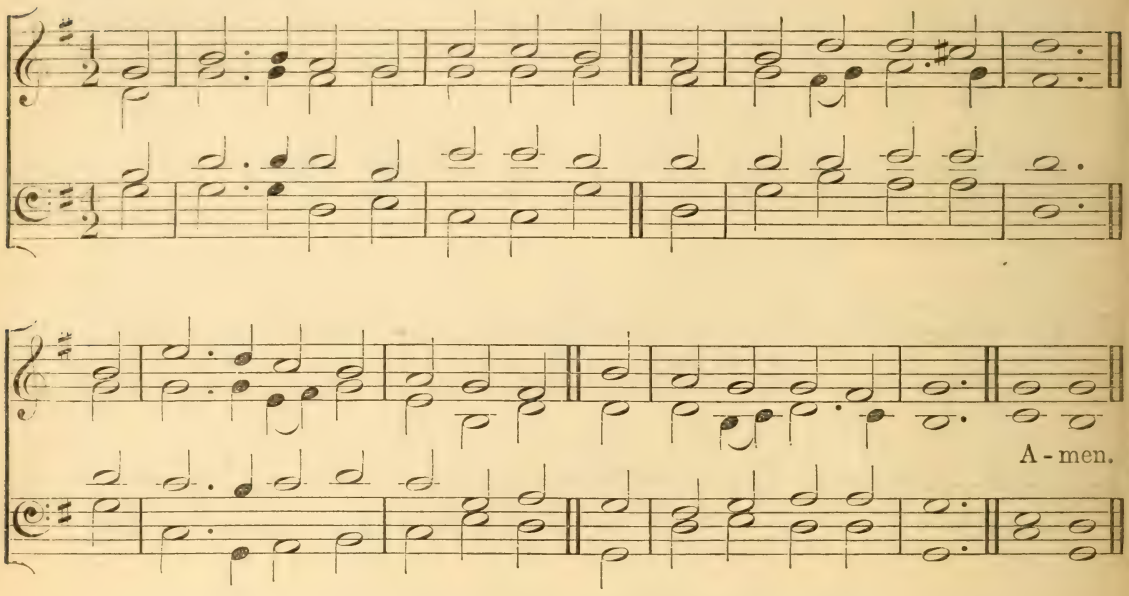
cr In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
f The victory must be ours.

Oh, bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
di When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet. Amen.

See also Hymns 354, 356, 505.

"STEADFAST IN FAITH, JOYFUL THROUGH HOPE, AND ROOTED IN CHARITY."

460. WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.



"The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."—MATTHEW xxi. 15.

f HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.

mp Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
cr But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

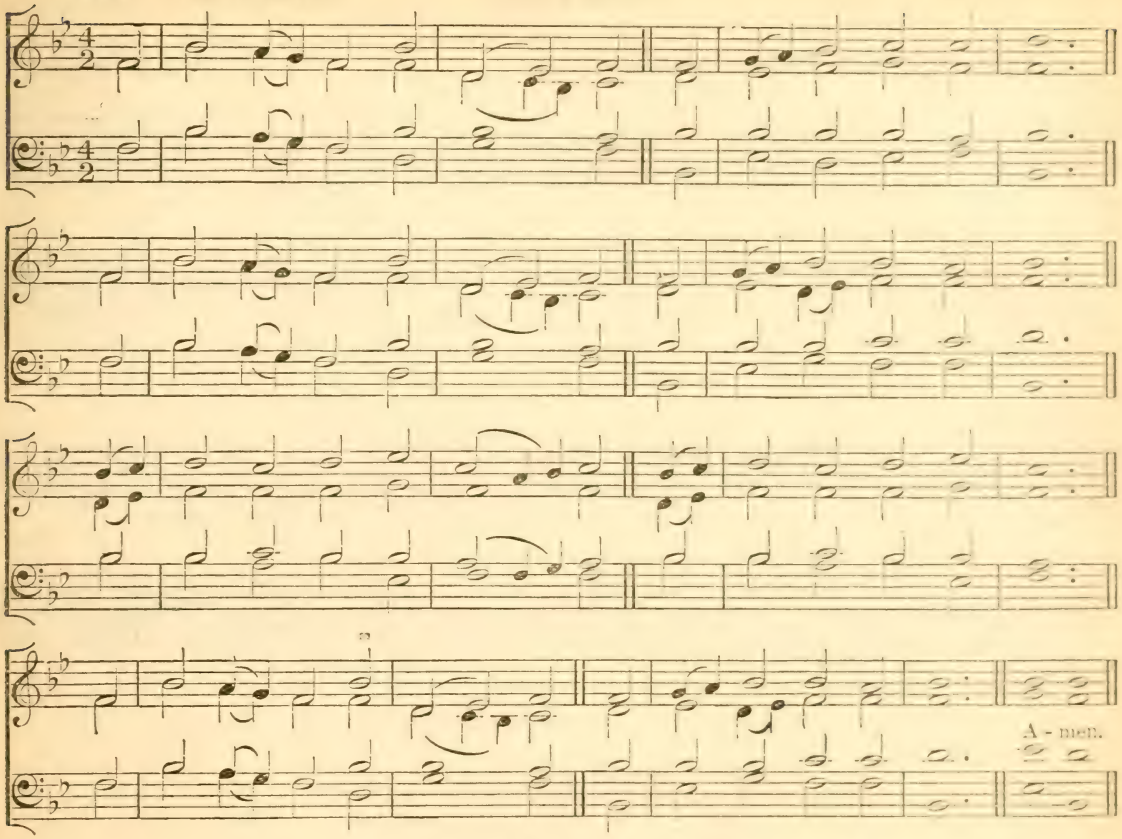
f Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast;
Thy name our only plea.

mf Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
cr Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

mf O Saviour, if, redeem'd by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
f Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold. Amen.

461. ELLACOMBE. D. 7s. 6s.



"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."—PSALM lxxxix. 1.

f COME, sing with holy gladness,
High Alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud Hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
p And sing, ye gentle maidens,
cr Your sweet responsive lay.

mf 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer Blest.

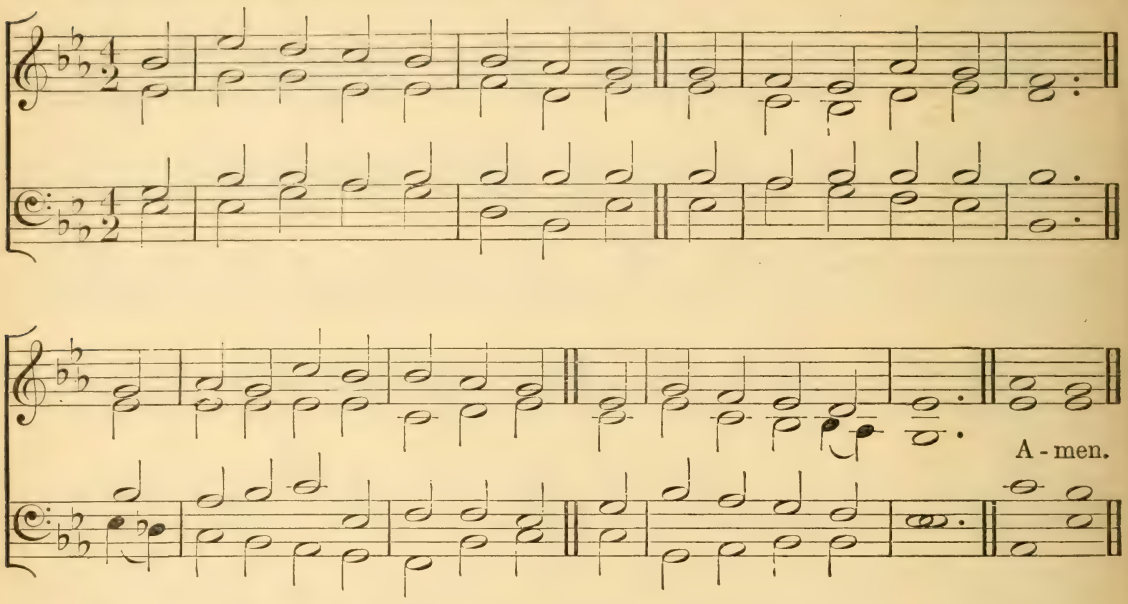
f O boys, be strong in Jesus:
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane;
p O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son:
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

f Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
p O Christ, prepare Thy children
cr With that triumphant throng
f To pass the burnish'd portals,
And sing the eternal song. Amen.

AN INFANT'S MORNING HYMN.

462. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



"*The Lord God is a sun and shield.*"—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

mf The morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

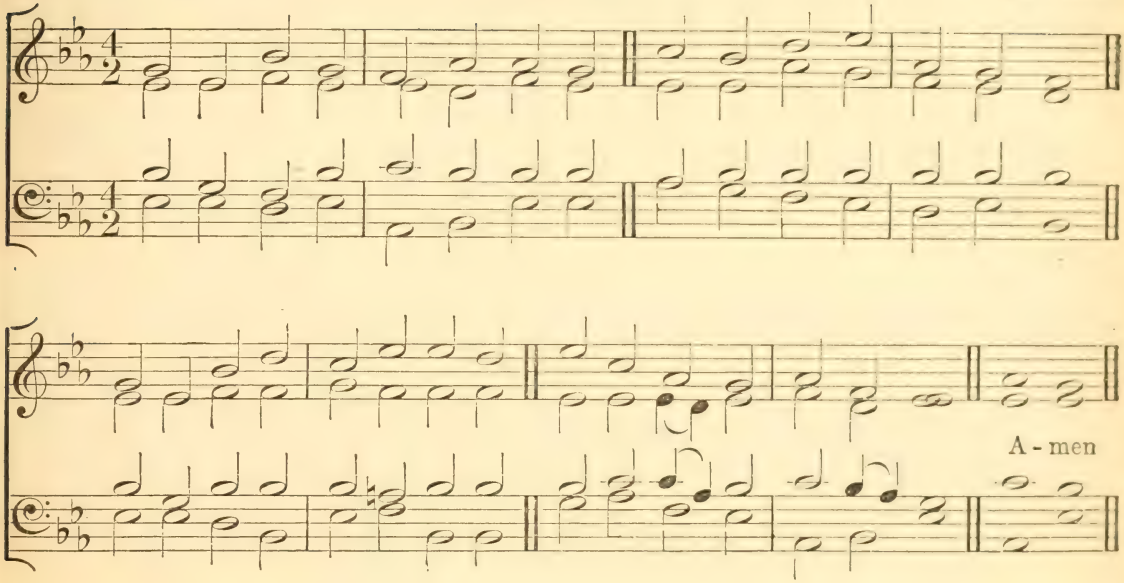
p Oh make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
cr Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face. Amen.

AN INFANT'S EVENING HYMN.

463. SHARON.

8s. 7s.

W. BOYCE.



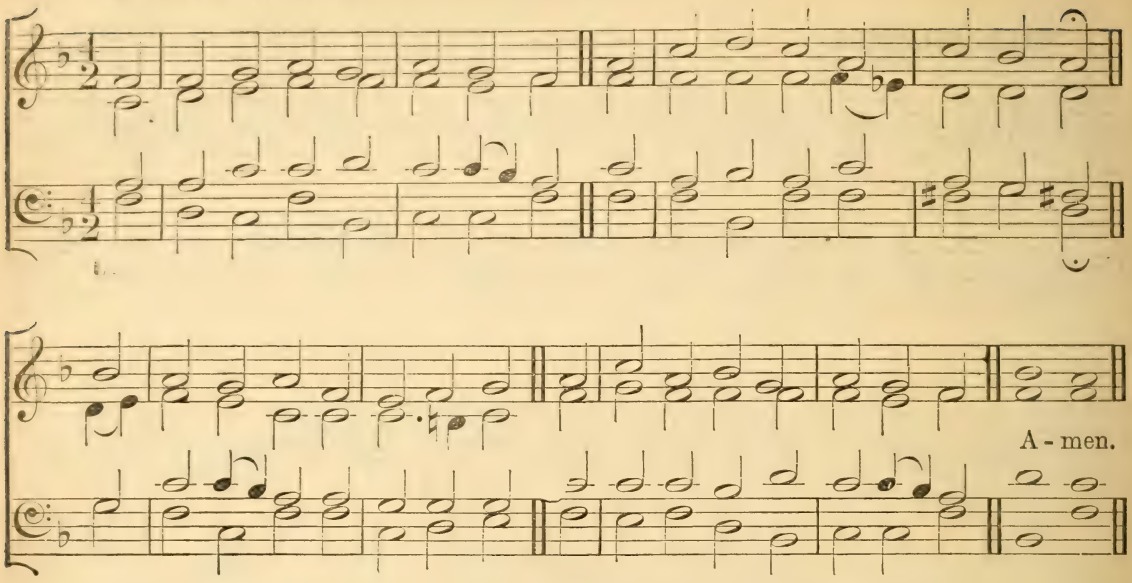
"*He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*"—ISAIAH xl. 11.

mf JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
p Through the darkness be Thou near me,
cr Keep me safe till morning light.

mf Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

p Let my sins be all forgiven,
mf Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen

464. ST. AMBROSE. L.M.



"*God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.*"—GALATIANS iv. 9.

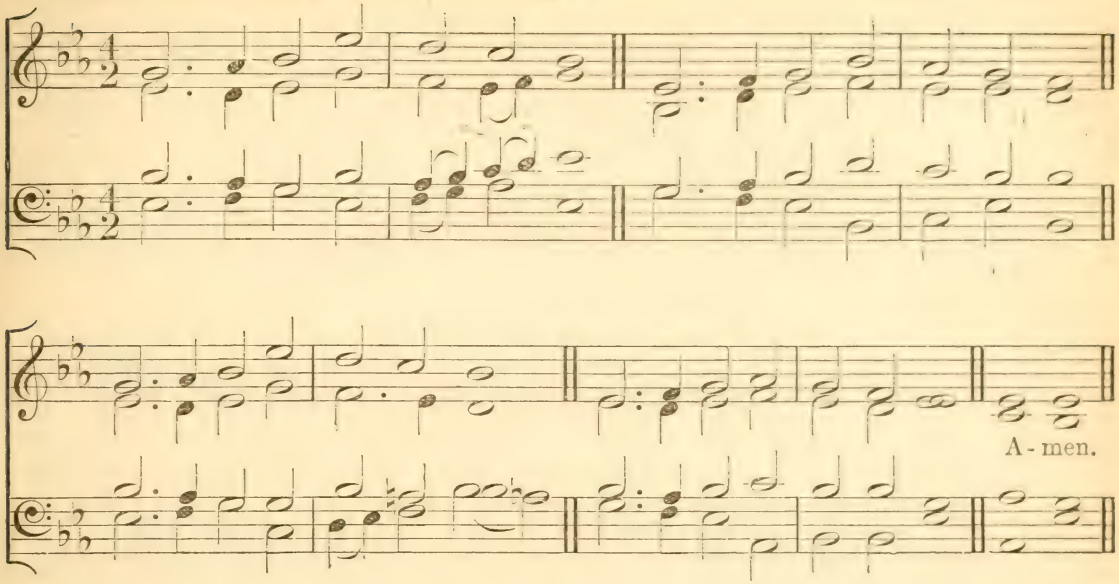
mf GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
di Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

mf Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

cr Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are pass'd,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above. Amen.

465. INNOCENTS. 7s.



"Jesus called a little child unto Him."—MATTHEW xviii. 2.

mp GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild.
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

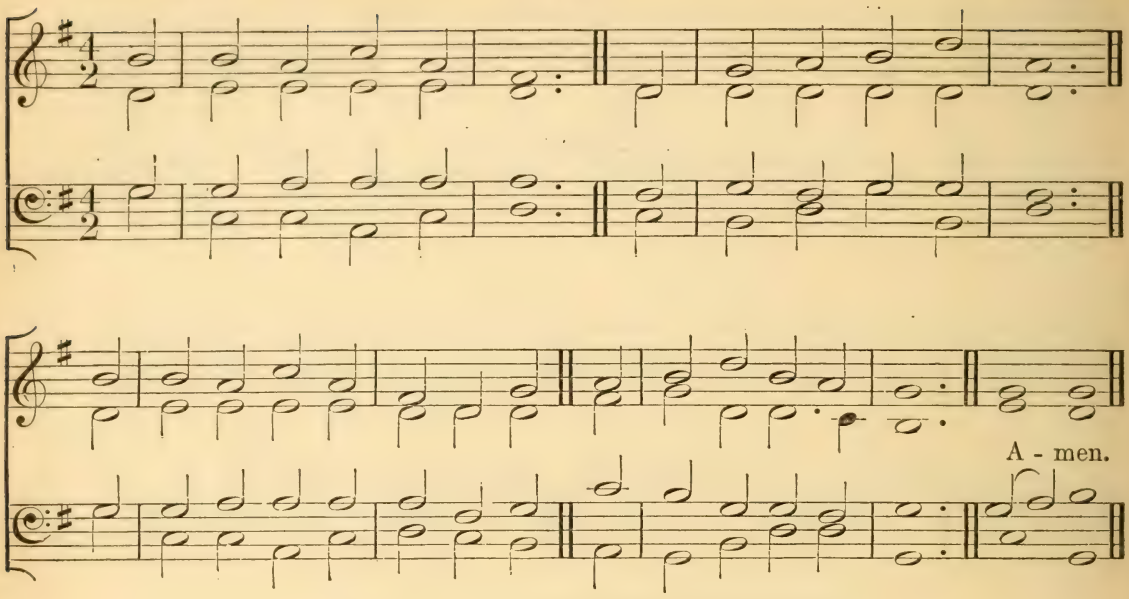
cr Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

mf Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
di Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
p Thou wast once a little child.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
cr Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart. Amen.

466. VENI.

S.M. J. STAINER.



"*He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.*"—LUKE i. 15.

mp COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Oh hear my lowly prayer:
Stoop down, and make my heart Thy home,
And shed Thy blessing there.

cr Thy light, Thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for Thee.

mf Let Thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of purity and peace,
To Thine eternal praise. Amen.

467. GLOUCESTER. D. 7s. C. Lee Williams.

A - men.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps."—1 Peter ii. 21.

mf When the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise,
p Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

f Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless Thy love?
p "Father, what would Jesus do?"

mf When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
p "What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

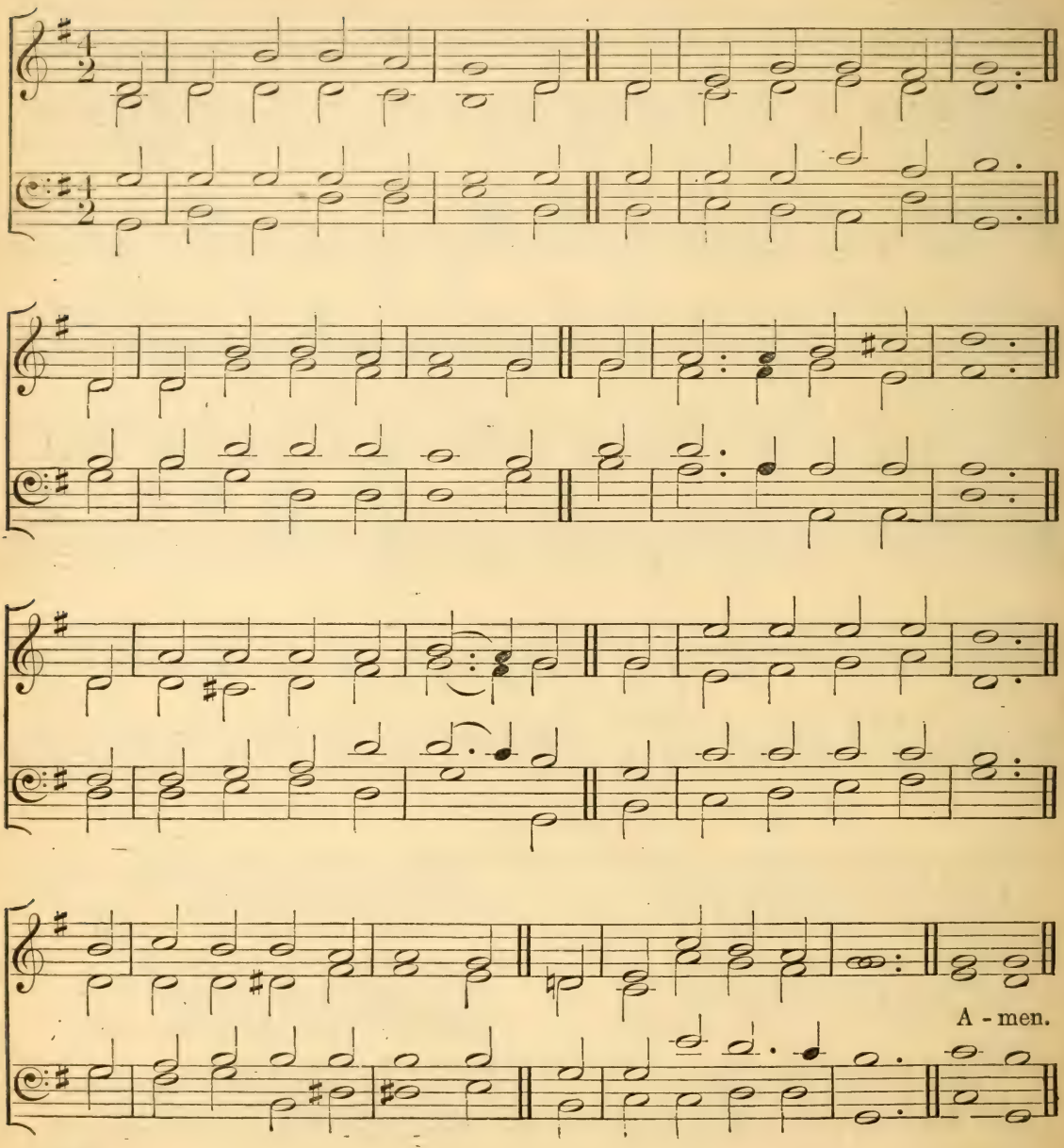
mf Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to His subtlest wile
p Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

mf When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
Let me, clinging to Thy side,
Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

f Only let Thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through,
cr Treading where my Saviour trod,
p Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"
Amen.

May also be sung to "Vienna," No. 101.

468. CHENIES. D. 7s. 6s. T. R. MATTHEWS.



"*Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer.*"—ISAIAH lxiii. 16.

mf THE hours of work are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;

f For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

mf For life and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;

For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
f To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

mf But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art;

di Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin,
p Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

mf For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most,—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;

The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

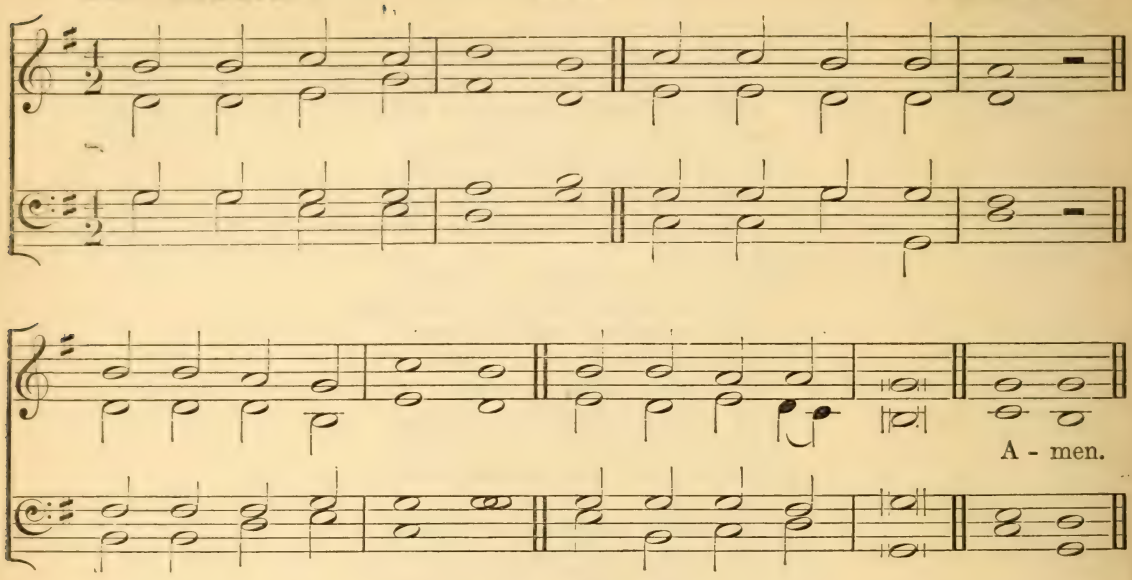
cr Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
mp Where earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;

mf With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come. Amen.

469. EUDOXIA.

6s. 5s.

S. Baring-Gould.



"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—Proverbs iii. 24.

mp Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars their watches keep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

mf Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
p With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

cr Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

p Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
mf Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

p Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

cr When the morning wakens
Then may I arise
f Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

ff Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

May also be sung to "Evening," No. 215

470. SHILOH.

6s. 8s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

"Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth."—1 SAMUEL iii. 9.

TREBLE VOICES.

p

mp HUSH'D was the ev - 'ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark;

p

The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; *cr* When

sud - den-ly a Voice di - vine *f* Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

mp The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
cr And what from Eli's sense was seal'd,
The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd.

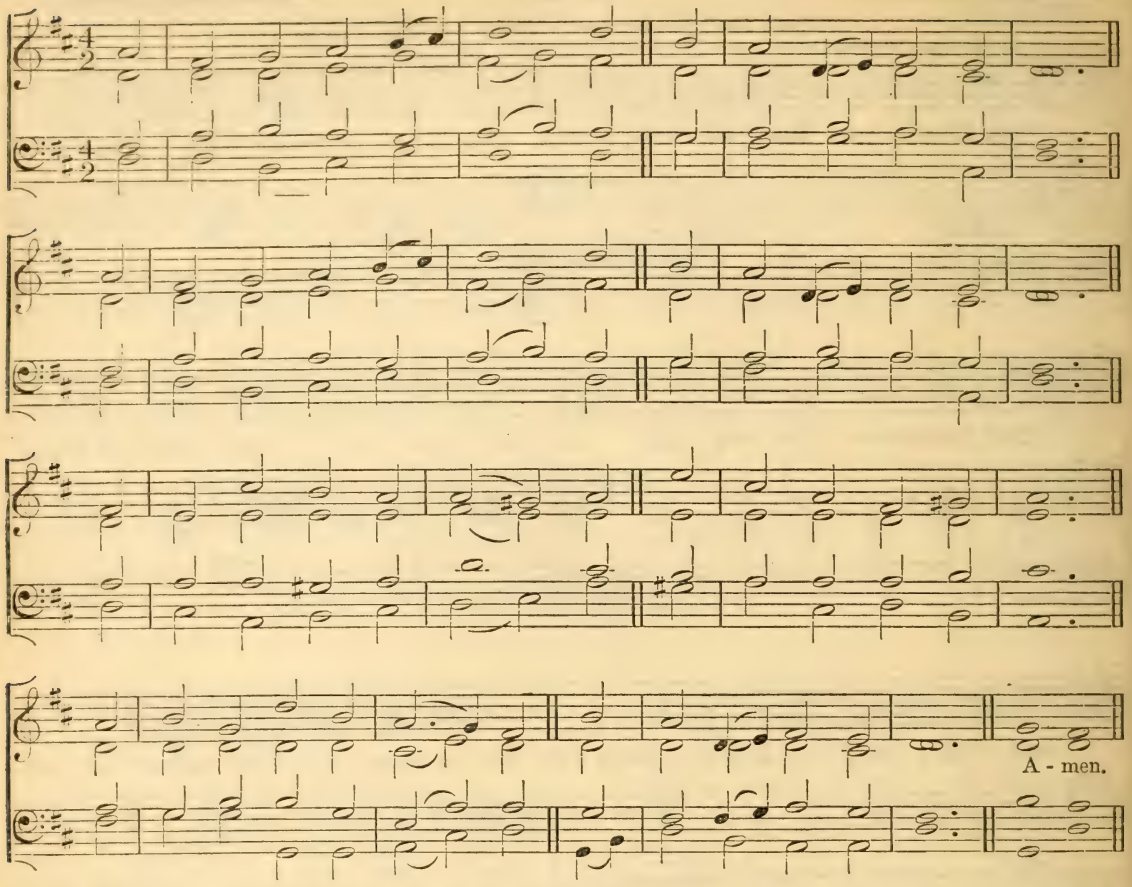
mf Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
p By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

mf Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resign'd
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

471. PARADISE.

D. 7s. 6s. F. WEBER.



"Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."—2 CORINTHIANS viii. 9.

mf I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
di How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
p I am both weak and sinful,
cr But this I surely know,
f The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

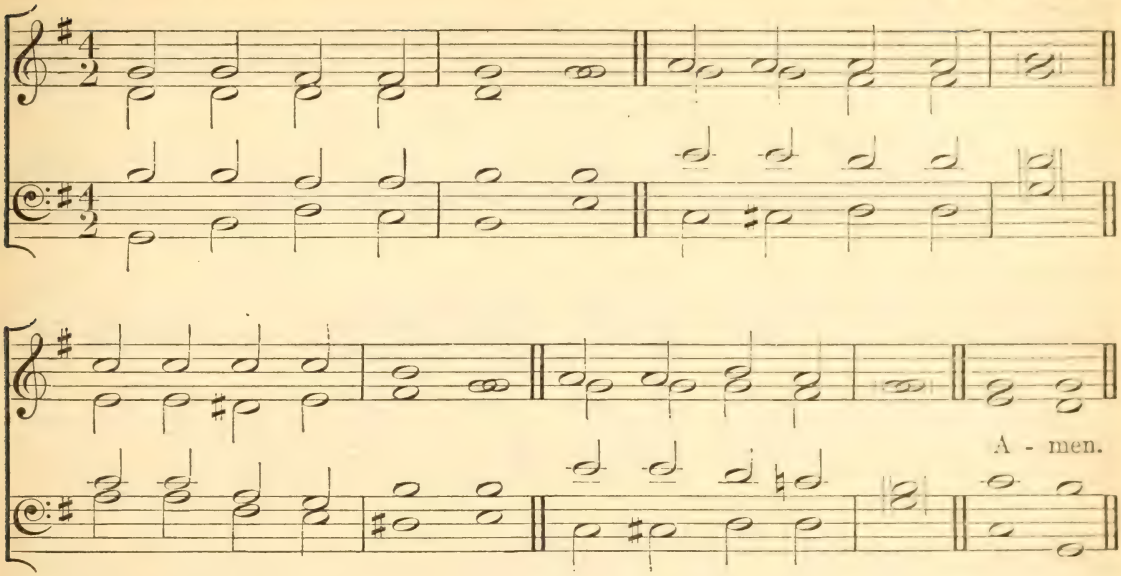
mf I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

f To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so. Amen.

472. HAMERTON.

6s. 5s.

S. C. Hamerton.



"Unto you is born this day a Saviour."—Luke ii. 11

f Waken! Christian children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice, the praises
Of our new-born King.

mf Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
"Let them come to Me"

In a manger lowly,
Sleeps the heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.

Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

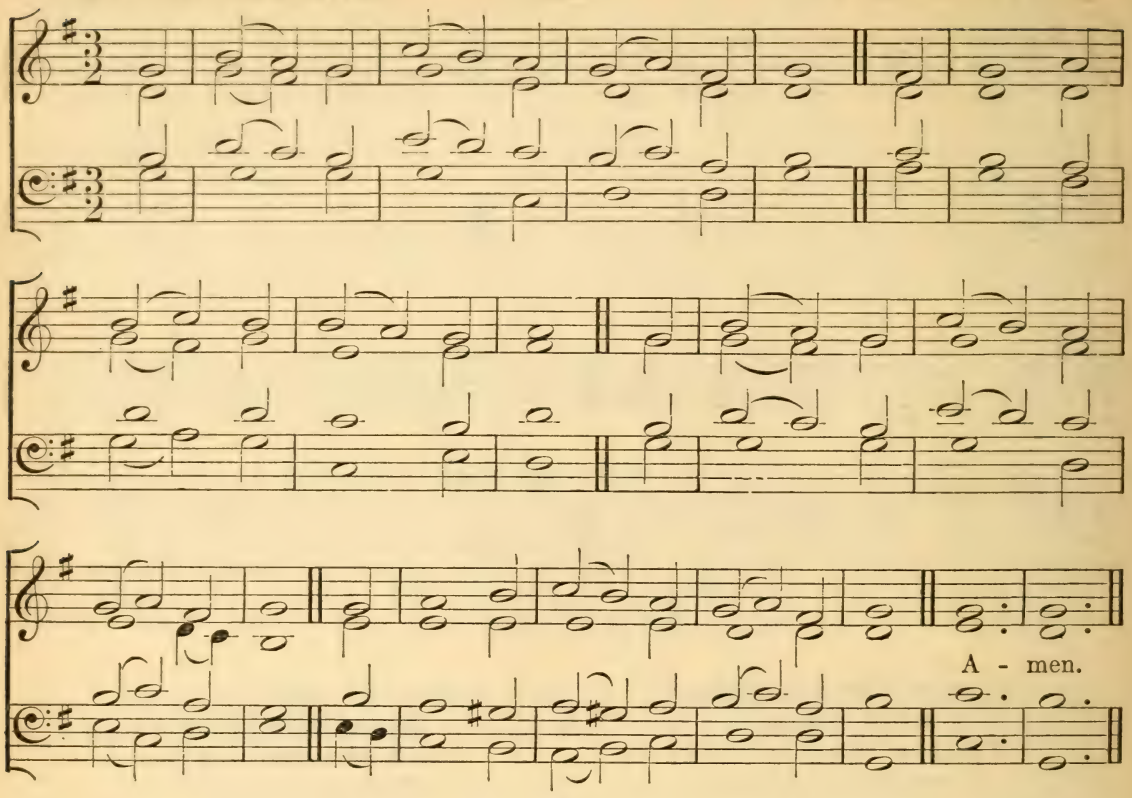
mp Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Childlike purity.

Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day. Amen.

473. ST. ALKMUND. L.M.



"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

mf THE Son of God, in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem for me:
di Forsook His throne of light above,
An Infant upon earth to be.

mf In love, the Father's sinless Child
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me;
With sinners dwelt the Undefiled,
The Holy One in Galilee.

Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a Man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
cr That I, through Him, enrich'd might be.

mf Though Lord of all, above, below,
di He went to Kedron's vale for me;
p He drank the bitter cup of woe
And wept in dark Gethsemane.

mf The ever-blessèd Son of God
di Went up to Calvary for me;
p There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

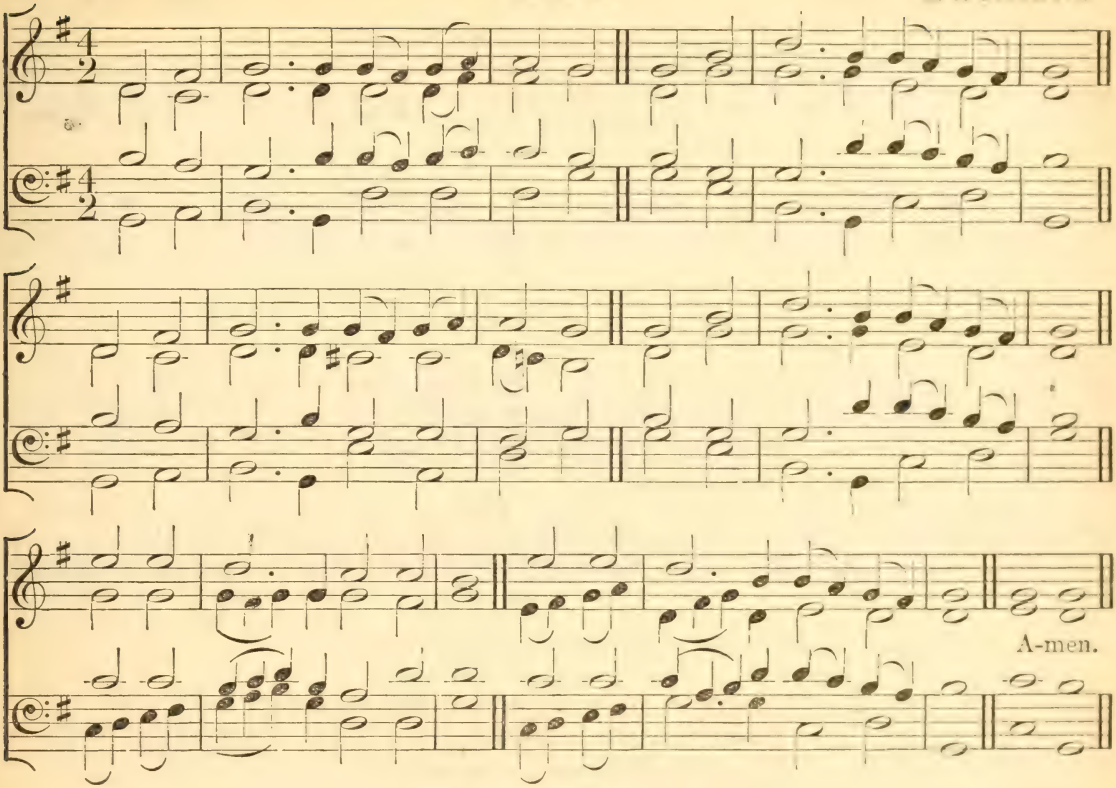
mf Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
cr And overcame my enemies,
And won the glorious victory.

f 'Tis finish'd all; the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now may we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee. Amen.

474. IRBY.

8s. 7s. 7s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"*The child Jesus.*"—LUKE ii. 43.

mf ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
mf Mary was that mother mild,
p Jesus Christ her little Child.

mf He came down to earth from heaven
cr Who is God and Lord of all,
p And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle in a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

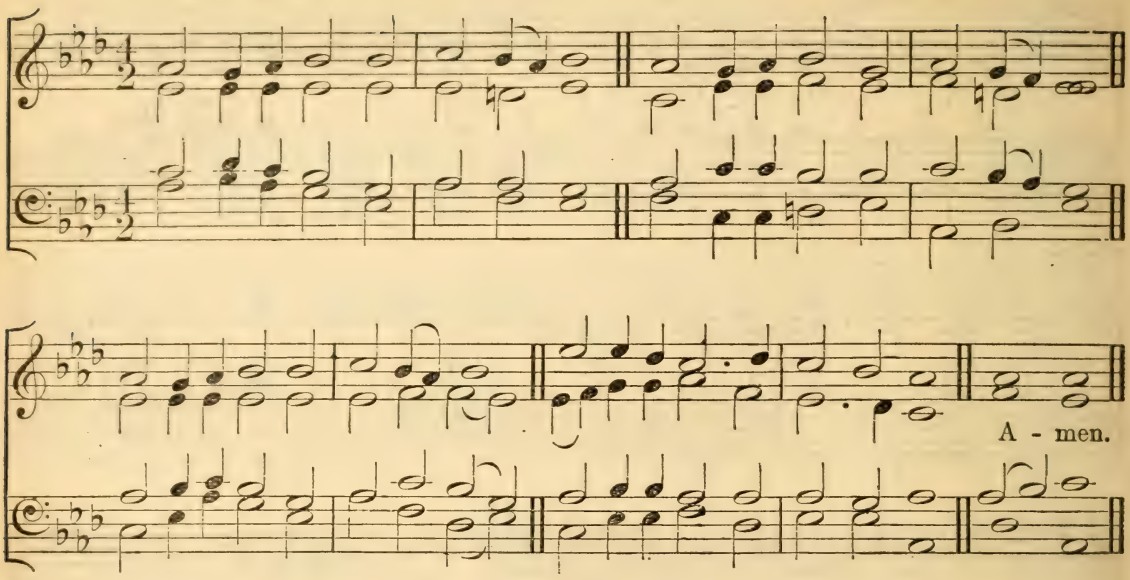
mf And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay:
p Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

mf For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
p He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
cr And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

f And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

mf Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
cr We shall see Him; but in heaven,
f Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

475. COLOGNE. L.M.



"They found the babe lying in a manger."—LUKE ii. 16.

mf GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes;
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child so young and fair?
The blessèd Christ-child lieth there.

p Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee.

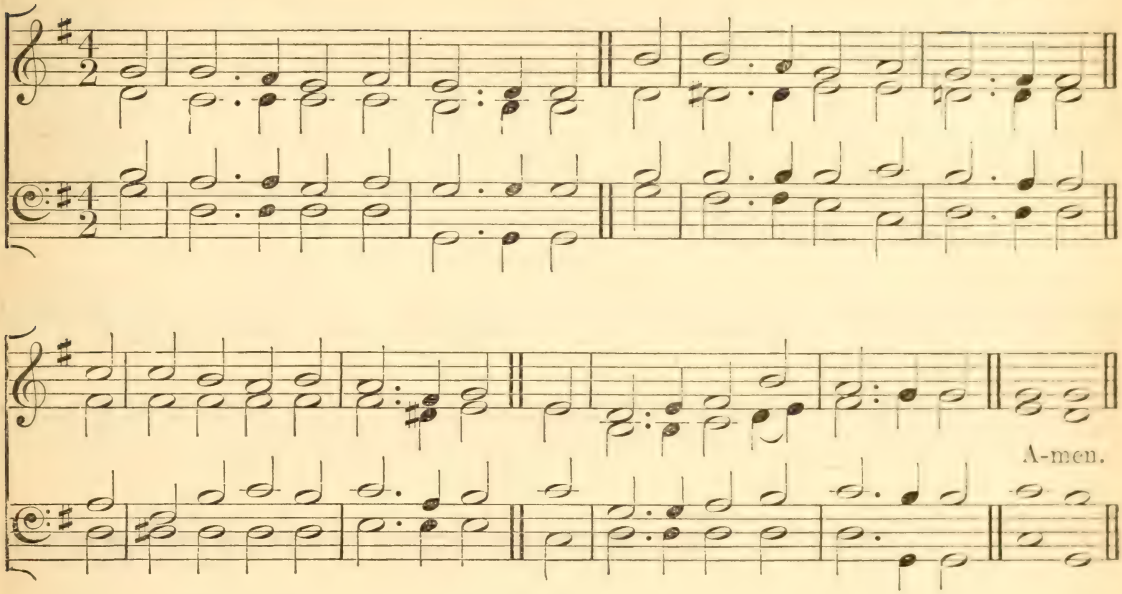
cr My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
f I too must sing with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:

ff Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto men His Son hath given;
While angels sing with pious mirth,
A glad new year to all the earth. Amen.

476. RACHEL.

L.M.

E. M. WREN.



"*For Jesus' sake.*"—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 5.

mp TREAD softly; mothers weep for them
As if their very hearts would break,
Those blessèd babes of Bethlehem
Who gave their life for Jesus' sake.

'Tis true they never learn'd His name
Upon their infant lips to take:
cr But Christian children always claim
They lived and died for Jesus' sake.

mf And we must live and die for Him,
For Him a good confession make,
Although our blood may never dim
The cruel sword for Jesus' sake.

We must our struggling wills subdue,
We must the paths of sin forsake,
And all things lovely, pure, and true,
Must be our own for Jesus' sake.

mp Hush! there are little ones that cry,
And there are little hearts that ache;
cr And we those bitter tears may dry,
And soothe those hearts for Jesus' sake.

mf Then be our journey short or long,
From rosy dawn when first we wake
Until we sing our evensong,
All, all shall be for Jesus' sake. Amen

477. CHRISTCHURCH.

6s. 8s.

CHARLES STEGGALL.

A-men.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."—PHILIPPIANS ii. 5.

mf BEHOLD a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant Head.
cr But who is this so lowly laid?
f 'Tis He by whom the worlds were made.

mp Alas, in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
cr Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
mf That we may learn from pride to fly,
And follow His humility.

mf Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labours too,
The Hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue:
mp That weary men in Him may rest,
cr And faithful toil through Him be blest.

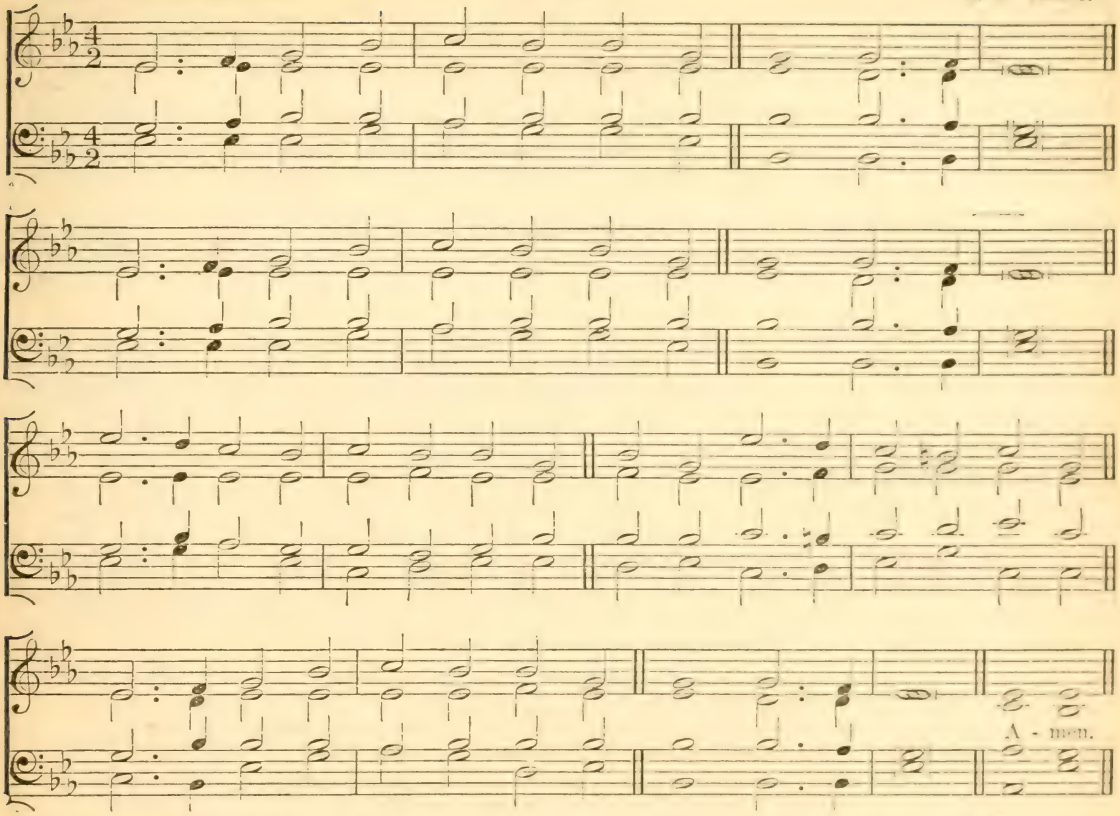
mf Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
mp That Christian boys with reverence meet,
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

mf Christ, once Thyself a Boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee. Amen.

478. CARITAS.

8s. 4s.

R. W. Beaty.



"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Proverbs xviii. 24.

mf One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
p Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us
cr But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

mf 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
di Think, O think how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
p With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
cr To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

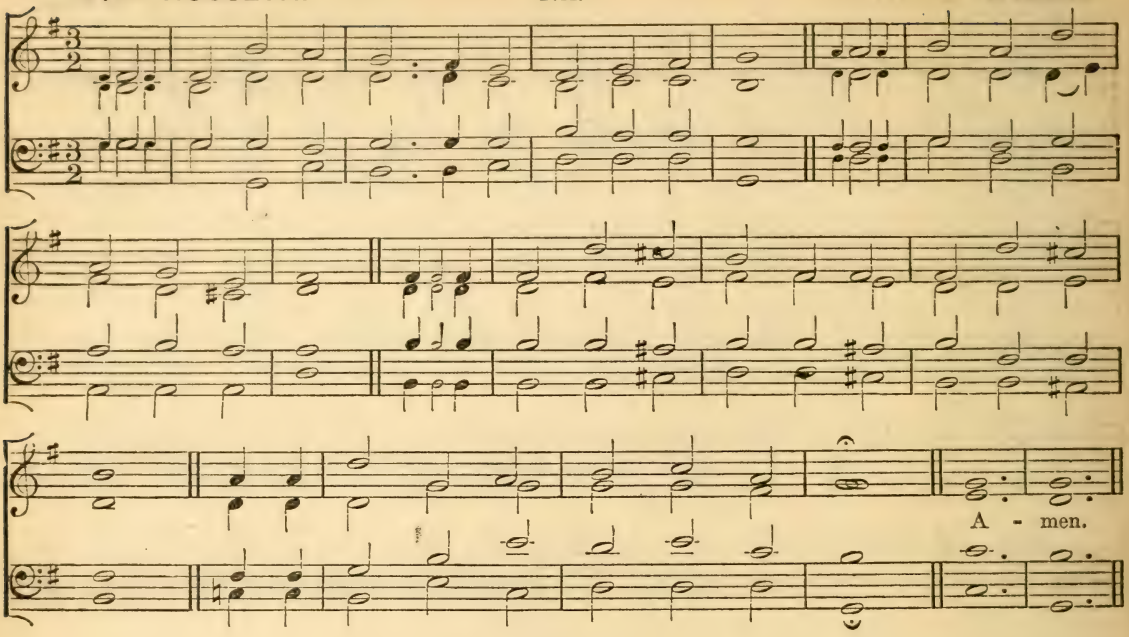
f We have found a friend in Jesus,
Oh, how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us,
Oh, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him,
Bid us dwell in safety near Him:
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

p Through His name we are forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
cr Backward shall our foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
f Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
ff Safe to glory He will guide us,
Oh, how He loves! Amen.

479. ROSSLYN.

P.M.

C. R. CUFF.



"*Of such is the kingdom of God.*"—LUKE xviii. 16.

mf I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

mf Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
cr I shall see Him and hear Him above:

f In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

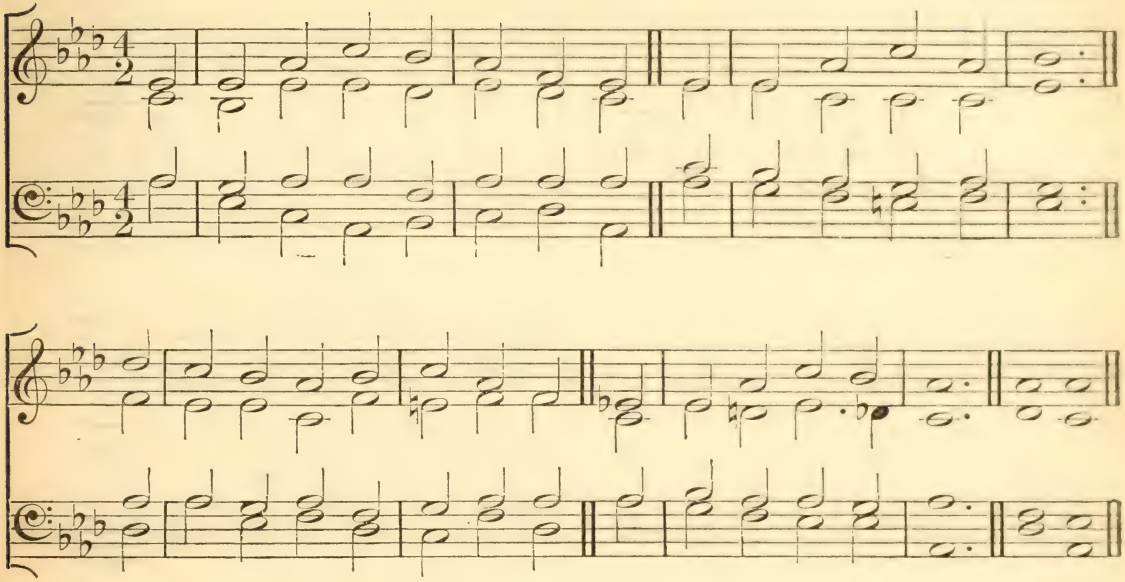
di But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
p Never hear of that heavenly home;
cr I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

mf I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
f When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be bless'd. Amen.

480. EVAN.

C.M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



"He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant."—ISAIAH liii. 2.

mf WHEN Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
di Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

mf Like Him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
cr Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

mf Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him press'd;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom bless'd.

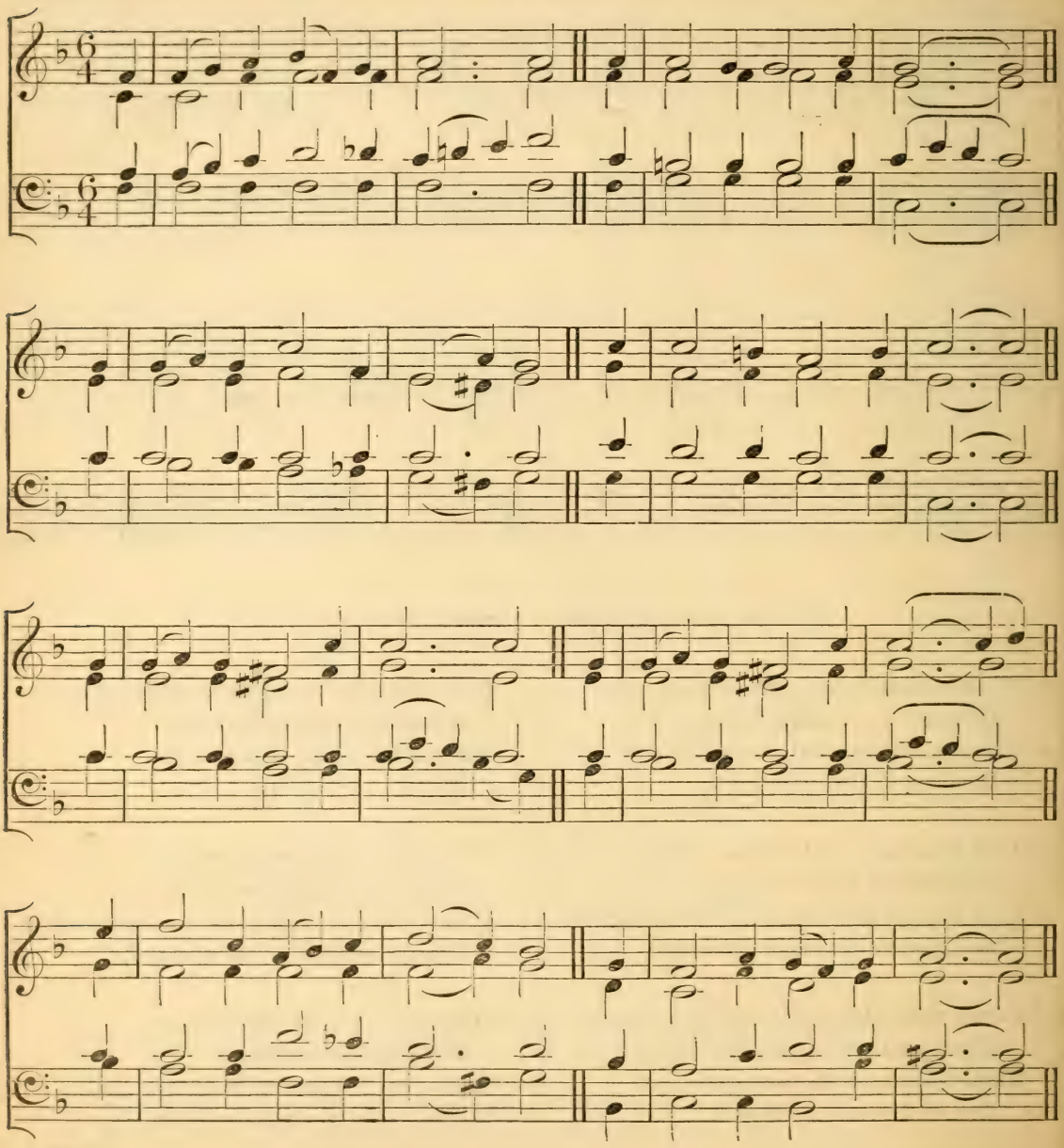
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

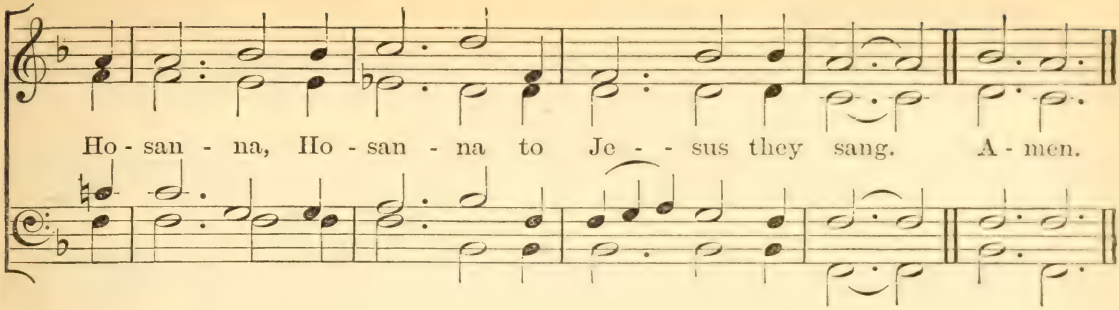
f When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.

ff Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
di Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

Amen.

481. MOORLANDS. P.M. GEORGE F. VINCENT





"*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*"—MATTHEW xxi. 16.

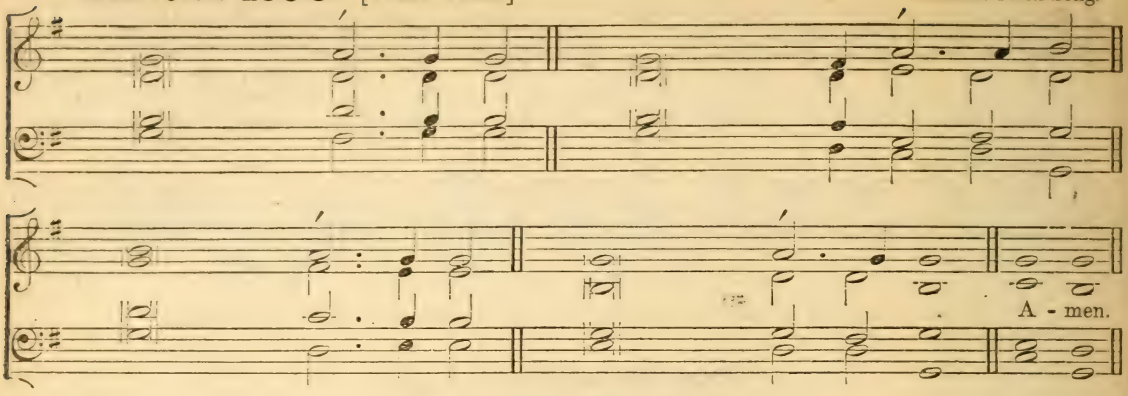
f WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
mf Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
cr He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song;
f Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

mf And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
cr We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
f And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

mf For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
p No, while our hearts are tender.
They too shall be the Lord's.
f Hosanna to Jesus, our King! Amen.

482. JAM LUCIS. [First Tune.]

Ancient Plain-Song.



"*Herein is love.*"—1 John iv. 10.

mf It is a thing most wónderful,
Almost too wonderfúl to be, [heaven,
di That God's own Son should cóme from
p And die to save a child like me.

cr And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor wórld below,
p And wept, and toil'd, and moúrn'd, and
Only because He lóved us so. [died,

mf I cannot tell how Hé could love
A child so weak and fúll of sin;
His love must be most wónderful,
p If He could die my lóve to win.

I sometimes think abóut the cross,
And shut my eyes, and trý to see
The cruel nails, and crówn of thorns,
And Jesus crucifíed for me:

mp But, even could I sée Him die,
I could but see a líttle part
mf Of that great love, which, líke a fire,
Is always burning ín His heart.

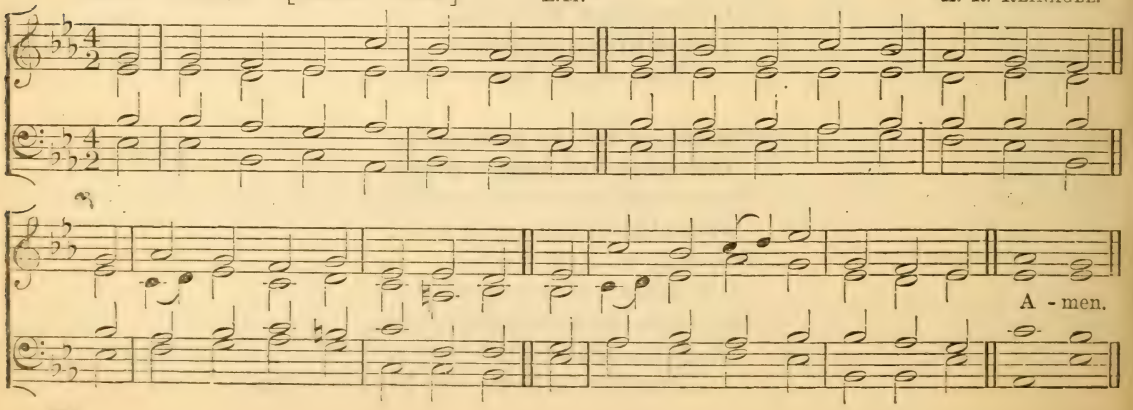
f It is most wonderfúl to know
His love for me so frée and sure;
di But 'tis more wonderfúl to see
p My love for Him so faint and poor.

cr And yet I want to lóve Thee, Lord:
Oh, light the flame withín my heart,
f And I will love Thee móre and more,
Until I see Thee ás Thou art. Amen.

482. LEIGH. [Second Tune.]

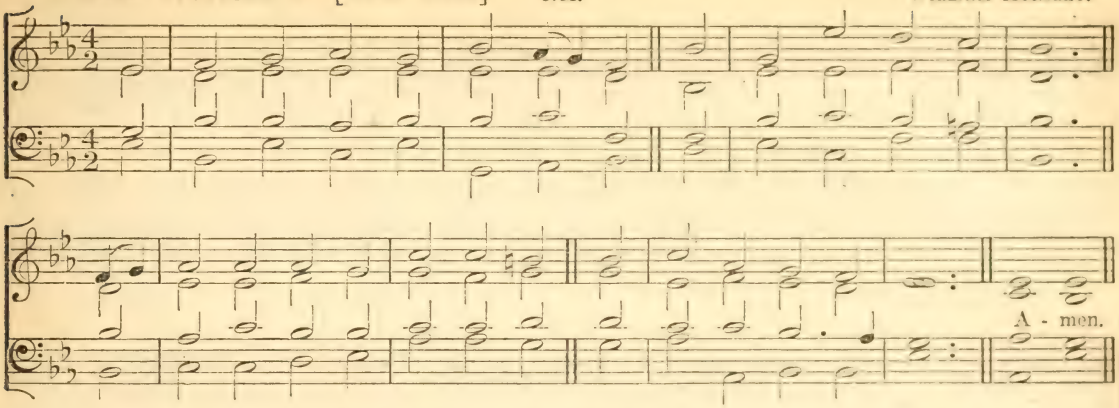
L.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



483. HORSLEY. [First Tune.] C.M.

William Horsley.



"When they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."—Luke xxiii. 33.

mf There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
p Where the dear Lord was crucified,
cr Who died to save us all.

p We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
cr But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

mf He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr That we might go at last to heaven,
p Saved by His precious blood.

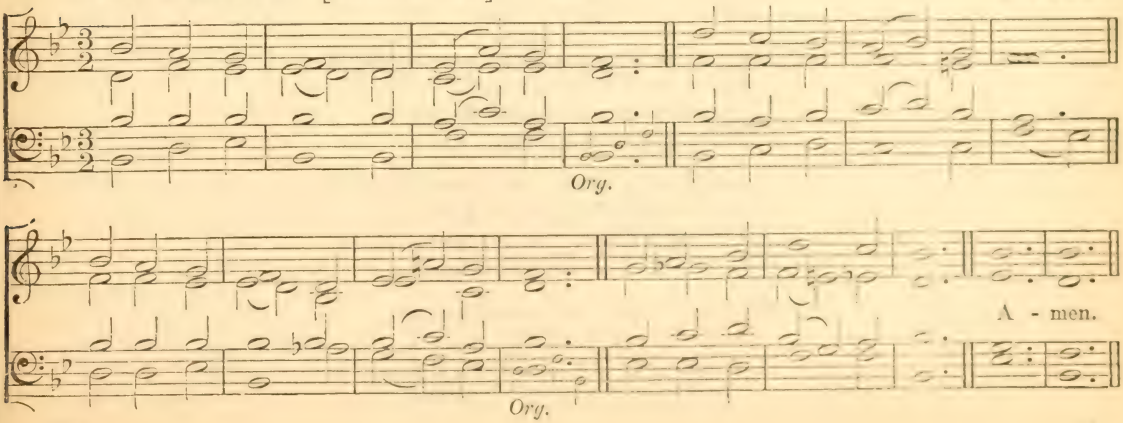
mf There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

f Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

May also be sung to "Green Hill," No. 7 in Appendix.

483. SAWLEY. [Second Tune.] C.M.

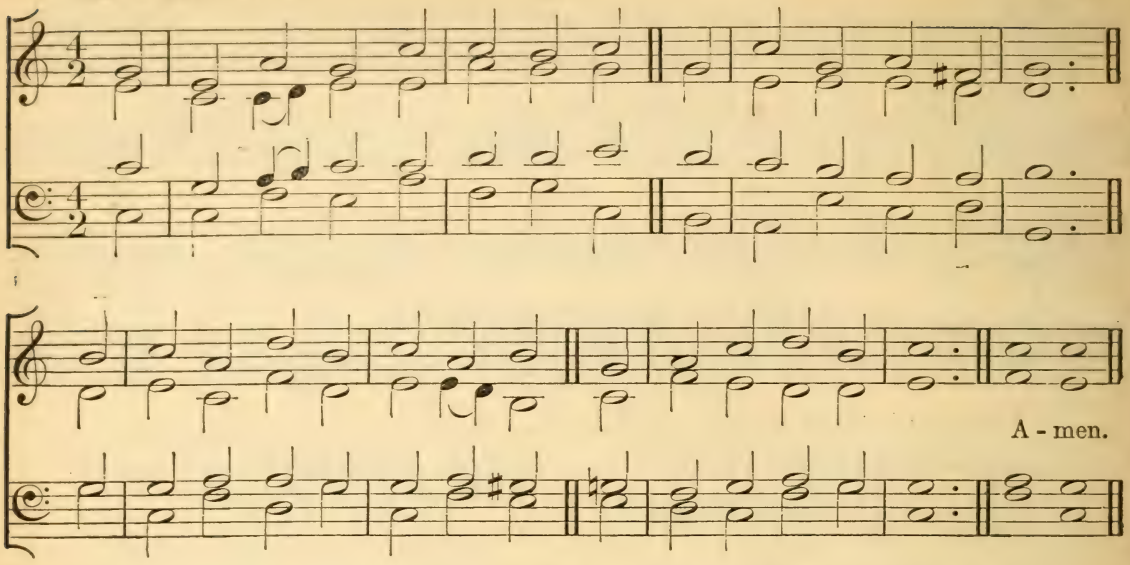
J. Walch.



484. ST. ANN.

C.M.

W. Croft.



"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!"—Psalm viii. 9.

f I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

mf Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

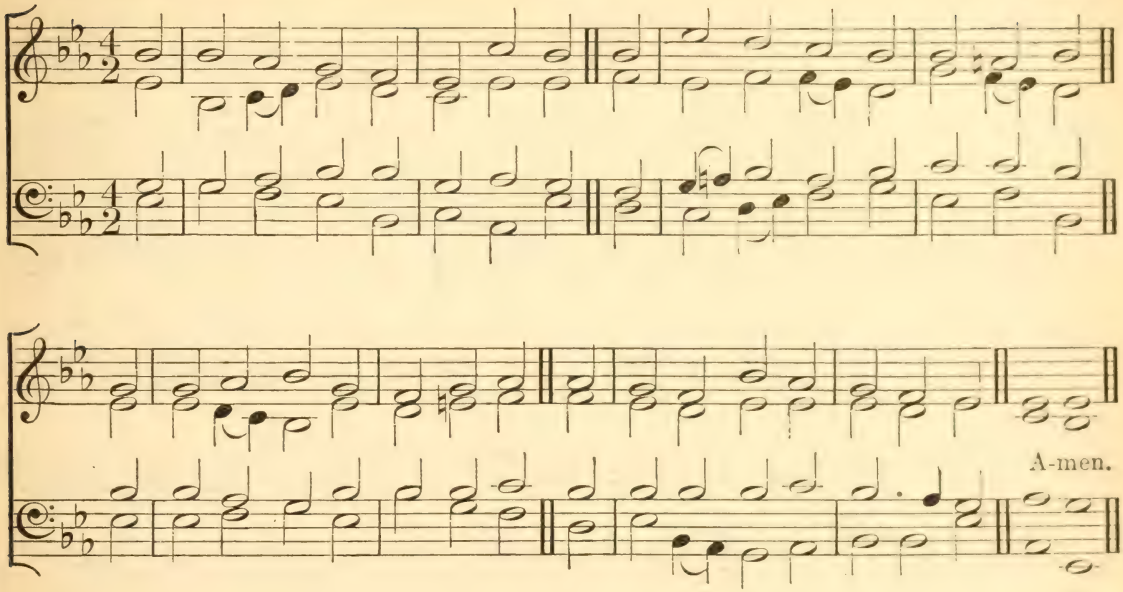
p There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
f And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

mf His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh? Amen.

485. MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—PSALM xxxiii. 5.

f YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.

mf The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renew'd;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.

f I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
ff The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, God is good.

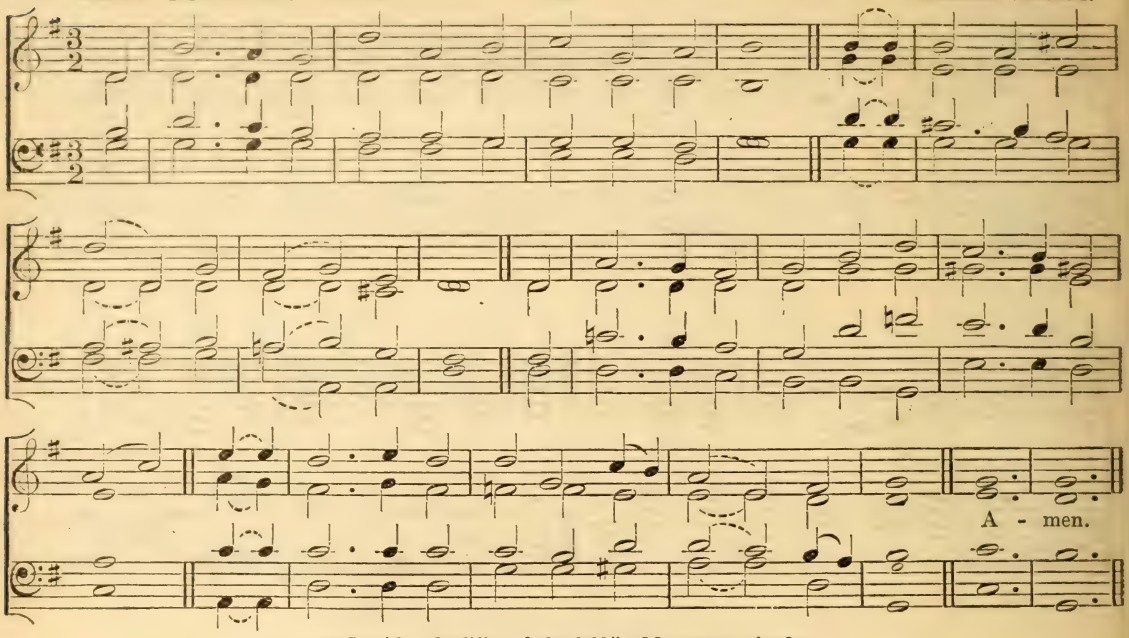
f Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

mf For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word,
cr These prompt our song that God is good. Amen.

HYMN FOR A FLOWER SERVICE.

486. SUMMER TIME.

P.M. CHARLES VINCENT.



"*Consider the lilies of the field.*"—MATTHEW vi. 28.

mf THINE, Lord, are the blossoms of forest and field,
And the loveliest gems which the gardens yield,
The heath of the uplands, the ferns of the glen
And the flowers that gladden the dwellings of men.

mp Thy wisdom and love hid the seed in the earth,
And watch'd o'er its growth from its secret birth,
Once mantled with snows from the wintry blast,
cr Till the call of the springtide was heard at last.

mf Thine, Lord, were the dews and the showers of heaven,
So eagerly long'd for, so lovingly given;
cr The breath of the morning, the sunshine of noon,
The sweetness of May, and the glory of June.

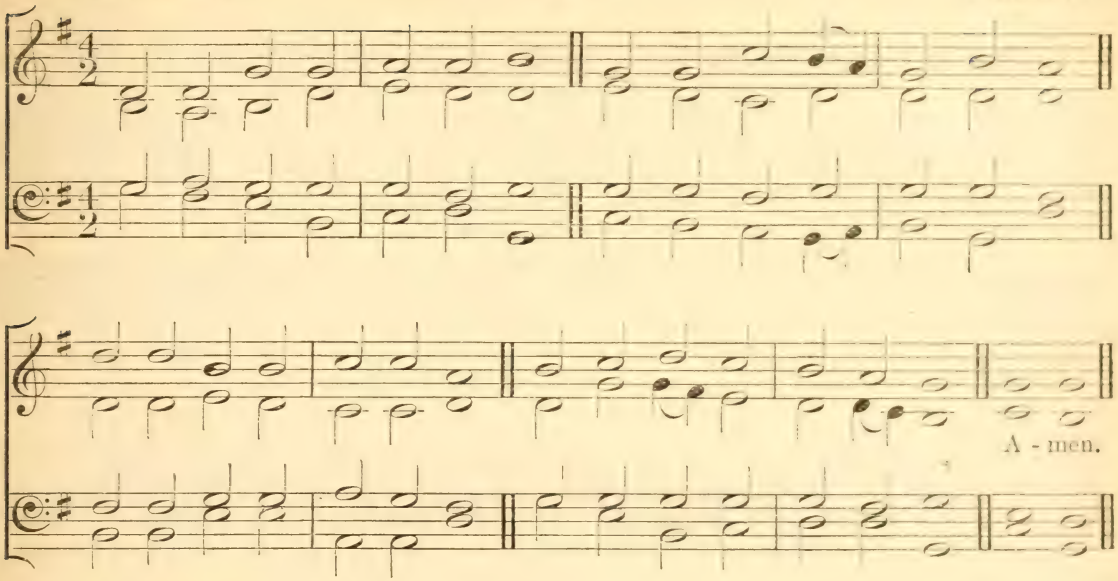
mf Thou dwellest in beauty no tongue can express,
p The beauty and glory of Holiness;
cr But the flowers are glimpses of Thee and Thine.
Wherein tender gleams of Thy goodness shine.

mf We meet in Thy temple to worship and pray;
p But we think of Thy suffering children to-day:
cr Grant, Lord, that these gifts of Thy bounty may shed
The glow of Thy smiles on their weary bed.

mf We offer Thee, Lord, in these fruits and flowers
No fabric of man's, no fashion of ours;
But Thy need in Thy needy ones here we see,
And now of Thine own have we given Thee. Amen.

487. HART.

7s. B. MILGROVE.



"O how I love Thy law!"—PSALM cxix. 97.

mf HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

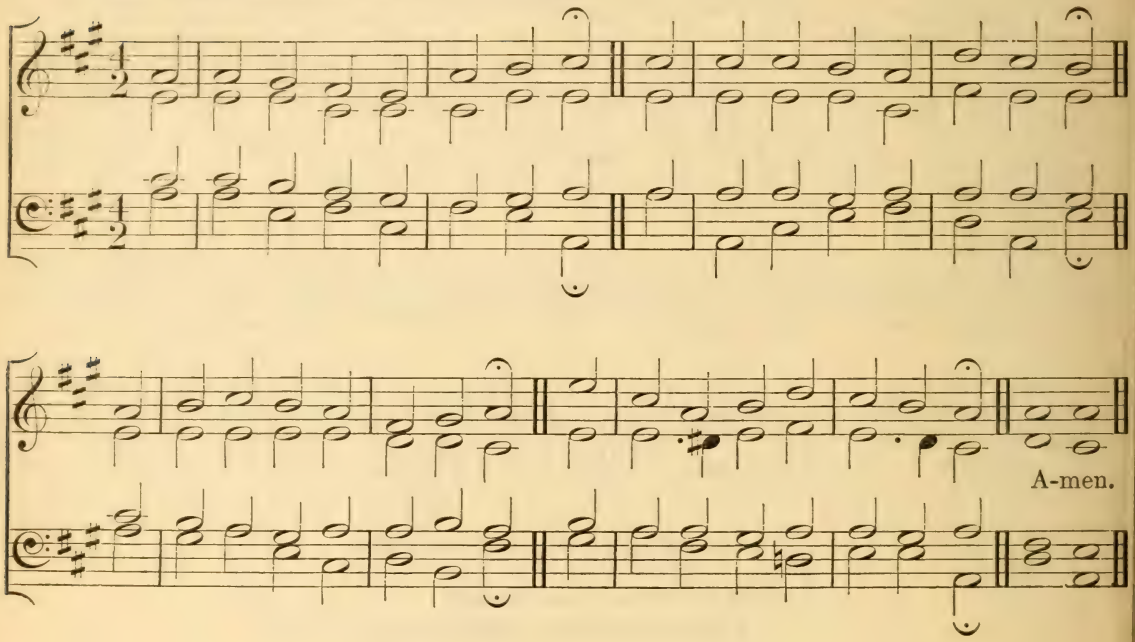
p Mine, to chide me when I rove;
cr Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
mf Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

f Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
cr Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

f Mine, to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine. Amen.

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

488. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.



"He blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples."—MATTHEW xiv. 19.

mf BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
cr Bless these Thy gifts and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

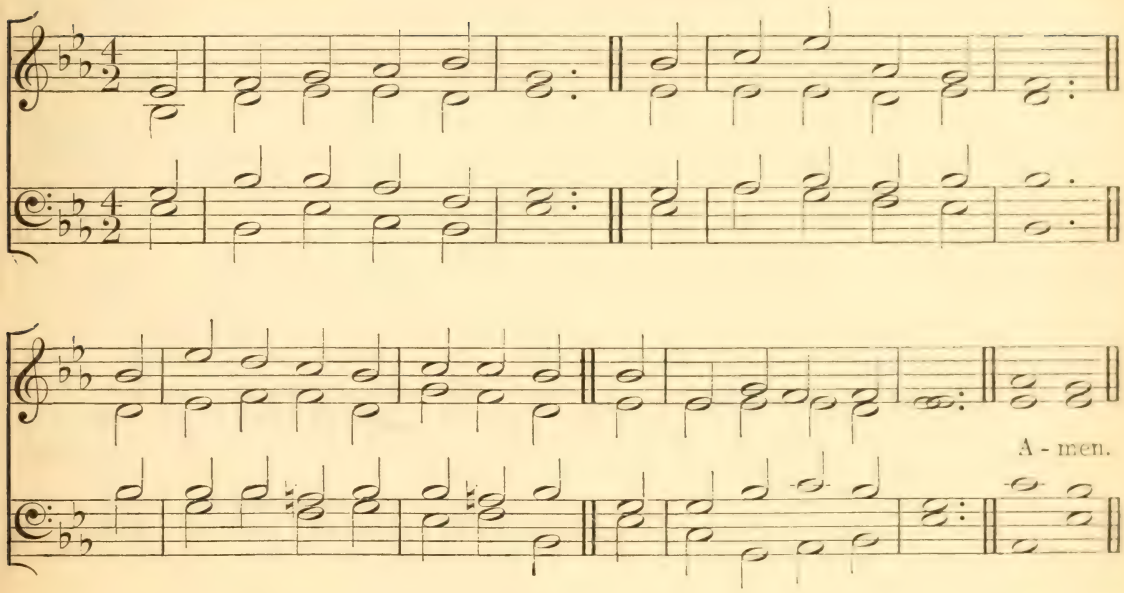
"In every thing give thanks."—1 THESS. v. 18.

f WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
di May manna to our souls be given,
cr The bread of life sent down from heaven. Amen.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OPENING HYMN.

489. FRANCONIA.

S.M.



"Draw nigh to God; and He will draw nigh to you."—JAMES iv. 8.

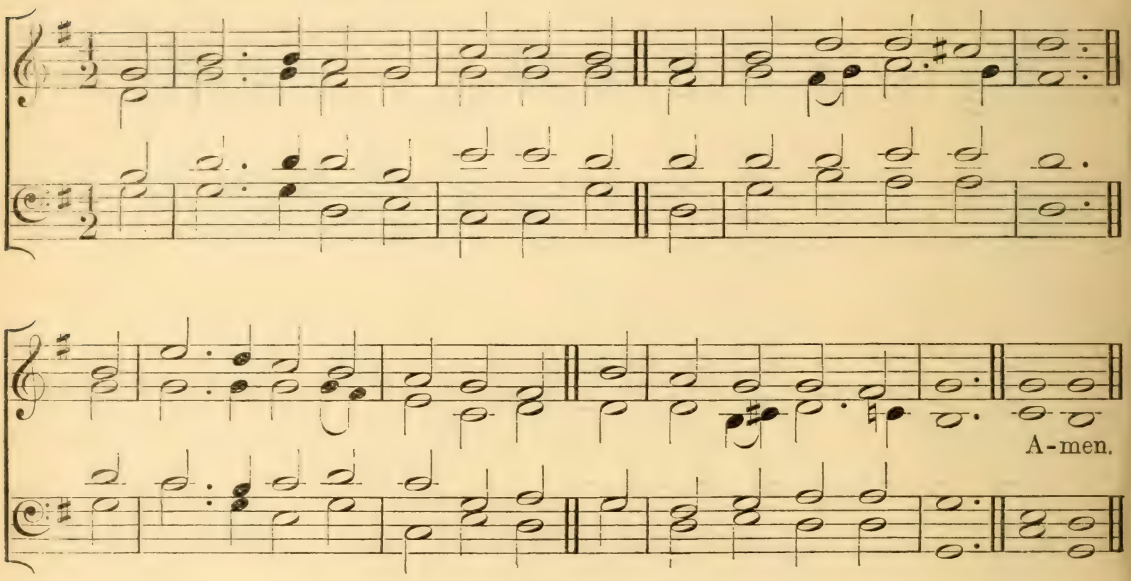
mf WE come, Lord, to Thy feet
On this Thy holy day:
Oh come to us, while here we meet
To learn, and praise, and pray.

p Our many sins forgive,
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

mf Lord, fill our hearts with love,
Our teachers' labours own;
cr That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy throne. Amen.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLOSING HYMN.

490. WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.



"*Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit.*"—MATTHEW xiii. 8.

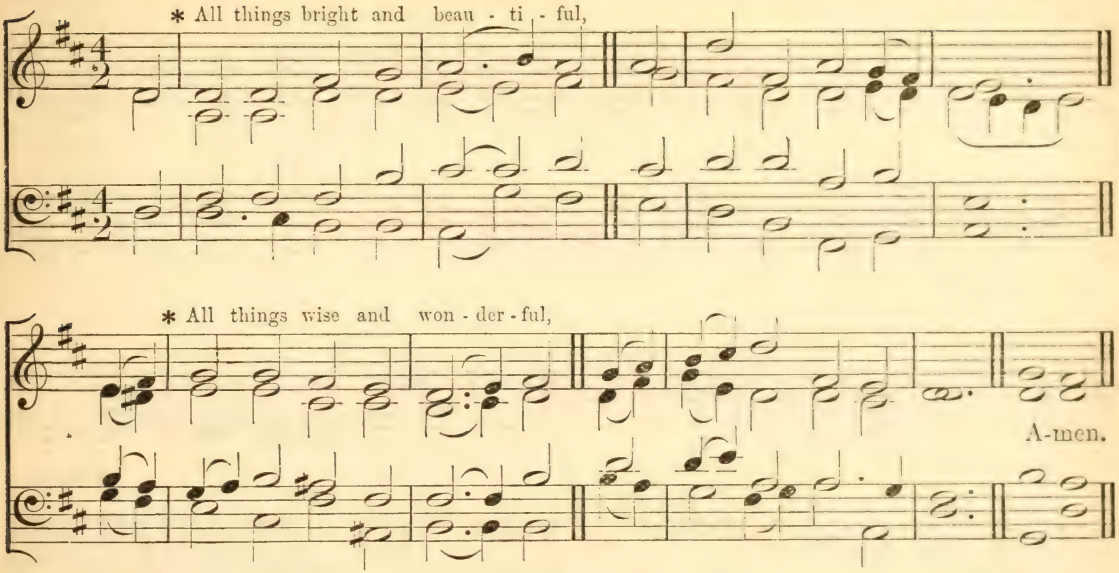
f O LORD, our hearts would give Thee praise,
Ere now our school we end;
For this Thy day, the best of days,
p Jesus, the children's Friend.

mf Lord, graft Thy word in every heart,
Our souls from sin defend,
di That we from Thee may ne'er depart,
p Jesus, the children's Friend.

mf Lord, bless our homes and give us grace,
Thy Sabbaths so to spend,
cr That we in heaven may find a place,
With Thee, the children's Friend. Amen.

491. ALL THINGS BRIGHT. 7s. 6s.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



"The Lord hath made all things for Himself."—PROVERBS xvi. 4.

f ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

mf Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;—

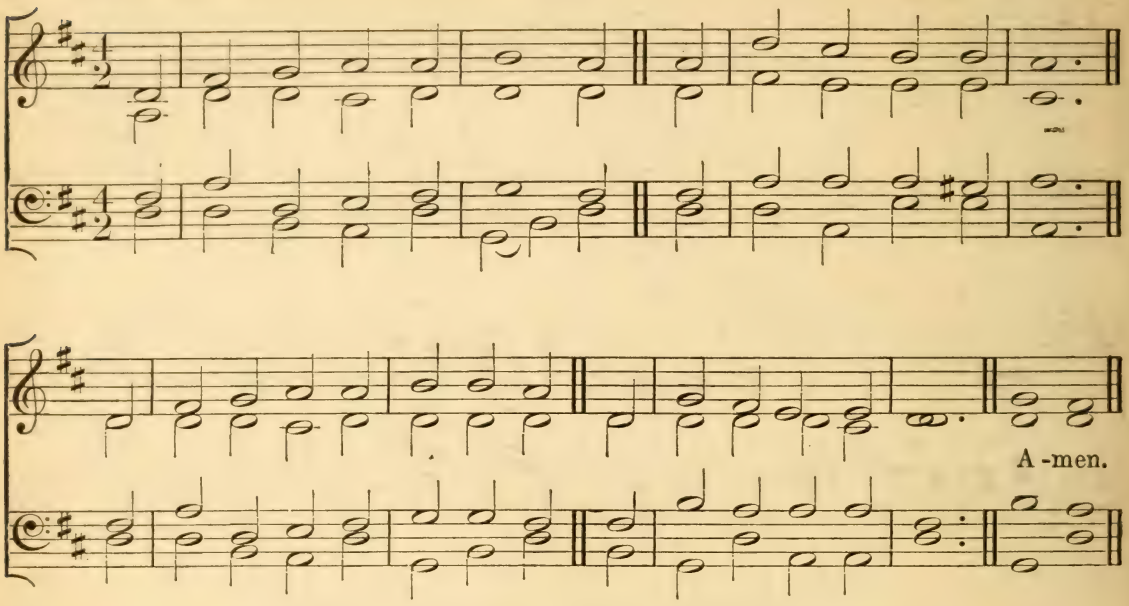
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
f How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well. Amen.

* 1st and 3rd lines of *First verse only*, begin at the * and omit the slurs.

492. TALLIS.

7.6.8.6.

T. TALLIS.



"*Learn of Me, for I am meek.*"—MATTHEW xi. 29.

mf I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one mark'd an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
p Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

mf I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted was
To any one unkind.

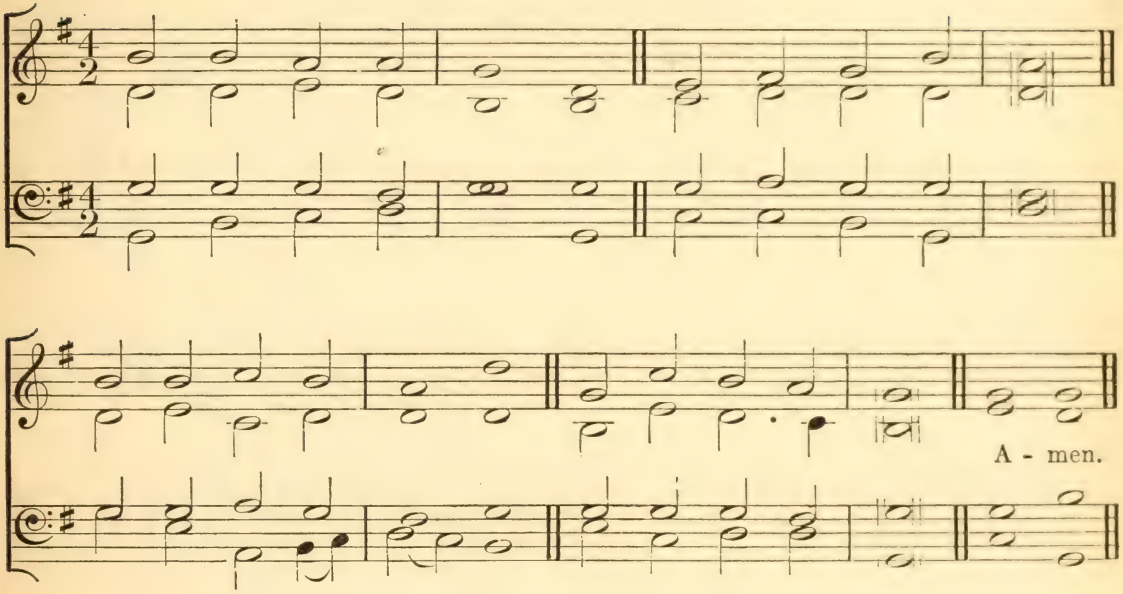
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me:'
I would obey the call.

p But oh, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
cr O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee. Amen.

493. RABENLEI.

6s. 5s. J. C. H. RINK.



"Who hath despised the day of small things?"—ZECHARIAH iv. 10.

mf LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
cr Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

mp And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
cr Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

mp Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
cr Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

p So our little errors
Lead the soul astray
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

mf Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
cr Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

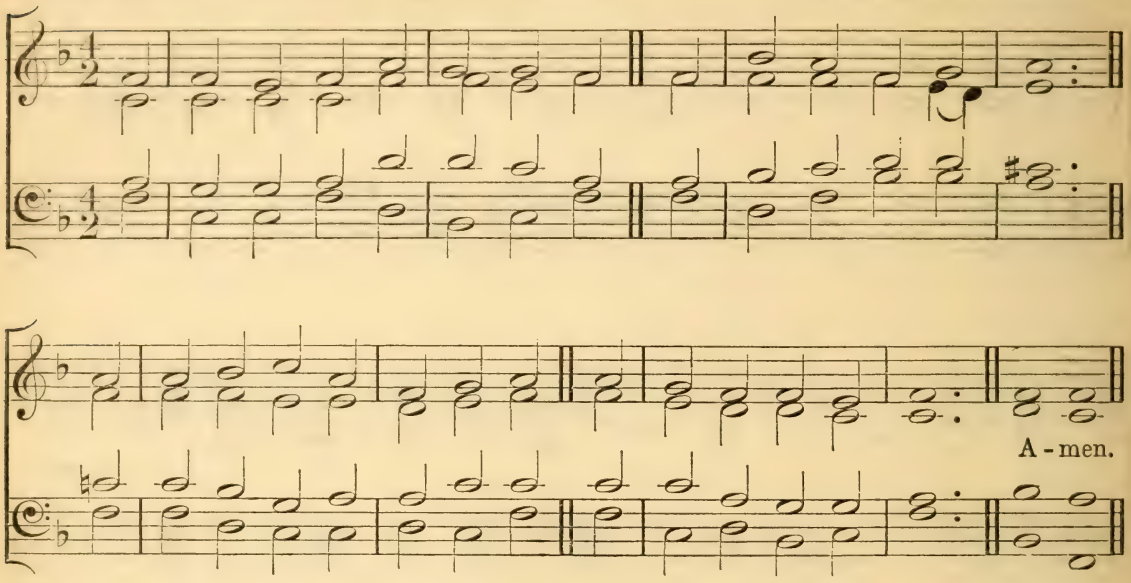
f Little ones in glory
Swell the angels' song:
di Make us meet, dear Saviour,
p For their holy throng. Amen.

May be sung to "North Coates," No. 495.

494. ST. FLAVIAN.

C.M.

T. RAVENSCROFT.



"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."—MATTHEW vii. 14.

mf THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
cr But those who boldly walk therein
Will get to heaven at last.

mf How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread.

p While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

mf But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust His word of old,
p "The lambs, He'll gather with His arm,
And lead them to the fold."

cr Thus I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
f And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there. Amen.

495. SANDOWN. [First Tune.] 6s. 5s.

J. Barnby.

Slowly and simply.

rit.

A - men.

"*Cease to do evil, learn to do well.*"—Isaiah i. 16, 17.

mf Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true;
di And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

cr But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

mf For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are Christian soldiers,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

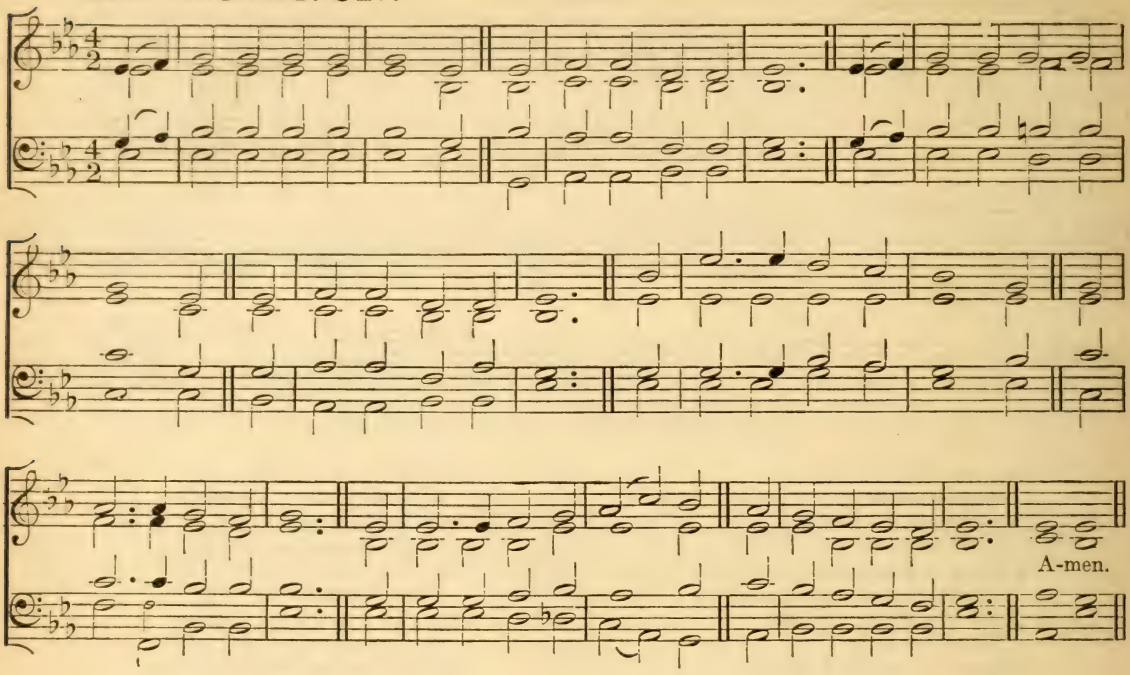
Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

495. NORTH COATES. [Second Tune.] 6s. 5s.

T. R. Matthews.

A - men.

496. TRICHINOPOLY.* D. 7s. 6s.



"Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"—1 CHRONICLES xxix. 5.

mf THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold;
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old;
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King.
We have no wealth or wisdom,
What shall we children bring?

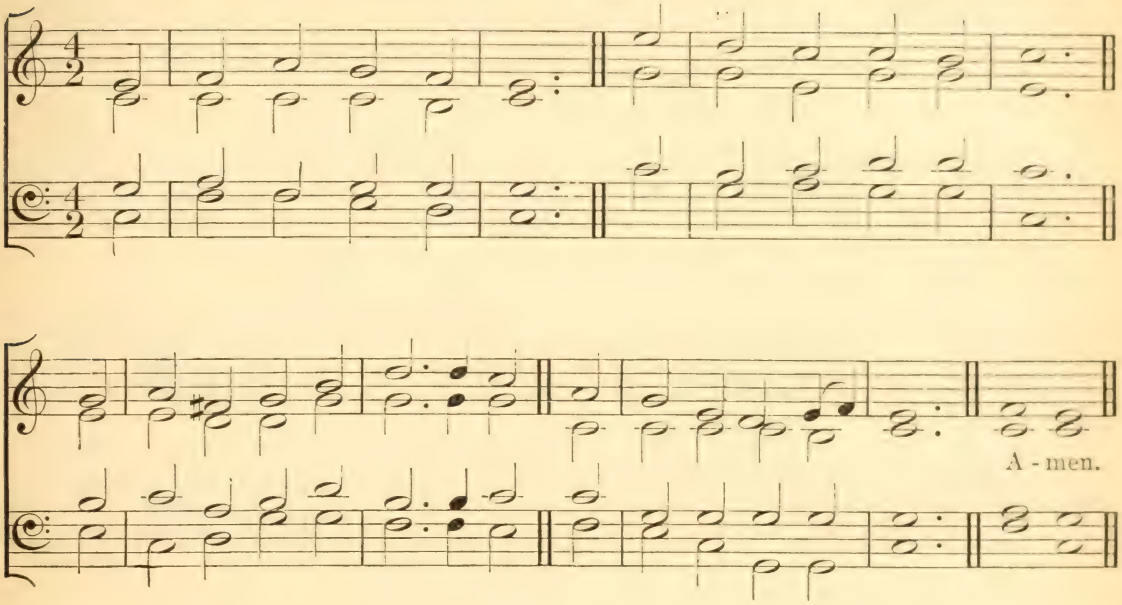
mp We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
cr And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
f And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
di And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

mf We'll bring the little duties,
We have to do each day,
cr We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
f And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring. Amen

* Hymn No. 126 may be sung to this Tune.

497. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"The first of the first-fruits of the land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God."—EXODUS xxiii. 19.

mf FAIR waved the golden corn,
In Canaan's pleasant land,
cr When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

f To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

mf For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
cr And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

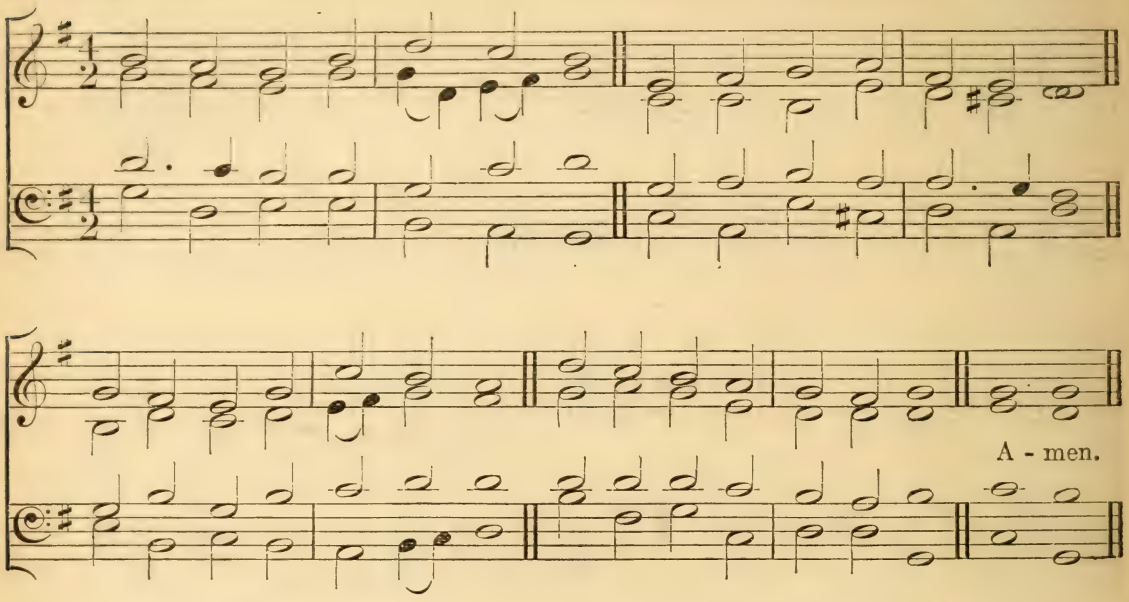
mf Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
p And bless our evening hours.

cr In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
f That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven. Amen

498. VIENNA.

7s.

J. H. KNECHT.



"My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth."—JEREMIAH iii. 4.

mf GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
p Hear, oh hear our feeble cry;
Guide, oh guide our wandering feet.

mf Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

p Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
cr Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

mf When perplex'd in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppress'd with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

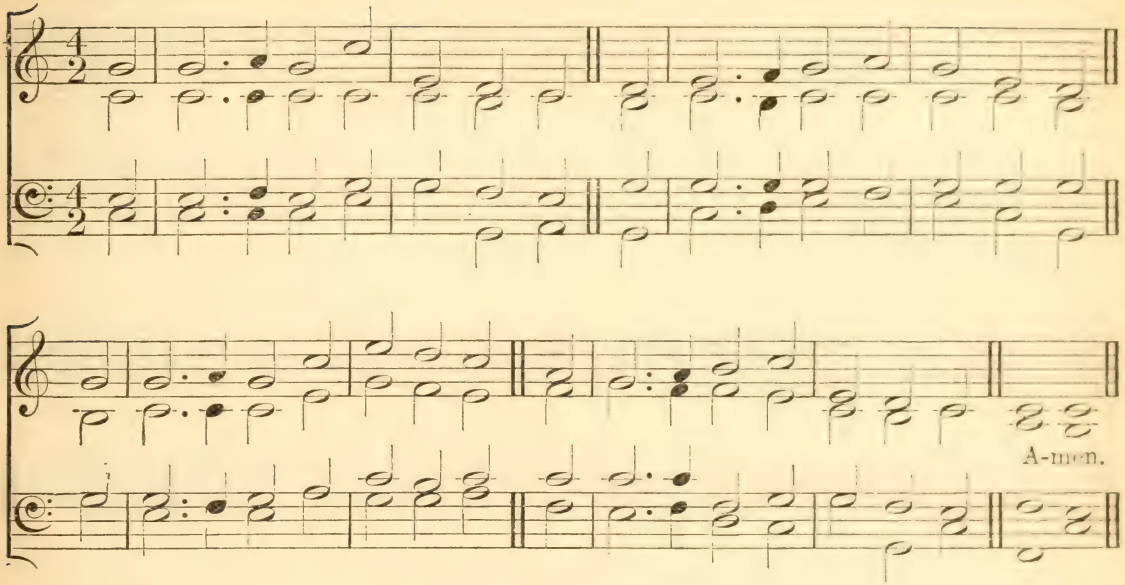
cr Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day:
f Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

499. ALSTONE.

L.M.

C. E. Willing.



"He, that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."—Luke xvi. 10.

mf We are but little children weak,
Not born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesu's sake
cr Who is so high and good and great?

mf We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesu's sake?

Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

p When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

cr Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
p Give gentle answers back again,
f And fight a battle for our Lord.

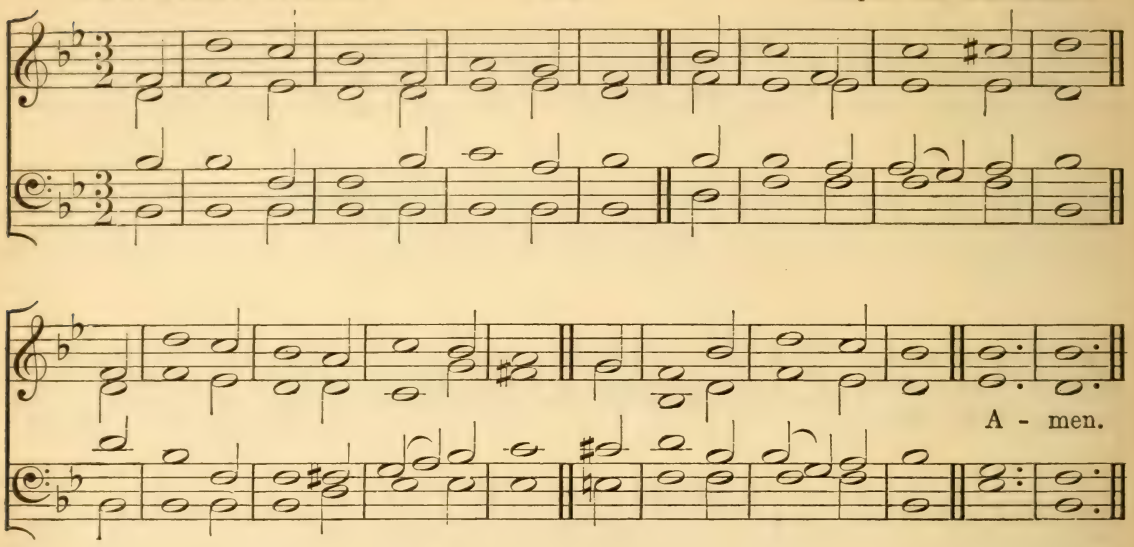
mf With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
p And still do all for Jesus' sake.

mf There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
p That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

500. HOLY CROSS.

C.M.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



"*He shall grow as the lily.*"—HOSEA xiv. 5.

mf BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

di By cool Siloam's shady rill
p The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

cr O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
f Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine:

mf Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
cr In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

501. RUTH.

D. 6s. 5s.

SAMUEL SMITH.

A-men.

"He took them up in His arms."—MARK x. 16.

f CHRIST, who once amongst us
As a Child did dwell,
Is the children's Saviour,
And He loves us well;
mf If we keep our promise
Made Him at the font,
f He will be our Shepherd,
And we shall not want.

mf There it was they laid us
In those tender arms,
Where the lambs are carried
Safe from all alarms;
If we trust His promise,
He will let us rest
In His arms for ever,
Leaning on His breast.

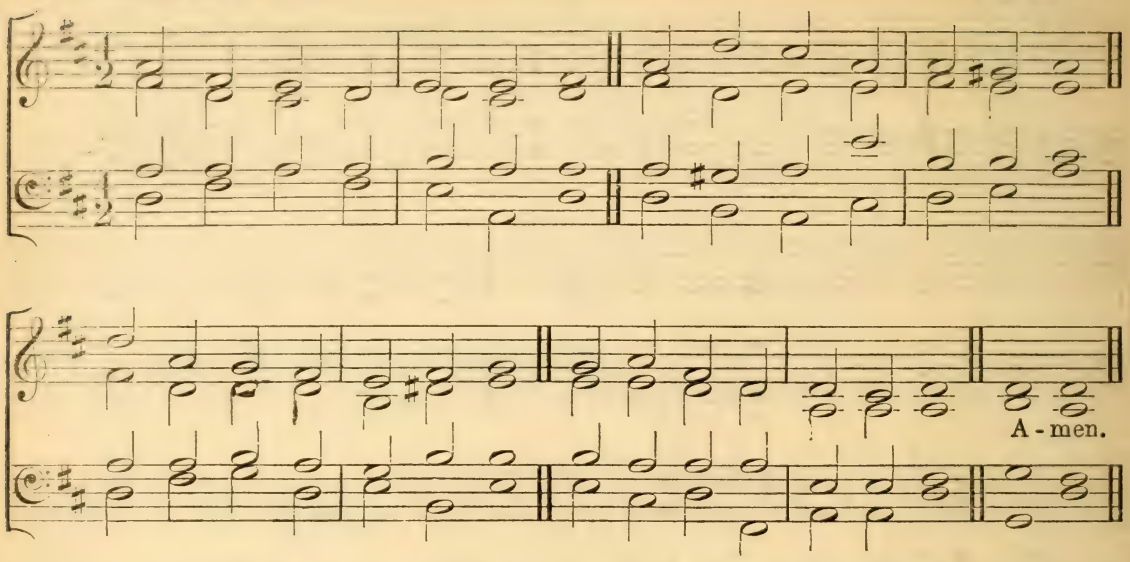
Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us,
Often feel His smile;

p Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
f And we shall awaken
To behold His face.

mf He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger,
And no tears are seen.

p Jesus, our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy life,
Lest Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife,
cr Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
f Trust in Thee, and love Thee
Always, everywhere. Amen.

502. BUCKLAND. 7s. L. G. HAYNE.



"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."—JOHN x. 27.

mf LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the hands outstretch'd to bless
p Bear the cruel nails' impress.

f I would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessed ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

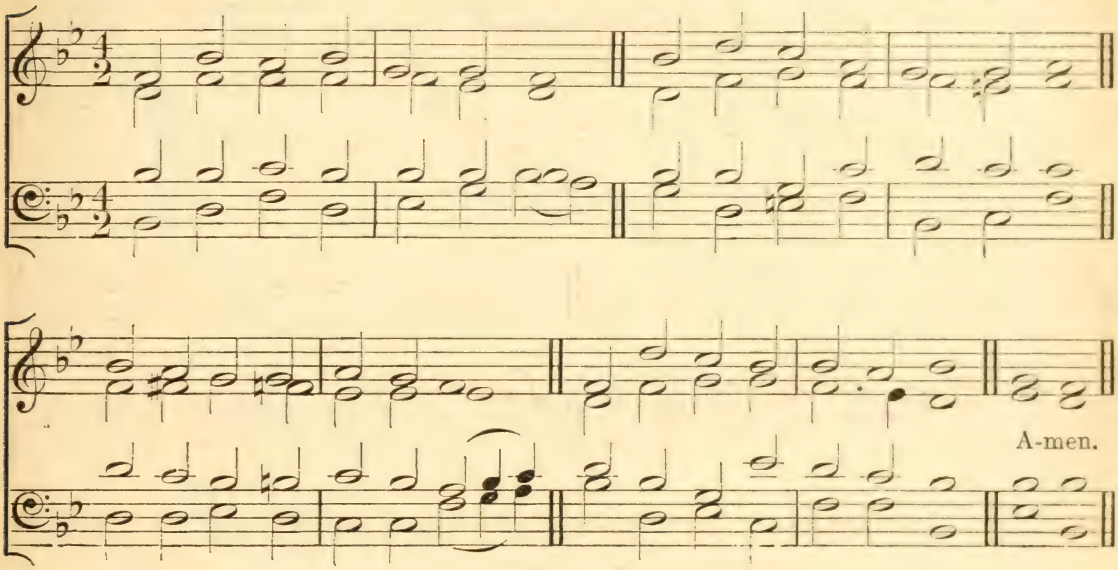
mf Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
cr Till before My Father's throne
I shall know as I am known. Amen.

FOR A SICK CHILD.

503. LONSDALE.

7s. F. A. J. Hervey.



"I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isaiah xii. 2.

mf Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong,
p. f They are weak, but He is strong.

p Jesus loves me. He, who died
cr Glory's gate to open wide,
mf He will wash away my sin:
Let His little one come in.

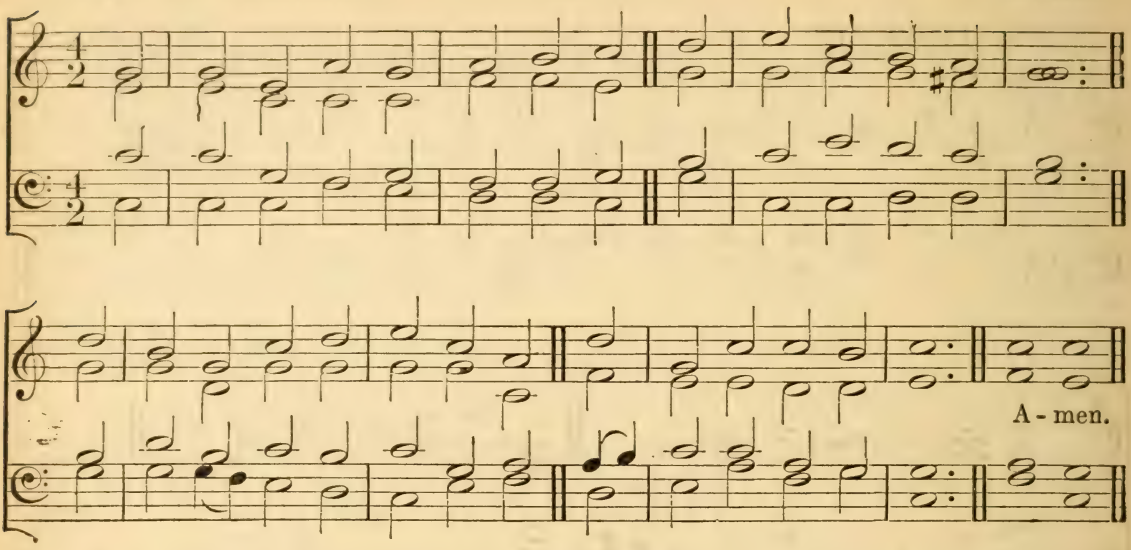
p Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill:
cr From His shining throne on high
He will watch me where I lie.

mf Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way,
And, when suffering days are past,
Take me to His home at last. Amen

504. ST. LEONARD.

C.M.

H. SMART.



"The living God giveth us all things richly to enjoy."—1 TIMOTHY vi. 17

mf LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me:
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by Thee.

mp 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour:
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

f My health, and friends, and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

mf Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

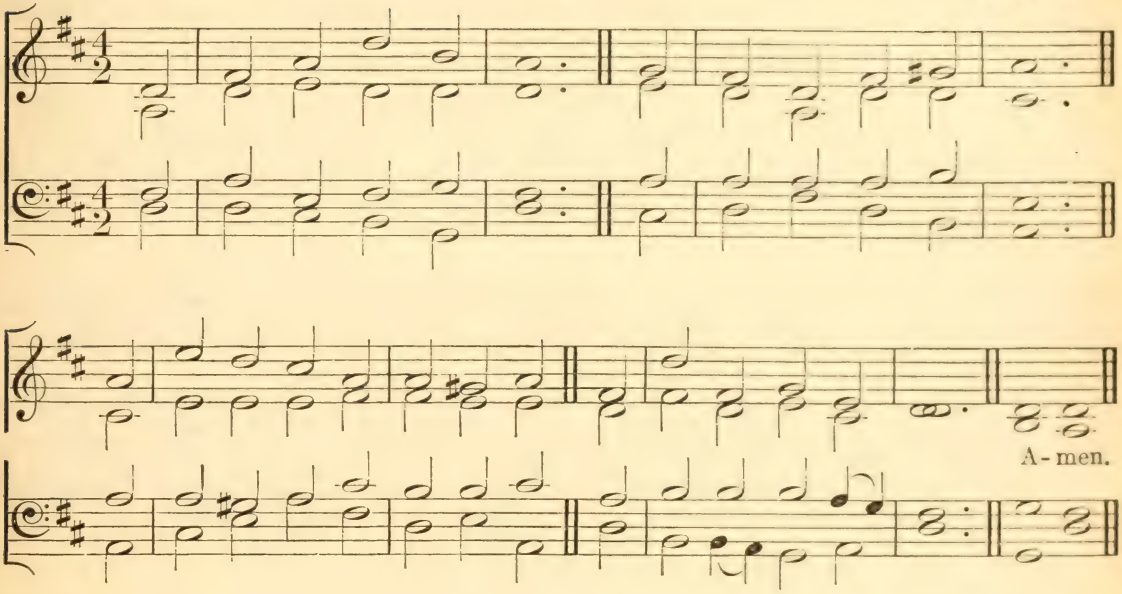
Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
I never can repay:
cr But may it be my daily prayer,
To love Thee and obey. Amen.

THE BAPTISMAL VOW.

505. MORAVIA.

S.M.

L. R. West.



"A freewill offering, according as thou hast vowed unto the Lord thy God."—Deuteronomy xxiii. 23.

mf I give myself to Thee,
My Saviour and my God,
To be Thine own for evermore,
The purchase of Thy blood.

I give myself to Thee,
My Father and my Friend,
To walk in all Thy perfect way,
Until my life shall end.

mp Oh help me to renounce
The hateful works of sin,
The empty vanities of life,
The flesh that strives within.

Oh help me to believe
Thy living word of truth,
And take it as the perfect guide
Of my imperfect youth.

Oh help me to obey
The law which Thou hast given,
And daily by Thy grace to tread
The path that leads to heaven.

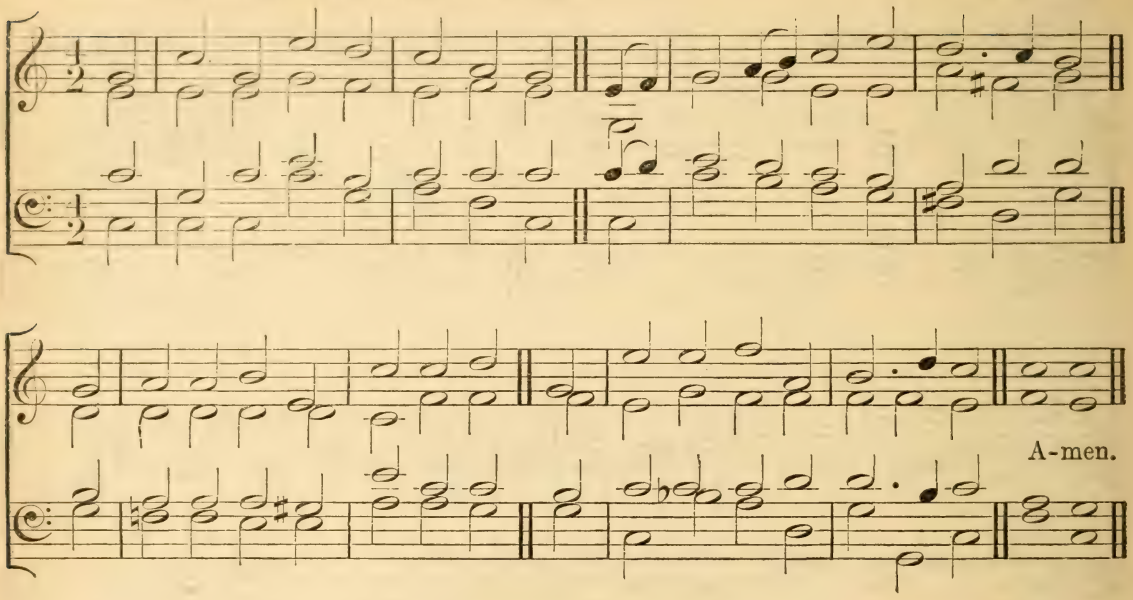
cr And ever more and more,
Lord, let Thy servant prove
mf The riches of redeeming grace,
The wonders of Thy love.

f Thus rooted in Thy love,
And steadfast in Thy faith,
Joyful through hope may I remain
Still faithful unto death.

mp So having passed the waves
Of this world's troubled sea,
May I within Thy kingdom reign,
My Saviour God with Thee. Amen.

506. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M.

J. W. Elliott.



"He shall give His angels charge over thee."—Psalm xci. 11.

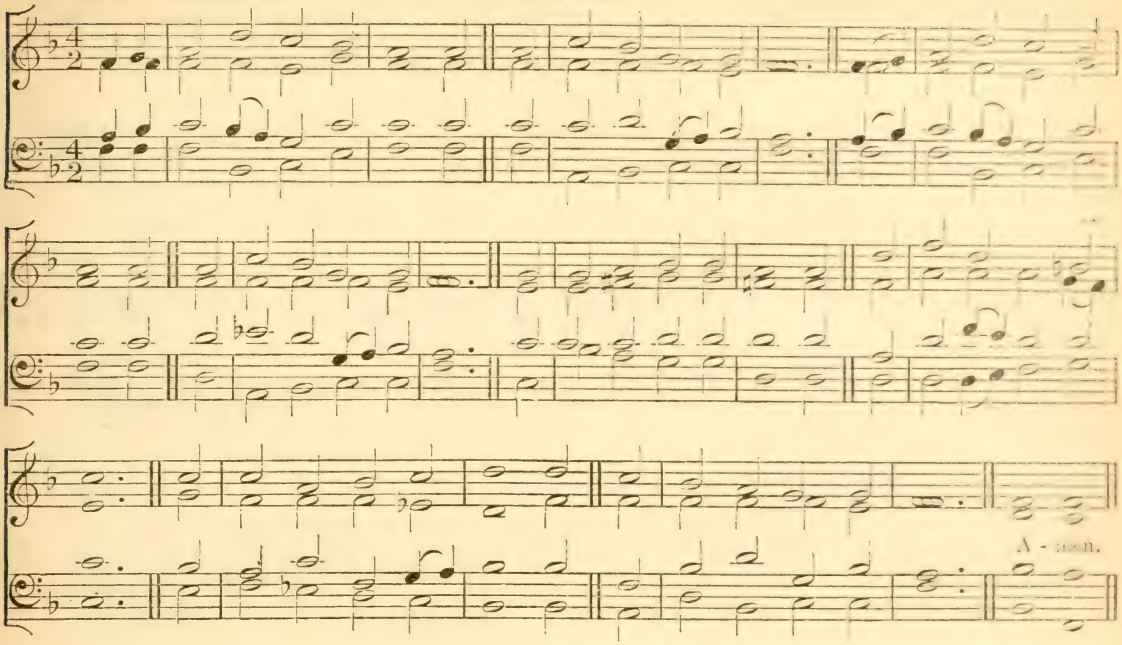
mf Around the Throne of God a band
Of glorious angels ever stand;
cr Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
f And on their heads are crowns of gold.

mf Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
p Their watch around us while we sleep.

mf So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear;
cr And we shall dwell, when life is past,
f With angels round Thy throne at last. Amen.

507. MUNICH. D. 7s. 6s.



"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—MATTHEW vi. 21.

mf THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky:
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
p Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
f This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

mp There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky:
For those who love the Saviour,
And Abba Father cry.
di A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
p Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

mf There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
f Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
di No home on earth is like it
Nor can with it compare,
f For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

cr There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.
f A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
mf On those who found His favour,
And loved Him here below.

f There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
mf A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

f There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
A palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
p Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. Amen.

508. ST. THERESA. 11s. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee."—PSALM lx. 4.

Unison.

f BRIGHT-LY gleams our ban - ner, point - ing to the sky,.....

Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers to their home on high!.....

March - ing through the des - ert, glad - ly thus we pray,

Still, with hearts u - nit - ed, sing - ing on our way—...

f

Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, point - ing to the sky,

f

Unison.

Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers to their home on high! A - men.

mf Jesu, Lord and Master, at Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing, see Thy [children meet,
p Often have we left Thee, often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour, in the narrow [way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

mf Pattern of our childhood, once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy, pure, and [meek, and mild.
di In the hour of danger whither can we flee,
p Save to Thee, dear Saviour, only unto [Thee?
Brightly gleams, &c.

mf All our days direct us in the way we go,
f Lead us on victorious over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us when the storm-clouds lower,
p Pardon, Lord, and save us in the last [dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

f Then with saints and angels may we join above,
Offering prayers and praises at Thy throne of love;
cr When the march is over, then comes rest and peace,
ff Jesus in His beauty, songs that never [cease.
Brightly gleams, &c. Amen.

An alternative Tune to this Hymn will be found in Appendix, No 16.

509. REJOICING.

P.M.

Harmonized by R. P. STEWART.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful!

Oh, that will be joy - ful! When we meet to part no more. A - men.

"There shall be one fold and One Shepherd."—JOHN x. 16.

mp HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
mf In heaven we part no more.
f Oh, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

mf All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And join with saints above.
f Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

mf Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every Sunday school.
f Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

mf Teachers, too, will meet above,
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
f Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

ff Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

There we all shall sing for joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more. Amen.

510. ENFIELD.

P.M.

VICTOR BEDE.

REFRAIN (*after each verse*).

Yes, we'll gather at the ri - ver, The beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful ri - ver;

Ga-ther with the saints at the ri - - ver That flows by the throne of God. A - men.

"*A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal.*"—REVELATION xxii. 1.

mf SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
f Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

mf On the margin of the river,
Guided by our Shepherd King,
We will walk and worship ever,
His dear footsteps following.
f Yes, we'll gather, &c.

p There beside the tranquil river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
cr Happy hearts, no more to sever
Sing of glory and of grace.
f Yes, we'll gather, &c.

p But before we gain the river
Lay we every burden down;
Jesu, here from sin deliver
cr Those whom there Thy grace will crown.
f Yes, we'll gather, &c.

cr Soon we'll reach the crystal river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our golden harpstrings quiver
With the melody of peace.
f Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.
Amen.

May also be sung to "Boston," No. 12, Appendix.

511. ST. CLEMENT. [First Tune.] P.M.

C. R. Cuff

Sing-ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - - ry. A - men.

"They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Revelation vii. 14.

f Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mf What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
cr Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory?

p Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mf On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
cr So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb:
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

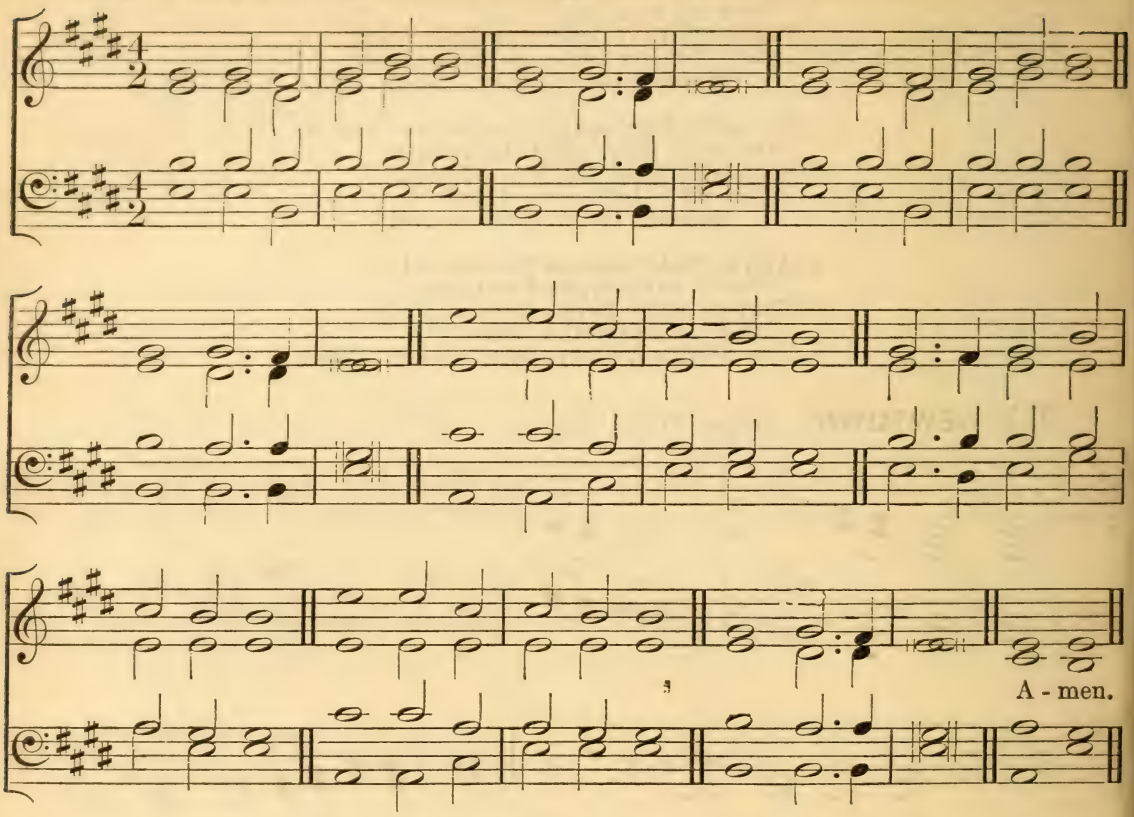
p And is that fountain flowing yet?
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there;
cr That we those happy ones may meet,
f And in their praises share,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory. Amen.

511. NEWTOWN. [Second Tune.] P.M.

Singing, Glo-ry, glo - ry, glo - ry; Singing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry. A - men.

512. HAPPY LAND.

P.M.



"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us."—NUMBERS x. 29.

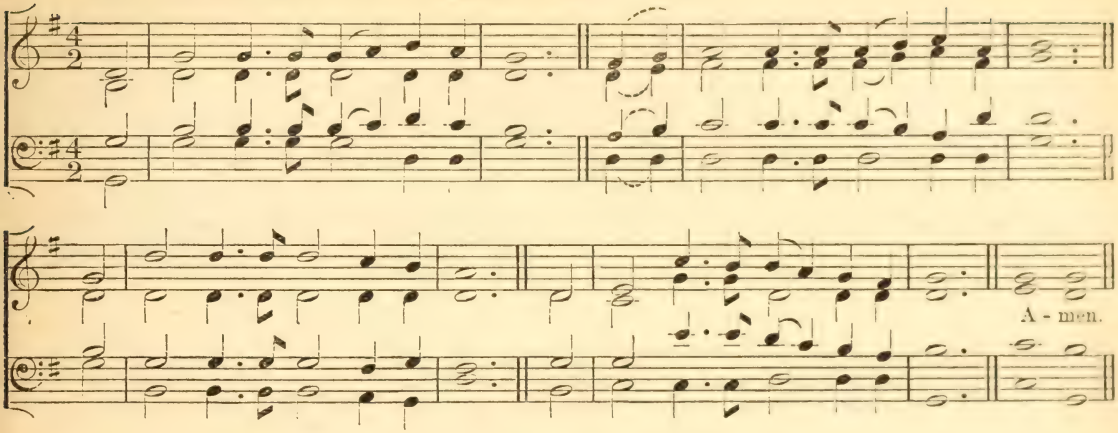
mf THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
cr Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
f Praise, praise for aye.

mf Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?

cr Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

f Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
p Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
cr On then to glory run,
ff Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye. Amen.

513. REALMS OF THE BLEST. P.M.



"They desire a better country."—HEBREWS xi. 16.

mf WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd;
p But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
p But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
p But what must it be to be there?

f We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
di The sweetest on earth we can raise;
But what must it be to be there?

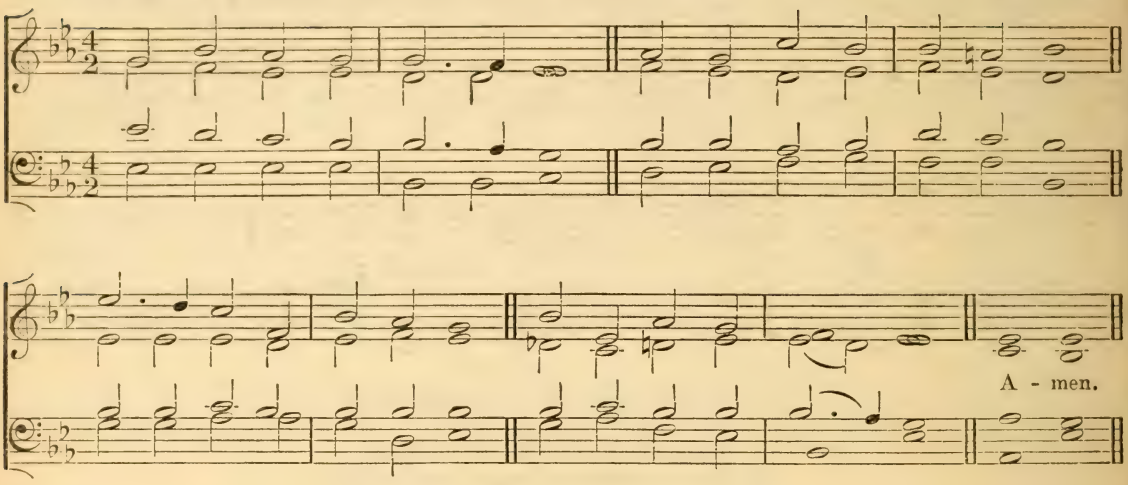
f We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above;
p But what must it be to be there?

mp Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
cr And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there. Amen.

May also be sung to "Tabor," No. 36.

LITANY FOR CHILDREN.

514. AGNES. [First Tune.] 7s. 6. E. Bunnett.



"He will be very gracious to thee at the voice of thy cry."—Isaiah xxx. 19.

Part I.

mf Jesu, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear;
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mp Little lambs may come to Thee;
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be;
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
cr Little hymns Thy praises swell:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
cr Little ones be wholly Thine:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mp Jesu, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mp Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

cr Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

mf BE Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p When we lie asleep at night,
cr Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
p Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
p Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Jesu, Son of God Most High,
di Who didst in a manger lie,
p Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

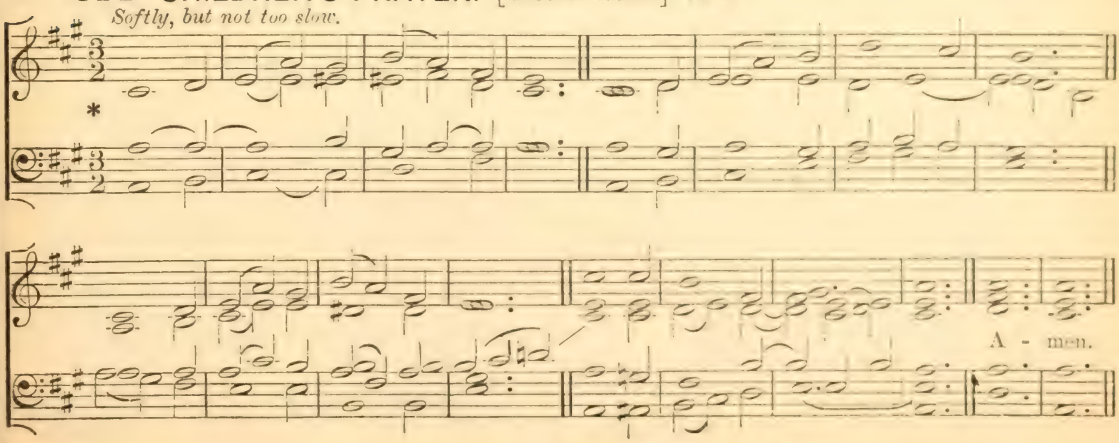
cr Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

f Jesu, whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

See also Hymns 89, 177 301.

514. CHILDREN'S PRAYER. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s. 6.

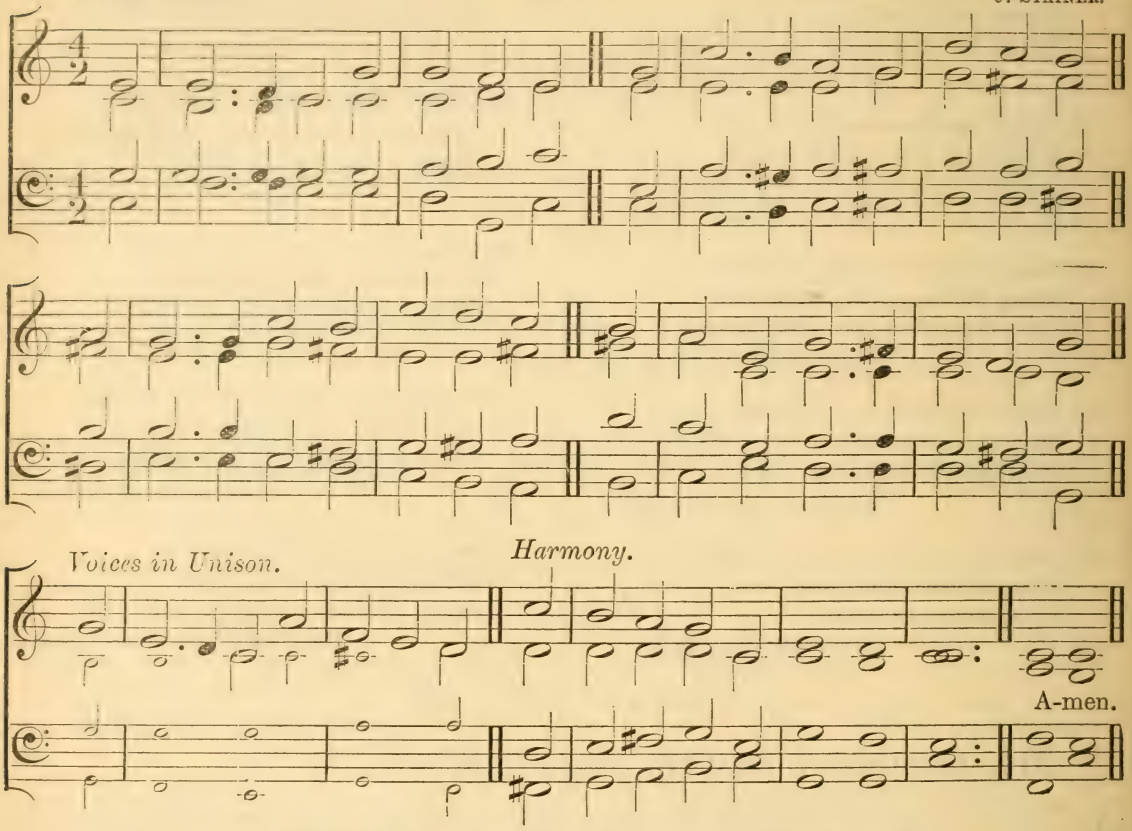
Softly, but not too slow.



* The Melody only of this Tune is intended to be sung.

"Let Thy fatherly hand, we beseech Thee, ever be over them."

515. REST. Six 8s. J. Stainer.



"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God."—Deuteronomy xxvi. 17.

mf Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek:
mp Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
cr Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

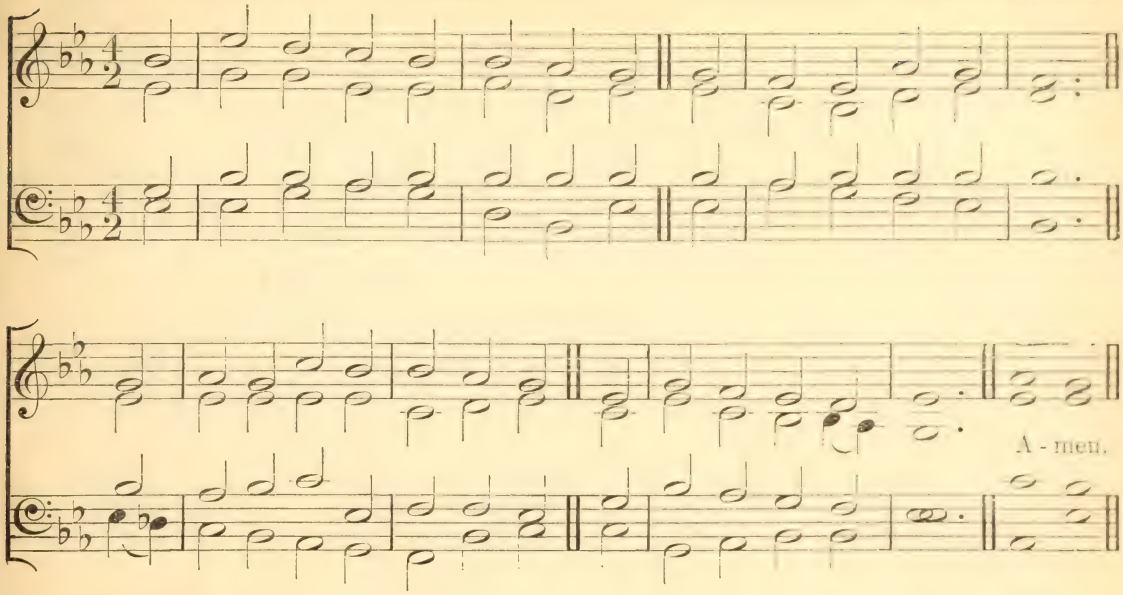
mf Lord, shall we come? and come again,
Oft as we see yon table spread,
p And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?
cr Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

mf Lord, shall we come? not thus alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
cr But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
f In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

mf Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone;—but then
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
f Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee.
Amen.

516. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



"With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not wander from Thy commandments." — PSALM cxix. 10.

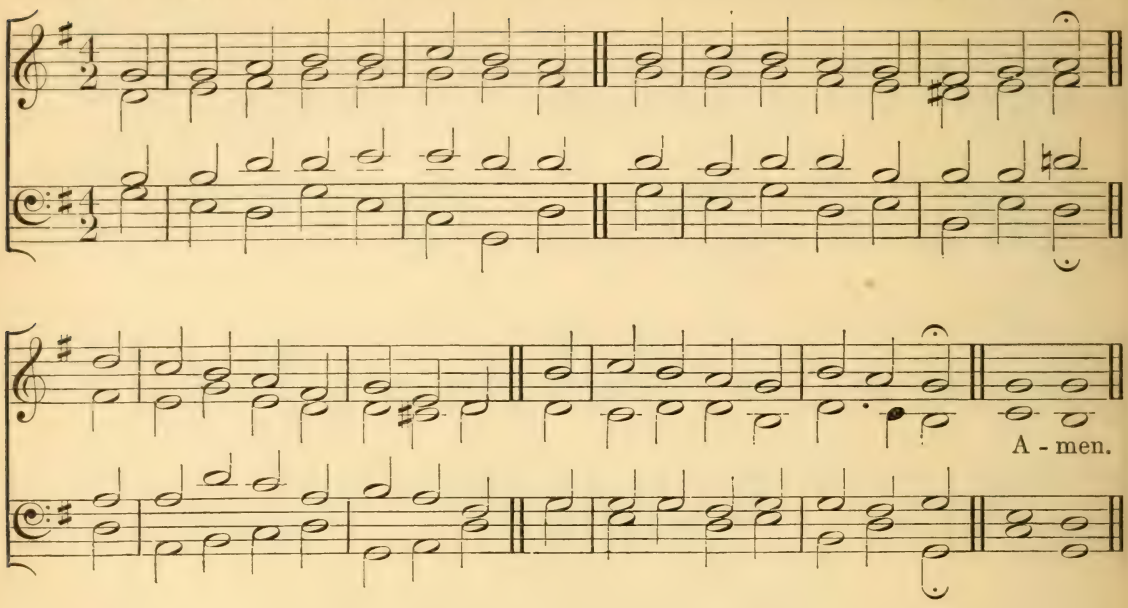
mf My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

p Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
cr And Christ be All in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
f That I may see Thy glorious face,
mp And worship near Thy throne.

mf Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
cr And death the gate of heaven. Amen.

517. COMMANDMENTS. L.M. CLAUDE GOUDIMEL.



"Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."—ACTS viii. 17.

mf COME, ever blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallow'd for ever, Lord, to Thee.

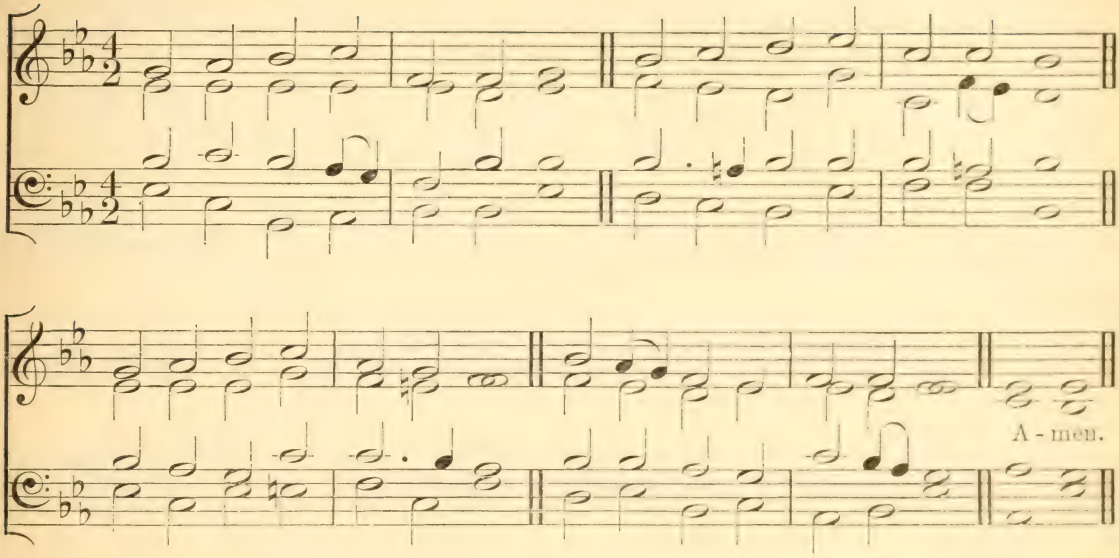
mp Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine:
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

mf O Trinity in Unity,
One only God and Persons Three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give:

cr Oh grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
f And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

518. GIBBONS.

7s. O. GIBBONS.



"This glorious and fearful name, the Lord thy God."—DEUTERONOMY xxviii. 58

mf FATHER, name of love and fear,
di Lo, Thy children venture near;
p Trembling at Thy footstool stand;
Lowly kneel beneath Thy hand:

mf Stand—to speak the great "I do,"
And the threefold vow renew;
p Kneel—to ask the Gift divine
Sealing us for ever Thine.

mf Thine we were, before our eyes
Open'd first on earth and skies;
Thine, before our lips could frame
This Thy dear and awful name;

Thine, when on each infant face
Dropp'd the sacred pledge of grace,
Then, by Jesus' dying sign,
Mark'd, and claim'd, and own'd as Thine.

Through our childhood's joys and fears,
Through our school-tide's passing years,
Love divine, unchanging, free,
Call'd and drew our hearts to Thee.

Thou hast help'd us; Thou hast taught
All the works Thy love hath wrought;
All our lost and evil case;
All the marvels of Thy grace.

Sinful hearts indeed and weak
Here Thy promised blessing seek;
Small our might, and strong our foe;
Yet One stronger far we know:

Lord, for His sake we implore
Send Thy Spirit down once more,
Let the sevenfold Gift be shed
Largely on each bending head.

cr So, with strength renew'd to-day,
Send us forth on life's rough way;
f Bound to Thee by love's strong cords,
Living, dying, still our Lord's. Amen.

519. DAY OF REST.

D. 7s. 6s.

J. W. Elliott.

Voices in Unison.

Harmony.

A - men.

Man.

Ped.

"*Thy vows are upon me, O God.*"—Psalm lvi. 12.

mf O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

Oh let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
di My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
cr But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

p Oh let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
cr Oh speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control;
Oh speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

mf O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end!
Oh give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

p Oh let me see Thy footmarks
And in them plant mine own:
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
cr Oh guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

["Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that he may continue Thine for ever," &c.]

520. WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G. Smart.

A - men.

"I am Thine: save me."—Psalm cxix. 94.

mf "Thine—Thine for ever"—blessèd bond
That knits us, Lord, to Thee:
cr May voice, and heart, and soul respond
Amen, so let it be.

mf When this world strikes its dulcet harp,
And earth our heaven appears,
f Be "Thine for ever," clear and sharp,
God's trumpet in our ears.

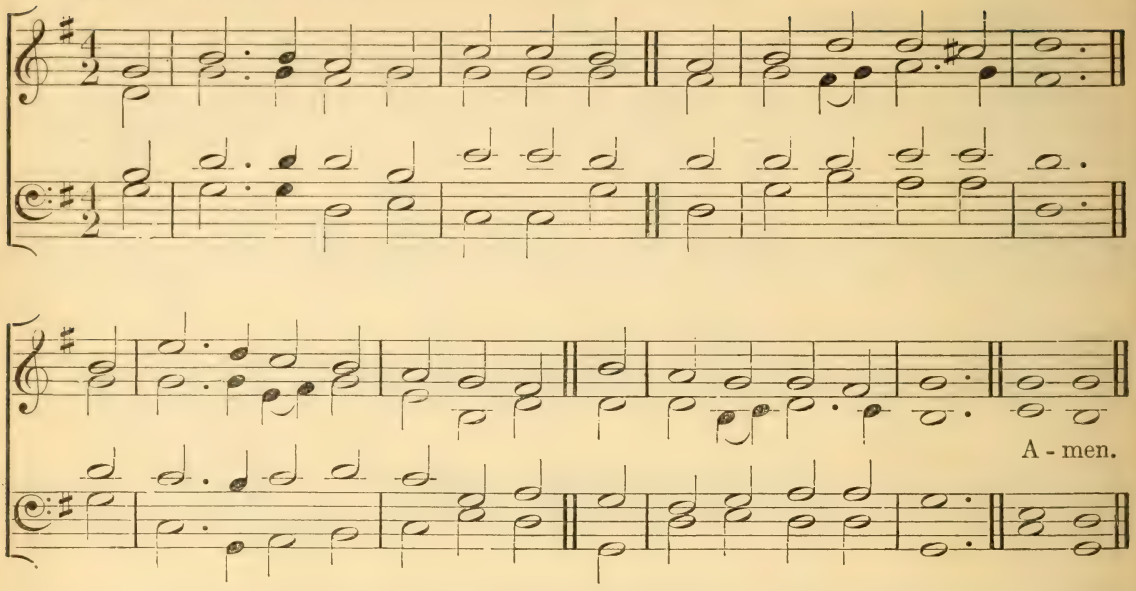
mp When sin in pleasure's soft disguise
Would work us deadliest harm,
p May "Thine for ever" from the skies
Steal down, and break the charm.

mf When Satan flings his fiery darts
Against our weary shield,
f May "Thine for ever" in our hearts
Forbid us faint or yield.

mf Thine all along the flowery spring,
cr Along the summer prime,
di Till autumn fades in welcoming
p The silver frost of time.

ff "Thine, Thine for ever,"—body, soul
Henceforth devote to Thee,
While everlasting ages roll:
Amen, so let it be. Amen.

521. WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.



"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."—PHILIPPIANS iii. 14.

f AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

mf A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
cr Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

f 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

mf Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down. Amen.

See also Hymns 186 252, 261, 262, 285 350, 351, 354, 355, 356, 357 374 375, 376.

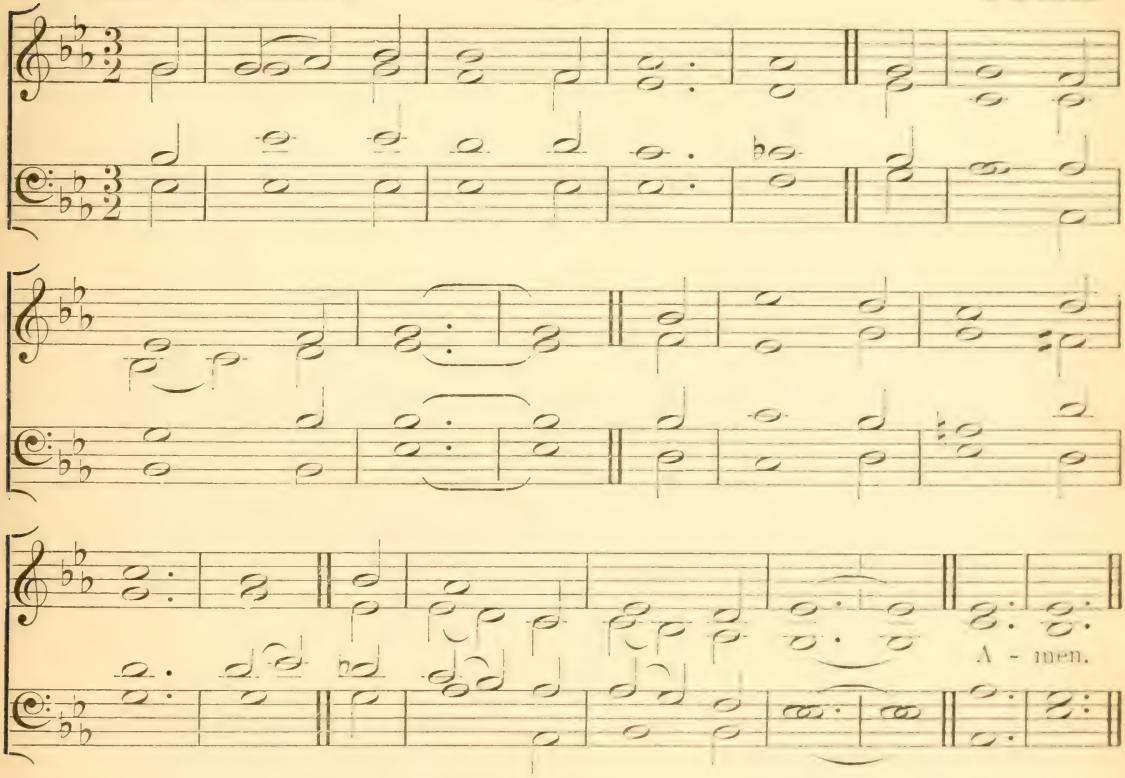
Holy Matrimony.

"Which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with His presence."

522. MATRIMONY.

7s. 6s.

J. Stainer.



"*God blessed them.*"—Genesis i. 28.

mf The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said:

For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

p Be present, Heavenly Father,
cr To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

p Be present here, Emmanuel,
cr To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

p Be present, Holiest Spirit,
cr To bless them as they kneel;
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

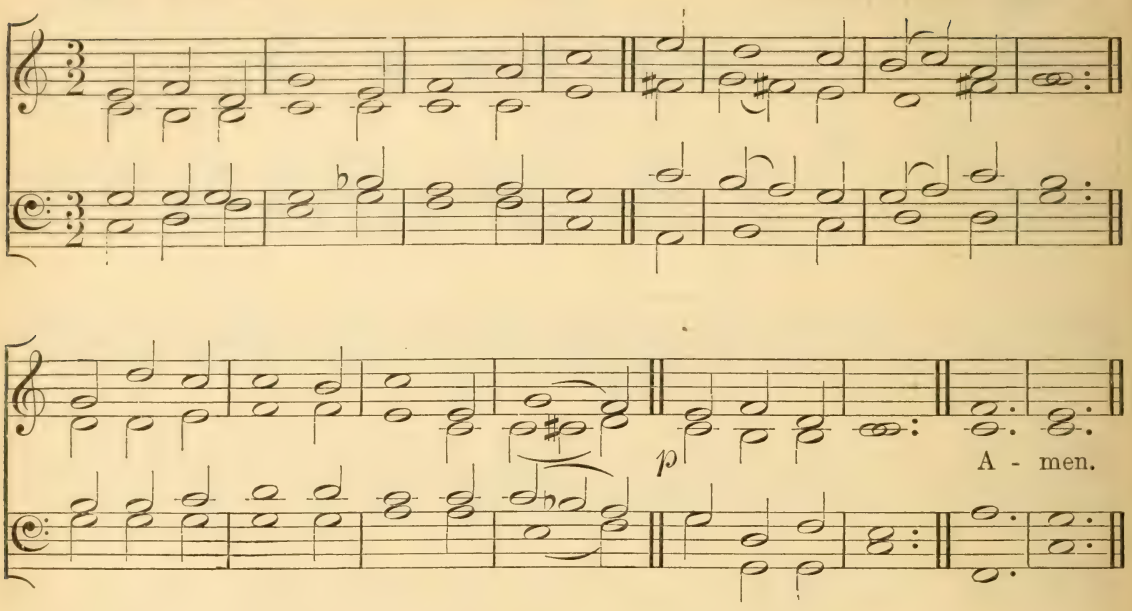
mf Oh spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Thy overshadowing love,
While one in Thee for ever
They seek Thy rest above;

cr Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise,
f And cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice. Amen.

523. IRENE.

8.6.8.4.

J. B. DYKES.



"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—PSALM xxxvii. 7.

mp REST in the Lord—from harps above
The music seems to thrill—
cr Rest in His everlasting love,
p Rest and be still.

mf Rest thou, who claimest for thine own
Thy chosen bride to-day,
Affianced in His faith alone
Thy bride for aye.

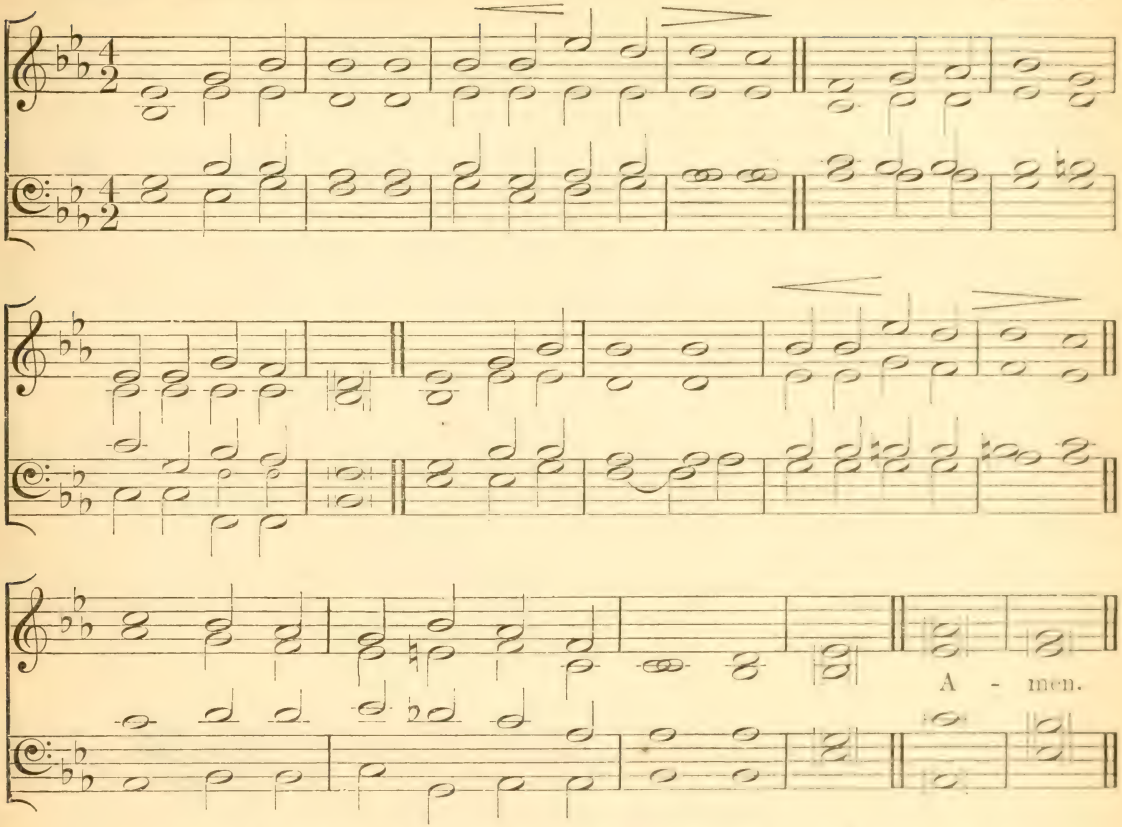
mp And thou, whose trustful hand is given
Avouching here thy spouse,
Rest, for a Father seals in heaven
His children's vows.

mf Rest ye, who cluster round them both
To mingle praise and prayers;
Your God affirms the plighted troth,
Your God and theirs.

Rest, for the Heavenly Bridegroom here
Is standing by your side,
p And in this union draws more near
His mystic bride.

mp Rest in the Lord—thrice Holy Dove,
In us Thy word fulfil—
cr Rest in His everlasting love,
p Rest and be still. Amen.

524. PERFECT LOVE.* 11s. 10s. J. Barnby.



"The Lord do so to me and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."—Ruth i. 17.

mf O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
p Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
cr That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

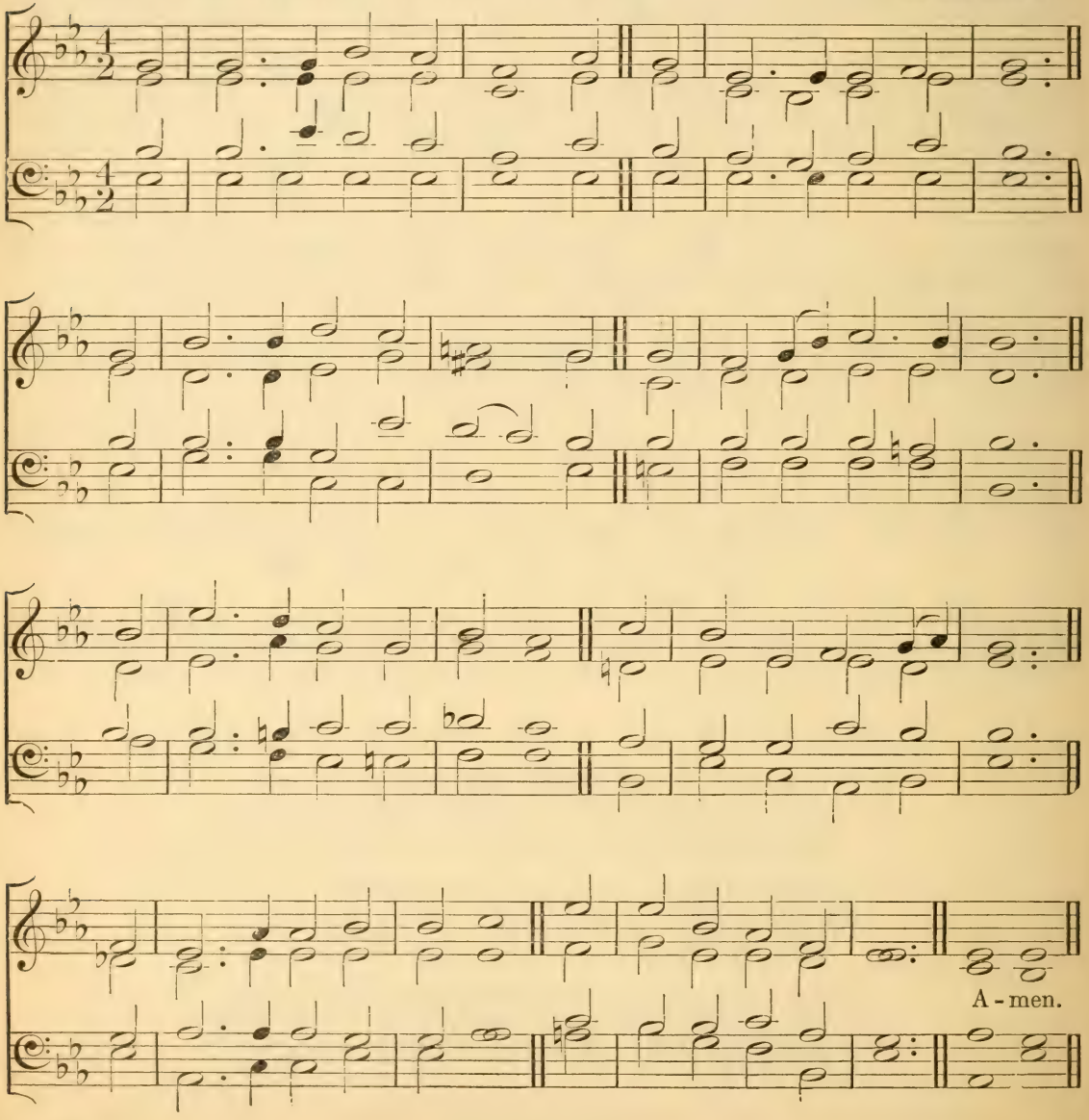
Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
p Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
mf And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

* Arranged from Novello's Octavo Anthems, No. 380, written for the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Louise with the Duke of Fife.

"O Saviour of the world, who by Thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord."

525. COMFORT TO THE WEARY. D. 7s. 6s.

Arthur Hervey.



The Visitation of the Sick.

"*I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.*"—PSALM lxxxix. 1.

p OH comfort to the weary,
Oh balm to the distress'd,
To lean, when life is dreary,
Upon the Saviour's breast:
cr Amidst its cares and sorrows,
To feel Him always nigh
While earth a radiance borrows,
From hopes beyond the sky.

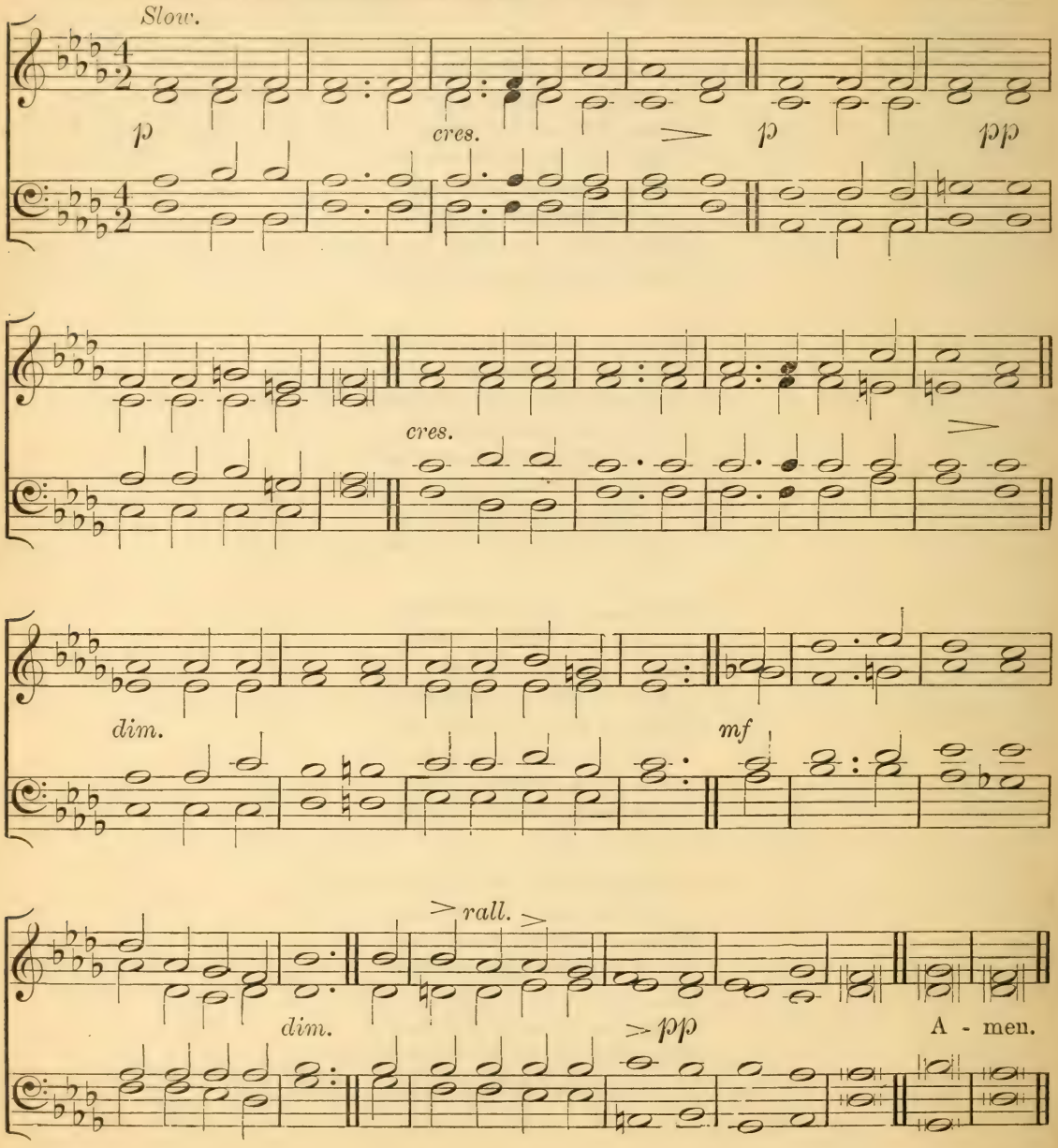
mf Oh sweetness beyond measure,
To taste the Saviour's love,
And know our choicest treasure
Is safe with Him above:
To prove His care, how tender,
His providence, how wise;
Our Guardian and Defender,
Whose goodness never dies.

p O Saviour meek and lowly,
Our never-failing Friend,
Teach us to trust Thee wholly,
And on Thy grace depend:
In mercy watching o'er us,
Whene'er our feet may stray,
With gentle love restore us,
And lead us in Thy way.

cr When sorrows, Lord, o'ertake us,
Thy promises are sure;
Thou never wilt forsake us,
Thy mercies still endure:
f Soon may we stand before Thee
And see Thee face to face,
Where saints with joy adore Thee,
And ever sing Thy praise. Amen.

526. DOMINUS MISERICORDIÆ. 11s. 10s

J. STAINER.



The Visitation of the Sick.

"Lord, Thou knowest all things."—JOHN xxi. 17.

mp THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confess'd;
cr We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

mp Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer stray'd;
How the good Shepherd follow'd, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
And heal'd the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

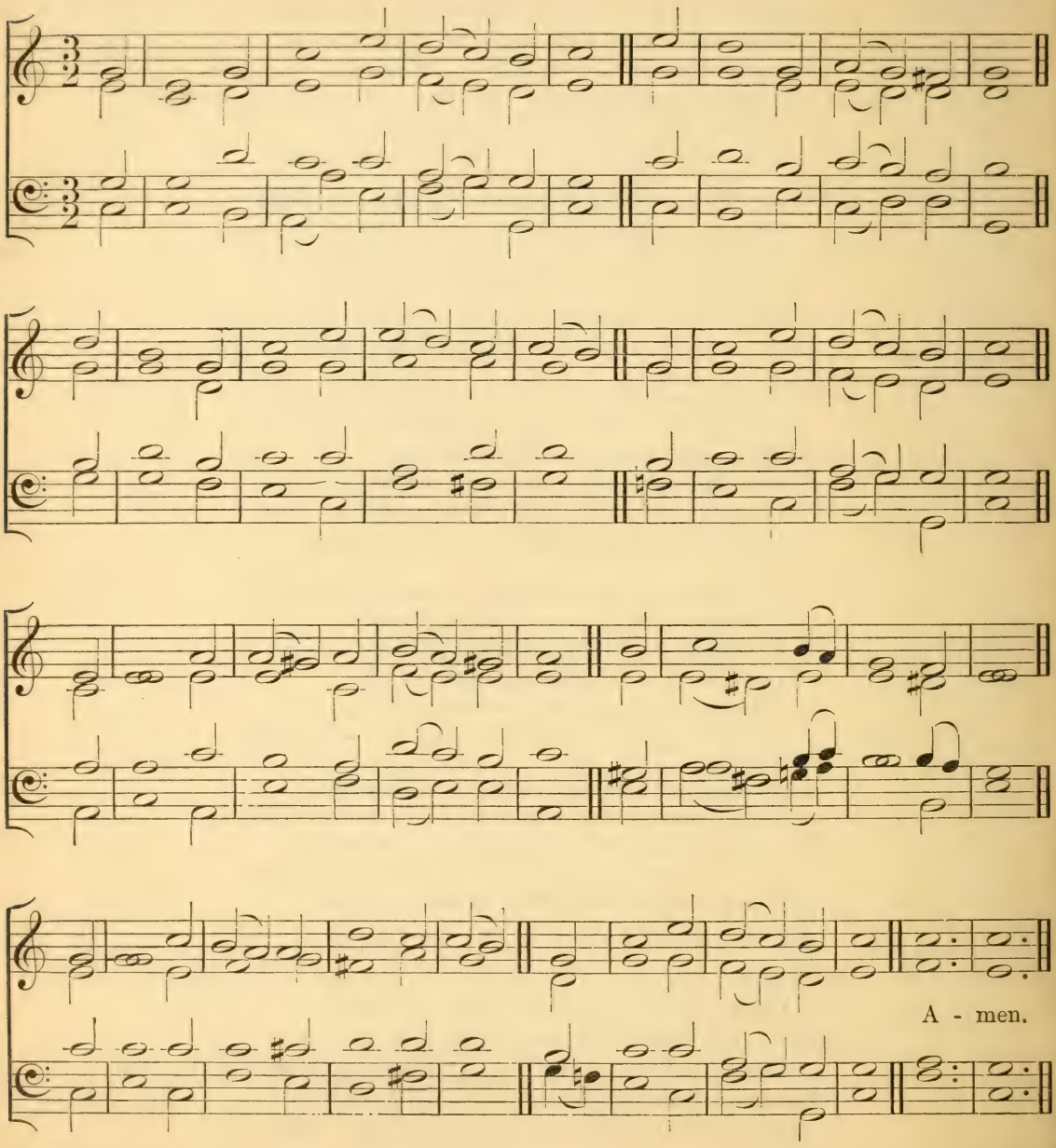
Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assign'd of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanish'd smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be cross'd at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this, Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved:
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

cr Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
mf On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
f Then rising and refresh'd we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known. Amen.

527. ST. MATTHEW. D.C.M. W. CROFT.



The Visitation of the Sick.

"Thou art my hiding place."—PSALM xxxii. 7.

mf THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord.
In Thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
di I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
p And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me.

mf When storms of fierce temptation beat
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee;
cr Joy to my heart the thought affords,
p My Saviour died for me.

mp 'Mid trials, heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain,—
cr Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast,
p My Saviour died for me.

pp And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life in its last lingering sands
Is ebbing fast away,—
cr Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
mf Oh give me strength in death to speak,
p My Saviour died for me. Amen.

528. SANTA TRINITA.

L.M.

E. PIERACCINI.

A - men.

"Commune with your own heart, in your chamber, and be still."—PSALM iv. 4.

mp WISH not, dear friends, my pain away;
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God in all my griefs to stay,
Nor from His loved correction start.

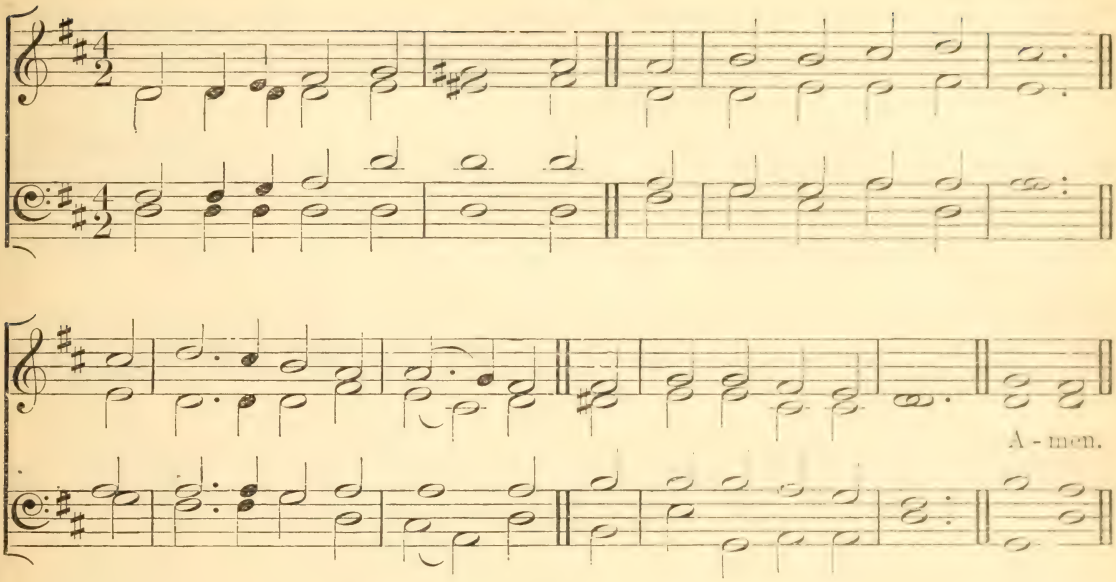
cr The dearest offering He can crave
His portion in our souls to prove,
p What is it to the gift He gave,
The only Son of His dear love?

mp In life's long sickness evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro:
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

p Were it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod
Never so safe, as when our will
Yields undiscern'd by all but God? Amen.

529. GOSPEL.

7s. 6s. K. HANBEY.



"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—EPHESIANS iii. 19.

mf TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
cr Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

mp Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

mf Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in:
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
di The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

mp Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

mf Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

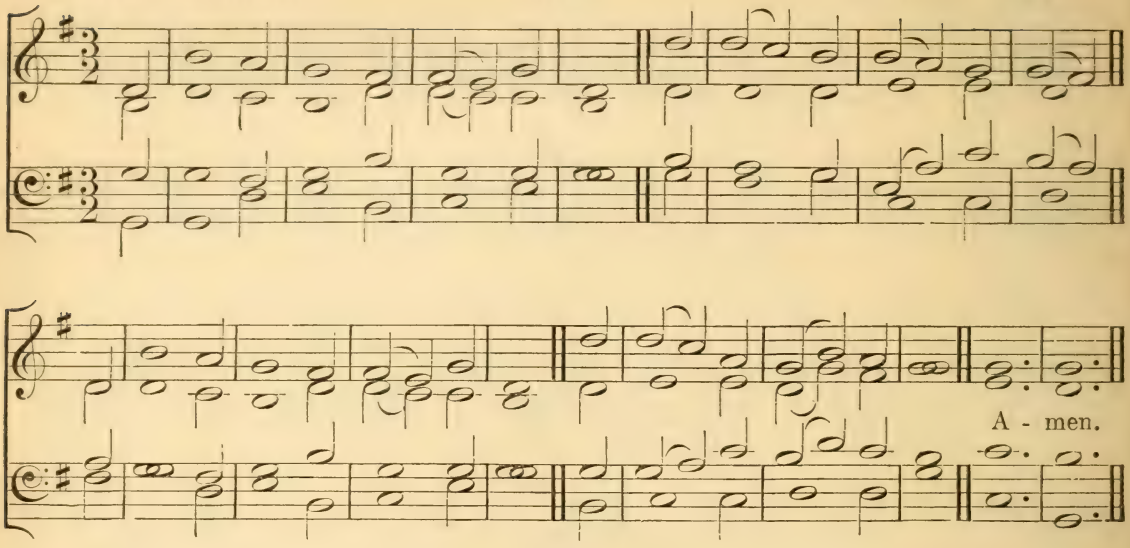
cr Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
f Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Amen.

530. BELMONT.

C. M.

S. WEBBE.



"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHILIPPIANS i. 21.

mf LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before,
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

cr Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
f What will Thy glory be!

mp Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
cr And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

mf My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him. Amen.

531. HOLY CHURCH.

D. 7s. 6s.

A. H. Brown.

Softly, and rather slowly.

A - men.

"To hoar hairs will I carry you."—Isaiah xlvi. 4.

mp I'm kneeling at the threshold,
Aweary, faint, and sore;
I'm waiting for the dawning,
For the opening of the door;
I'm waiting till the Master
Shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence,
The gladness of His home.

p A weary path I've travell'd
'Mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Still bearing many a burden,
Contending for my life;
cr But now the morn is breaking,
My toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold,
My hand is at the door.

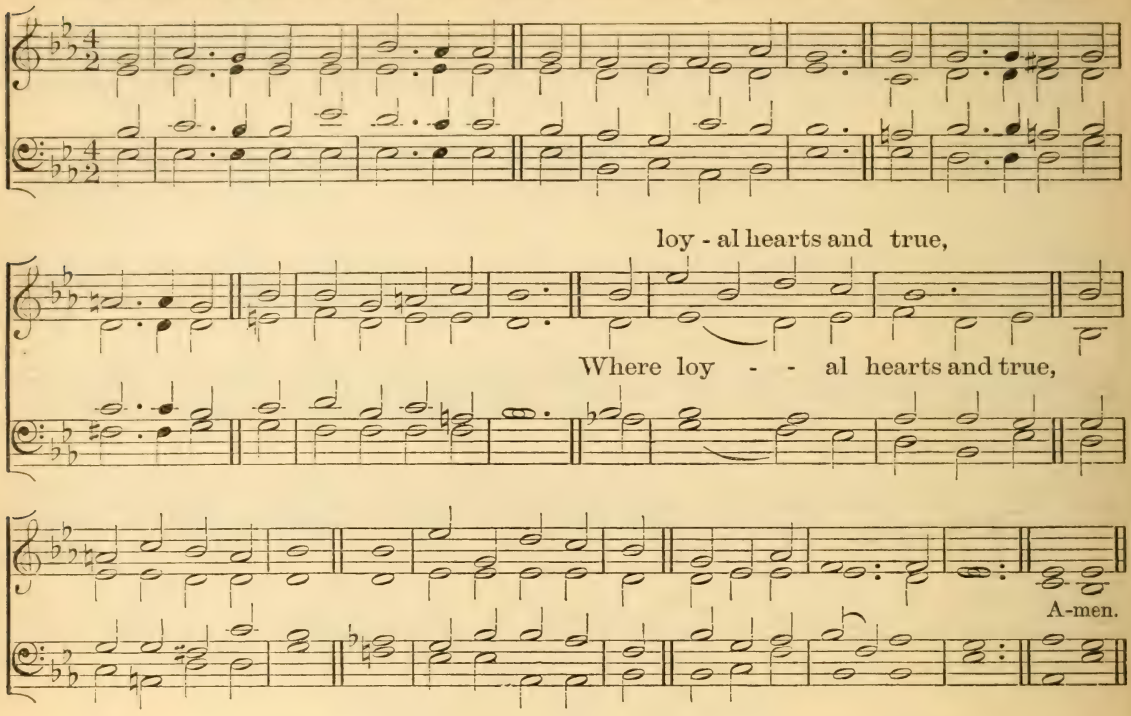
p Methinks I hear the voices
Of the blessèd, as they stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine
Of the unclouded land;
cr Oh, would that I were with them,
Amid the shining throng,
f Uniting in their worship,
Rejoicing in their song!

mf The friends that started with me
Have enter'd long ago;
Ah! one by one they left me
To struggle with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me,
When my work too is done.

With them the blessèd angels
That know no grief or sin,
I see them at the portals,
Prepared to let me in;
di O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best,
p But I'm wasted, worn, and weary;
My Father, bid me rest. Amen.

532. PARADISE (BARNBY). [First Tune.] P.M.

J. Barnby.



"*Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.*"—Philippians i. 23.

mf Oh Paradise, oh Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
The mansions of the blest;
f Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
di In God's most holy sight?

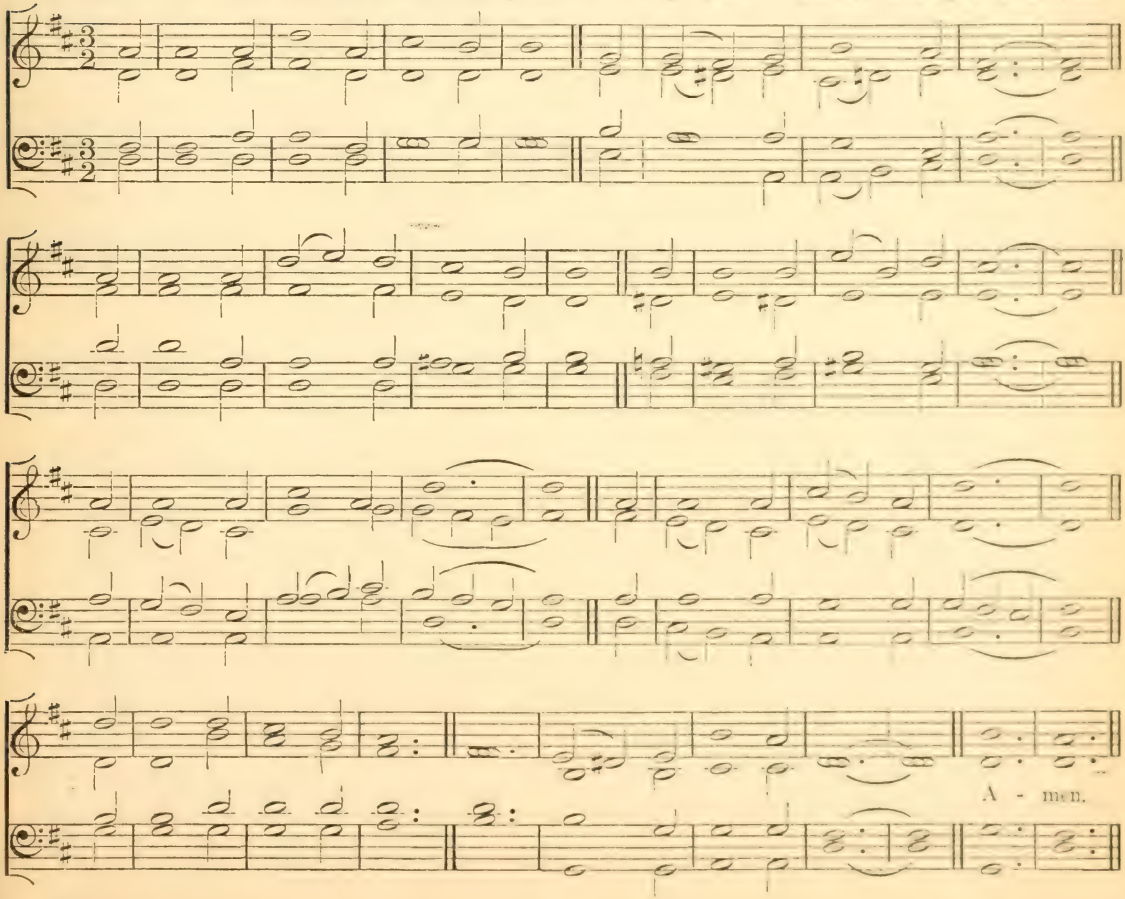
mf Oh Paradise, oh Paradise,
mp The world is growing old;
cr Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
f Where loyal hearts, &c.

mf Oh Paradise, oh Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
cr I want to be where Jesus is
Upon thy spotless shore;
f Where loyal hearts, &c.

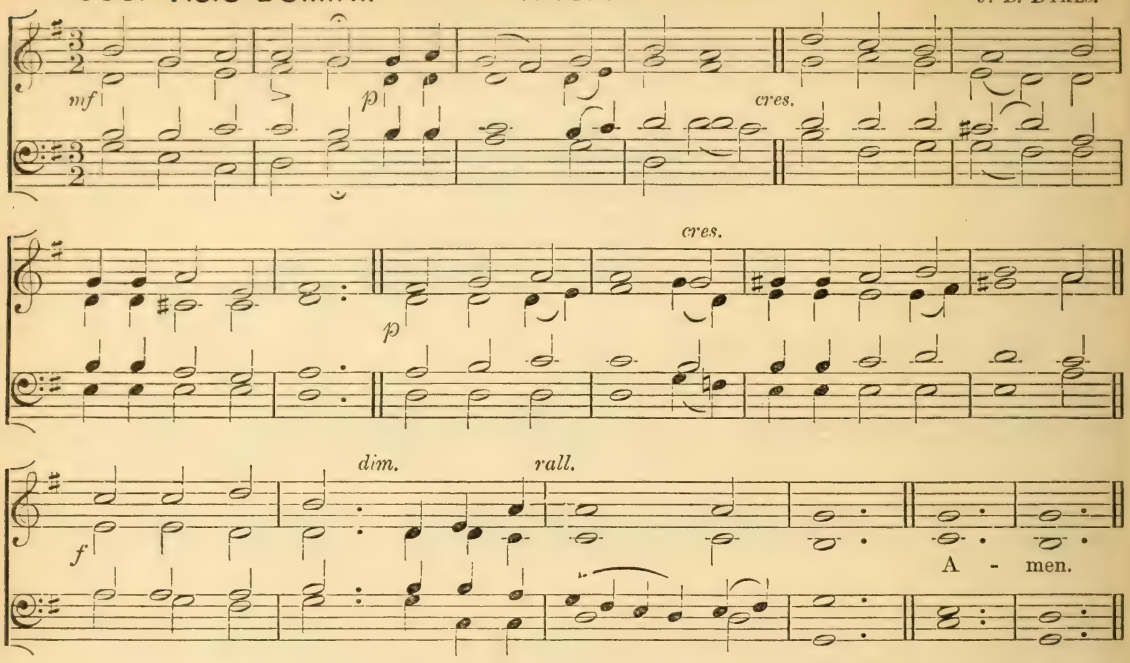
mf Oh Paradise, oh Paradise,
I shall not wait for long;
p E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
f Where loyal hearts, &c.

mp Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
Oh keep me in Thy love,
cr And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
f Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
di In God's most holy sight. Amen.

532. O PARADISE (HENRY). [Second Tune.] P.M. Henry. Arr. by J. T. Cooper.



533. VISIO DOMINI. 11s. 10s. J. B. DYKES.



"They desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

mp WE would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus; for life's hand hath rested [and brow;
With its dark touch upon both heart
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

cr We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation [grace,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
f Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation, [face.
Can thence remove us if we see His

mp We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;

di The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing, [to Thee.
cr We would not mourn them, for we go

p We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers; [less strong.
cr Our love to Thee makes not this love

p We would see Jesus: sense is all too blinding, [away:
And heaven appears too dim, too far
cr We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding [debt to pay.
What Thou hast suffer'd our great

f We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing; [with the sight;
Strength, joy, and willingness come
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
ff Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night. Amen.

534. ONUS MEUM LEVE.

P.M

JOSEPH BARNBY.

Slow.

A - men.

"Not knowing the things that shall befall me."—ACTS XX. 22.

mp I KNOW not what may befall me ;
God tenderly shades my eyes :
cr And so each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes arise ;
mf And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and strange surprise.

mf I see not a step before me,
Yet I journey without a fear :
The past is still in God's keeping ;
The future His mercy will clear ;
And what looks dark in the distance
cr May brighten as I draw near.

mf For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think :
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink ;
di Or, if Marah must still be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

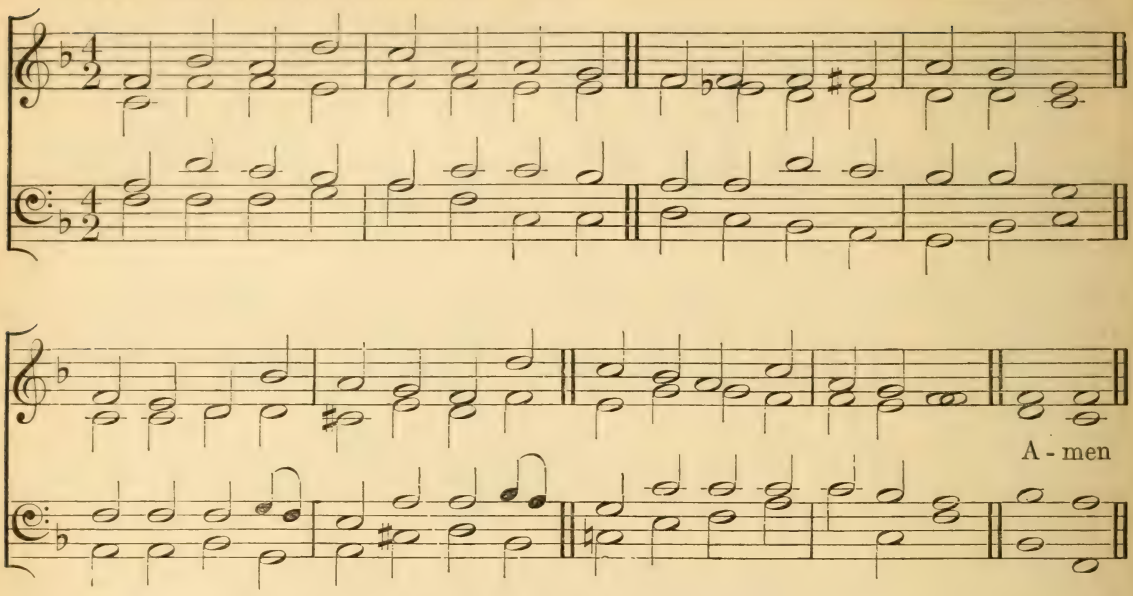
mf Then it may be He has waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so passing sweet,
di That my lips shall only tremble
p With the thanks they cannot repeat.

mf I journey on not knowing ;
I would not, if I might :
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light ;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight. Amen.

* The words must be sung to the tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required.

535. SOLATIUM CARITATIS. 8s. 7s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—GALATIANS vi. 2.

mp Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Haste its failing drops to share,
f And through all the years of famine
Thou shalt still have drops to spare.

mf Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scatter'd fill with gold the plain.

mp Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
cr Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

mf Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
cr Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

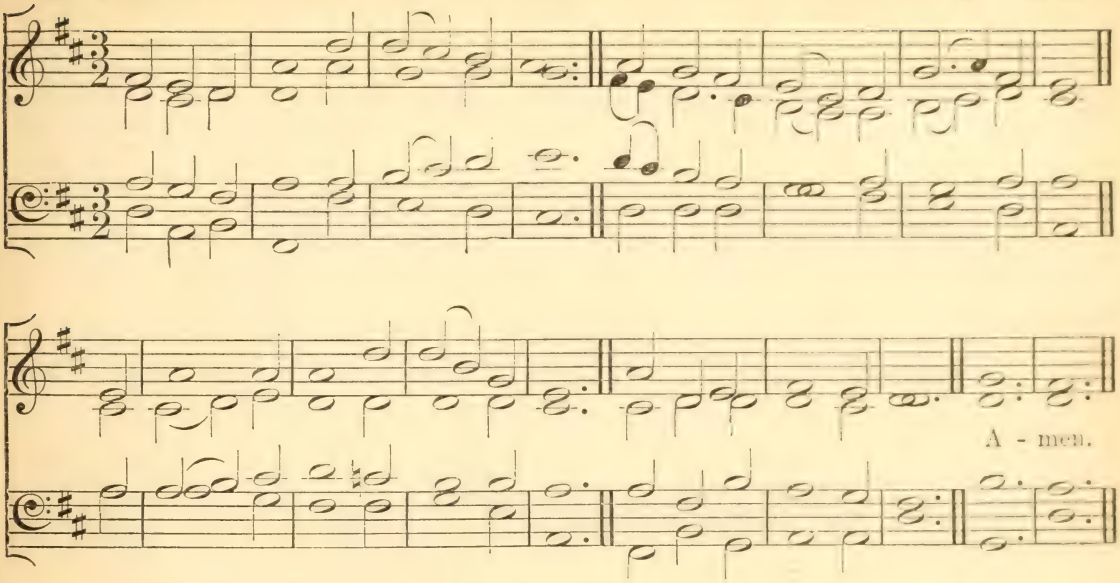
mp Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
cr Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

mp Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
cr Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

mp Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low,
f It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow. Amen.

May also be sung to "Sharon," No. 463.

536. SAFFRON WALDEN. 8s. 6. A. H. Brown.



"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?"—Song viii. 5.

mp O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean:
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee.

mf What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
di With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

mp Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
p A Voice of love in gentlest tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

cr Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
f How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

mf They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee? Amen.

537. CANNES.

8s. 6.

BENJAMIN BLAXLAND.

cres - - -

- *cen* - - - *do.*

A - men.

"They saw no man any more, save Jesus only."—MARK ix. 8.

mf O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
p But just my own exceeding need
cr And Thy exceeding love.

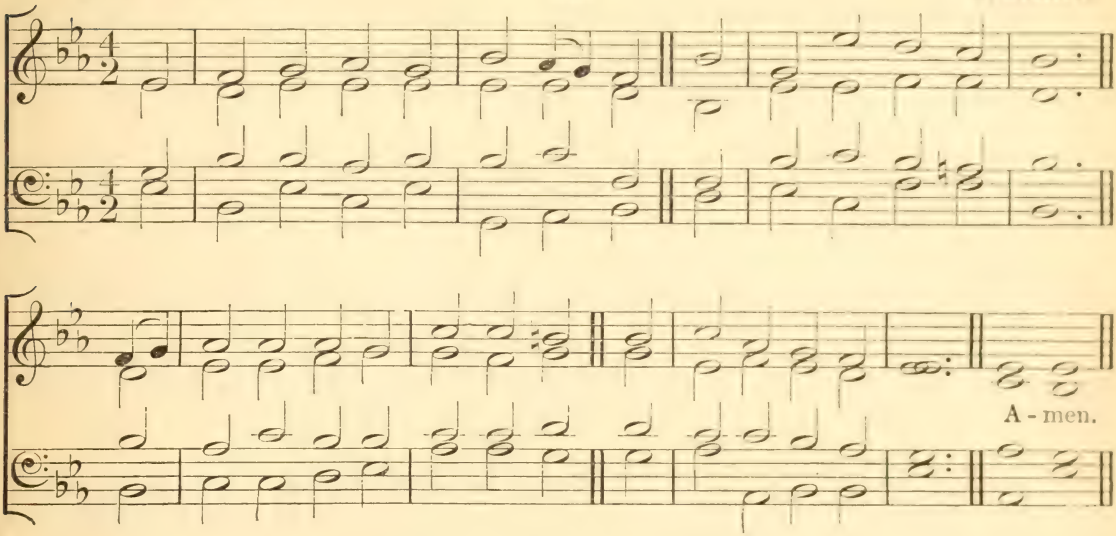
p The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er:
cr The love unbought is all Thine own
f And lasts for evermore. Amen.

See also Hymns 20, 281, 284, 292, 294, 295, 297, 301, 307, 308, 309.

"In all time of our tribulation, Good Lord, deliver us."

538. HORSLEY.

C.M. W. Horsley.



"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh."—Song v. 2.

mp The sun is set, the twilight's o'er,
The night-dews fall like rain:
A Prince stands at a suppliant's door,
cr And knocks, and knocks again.

p I slumber; but my heart is moved
With joy and holy fear·
cr "Is it Thy footstep, O beloved,
Thy hand, Thy voice, I hear?"

mf "'Tis I, thy Lord, who stand and wait
Beneath the darkening sky:
f Arise, unbar, unclose the gate,
Fear nothing; it is I.

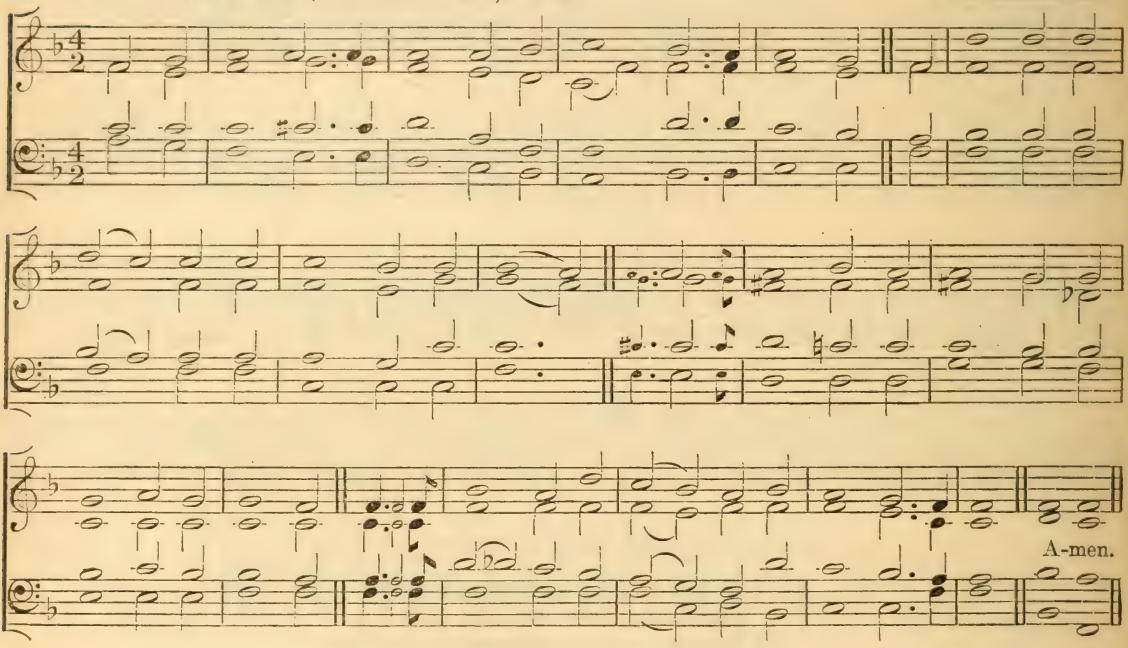
mf The bread of life is in My hand;
The wine of heaven I bring:
Fulfil My tenderest last command:
Thy bridegroom is thy King.

Eat, drink; and muse in loving trust,
The while I sup with thee,
f If this be heaven on earth, what must
My bridal banquet be." Amen.

"GRANT THAT THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH WE MAY PASS TO OUR JOYFUL RESURRECTION."

539. CLEWER (BAMBRIDGE). P.M.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



"Ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESSALONIANS iv. 13.

mp THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
cr Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
mf And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

p Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
cr But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
di And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

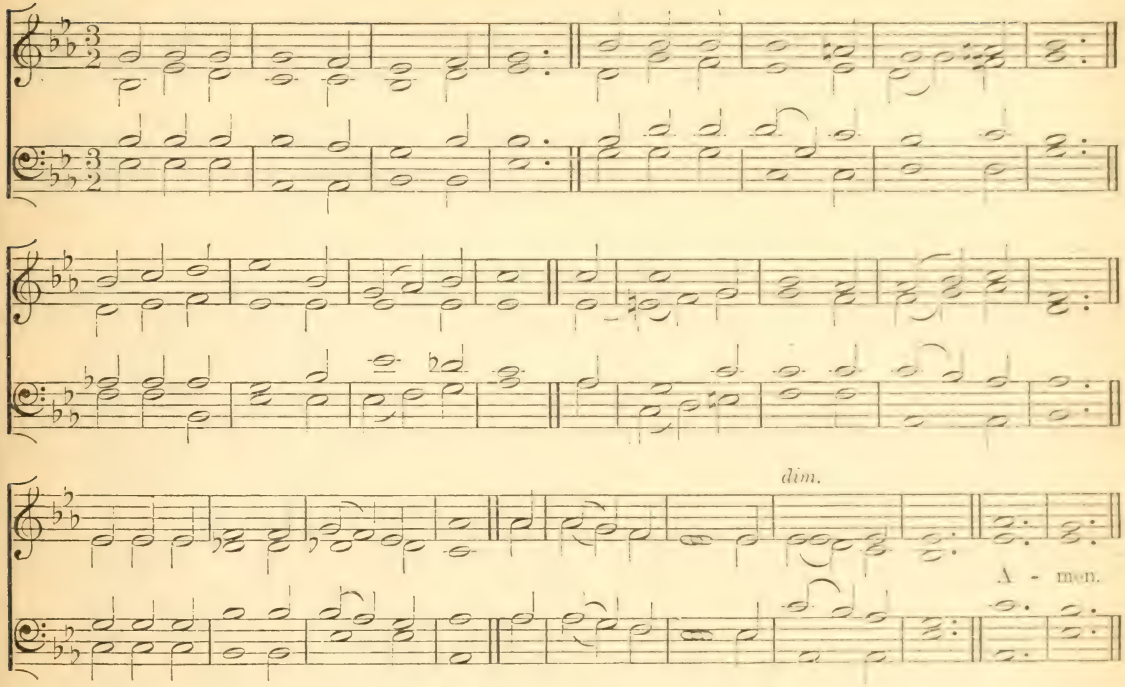
mp Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
cr But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
mf And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

mp Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
cr Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
f He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died. Amen.

540. BARNBY.

Six 8s.

J. Barnby.



"He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto Him."—Luke xx. 38.

mf God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveil'd Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
cr We know them living unto Thee.

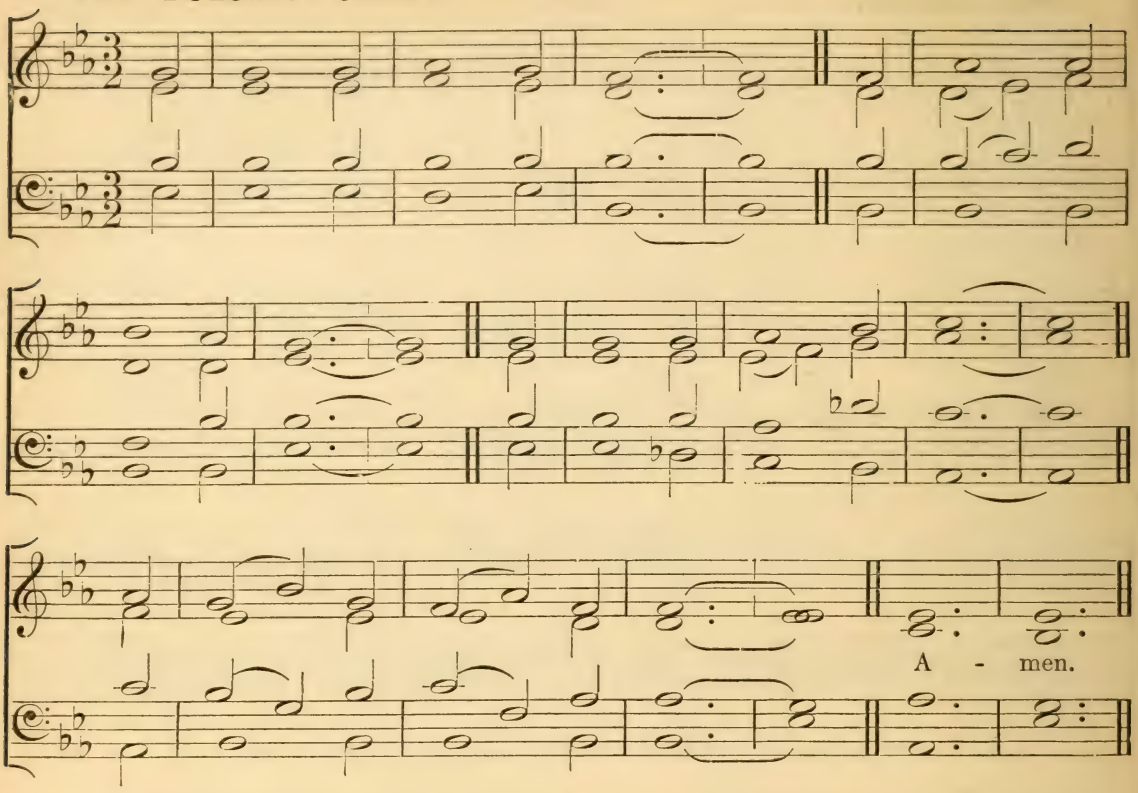
mp Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
cr Our dead are living unto Thee.

mf Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapp'd in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
cr Not dead, but living unto Thee.

mf Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
p And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave.
cr That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

f O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee. Amen.

541. DOLOMITE CHANT. 6s.



"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REVELATION xiv. 13.

p HUSH! blessèd are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

mf Oh beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

For them the wild is past
With all its toil and care;
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

mp Them the Good Shepherd leads,
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

p Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.

Their voice, their touch, their smile,—
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

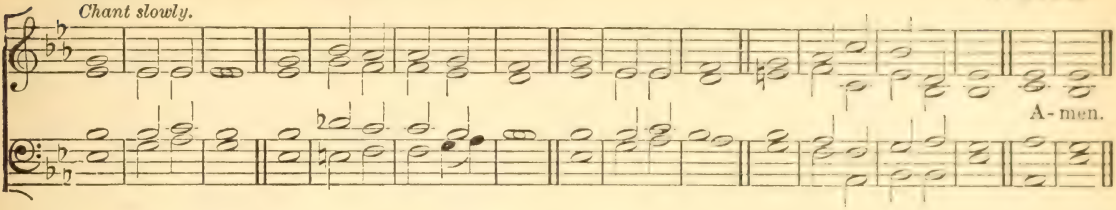
mp O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

cr But soon at break of day
His calm Almighty voice,
f Stronger than death, shall say,
ff Awake,—arise,—rejoice. Amen.

542. HAWES. [First Tune.]

W. Hawes.

Chant slowly.



"The spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—Ecclesiastes xii. 7.

mp 1. Brother, thóu art | gone be- | fore us,
Ánd thy | saintly | soul is | flown
Where tears are wíped from | every | eye,
And | sorrow | is un- | known.

2. From the búrden | of the | flesh,
Ánd from | care and | fears re- | leased,
di Where the wickéd | cease from | troubling,
p Ánd the | weary | are at | rest.

mp 3. The toilsome wáy thou'st | travell'd | o'er,
And | borne the | heavy | load ;
cr But Christ hath taúght thy | languid | feet
To | reach His | blest a- | bode ;

mp 4. Thou art sléeping | now like | Lazarus
Up- | on his | Father's | breast,
di Where the wickéd | cease from | troubling,
p Ánd the | weary | are at | rest.

mf 5. Sin can néver | taint thee | now,
Nor | doubt thy | faith as- | sail ;
Nor thy meek trúst in | Jesus | Christ
Ánd the | Holy | Spirit | fail.

6. And there thou'rt súre to | meet the | good
Whóm on | earth thou | lovedst | best,
di Where the wickéd | cease from | troubling,
p Ánd the | weary | are at | rest.

mp 7. "Earth to éarth," and "dust to | dust,"
The | solemn | priest hath | said ;
So we lay the túrf a- | bove thee | now,
Ánd we | seal thy | narrow | bed ;

cr 8. But thy spirit, bróther, | soars a- | way
A- | mong the | faithful | blest,
di Where the wickéd | cease from | troubling,
p Ánd the | weary | are at | rest.

mf 9. And when the Lórd shall | summon | us
Whom | thou hast | left be- | hind,
May we, untáinted | by the | world,
As | sure a | welcome | find ;

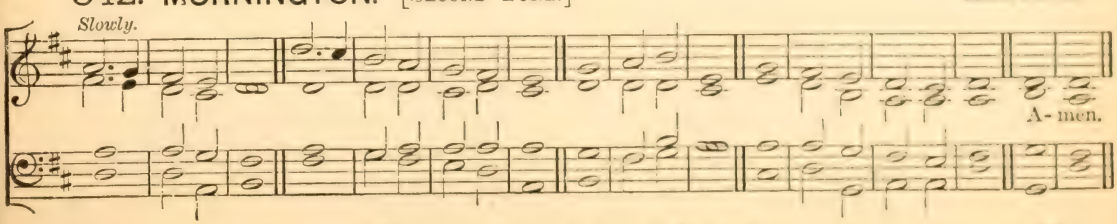
10. May each, like thée, de- | part in | peace
To | be a | glorious | guest,
di Where the wickéd | cease from | troubling,
p Ánd the | weary | are at | rest. Amen.

When two syllables occur in the last bar of any line, they are to be sung as two *equal* minims.

542. MORNINGTON. [Second Tune.]

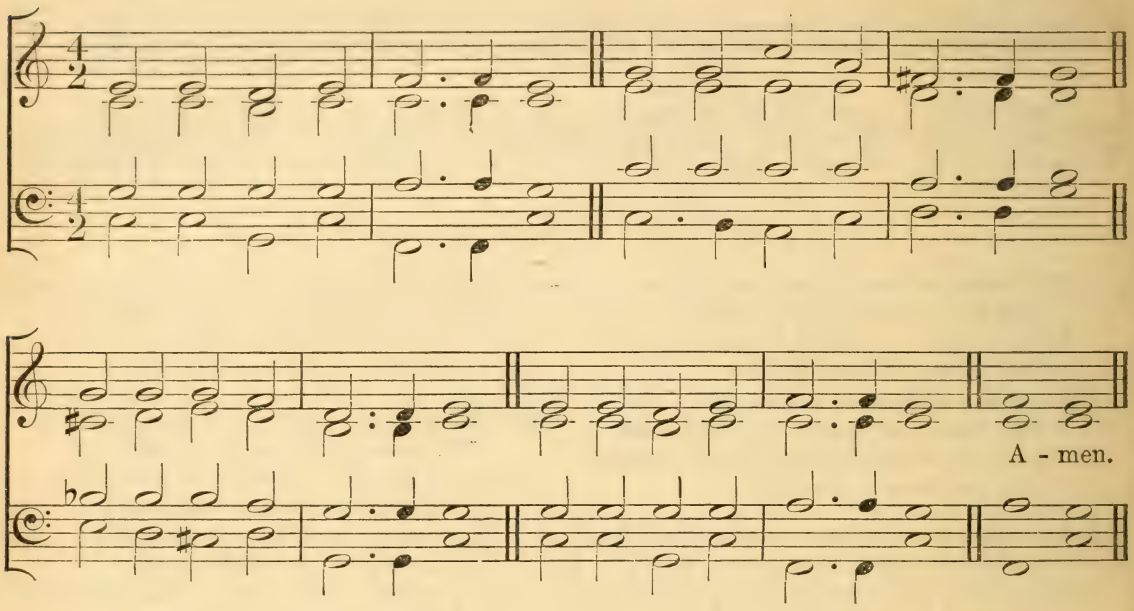
Mornington.

Slowly.



"Mornington" may be sung in D minor.

543. REDHEAD (No. 47). 7s. R. REDHEAD.



"Jesus wept."—JOHN xi. 35. *"Is not this the Son of Mary?"*—MARK vi. 3.
"The Lord said unto her, Weep not."—LUKE vii. 13. *"Truly this Man was the Son of God."*—MARK xiv. 39.

p WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
cr "Jesu, Son of Mary," hear.

p Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
cr "Jesu, Son of Mary," hear.

pp Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
cr "Jesu, Son of Mary," hear.

p When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
cr "Jesu, Son of Mary," hear.

p Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear:
cr "Jesu, Son of Mary," hear.

f Thou hast pass'd through death's dark shade;
Thou hast full atonement made:
ff Thou to God's right hand art near:
di Son of God, Emmanuel, hear. Amen.

544. HEBRON.

P.M.

J. Barnby

Smoothly.

Rather slower.

ritard.

A-men.

"Into Thine hand I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."—Psalm xxxi. 5.

mp Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
cr Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
p Father, in Thy, &c.

mf There the Shepherd bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and stray'd,
di Shelters each no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.
p Father, in Thy, &c.

mp There the penitents that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
cr All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
p Father, in Thy, &c.

mf There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well
He who died for their release.
p Father, in Thy, &c.

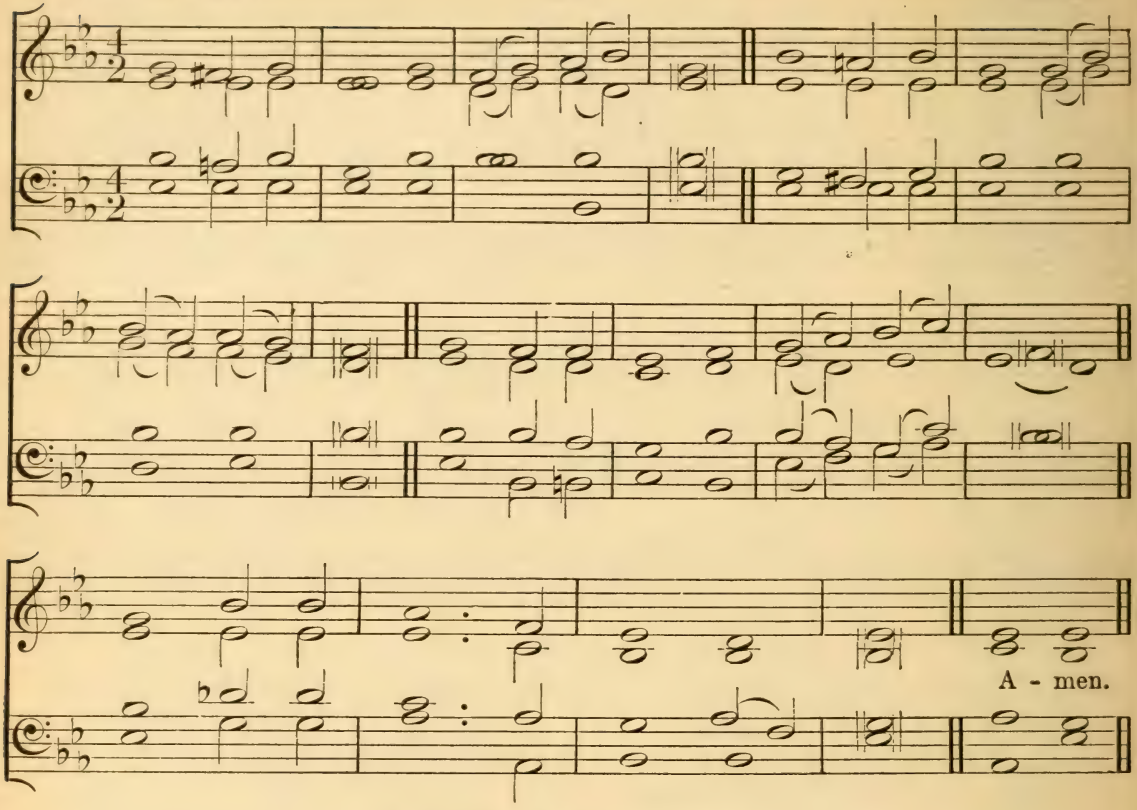
pp "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind we wait in trust,
cr Till the resurrection day.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
Amen.

Organ Accompt.

ad lib

For 1st line.

545. HOLLY. L.M. G. HEWS.



"*He shall enter into peace.*"—ISAIAH lvii. 2.

mp How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
cr And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

mf There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh
In language that no tongue can speak.

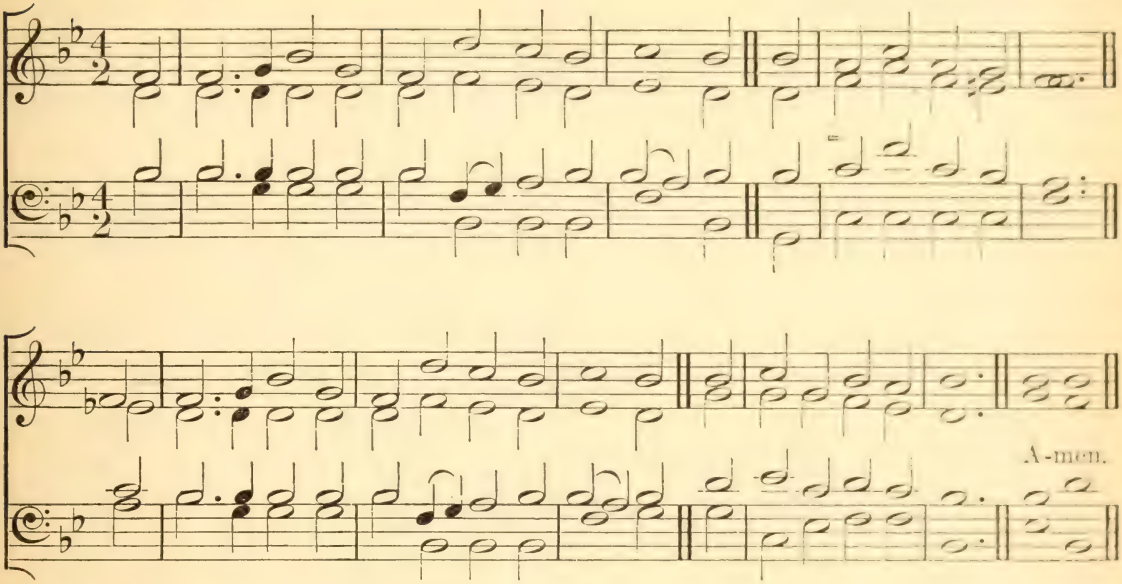
cr A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.

mp O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,
cr Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with Thee. Amen.

546. REQUIEM.

11s. 6s.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"I will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow."—JEREMIAH XXXI. 13.

mp A VOICE is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
cr But he is gone where the redeem'd are keeping
A festival above.

mp The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
di The funeral bell tolls slow;
cr But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

mf And saying, as they meet, Rejoice! another,
Long waited for, is come:
f The Saviour's heart is glad: a younger brother
Hath reach'd the Father's home. Amen.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

547. MEINHOLD.

P.M.

Very slow.

A - men.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—ISAIAH xl. 11.

p GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping;
And no sign of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

mp In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
mf To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it:
cr Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

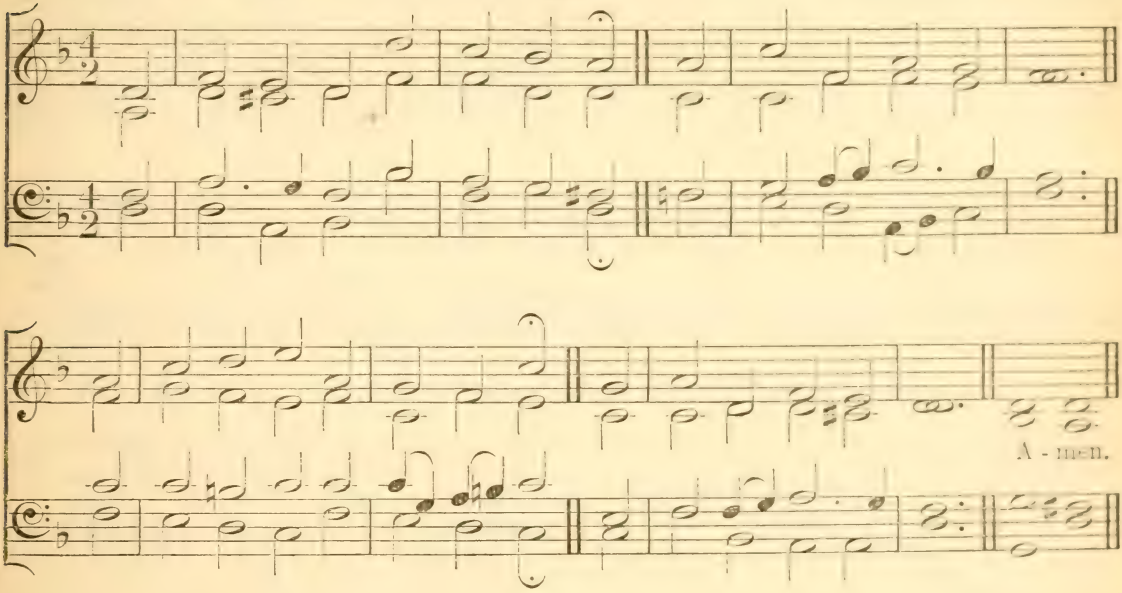
p Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
cr And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
di Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

See also Hymns 203, 208 213, 283, 371, 401.

"RECEIVE AND COMFORT US WHO ARE GRIEVED AND WEARIED WITH THE BURDEN OF OUR SIN."

548. ST. MARY.

C.M.



"I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself."—JEREMIAH xxxi. 18.

mp O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate;

A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
p Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

mp I need not to confess my life
To Thee, who best can tell
What I have been; and what I am,
I know Thou know'st it well.

mf So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

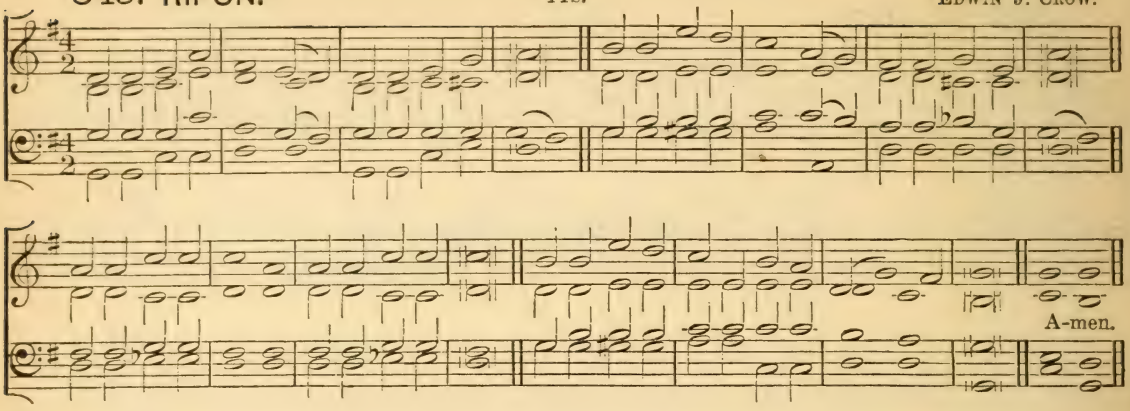
O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have:
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask
The blessing I do crave.

cr Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let Thy mercy come. Amen.

LITANY OF THE CONTRITE.

549. RIPON.

11s. EDWIN J. CROW.



"To revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."—ISAIAH lvii. 15.

HOLY Saviour, hear me; on Thy name I call,
Bring Thy mercy near me, be my life, my all:
I had none to save me, nothing of my own,
Till Thy promise gave me hope in Thee alone.

I am lost without Thee, sin's unhappy slave,
May I never doubt Thee, Jesu, strong to save:
p May I see Thee bleeding on the shameful tree,
cr And in glory pleading what Thou didst for me.

mp All my past misdoing, teach me to confess,
When for mercy suing, to Thy cross I press:
See me humbly kneeling; Thou canst make me whole,
Bring Thy strength and healing to my weary [soul.

Cleanse the evil, staining life and thought and heart;
Leave no spot remaining in my inmost part:
May I see Thee bending o'er me from above,
And the Spirit sending with Thy gifts of love.

May I bow before Thee, with a holy fear,
And in love adore Thee, as my Saviour dear.
In each sore temptation, turn my heart to Thee,
cr Be my strong salvation, sun and shield to me.

mf Be my strength in weakness, be my peace in strife;
di Come with Thine own meekness, quieting my life:
cr When I faint in sorrow, bring Thy comfort near;
When I dread the morrow, come with hope to cheer.

mf Faithful Shepherd, feed me in the pastures green;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me where Thy steps [are seen:
Hold me fast and guide me in the narrow way,
So with Thee beside me I shall never stray.

Daily bring me nearer to the heavenly shore;
May Thy love grow dearer, may I love Thee more:
Hallow every pleasure, sanctify my pain,
Be Thyself my treasure, though none else I gain.

Give me joy or sadness: this be all my care,
That eternal gladness, I with Thee may share.
Day by day prepare me, as Thou seest best;
Then let angels bear me to Thy promised rest.

mp When the world is failing from my mortal sight,
cr Lift the shadows veiling worlds more pure and bright:
mp When the world for ever is no more to me,
cr Bring me where I never shall depart from Thee.

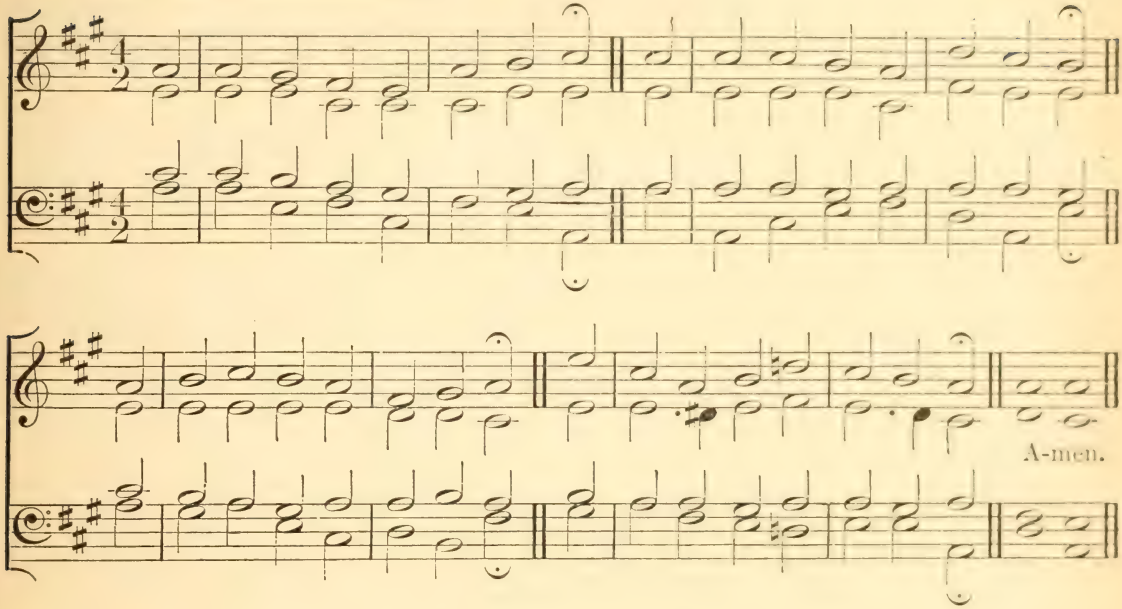
f Oh, the joy of winning this reward at last;
All my dread of sinning, all my mourning pass'd!
p By Thy cross and dying, Jesu, hear my prayer,
mp Daily grace supplying, bring me safely there.
Amen.

See also Hymns 141, 144, 149, 153, 170.

"VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO."

550. OLD HUNDREDTH.

L.M.



"Serve the Lord with gladness."—PSALM C. 2.

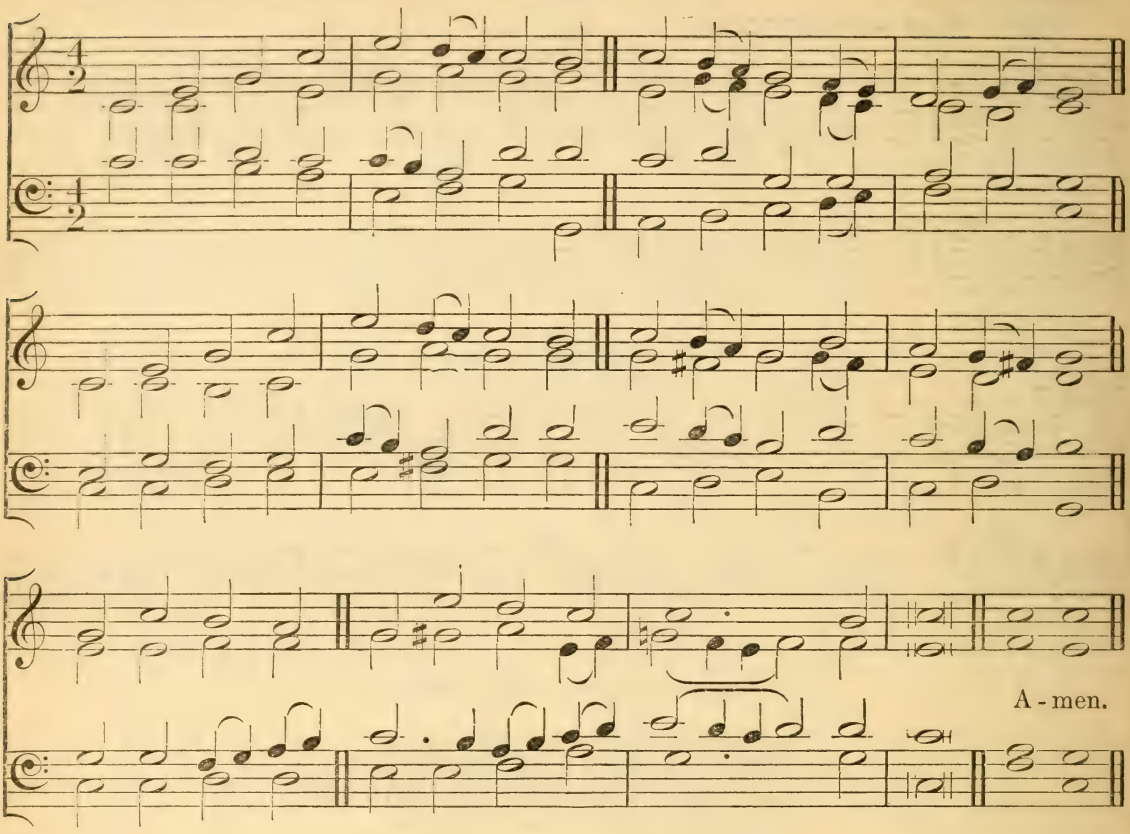
f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

mf The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

ff Oh enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

f For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
cr His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure. Amen.

551. WORCESTER. 8s. 7s. 4. W. G. WHINFIELD.



"Blessed be Thy glorious name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise."—NEHEMIAH ix. 5.

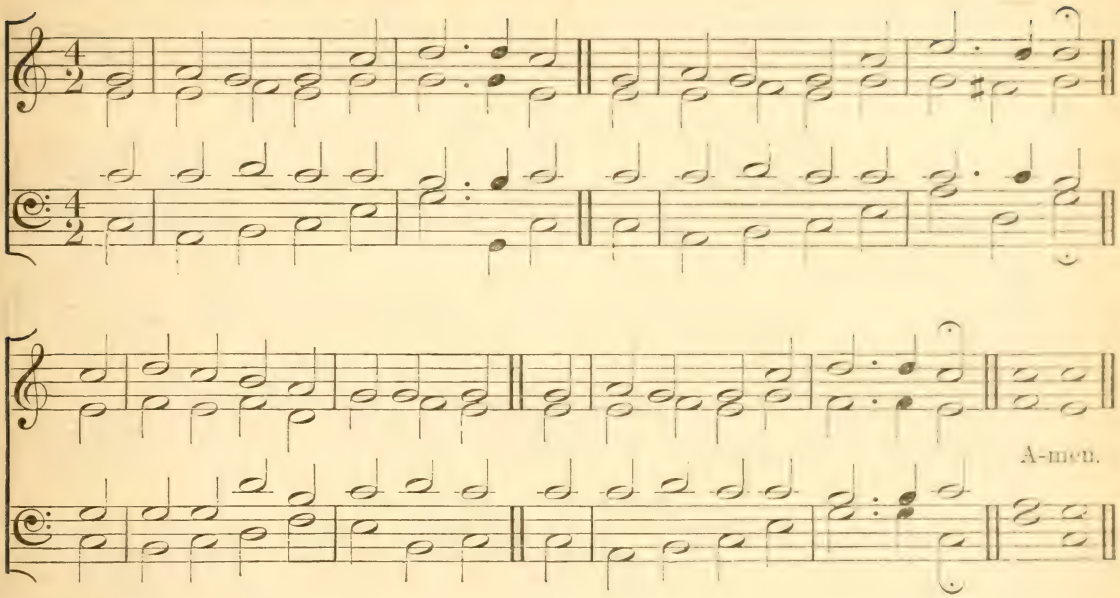
f GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

mf Glory be to Him who loved us,
di Wash'd us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
cr Made us kings with Him to reign:
f Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the church's King,
Glory to the King of nations;
Heaven and earth your praises bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

ff Glory, blessing, praise eternal,
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion,
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! Amen.

552. REDHEAD (No. 4). L.M.



"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting."—PSALM cvi. 48.

f OH render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

mf Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from His judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love His perfect will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil.

mp Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
cr When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me. Amen.

553. NEANDER.

8s. 7s.

JOACHIM NEANDER.

A- men.

"Let the God of my salvation be exalted."—PSALM xviii. 46.

f COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem;
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him who brought salvation,
Wondrous in His works and ways;
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.

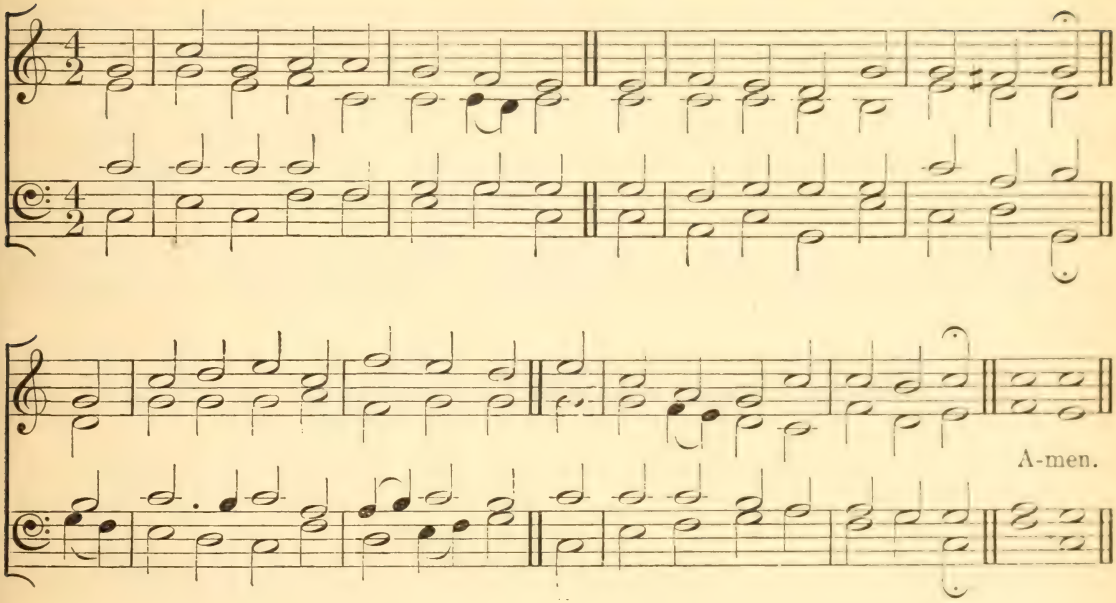
mf Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Form'd the sea, or spread the sky,
di Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die;
Foreordain'd the Prince of princes
p For the throne of Calvary.

f Now above the sapphire pavement,
High in unapproachèd light,
Lo, He lives and reigns for ever
Victor after hard-won fight!
Where the song of the redeemèd
Rings unceasing day and night.

mf Yet this earth He still remembers,
Still by Him the flock are fed:
Yea, He gives them food immortal,
Gives Himself, the living bread:
Leads them where the precious fountain
From the smitten Rock is shed.

cr Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims;
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
f Pledged He stands for your salvation,
Pledged to give the promised land,
Where among the ransom'd nations,
Ye around His throne shall stand.
Amen.

554. WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.



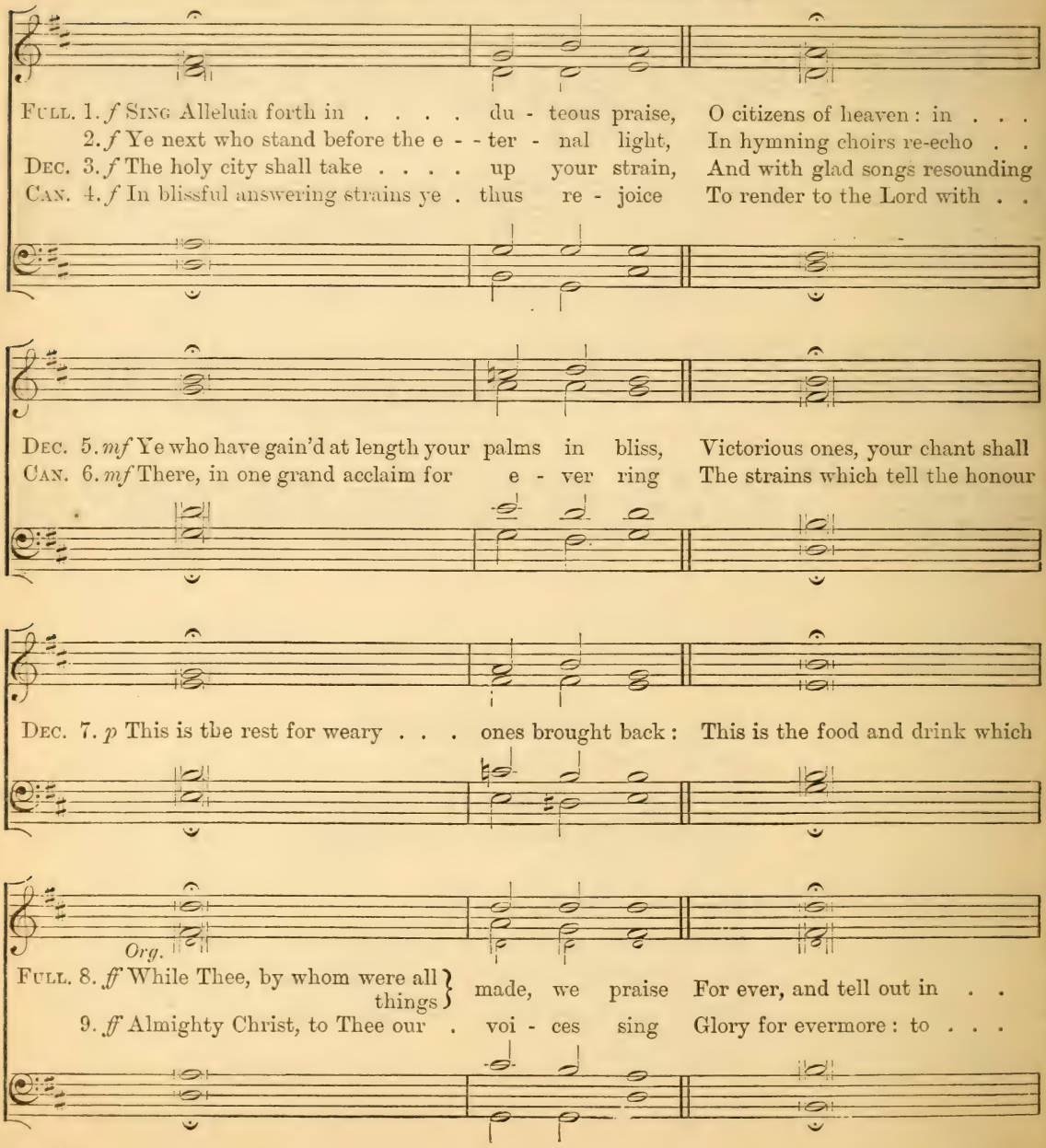
"*O praise ye the Lord all ye nations.*"—PSALM cxvii. 1.

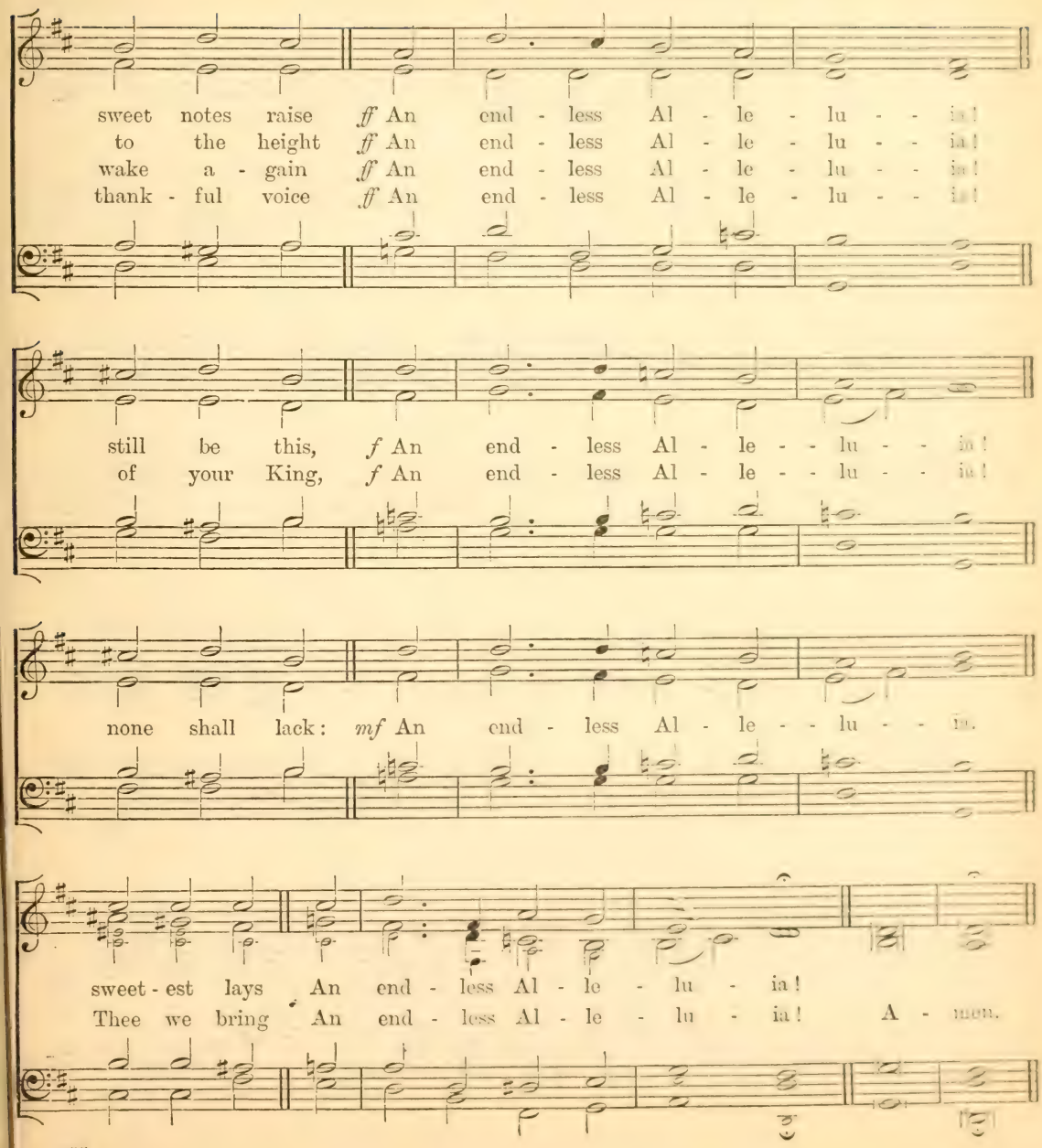
f FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

ff Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

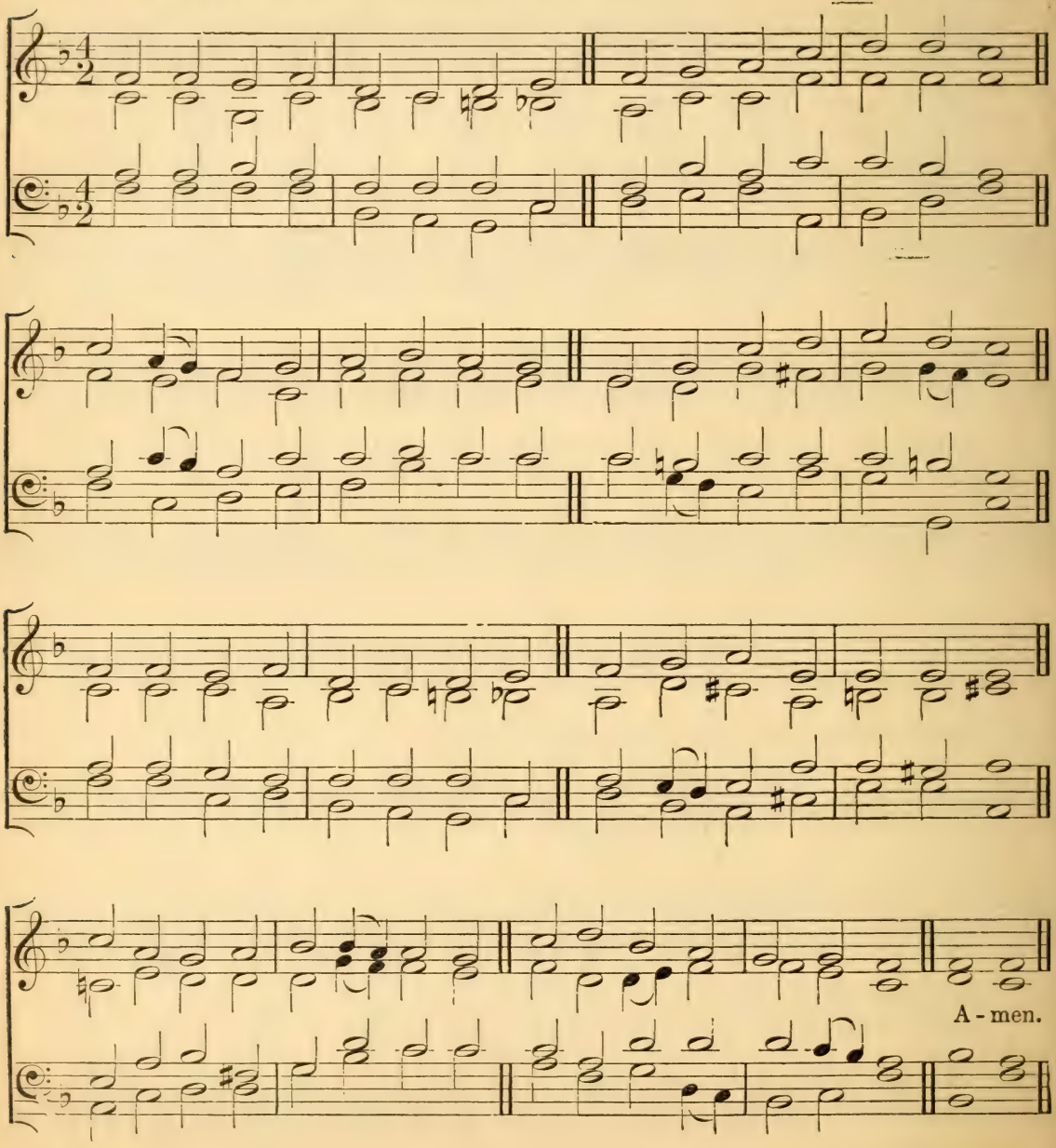
555. ALLELUIA (BARNBY). P.M. J. BARNBY.

"And again they said, Alleluia."—REVELATION xix. 3.




sweet notes raise ff An end - less Al - le - lu - - ia!
to the height ff An end - less Al - le - lu - - ia!
wake a - gain ff An end - less Al - le - lu - - ia!
thank - ful voice ff An end - less Al - le - lu - - ia!
still be this, f An end - less Al - le - - lu - - ia!
of your King, f An end - less Al - le - - lu - - ia!
none shall lack: mf An end - less Al - le - - lu - - ia.
sweet - est lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

556. ALLELUIA (WESLEY). D. 8s. 7s. S. S. WESLEY.



"*Thine, O Lord, is the victory.*"—1 CHRONICLES xxix. 11.

f ALLELUIA, sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
cr Hark, the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood.
"Jesus out of every nation,
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood."

mf Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
di Though the clouds from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
cr Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

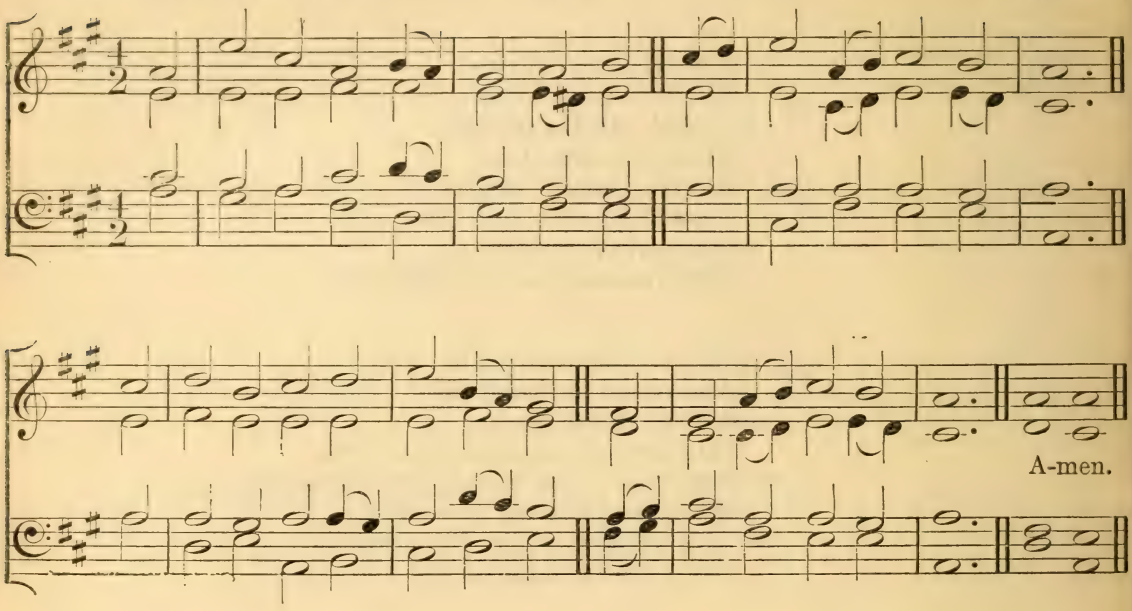
mf Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
di Alleluia! Here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
p Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
cr Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

ff Alleluia, sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
f Hark, the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood." Amen.

557. ST. STEPHEN.

C.M.

W. JONES.



"My cup runneth over."—PSALM xxiii. 5.

f WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

mf Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.

p When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
cr With health renew'd my face;
p And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
cr Revived my soul with grace.

f Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

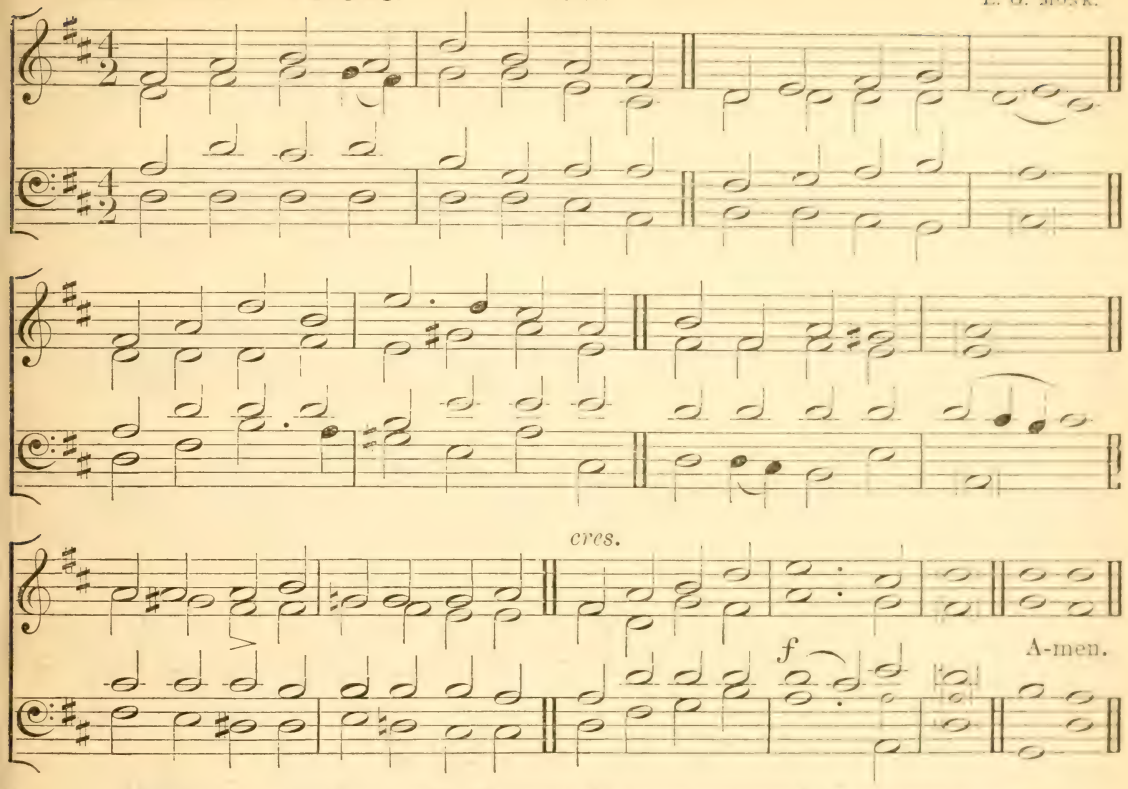
cr Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

ff Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.

558. ANGEL VOICES.

8.5.4.3.

E. G. Monk.



"Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."—Revelation iv. 11.

mf Angel voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
cr And confess Thee,
f Lord of might.

mf Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
cr And wilt hear us?
f Yea, we can.

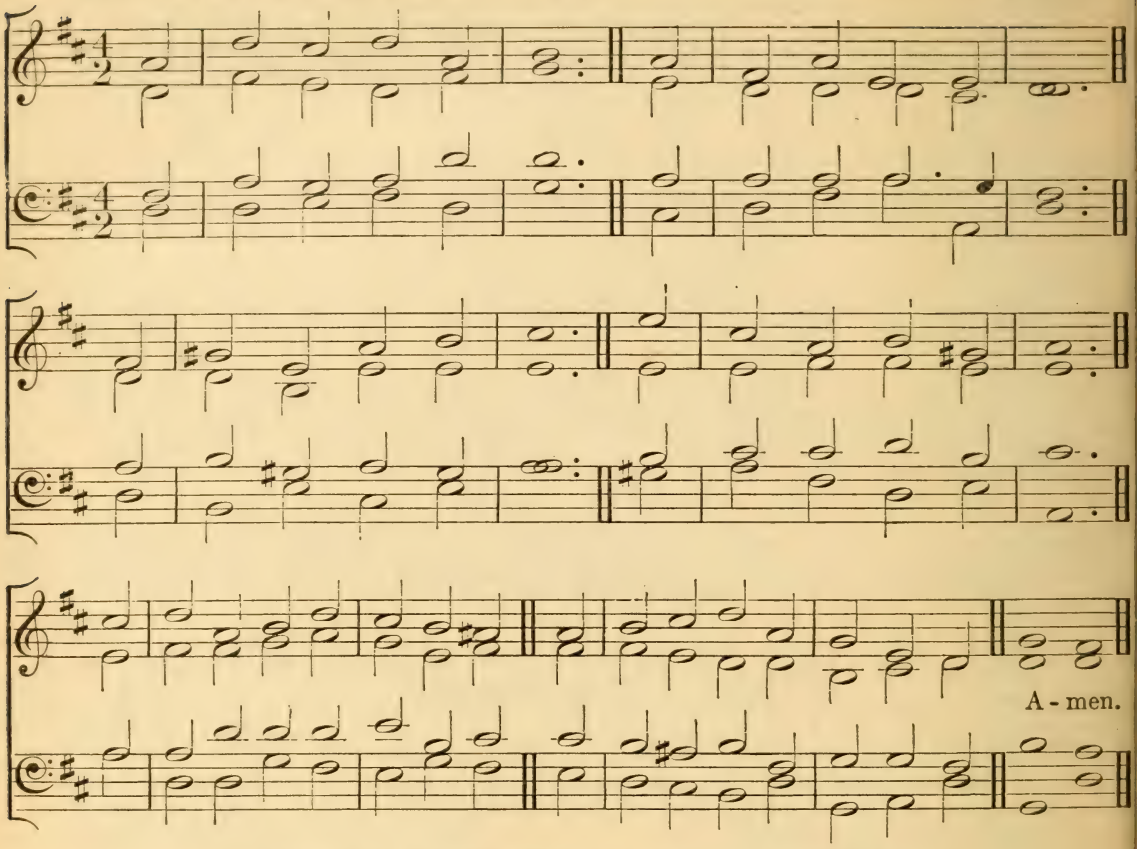
mf Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

f Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands, and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee. Amen.

559. CROFT'S 148th PSALM. 6s. 8s.

W. CROFT.



"Rejoice in the Lord alway; again I say, Rejoice."—PHILIPPIANS iv. 4.

f REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

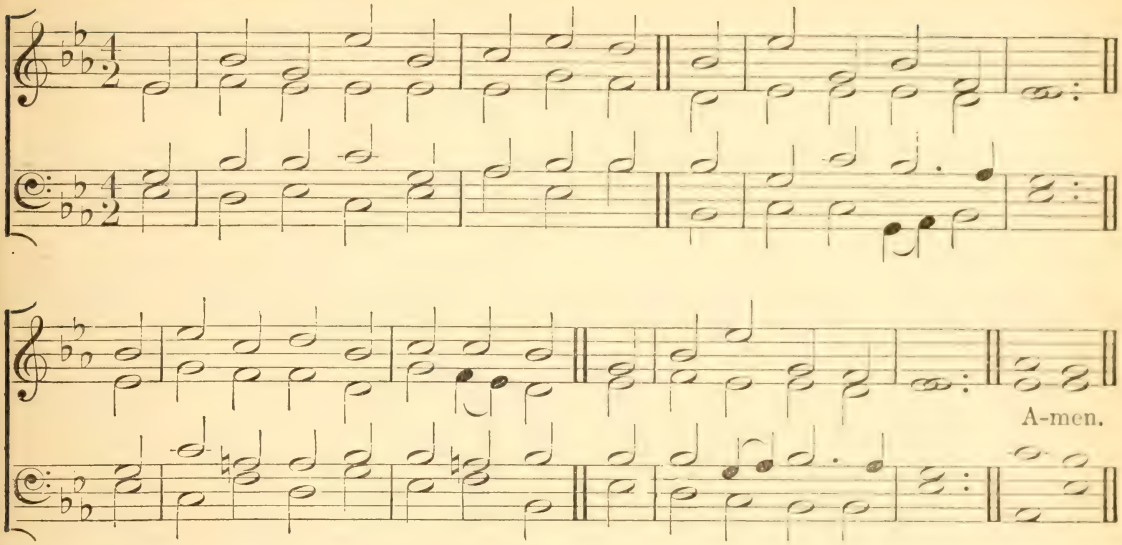
f Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
p When He had purged our stains,
cr He took His seat above.
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

mf He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

cr Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
f We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
ff The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.
Amen.

560. LONDON NEW.

C.M.



"I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne."—REVELATION v. 11.

f COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

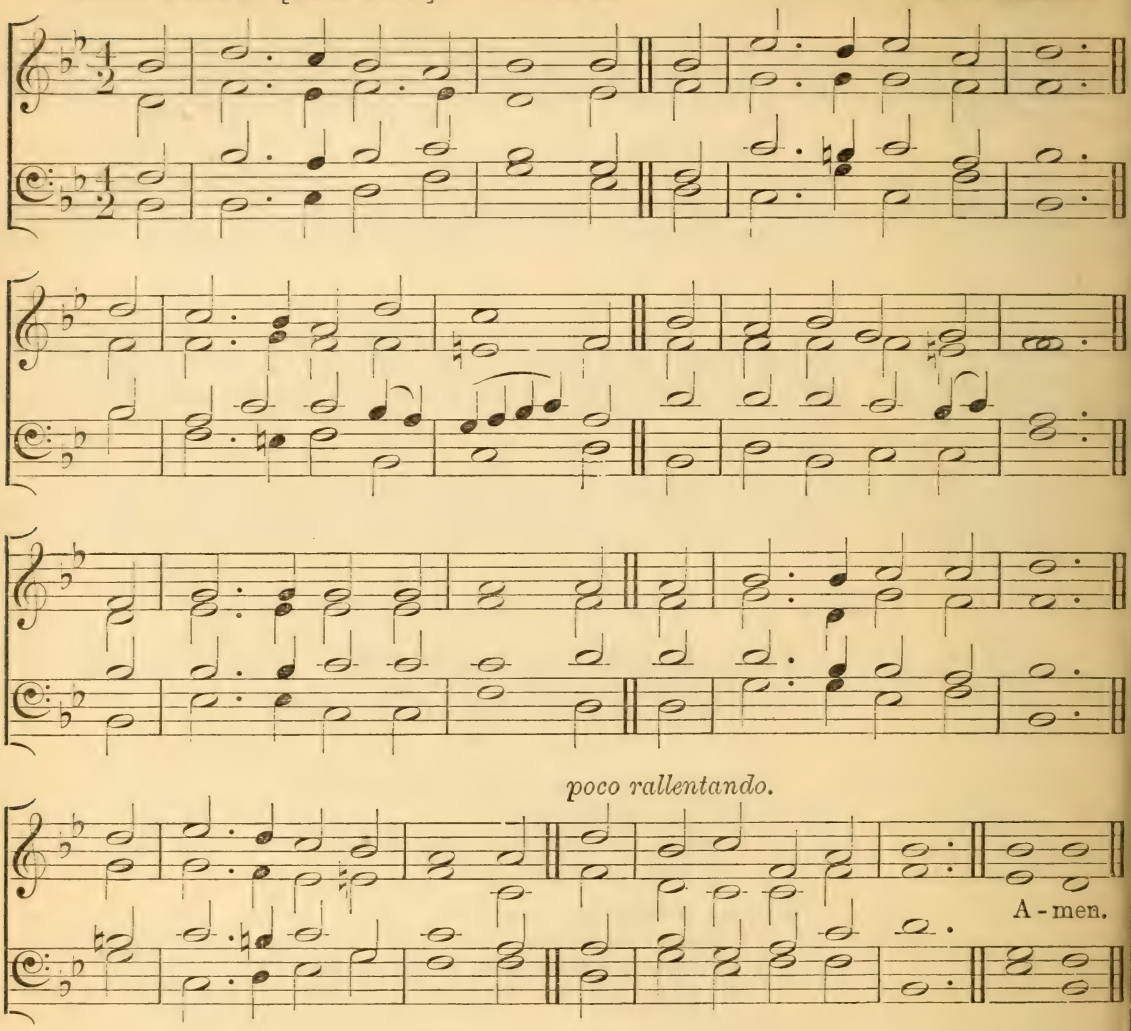
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
p "For He was slain for us."

mf Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
cr And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

f Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

ff The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

561. ZOAN. [First Tune.] D. 7s. 6s. W. H. Havergal.



"*He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.*"—Psalm xlv. 11.

mf O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
cr Oh name of might and favour,
All other names above!
p We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
cr To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

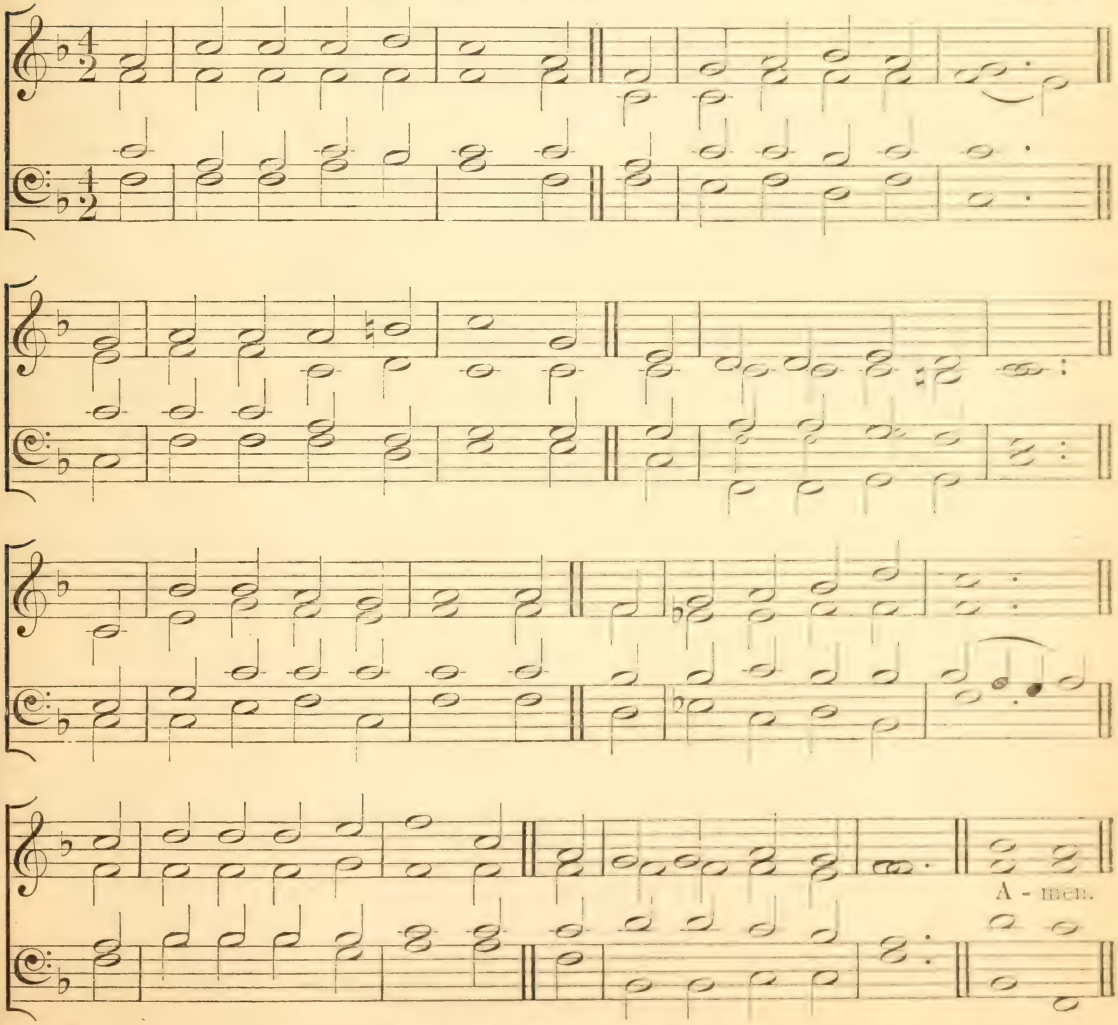
mf O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
p We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
cr To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
di Our gracious Lord and King.

f In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
p We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
cr To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

mf Oh grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King. Amen.

561. NORTON. [Second Tune.] D. 7s. 6s.

H. Park.



Hymn No. 126 may be sung to this Tune.

562. MILES' LANE. C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.

(First Arrangement.)

mf

And crown Him,

f *ff*

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

"He is Lord of lords, and King of kings."—REVELATION xvii. 14.

f ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
di Let angels prostrate fall;
cr Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

mf Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
cr Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
f And crown Him, Lord of all.

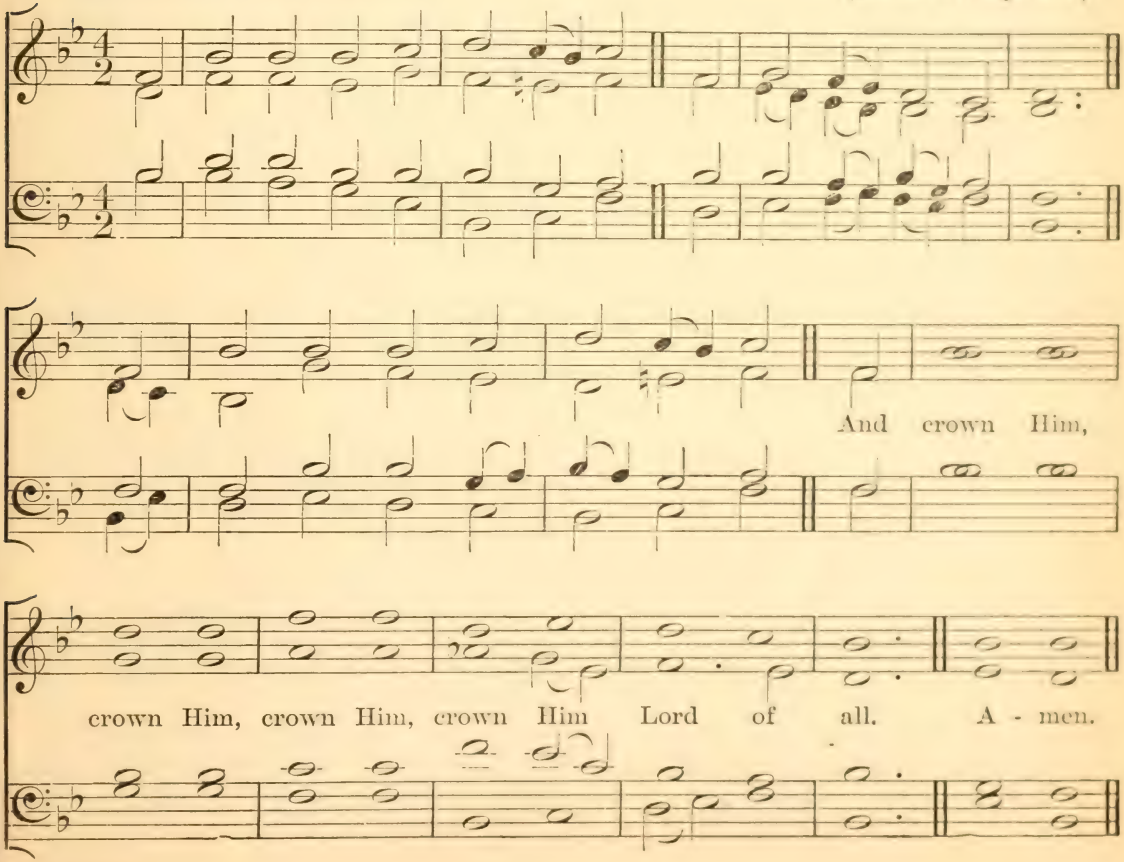
mf Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
cr Hail Him who saves you by His grace
f And crown Him, Lord of all.

p Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
cr Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him, Lord of all.

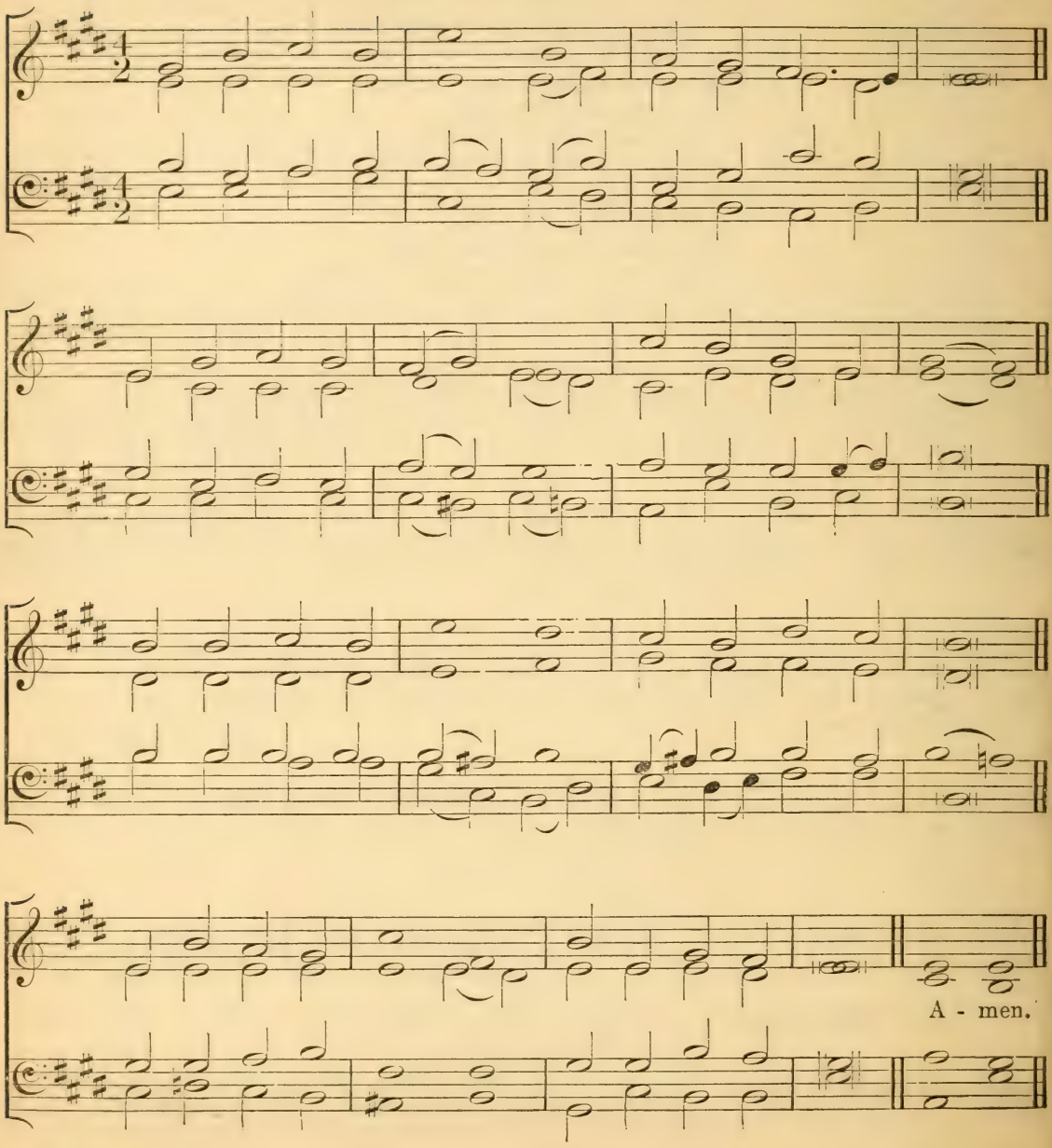
ff Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

mf Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
cr There join the everlasting song
ff And crown Him, Lord of all. Amen.

Another Version of the same Tune: *(Second Arrangement.)*



563. EVELYNS. 11s. W. H. MONK.



"God hath given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."—PHILIPPIANS ii. 9, 10.

mf AT the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him King of glory now;
mf 'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call Him Lord,
cr Who from the beginning was the Mighty Word.

f At His voice creation sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces, all the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations, stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders, in their great array.

p Humbled for a season, to receive a name
From the lips of sinners unto whom He came,
cr Faithfully He bore it spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious, when from death He pass'd:

mf Bore it up triumphant with its human light,
cr Through all ranks of creatures, to the central height;
f To the throne of Godhead, to the Father's breast;
Fill'd it with the glory of that perfect rest.

f Name Him, brothers, name Him, with love strong as death,
p But with awe and wonder, and with bated breath;
mf He is God the Saviour, He is Christ the Lord,
cr Ever to be worshipp'd, trusted, and adored.

mf In your hearts enthrone Him; there let Him subdue
All that is not holy, all that is not true:
cr Crown Him as your Captain in temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

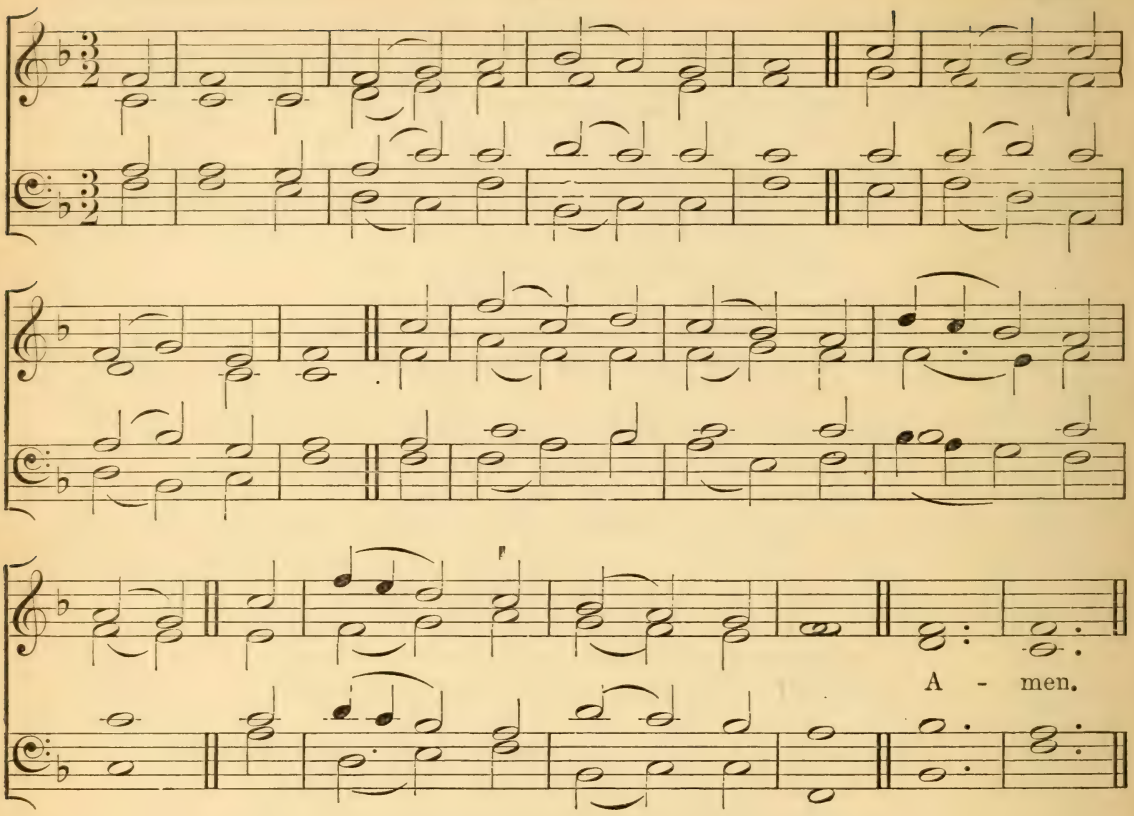
f Brothers, this Lord Jesus shall return again,
With His Father's glory, with His angel train;
ff For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him King of glory now. Amen.

May also be sung to "Ruth," No. 501.

564. IRISH.

C.M.

I. SMITH.



"What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"—PSALM cxvi. 12, 13.

f FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

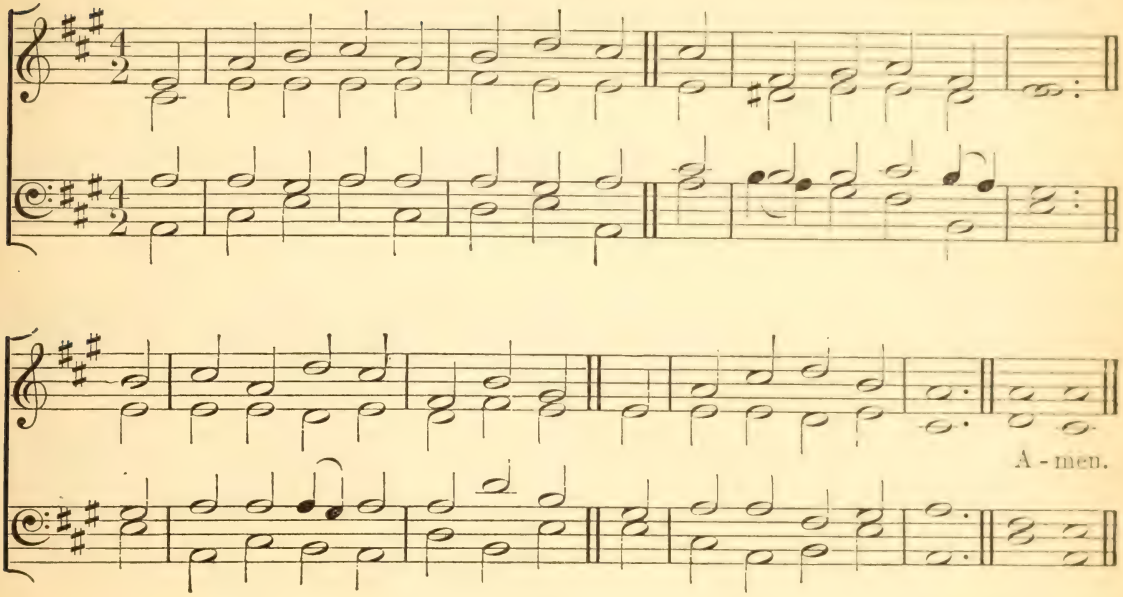
p Alas, from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

cr Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

mf The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
f Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe Him most. Amen.

565. ST. JAMES. C.M. RALPHAEL COURTVILLE.



"My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—LUKE i. 47.

f OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

p Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
cr 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

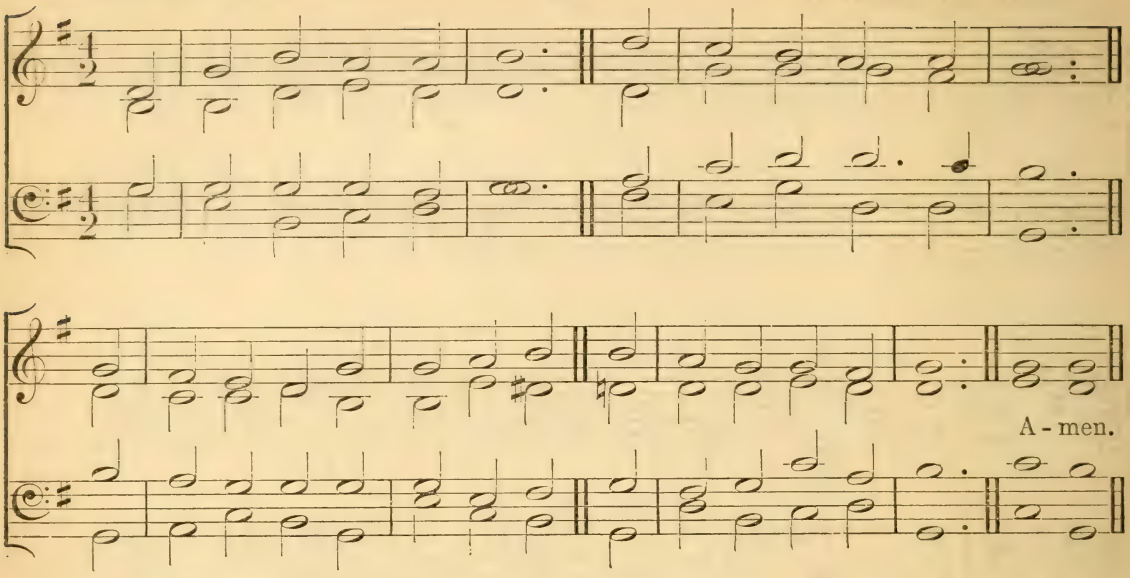
mf He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
And sets the prisoner free:
di His blood can make the foulest clean;
p His blood avail'd for me.

cr He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

f Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
ff And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name. Amen.

566. ST. MICHAEL. S.M.



"Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever."—NEHEMIAH ix. 5.

f STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

mf Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
cr To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

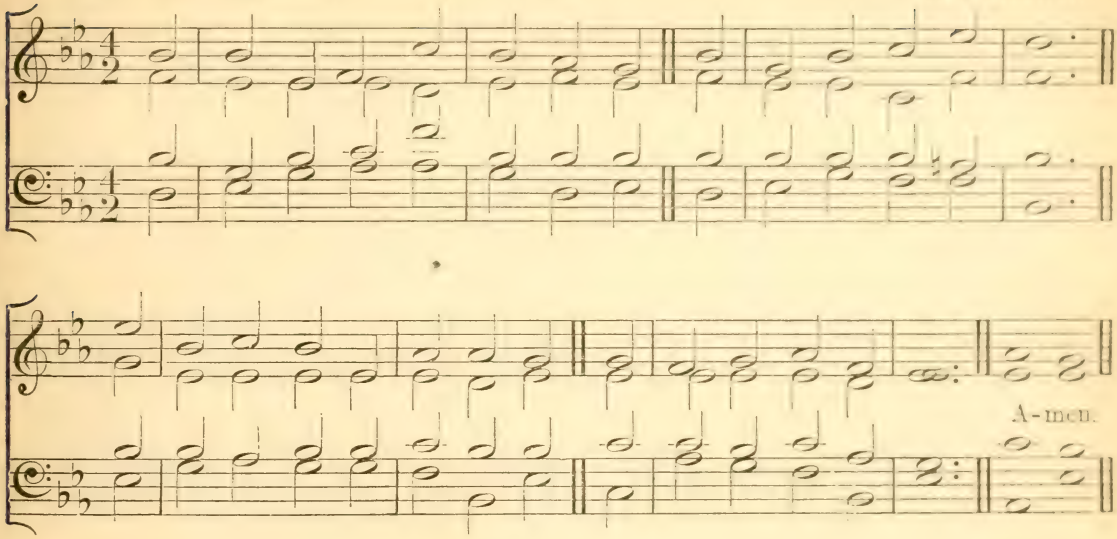
f God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.

un Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

567. ST. FULBERT.

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"I will bless the Lord at all times."—PSALM XXXIV. 1.

mf THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
cr The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

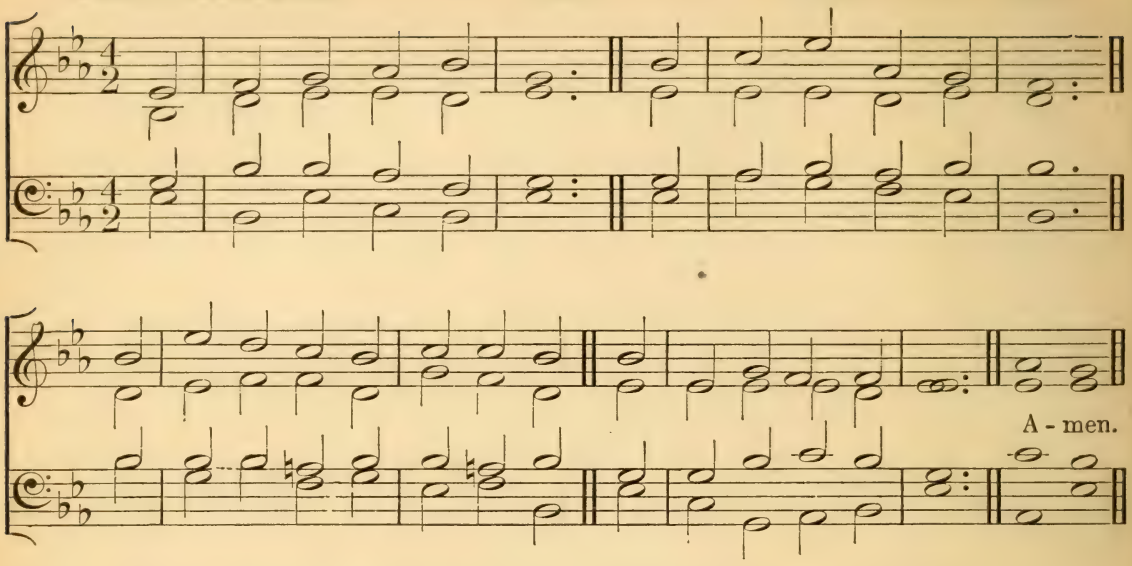
f Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
p When in distress to Him I call'd
cr He to my rescue came.

f The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

mf Oh make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

cr Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care. Amen.

568. FRANCONIA. S.M.



"They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—REVELATION xv. 3.

f AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

p Sing of His dying love;
cr Sing of His rising power;
mf Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

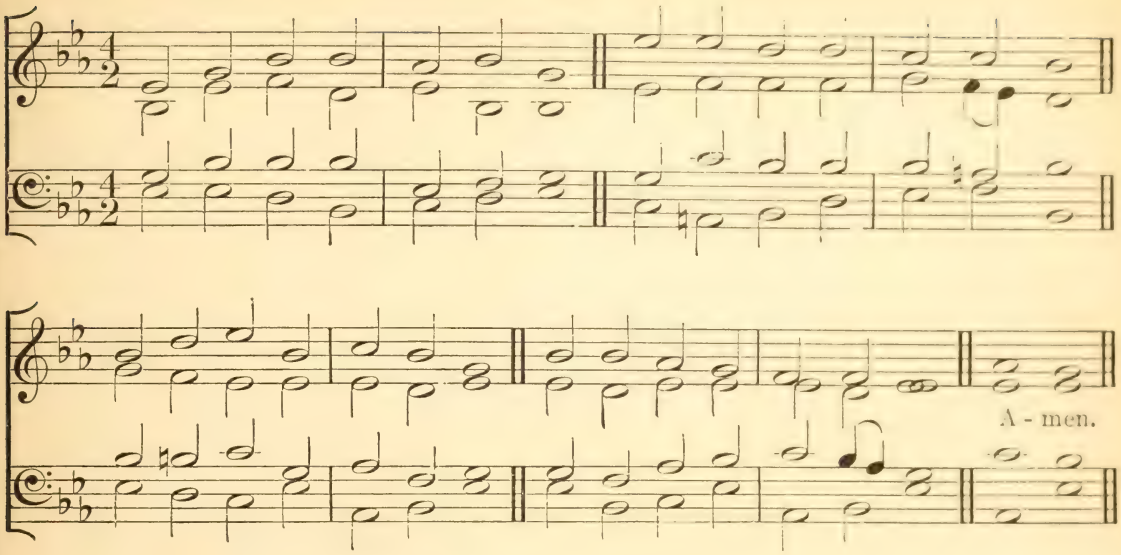
f Sing on your heavenly way;
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing,
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come:"
cr Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

f There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

569. CULBACH.

7s.



"My soul doth magnify the Lord." —LUKE i. 46.

f BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our righteousness;
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven

mp Son of God, to Thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the blessèd virgin's Seed,
cr Glory of Thy church, and Head.

f Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set Thy people free;
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

mp May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more:
cr Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above. Amen.

570. ST. ISHMAEL.

D.S.M. CHARLES VINCENT.

Voices in Unison.

Harmony.

His mer - - - - - cies

A - men.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—PSALM ciii. 2.

f OH bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

Oh bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all His benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

mp He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

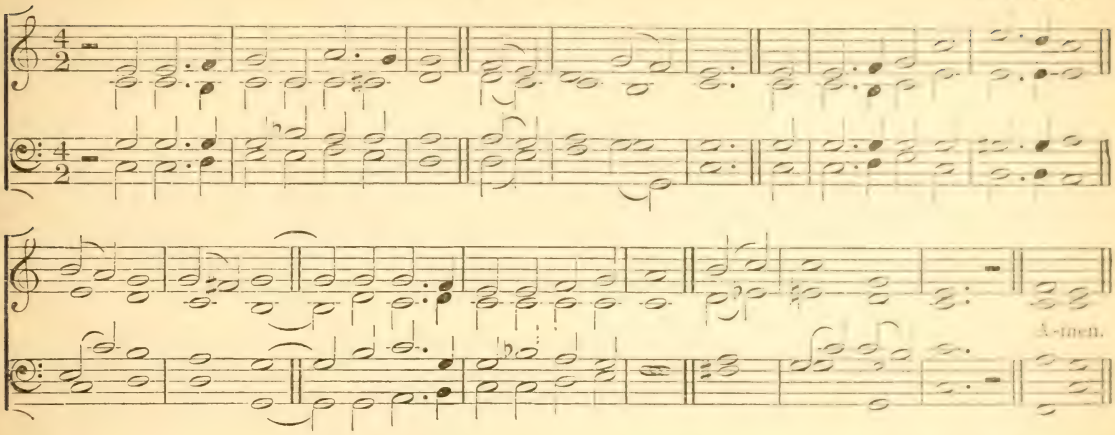
He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
cr He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

f He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth,
cr And like the eagle He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

ff Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
Oh bless the Lord, my soul. Amen.

May also be sung to "Franconia," No. 568.

571. WATTON. [First Tune.] 8s. 4s.



"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—Psalm xxiii. 6.

f My God, I thank Thee, who hast máde
The | earth so | bright;
So full of splendour and of joy, |
Beau-. ty and | light;
So many glorious things are here, |
No-. ble and | right.

mf I thank Thee too that Thou hast made |
Joy . to a- | bound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds |
Circling . us | round,
di That in the darkest spot of earth |
cr Some . love is | found.

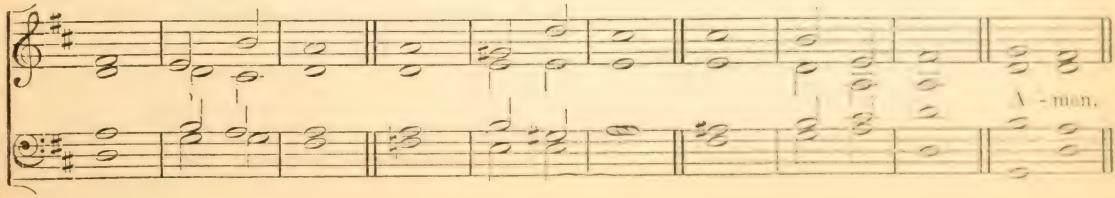
p I thank Thee more that all our jóy
Is | touch'd with | pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hóurs;
That | thorns re- | main;
cr So that earth's bliss may be our gúide,
And | not our | chain.

mf For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how sóon
Our | weak heart | clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet | all with | wings:
f So that we see, gleaming on high,
Di- | viner | things.

mf I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast képt
The | best in | store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To | long for | more:
mp A yearning for a deeper peáce,
Not | known be- | fore.

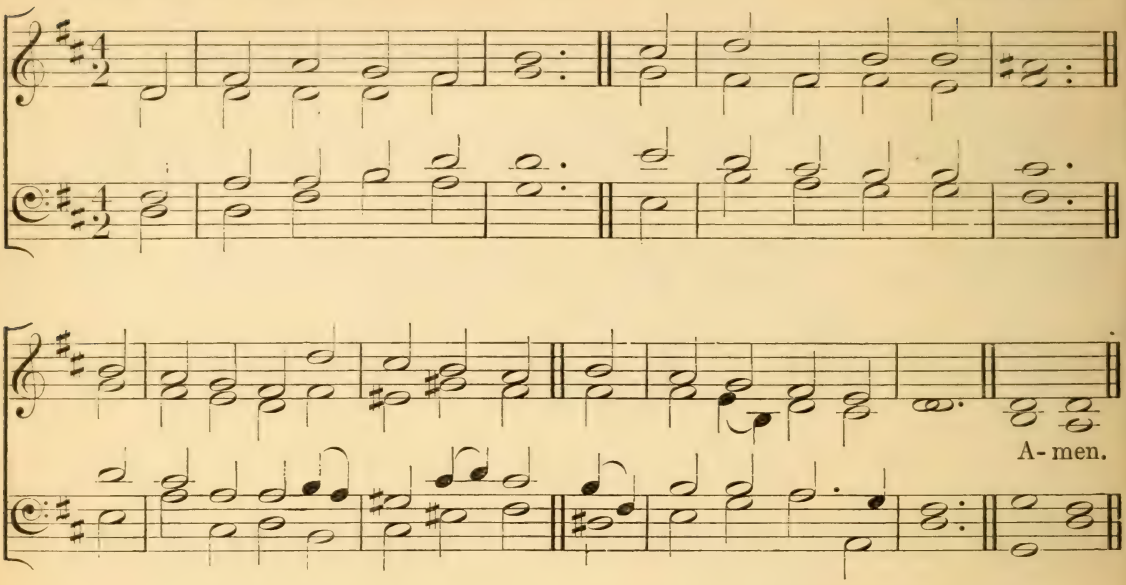
mf I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though | amply | blest,
Can never find, although they séek,
A | perfect | rest,—
di Nor ever shall, until they leán
p On | Jesus' | breast. Amen.

571. CROYDON. [Second Tune.]



572. WITHERNSEA.

S.M. WALTER PORTER.



"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord."—PSALM cxlviii. 12, 13.

f REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your holy banner waves on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

mf Bright youth and snow-crown'd age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Hallelujahs loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

mf Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

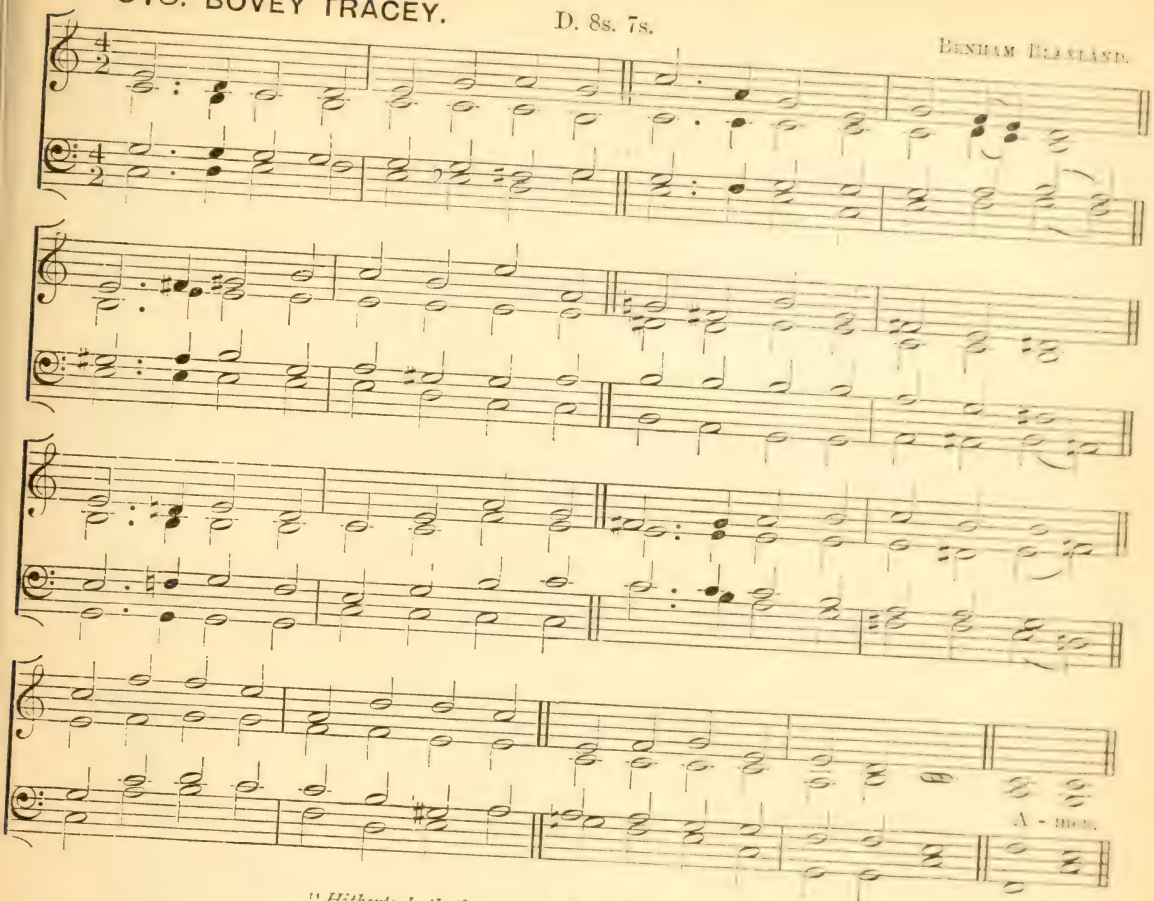
cr Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

p At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
cr The pilgrims find their Father's House,
Jerusalem the blest. Amen.

573. BOVEY TRACEY.

D. 8s. 7s.

BENHAM BLAKLAND.



"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 SAMUEL vii. 12.

f COME, Thou Fount of every blessing;
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures
Sung by flaming hosts above;
Bid me tell the countless treasures
Of my God's unchanging love.

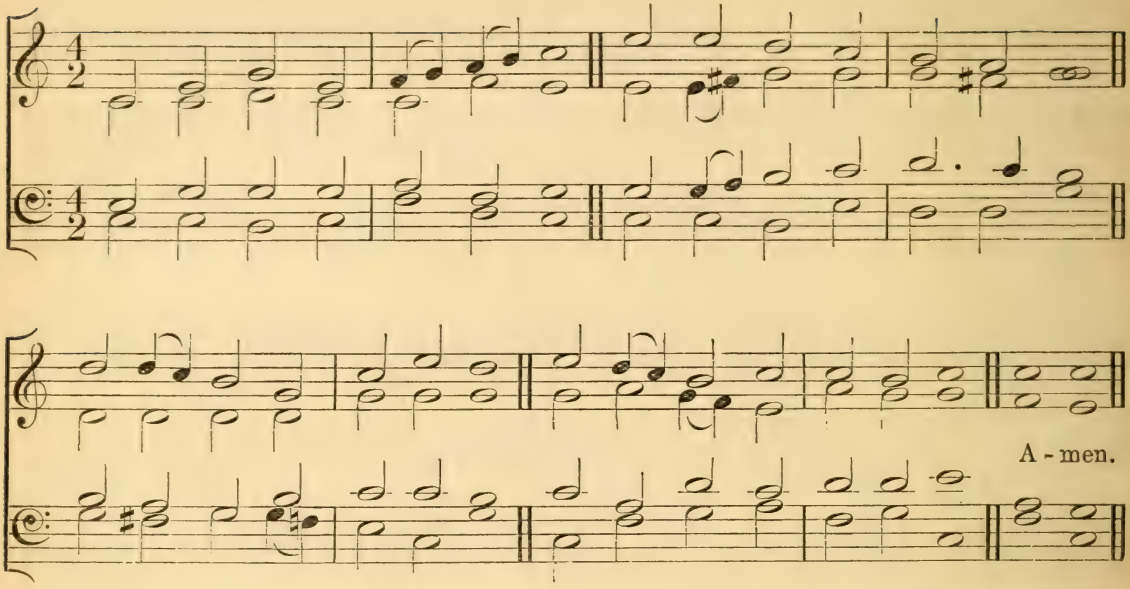
mf Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
cr And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

p Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Bought me with His precious blood.

cr Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace break every fetter
That withholds my heart from Thee.
p Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love:
cr Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above. AMEN.

May also be sung to "St. Faith," No. 416.

574. MONKLAND. 7s.



"*His mercy endureth for ever.*'—PSALM CXXXVI. I.

f LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God,
For His, &c.

mf He with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light,
For His, &c.

Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run,
For His, &c.

mp And the moon to shine by night,
'Mong her spangled sisters bright,
For His, &c.

mf All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His, &c.

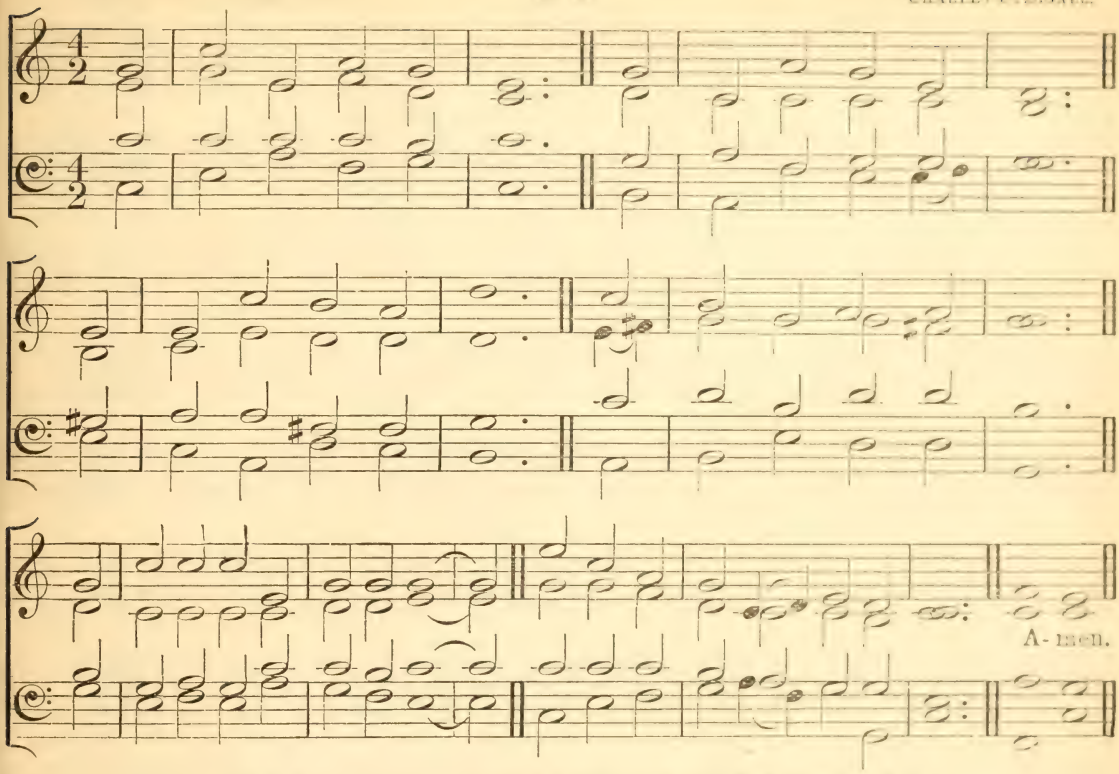
cr Let us, therefore, warble forth
His great majesty and worth;
For His, &c.

f Who His mansion hath on high
Passing reach of mortal eye;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

575. ST. MILDRED.

6s. 8s.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



"God hath given Him a name which is above every name."—PHILIPPIANS ii. 9.

f JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

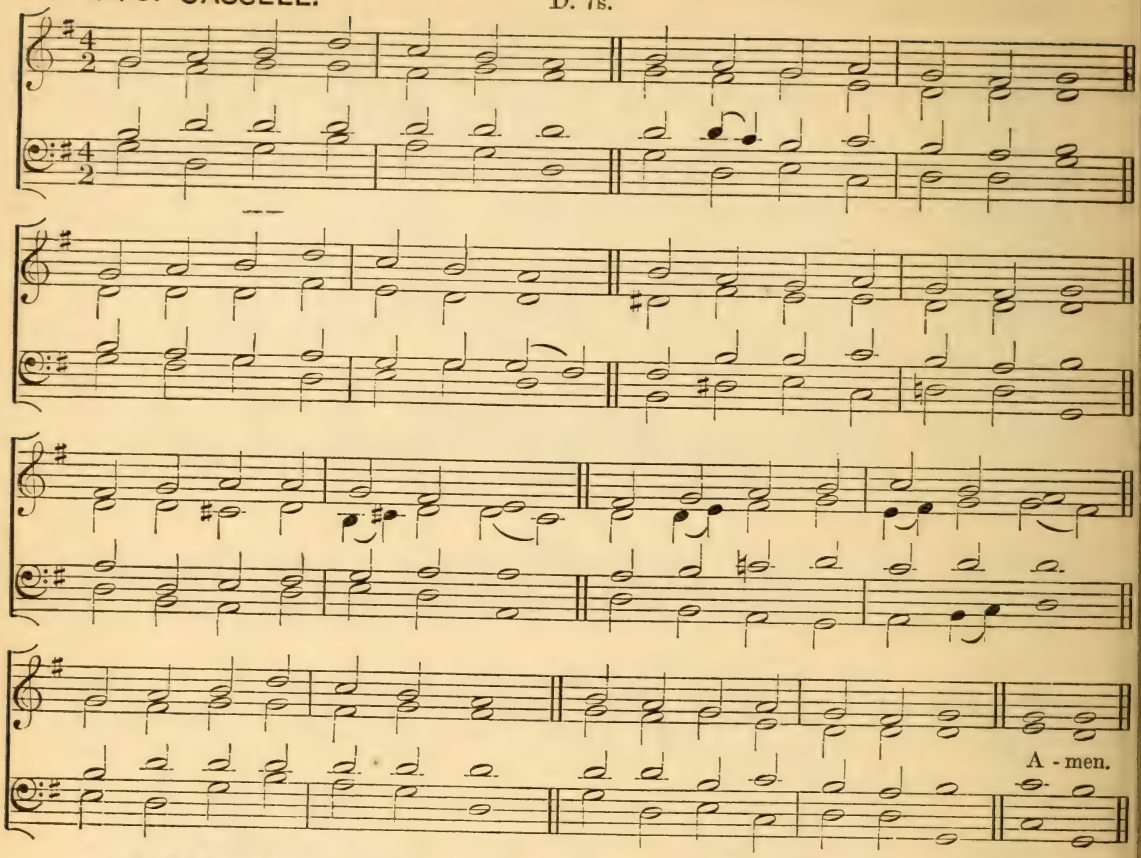
mf To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set:
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

p Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
cr His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

f Divine almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power: behold I sit
di In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

cr Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
f My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
ff A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
Amen.

576. CASSELL. D. 7s.



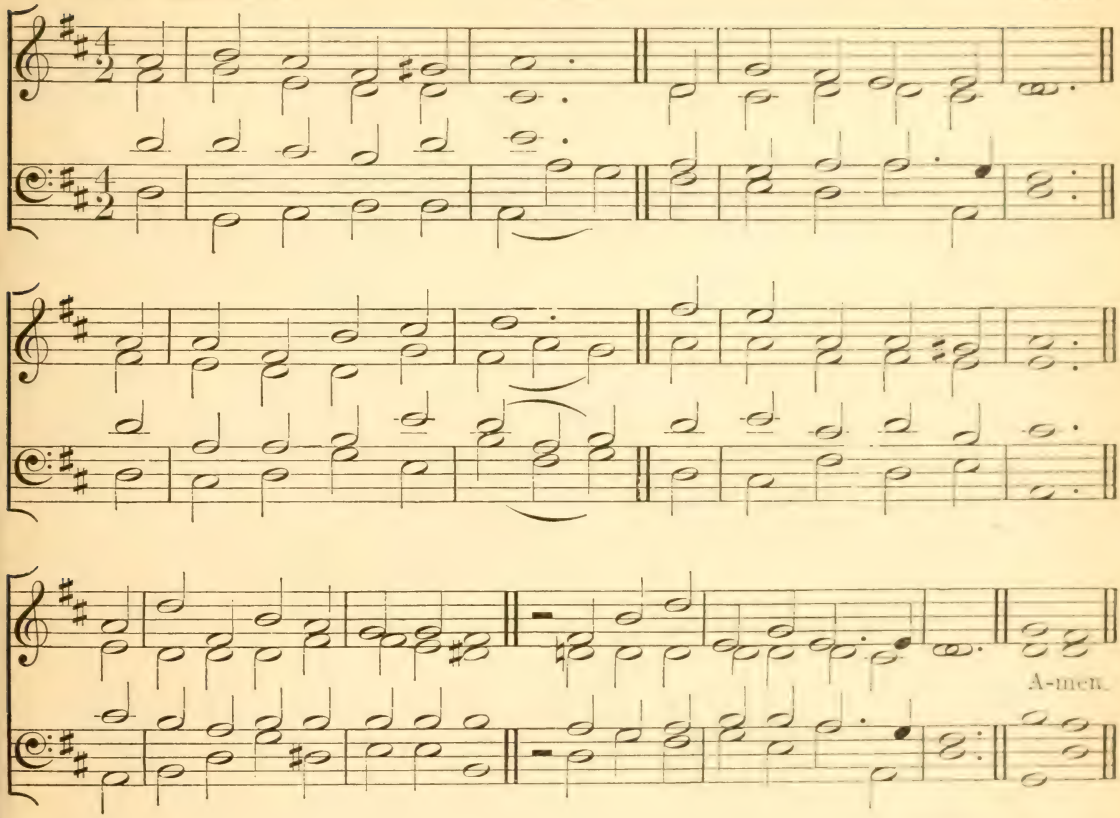
"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord: and Thy saints shall bless Thee."—PSALM cxlv. 10.

f PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that know and share His love.
cr Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
ff Praise Him, praise Him evermore.

f Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
p All that He for man hath done,
cr All He sends us through His Son:
f Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
ff All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore. Amen.

577. GOPSAL.

6s. 8s. HANDEL.



"Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."—ROMANS xi. 36.

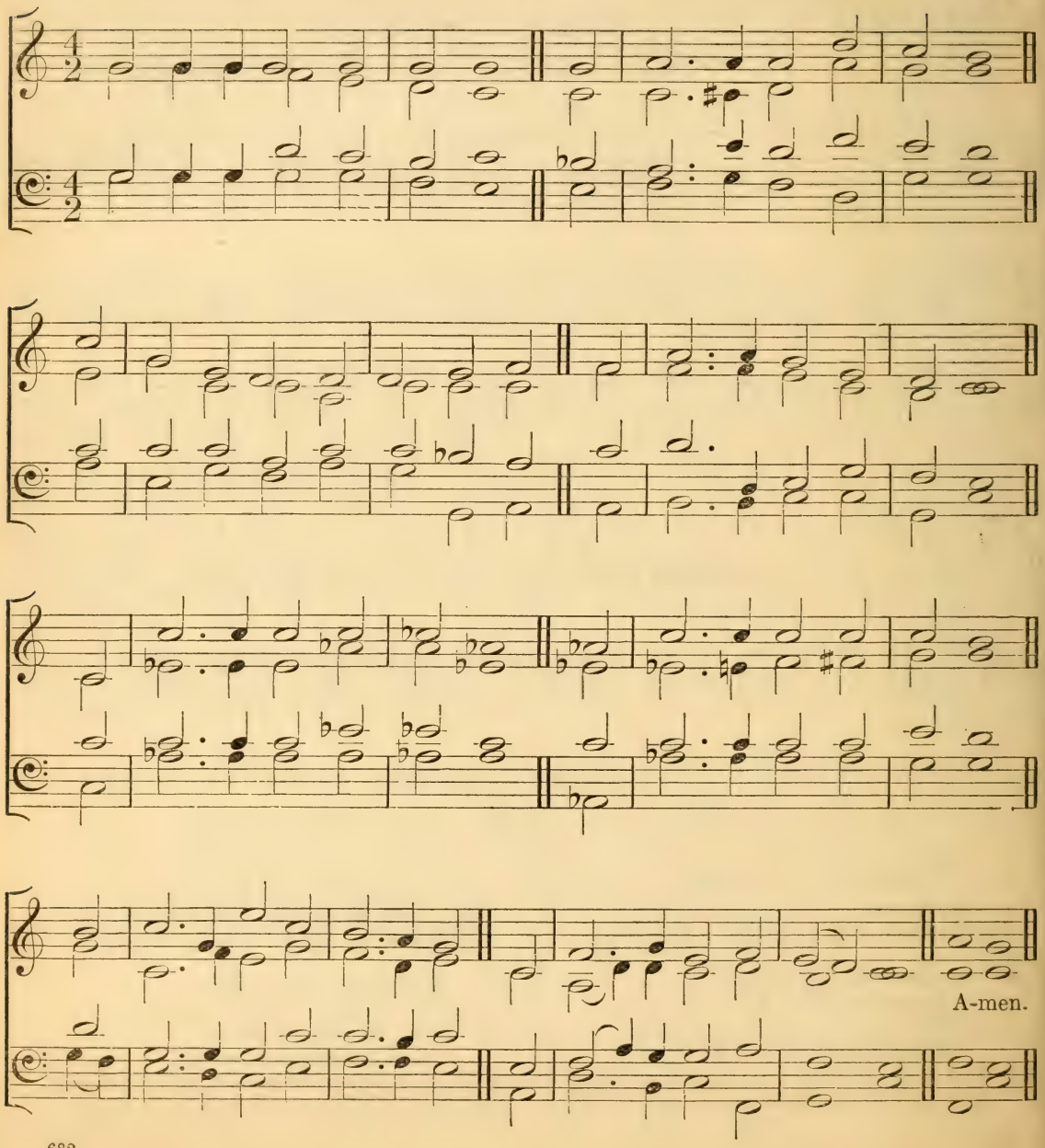
mf WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
di To die for sins that man had done.

mf To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
p Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
cr And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

mf To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

f Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done:
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
p Where reason fails with all her powers,
cr There faith prevails, and love adores.
Amen.

578. LOSTWITHIEL. P.M. J. TURLE.



"*We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.*"—ACTS xiv. 22.

f HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
ff We lift our hearts and voices,
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

p While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
cr Thy love we praise in grateful lays
Which ever brings us nigher:
f We clap our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour:
ff The love divine, that made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

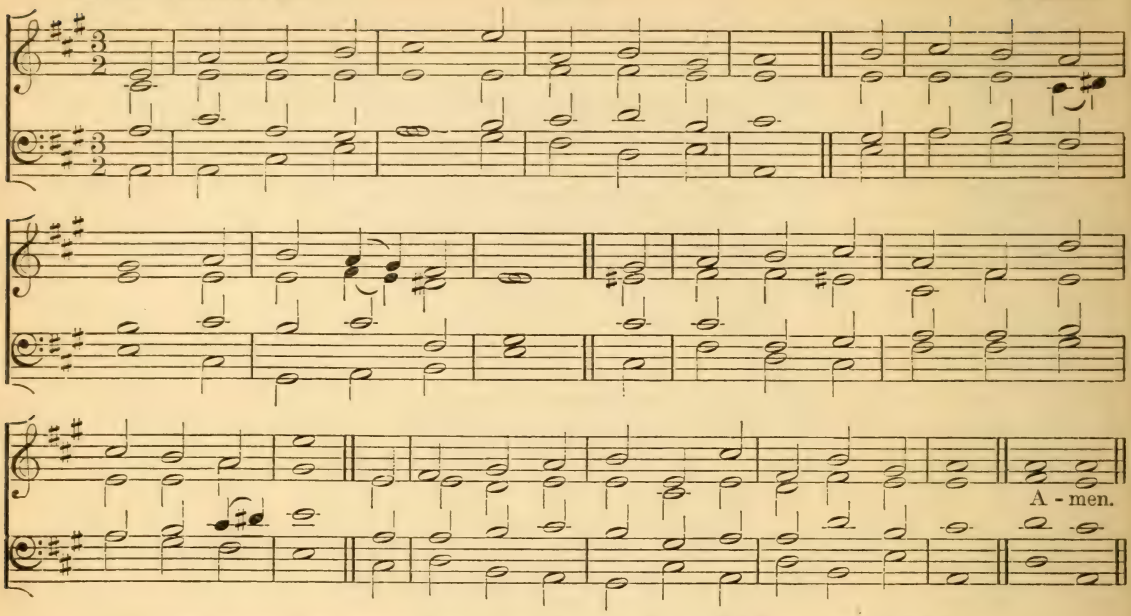
p Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation:
cr Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
mf The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
f By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

mf By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
cr The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
p And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
f Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven. Amen.

579. HANOVER.

10s. 11s.

W. Croft.



"O Lord, my God, Thou art very great: Thou art clothed with honour and majesty."—Psalm civ. 1.

f Oh worship the King, all glorious above;
Oh gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

Oh tell of His might, oh sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy space;
cr His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

mf The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

cr Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
di It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
p And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

mp Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
cr In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
f Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

ff O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
di The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
cr With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

580. GOSS.

8s. 7s. 4.

JOHN GOSS.

"Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great." — REVELATION xix. 5.

Voices in Unison.

1. *f* PRAISE, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri-bute bring;

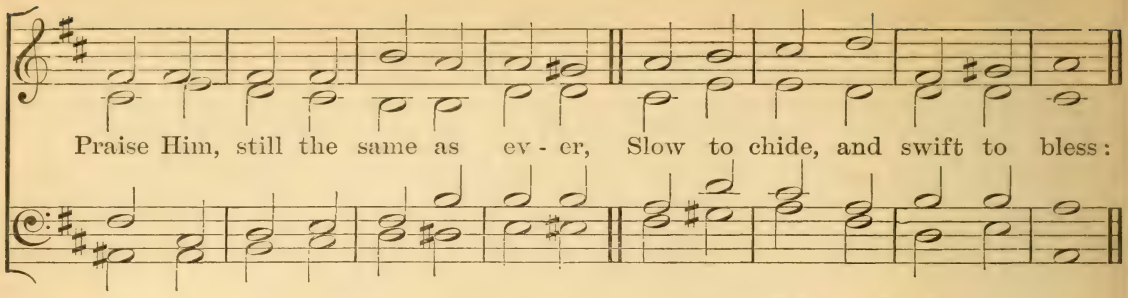
♩ = 88.

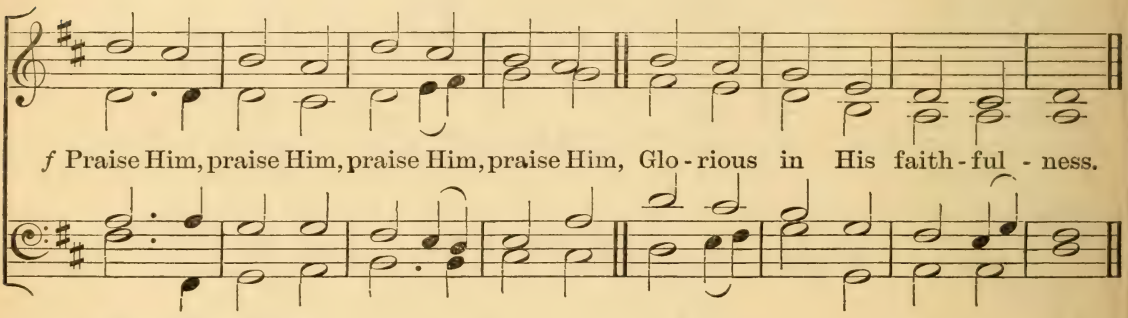
mp Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stored, for - giv - en, *or* Who like thee His praise shall sing?

f Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

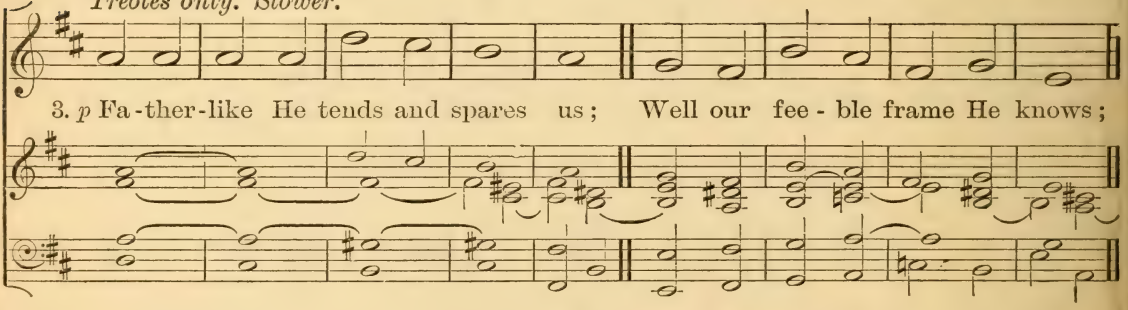
Harmony.

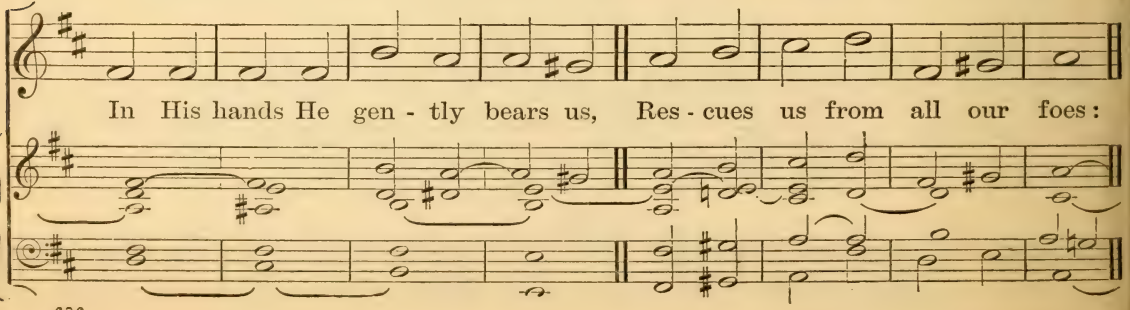
2. *mf* Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress;

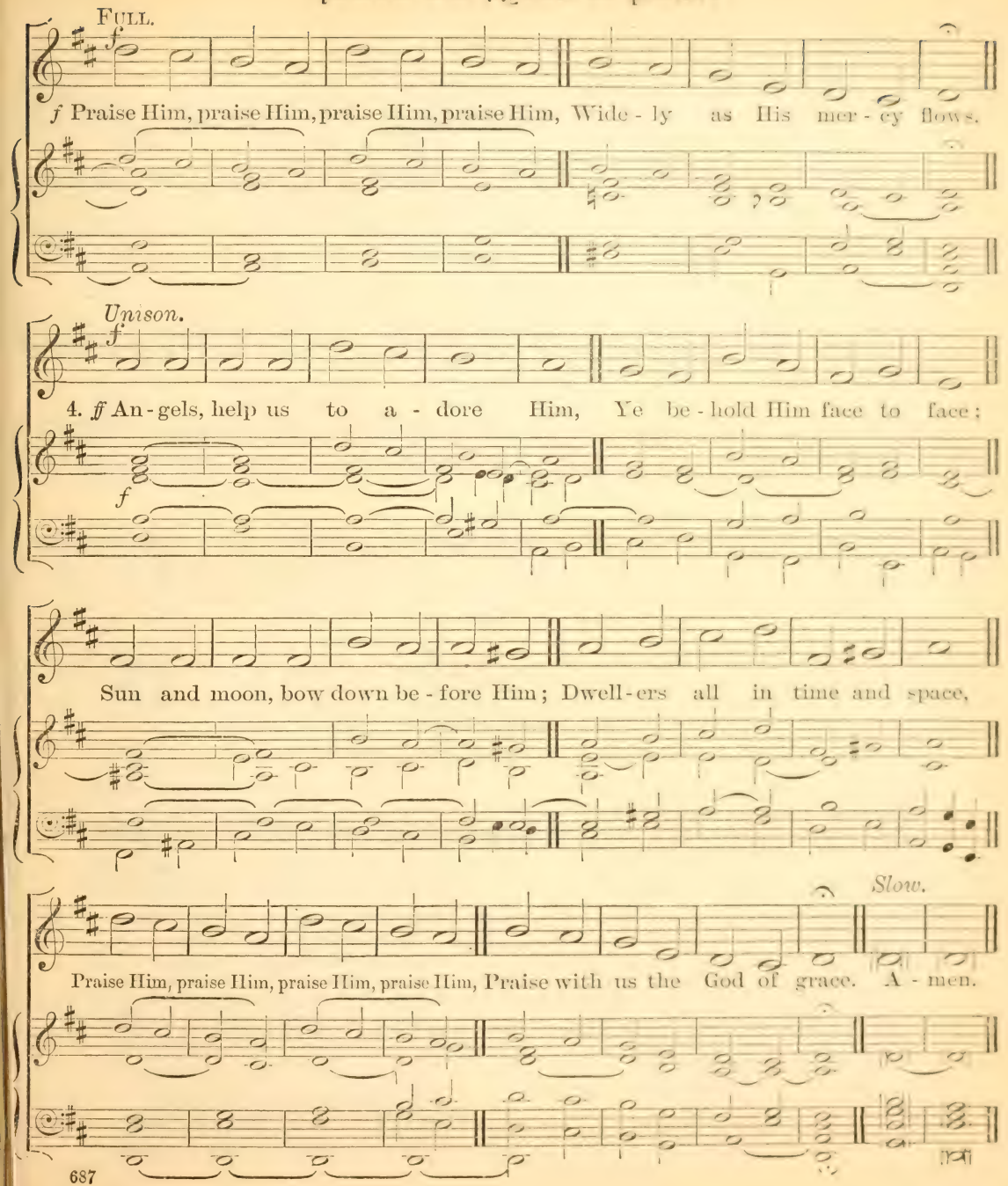




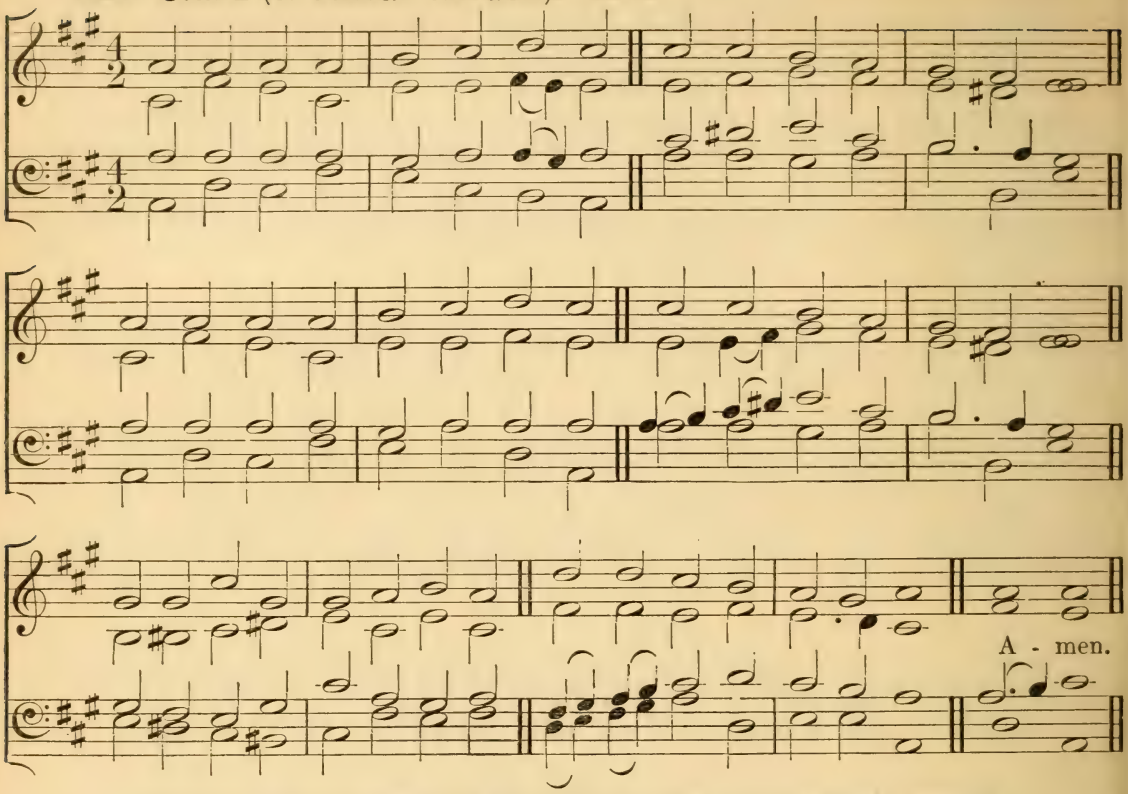
Trebles only. Slower.






FULL.
f
f Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
Unison.
f
4. ff An - gels, help us to a - dore Him, Ye be - hold Him face to face;
f
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwell - ers all in time and space,
Slow.
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace. A - men.

581. ORIEL (or PANGE LINGUA). 8s. 7s.



"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—ACTS v. 12.

To the name of our salvation
Honour, worship, laud we pay;
di Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay:
cr But to every tongue and nation
Saints proclaim aloud to-day.

mf Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Ear and heart delighting well:
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

f 'Tis the name for adoration,
'Tis the name of victory,
p 'Tis the name for meditation
In the vale of misery,
cr 'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

mf 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
mp Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near:
cr Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

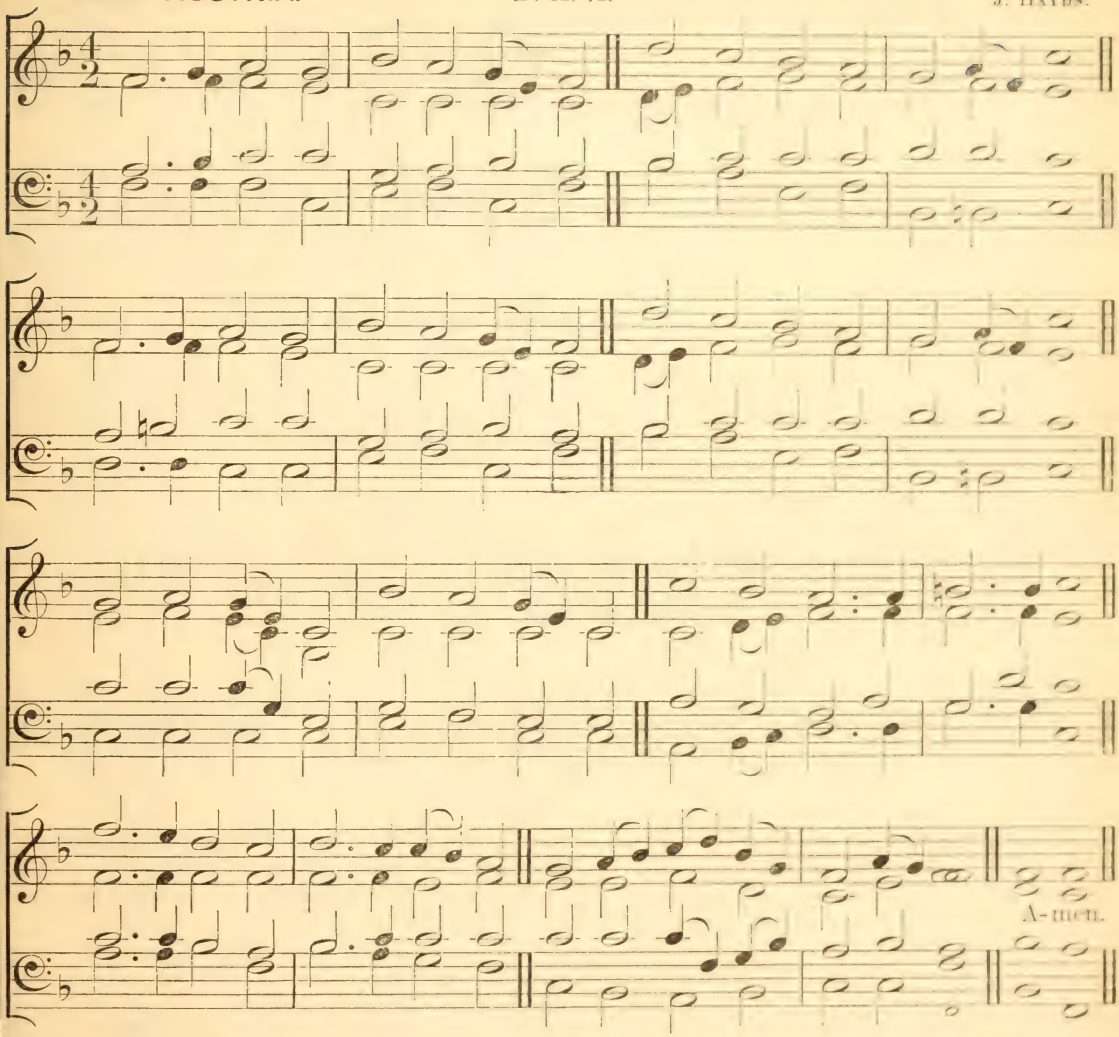
f 'Tis the name by right exalted,
Over every other name;
That when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

mp Jesu, we Thy name adoring
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
cr Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter upward soaring
We with angels may have part.
Amen

582. AUSTRIA.

D. 8s. 7s.

J. Haydn.

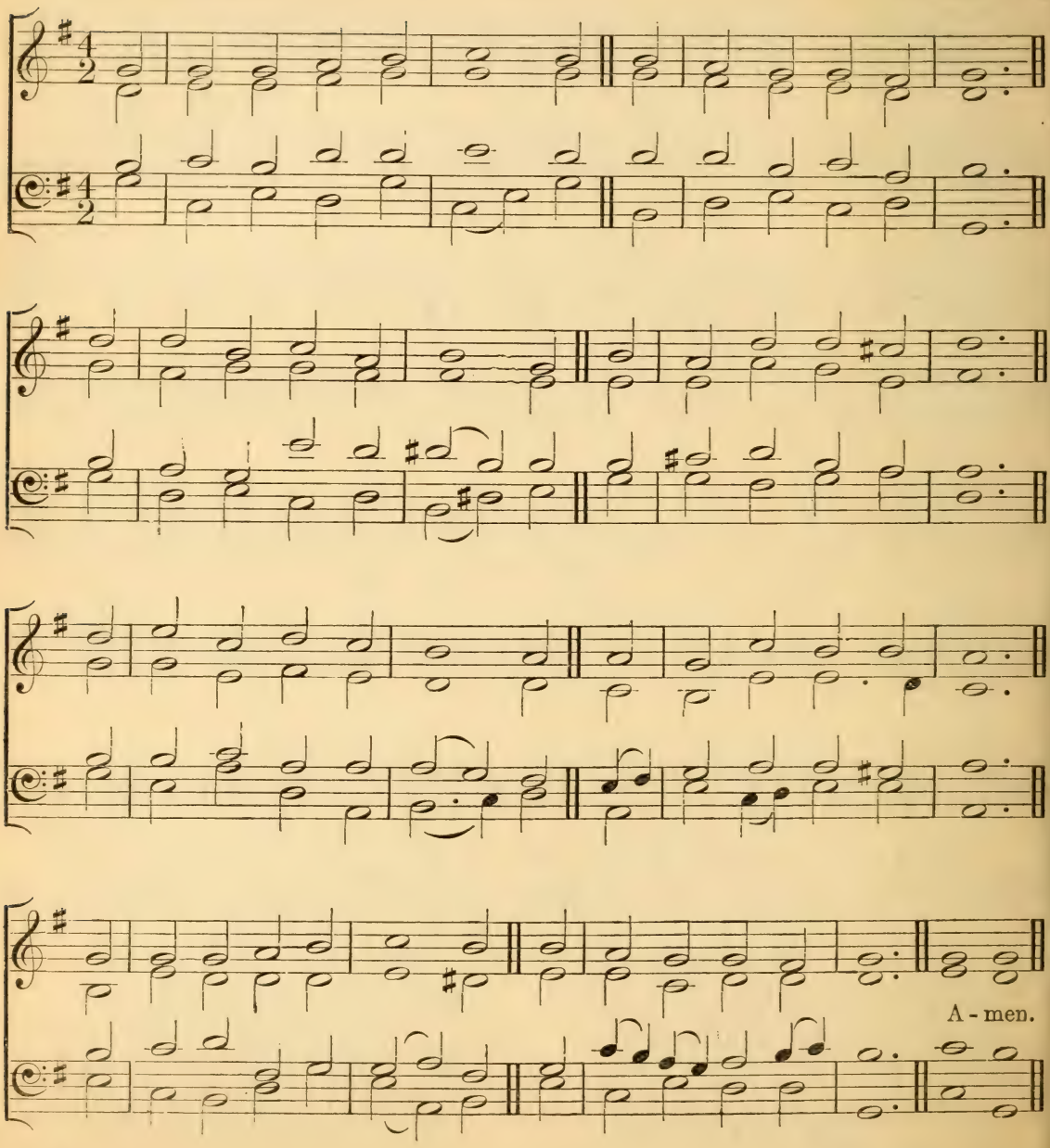


"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens."—Psalm cxlviii. 1

f Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
cr Praise the Lord; for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;
ff Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

f Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
cr God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
ff Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name. Amen.

583. CEYLON. D. 7s. 6s. L. SCHROETER.



"*He shall be as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.*"—2 SAMUEL XXIII. 4.

mf SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings,
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

mp In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
cr Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,—
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

mf It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

p And though the fields should languish
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
In years of drought and anguish
When homes are bleak and bare,
cr Yet, God the same abiding,
f His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

584. COVENANT. [First Tune.] P.M. J. Stainer.

* 1st verse only.

a - bove;..... An-cient of e - ver-

A - men.

"This is My name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations."—Exodus iii. 15.

f The God of Abra'am praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd:—
mp I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.

mf The God of Abra'am praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

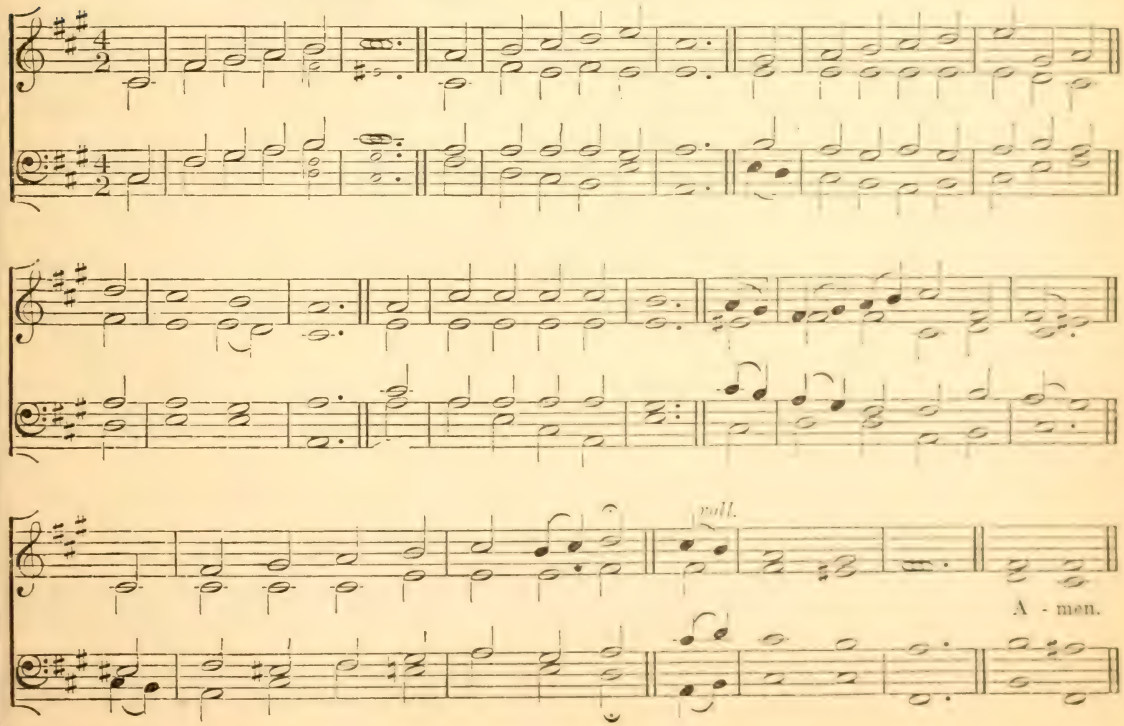
f He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore;
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

mp Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
cr To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

mf The God, who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
p And "Holy, Holy, Holy" cry,
Almighty King;
cr Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
f Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee.

un The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry.
Hail, Abra'am's God, and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

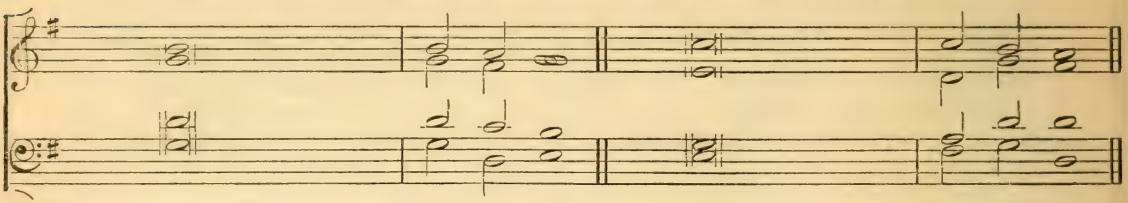
584. LEONI. [Second Tune.] P.M.



585. TROYTE'S CHANT (No. 2). P.M.

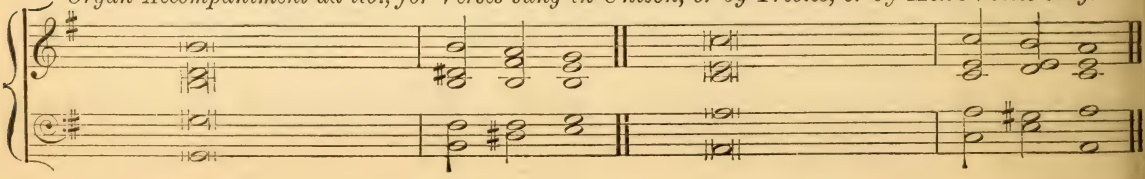
A. H. D. TROYTE.

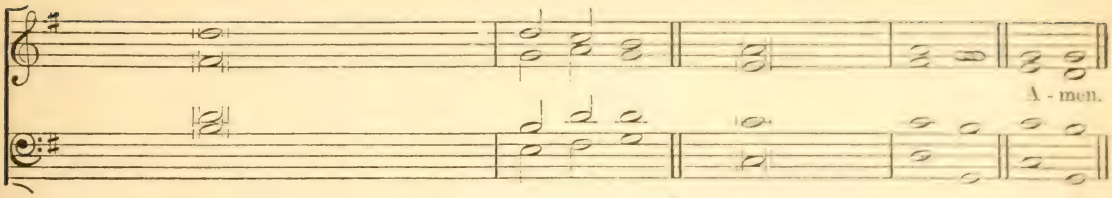
"I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia."—REVELATION xix. 1.



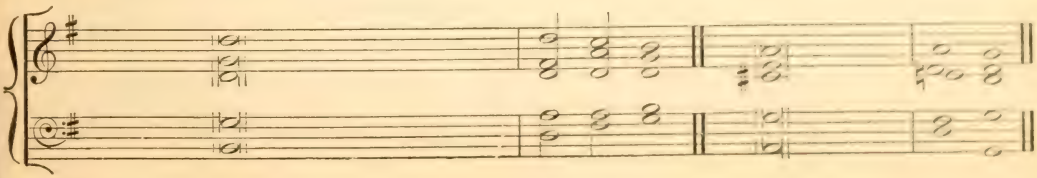
f	1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle -	- lu - - - ia!	To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed	peo - ple sing,
	2. And the choirs that	dwell on high	Shall re-echo	through the sky,
p	3. They through the fields of Para -	- dise that roam,	The blessèd ones, repeat thro'.	that bright home,
	(*Unison.*)			
mf	4. The planets glittering on their . .	heaven-ly way,	The shining constellations, .	join and say,
	(*Harmony.*)			
f	5. Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on	pin - ions light,	Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings,	wild - ly bright,
	6. Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and	win - ter snow,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and	sum - mer glow;
	(*Trebles only.*)			
mf	7. First let the birds, with painted .	plu-mage gay,	Exalt their great Creator's .	praise, and say,
	(*Men only.*)			
	8. Then let the beasts of earth, with .	vary-ing strain,	Join in creation's hymn, and .	cry a - gain,
	(*Men only.*)			
f	9. Here let the mountains thunder forth so -	- nor - - ous,	Alle - - - - - - - - -	- lu - - ia!
	(*Men only.*)			
	10. Thou jubilant abyss of	o - cean, cry,	Alle - - - - - - - - -	- lu - - ia!
	(*Harmony.*)			
	11. To God, who all cre - - - - -	- a - tion made,	The frequent hymn be . . .	du - ly paid;
	12. This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of	all things loves:	Alle - - - - - - - - -	- lu - - ia!
	13. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a -	- wak - - ing,	Alle - - - - - - - - -	- lu - - ia!
	(*Unison.*)			
cr	14. Now from all men	be out-pour'd	Alleluia	to the Lord;
	(*Harmony.*)			
ff	15. Praise be done to the Three in One, Alle -	- lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - - - - - -	- lu - - ia!

Organ Accompaniment ad lib., for Verses sung in Unison, or by Trebles, or by Men's Voices only.

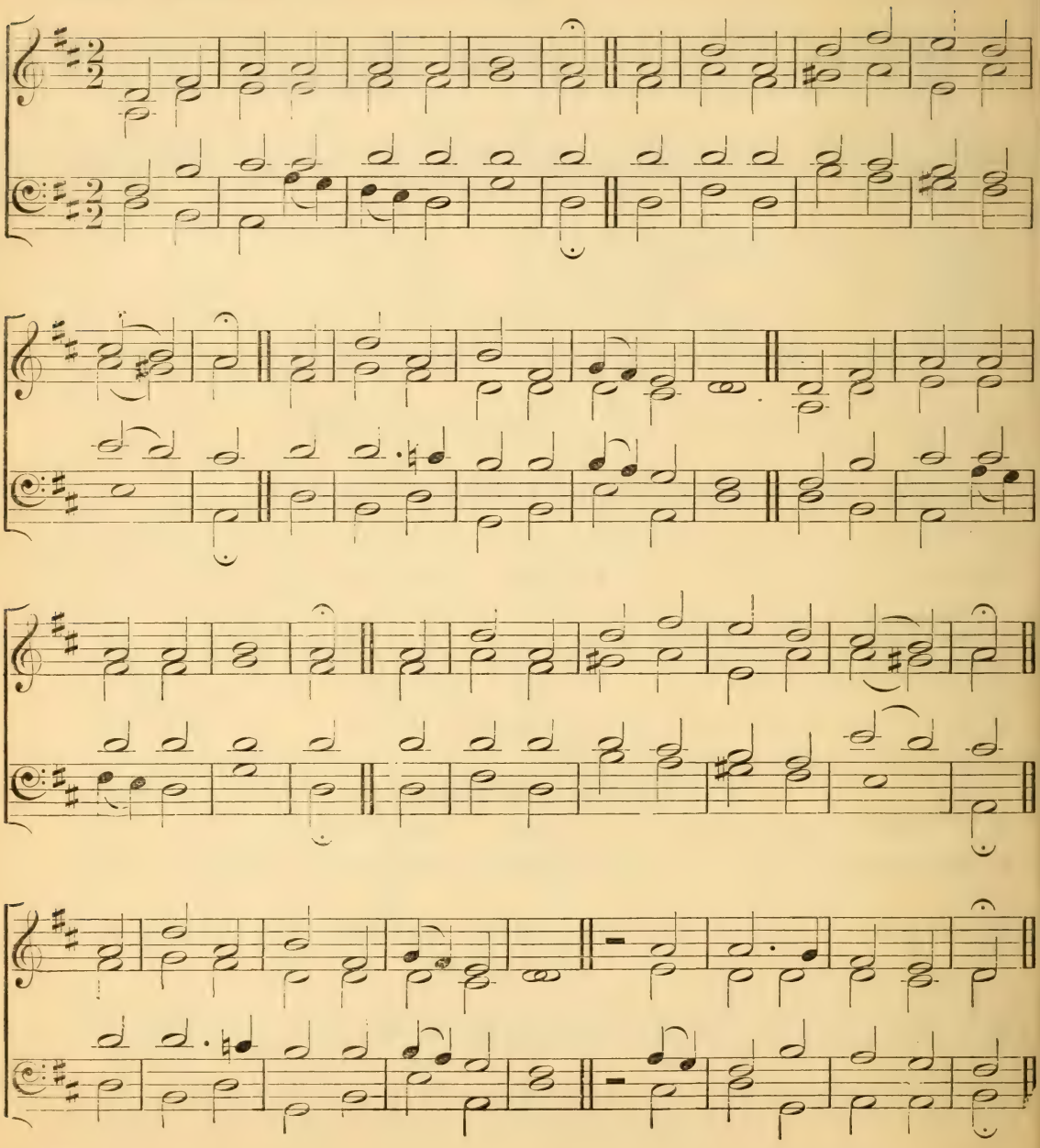


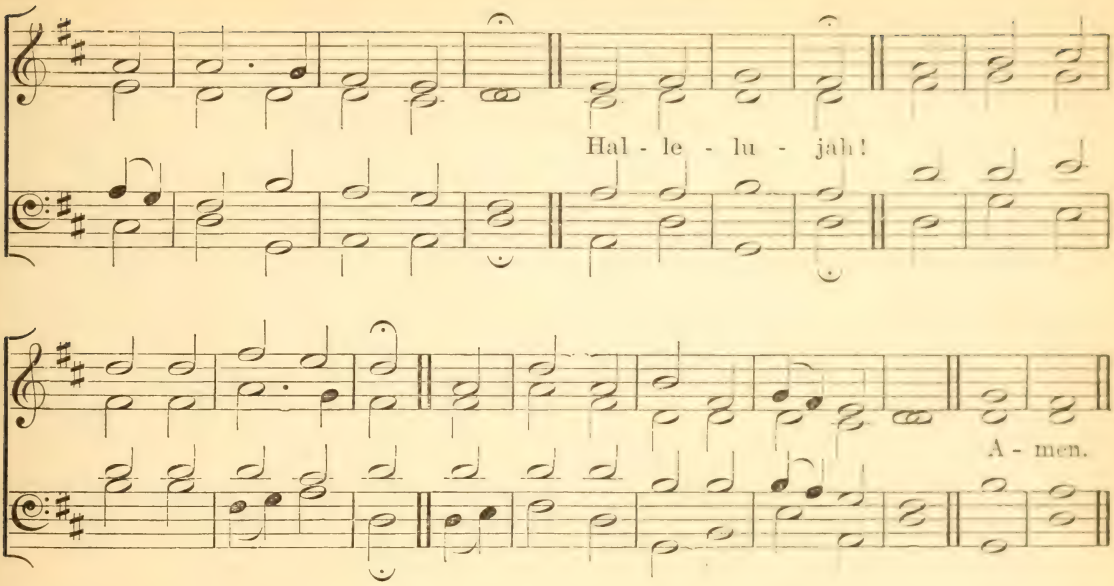


1. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
2. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
3. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
4. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
5. In sweet con - - - - - - - - - - - - - sent u - nite your Alle - - - - lu - ia!
6. Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious fo - rests, sing, Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
7. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
8. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
(*Trebles only.*)
p 9. There let the valleys sing in gentler . . . cho - - rus, Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
(*Trebles only.*)
10. Ye tracts of earth and conti - - - - - - - nents, re - ply, Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
11. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
p 12. This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Him- - self approves: Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
(*Trebles only.*)
13. And children's voices echo, answer . . . mak - ing, Alle - - - - - - lu - ia!
14. With Alleluia - - - - - - - - - - - ev - er - more The Son and Spirit we adore.
15. Alle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - - - - - lu - ia! A - men.



586. HERNHUTT. P.M.





"The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice."—PSALM xcvii. 1.

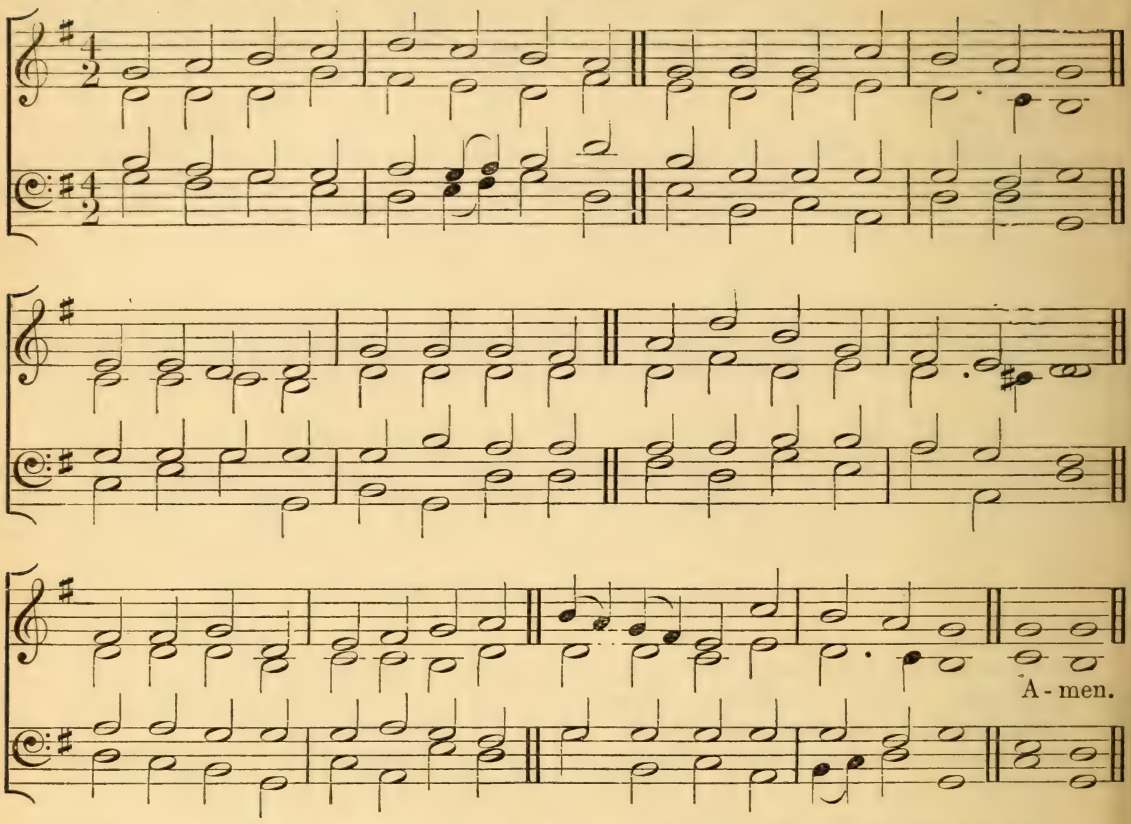
f PRAISE the Lord through every nation;
His holy arm hath wrought salvation;
Exalt Him on His Father's throne:
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
Who now prepares in heavenly regions
Unfailing mansions for His own:
With voice and minstrelsy
Extol His Majesty:
Hallelujah!
cr His praise shall sound all nature round,
Where'er the race of man is found.

f God with God dominion sharing,
p And Man with man our image bearing,
mf Gentiles and Jews to Him are given:
Praise your Saviour, ransom'd sinners,
Of life, through Him, immortal winners;
Nor longer heirs of earth, but heaven.

p Oh beatific sight:
To view His face in light:
Hallelujah!
cr And, while we see, transform'd to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.

ff Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to Thee belong:
mp We confess, proclaim, adore Thee,
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee,
cr Thy love henceforth shall be our song:
p The cross meanwhile we bear,
cr The crown ere long to wear.
ff Hallelujah!
Thy reign extend world without end,
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.
Amen.

587. BENEDICTION. 8s. 7s.



"Alleluia! Praise God in His sanctuary: praise Him in the firmament of His power."—PSALM cl. 1.

f ALLELUIA! Song of gladness,
Voice of everlasting joy:
Alleluia! Sound the sweetest
Heard among the choirs on high,
Hymning in God's blissful mansion
Day and night incessantly.

Alleluia! Church victorious,
Thou mayst lift the joyful strain.
Alleluia! Songs of triumph
Well befit the ransom'd train.
di Faint and feeble are our praises
While in exile we remain.

mp Alleluia! Songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn.
Alleluia! Sounds of sadness
'Midst our joyful strains are borne;
p For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.

cr Praises with our prayers uniting,
Hear us, blessèd Trinity;
mf Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
There the Paschal Lamb to see,
f There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

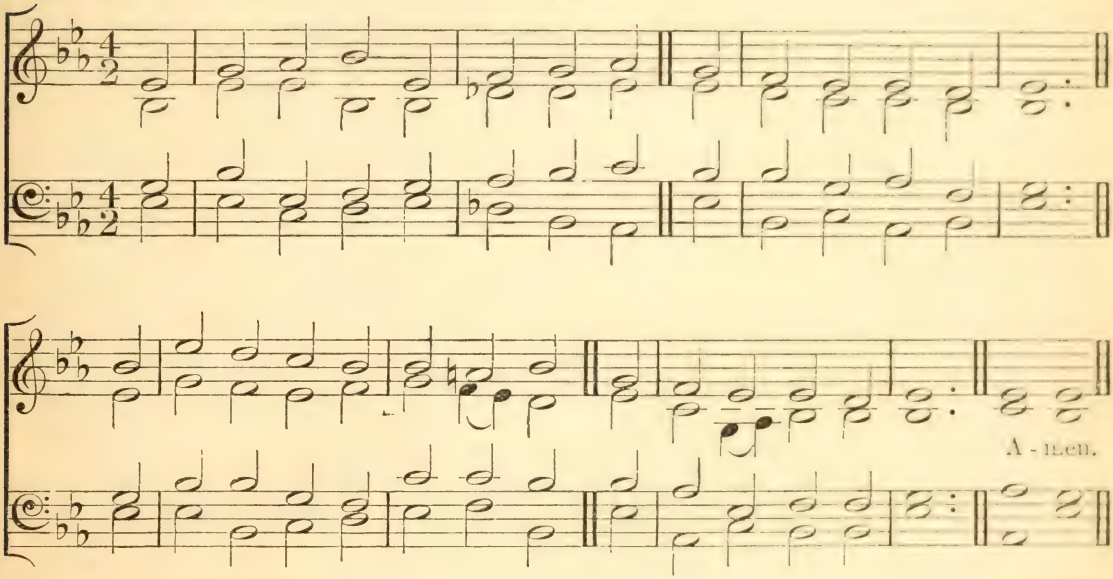
See also Hymns 1, 54 55, 63, 123, 130, 135, 235, 237, 264.

For those that travel by Land or by Water.

"THAT IT MAY PLEASE THEE TO PRESERVE ALL THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR BY WATER."

588. DUNDEE.

C.M.



"I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."—GENESIS xxviii. 15.

mf How are Thy servants bless'd, O Lord;
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help, omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

cr From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
f While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.

mf When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

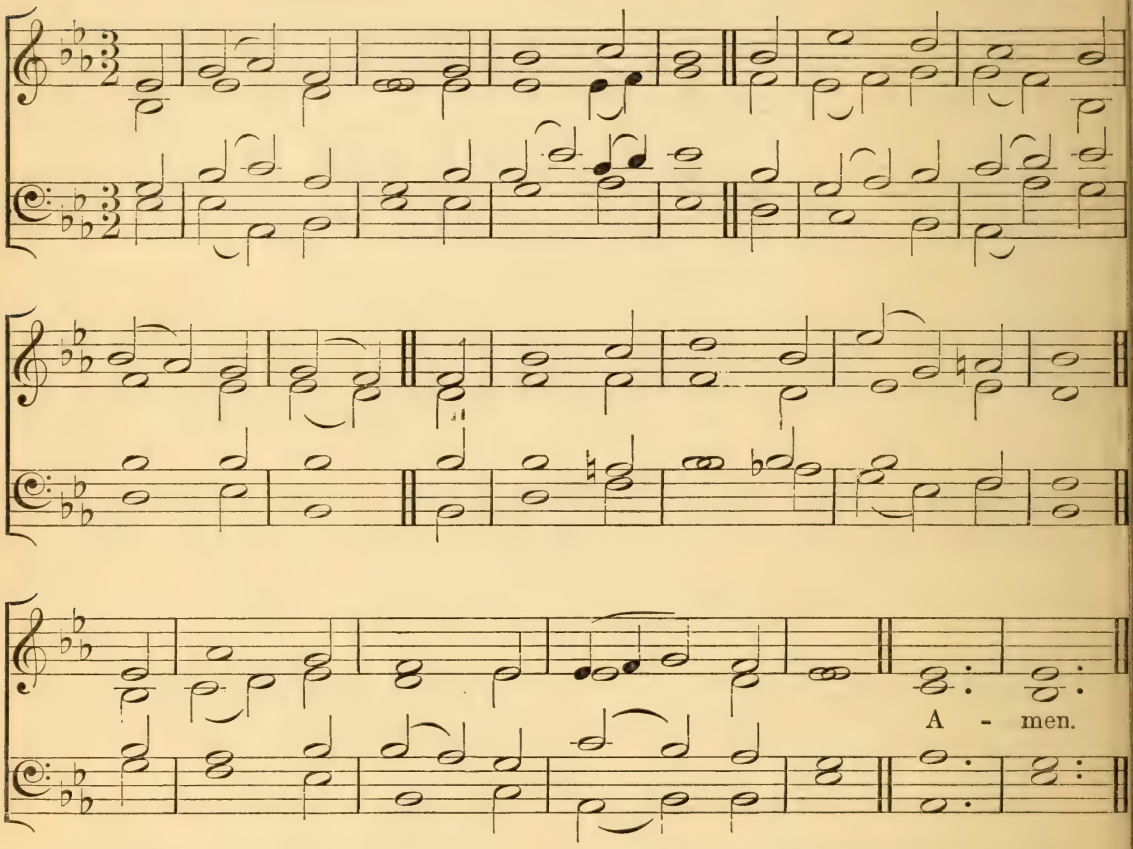
The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
f The sea, that roar'd at Thy command,
p At Thy command is still.

mf In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
cr And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

mf My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
p And death, when death shall be my lot,
cr Shall join my soul to Thee. Amen.

HYMN TO BE USED AT SEA.

589. ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER.



"O God of our salvation, who art the confidence of them that are afar off upon the sea."—PSALM lxv. 5.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be Thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters Thou our home.

p O Jesus, Saviour, at whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
cr Bid Thou the mourner's heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

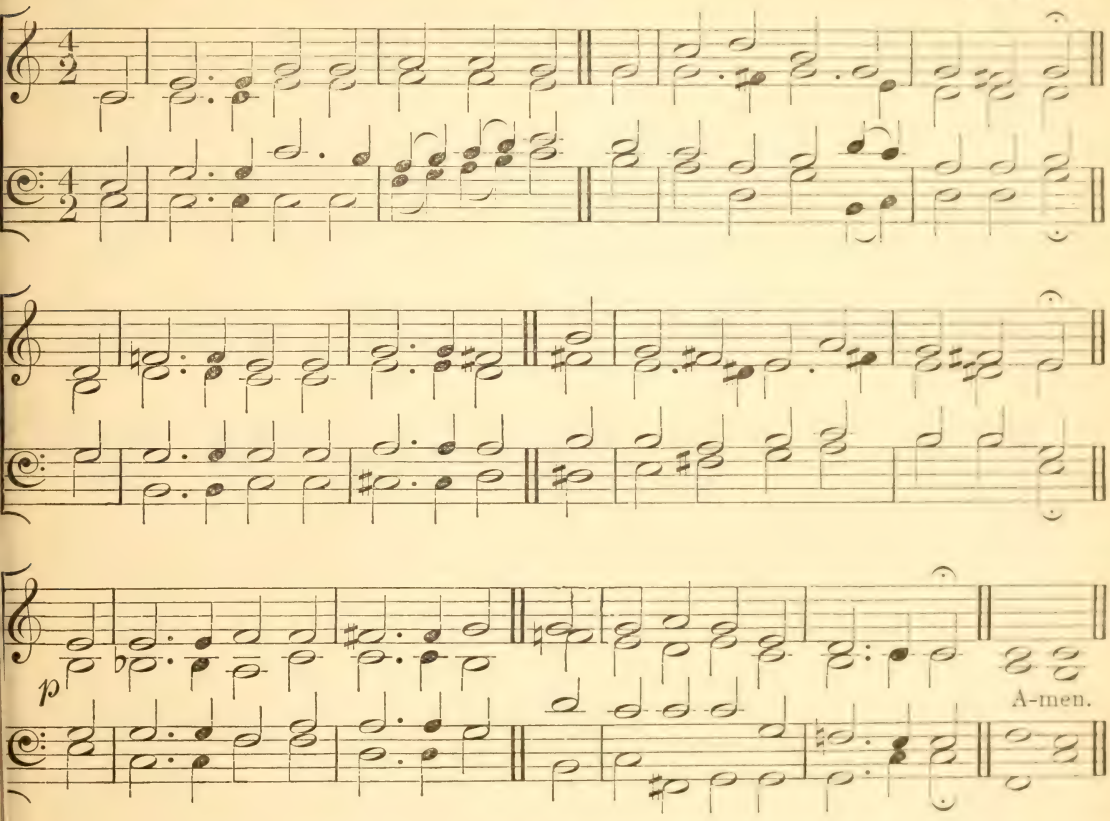
mf O Holy Ghost, beneath whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

f Great God, Triune Jehovah, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.
Amen.

590. MELITA.

Six 8s.

J. B. Dykes.



"These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."—Psalm cvii. 24.

mf Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
p.cr Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
di For those in peril on the sea.

mf O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
p.cr Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
di For those in peril on the sea.

mf O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
p.cr Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
di For those in peril on the sea.

f O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
cr And ever let there rise to Thee
ff Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

591. EUROCLYDON.

P.M.

G. W. TORRANCE.

"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."—MATTHEW xiv. 27.

TREBLE.
ALTO.

f 1. FIERCE was the wild
mf 2. Ridge of the
mf 3. Je - sus, De -

TENOR.
BASS.

Andante religioso.

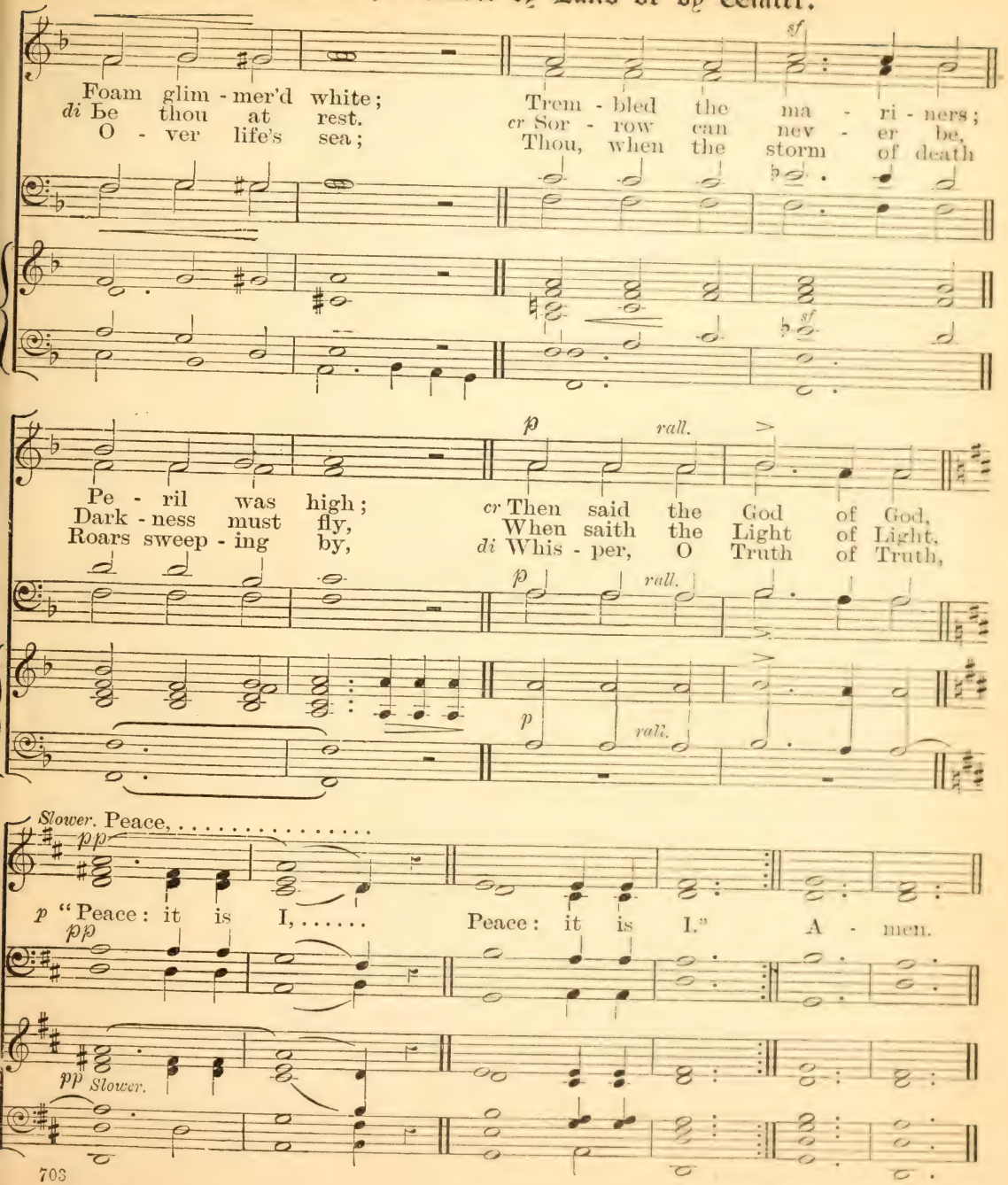
ACCOMPT.

f *sf*

bil - low Dark was the night; *di* Oars la- bour'd hea - vi - ly;
moun-tain wave, *cr* Low - er thy crest: *mf* Wail of the tem - pest wind,
- liv - er - er, Come Thou to me; Soothe Thou my voy - a - ging

p

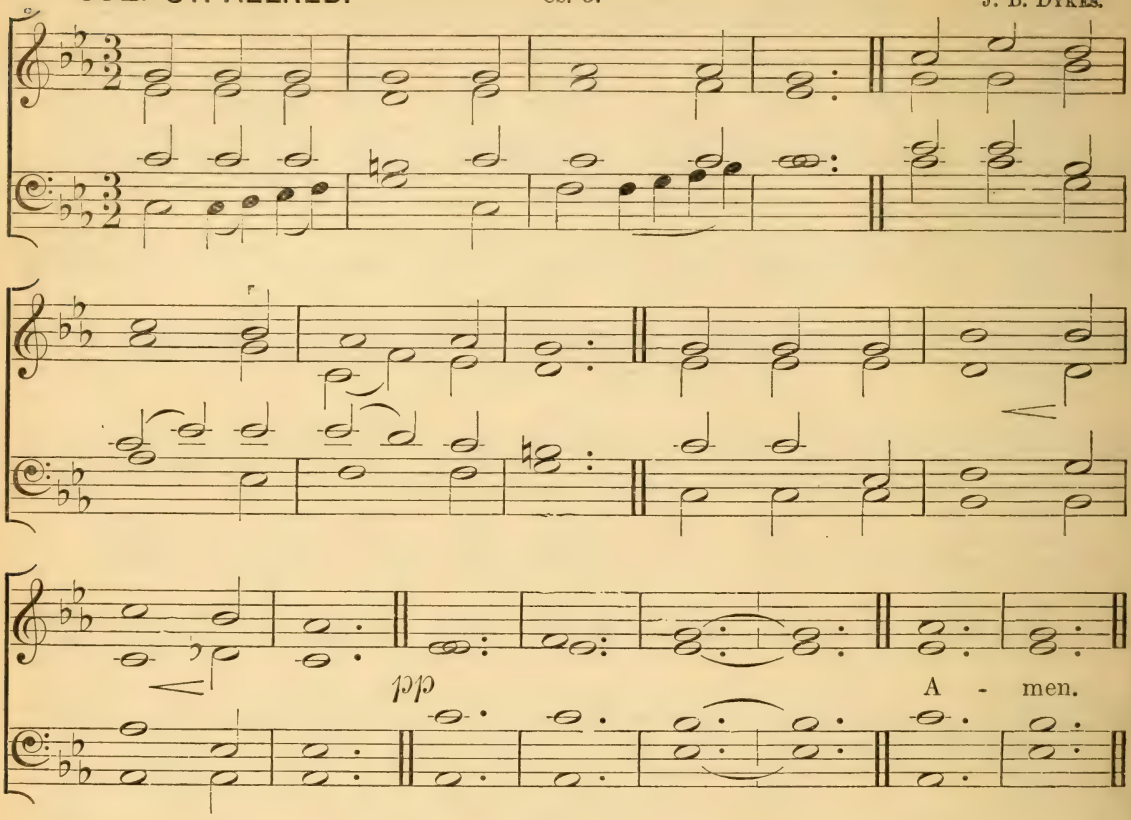
For those that trabel by Land or by Water.



592. ST. AELRED.

8s. 3.

J. B. DYKES.



"And He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."—MARK iv. 39.

f FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
di But Thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
pp Calm and still.

mf "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh save us in our agony!"
cr Thy word above the storm rose high,
pp "Peace, be still."

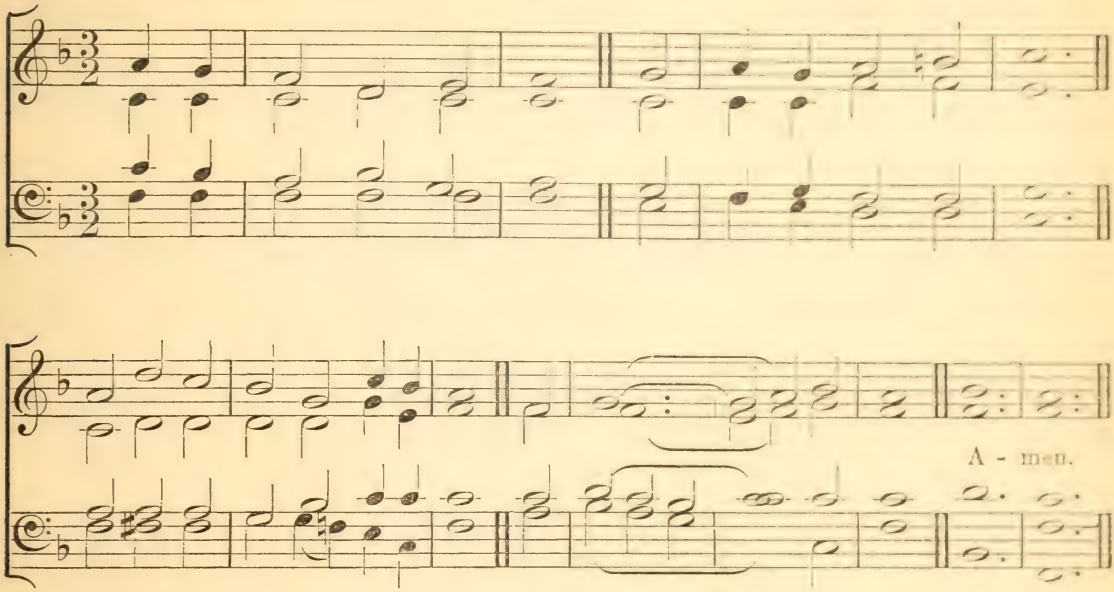
pf The wild winds hush'd; the angry deep
di Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
cr At Thy will.

mf So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
pp "Peace, be still." Amen.

593. THORNFIELD.

6.6.8.4.

CHARLES VINCENT.



"The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means."—2 THESSALONIANS iii. 16.

mp WITH the sweet word of peace,
We bid our brethren go;
cr Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

mp With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

mf With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

f With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee;
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.

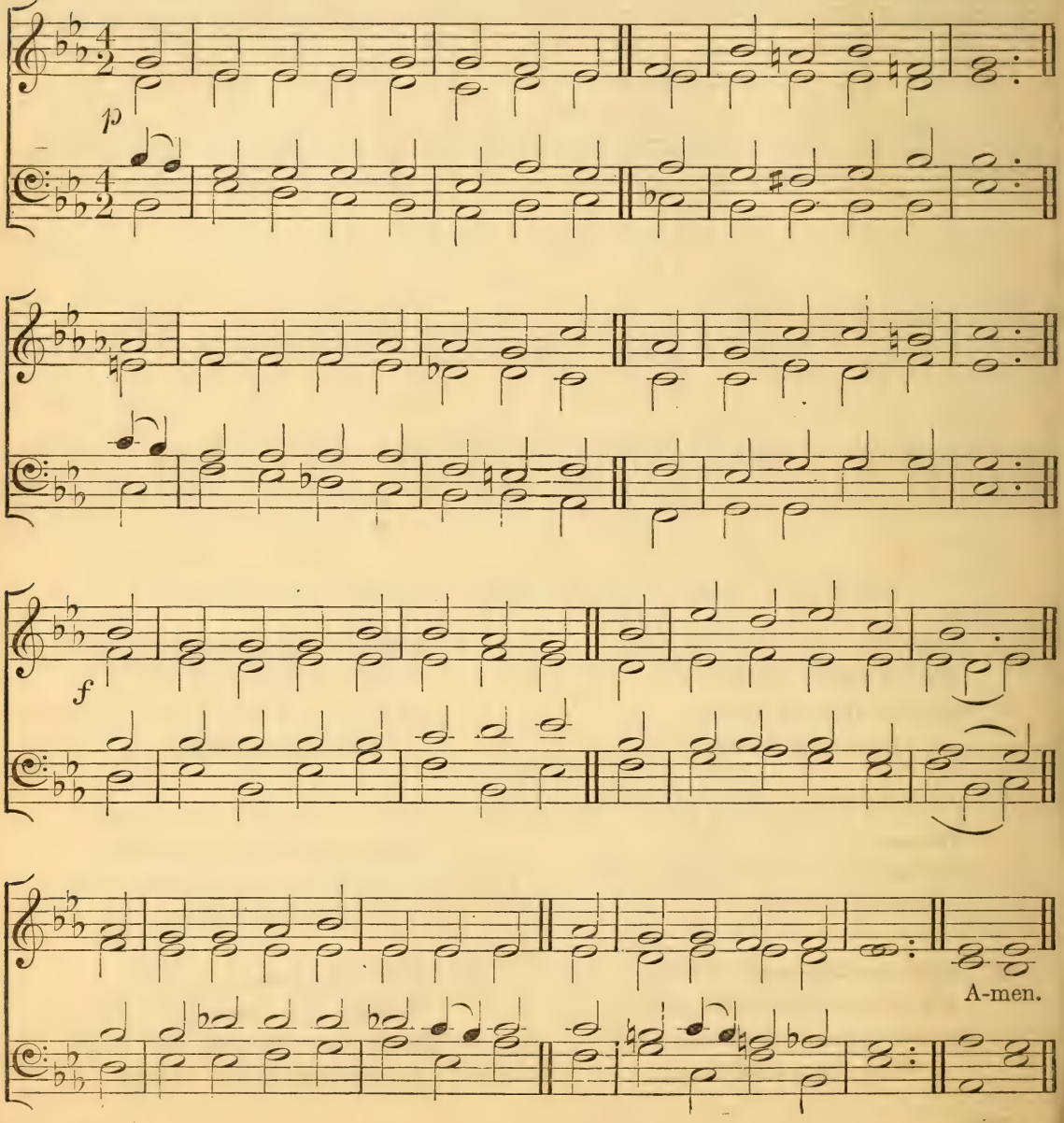
mf Farewell: in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
p Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there. Amen.

MISSIONARY FAREWELL.

594. ST. SEIRIOL.

D.C.M.

H. A. HARDING.



For those that travel by Land or by Water.

"The Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your rereward."—ISAIAH lii. 12.

mf THE tender light of home behind,
Dark heathen gloom before;
The servants of the Lord go forth
To many a foreign shore:
cr But the true light that cannot pale
Streams on them from above,
f A light divine, that shall not fail—
The smile of Him they love.

mf The sheltering nest of home behind,
The battle-field before;
They gird their heavenly armour on,
And seek the foreign shore.
cr But Christ, their Captain, with them goes:
He leads them in the way;
f With Him they face the mightiest foes,
With Him they win the day,

mf The peaceful joys of home behind,
Danger and death before;
cr Right cheerfully they set their face
To seek the foreign shore.
f For Christ has call'd, and His dear word
Brings bliss, whate'er betide;
'Tis not alone, 'tis with their Lord
They seek the other side.

mf A wealth of love and prayer behind,
Far-reaching hope before;
cr The servants of the Lord go forth
To seek the foreign shore:
f And wheresoe'er their footsteps move,
That hope makes sweet the air;
And all the path is paved with love,
And canopied with prayer.

mp Christ in the fondly-loved "behind,"
cr Christ in the bright "before;"
mf Oh, blest are they who go with Him
To seek the foreign shore!
f Christ is their fair unfading Light,
Christ is their shield and sword,
Christ is their Keeper, day and night,
And Christ their rich reward. Amen.

See also Hymns 360, 363 366, 367, 368, 371.

"VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS."

595. CHANT. [FIRST TUNE.]

J. BARNBY.

"He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."—JOHN XX. 22.

Slowly.

mf 1.	COME, Holy Ghóst, our	souls in-	-spire,	And líghten . . .	with ce-	-les-tial	fire.
2.	Thou the anóinting . .	Spi-rit	art,	Who dóst Thy	sevenfold	gifts im-	-part.
cr 3.	Thy blessèd únction . .	from a-	-bove	Is cómfort, ...	life, and	fire of	love.
mf 4.	Enable wíth per - -	pet-ual	light	The dúlness . . .	of our	blind-ed	sight.
5.	Anoint and chéer our	soil-ed	face	Wĭth the a -	-bundance	of Thy	grace.
di 6.	Keep far our fóes, give	peace at	home:	*p* Where Thóu art	guide, no	ill can	come.
mf 7.	Teach us to knów the	Fa-ther,	Son,	And Thée of . . .	both to	be but	One,
cr 8.	That, through the áges	all a-	long,	Thĭs may	be our	end-less	song;
f 9.	Praise to Thý e - -	-ter-nal	merit,	Fáther, ...	Son, and	Ho-ly	Spirit.

A - men.

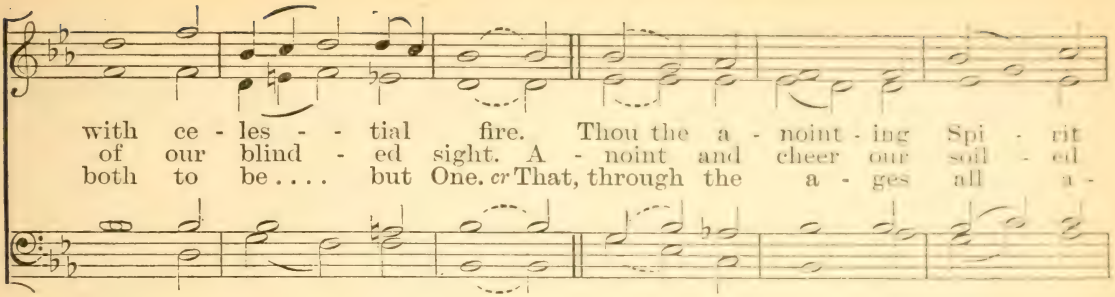
595. VENI CREATOR. [SECOND TUNE.] P.M.

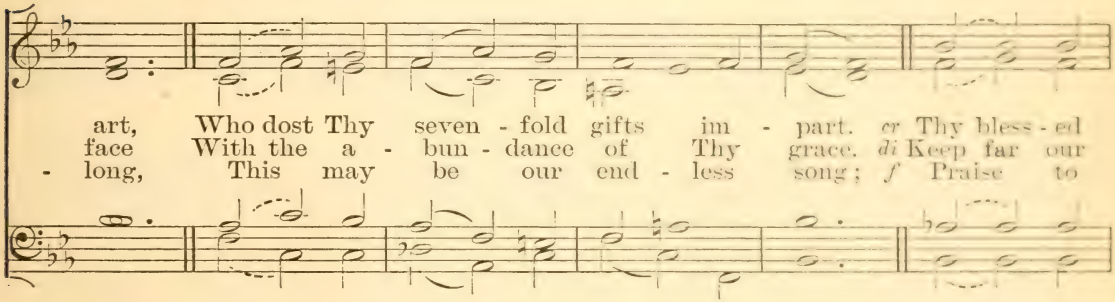
THOMAS ATTWOOD.

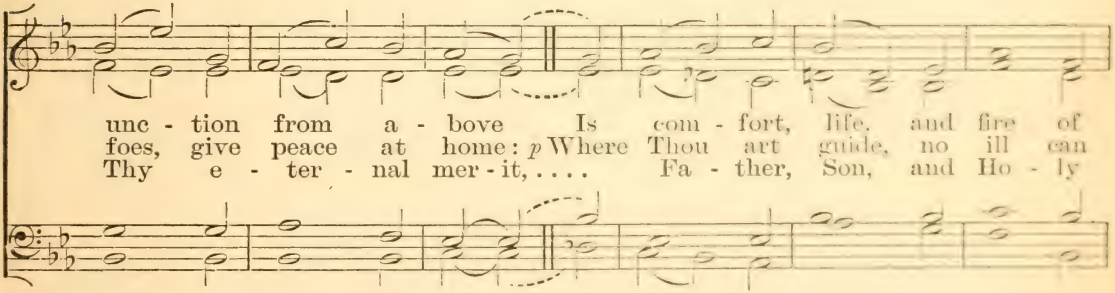
"He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."—JOHN XX. 22.

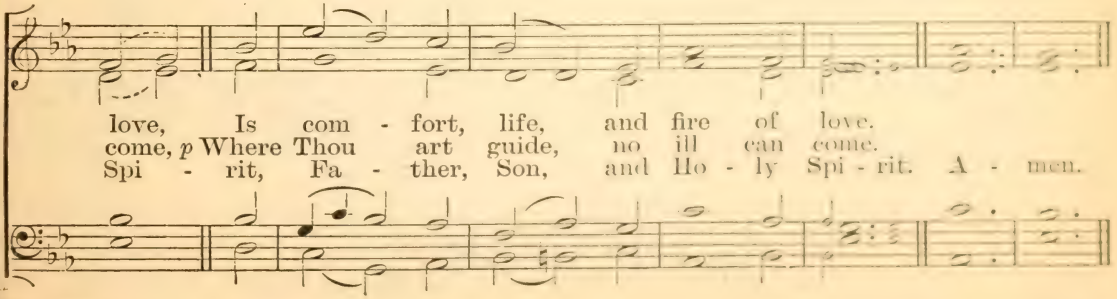
mf COME, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en
mf En - a - - ble with per - pet - ual light The dul - ness
mf Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee of

* The slurs to be used or omitted as required by the words.


with ce - les - - tial fire. Thou the a - noint - ing Spi - rit
of our blind - ed sight. A - noint and cheer our soil - ed
both to be . . . . but One. cr That, through the a - ges all a -


art, Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part. cr Thy bless - ed
face With the a - bun - dance of Thy grace. di Keep far our
- long, This may be our end - less song; f Praise to


unc - tion from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of
foes, give peace at home: p Where Thou art guide, no ill can
Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, ... Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly


love, Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.
come, p Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
Spi - rit, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

596. ST. CRISPIN.*

L.M.

G. ELVEY.

A - men.

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—ACTS I. 8.

mf POUR out Thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
cr Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

mf Within Thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
f Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

mf Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;—

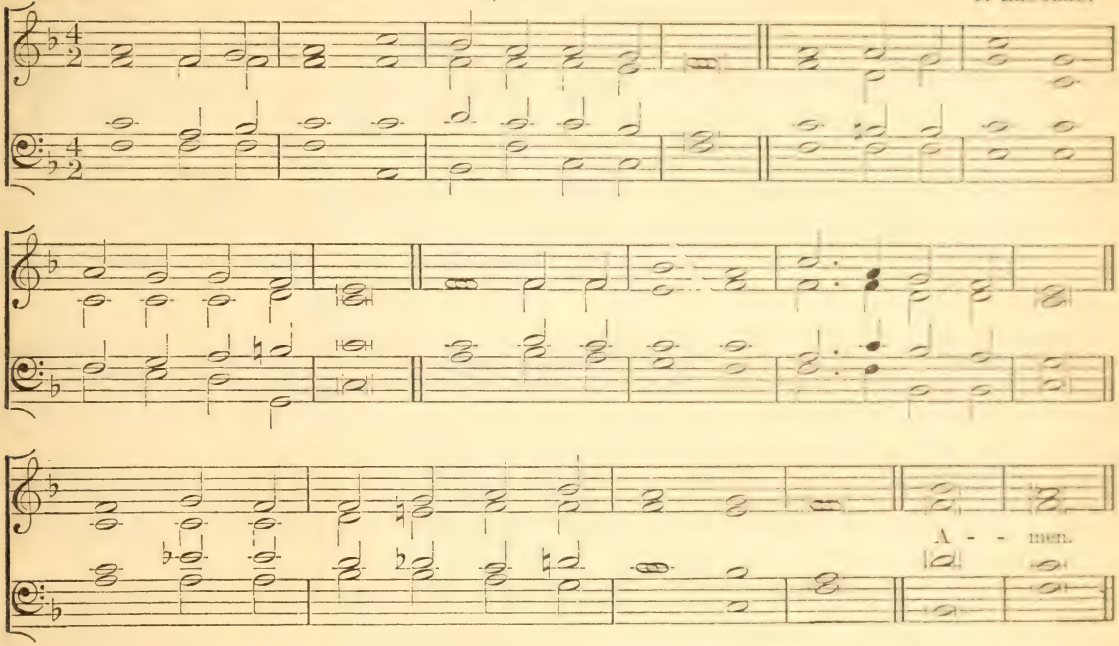
To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

p Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
cr When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
f O God, may they and we be Thine. Amen.

* This Tune may be sung to Hymn No. 195, the last two words of each verse to be repeated.

597. ST. AGNES (LANGRAN). 10s.

J. LANGRAN.



"And Jesus said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile. —MARK vi. 31.

mp COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile.
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng.
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
cr And in My quiet strength again be strong.

mp Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
p Alone with Me and with My Father here,
cr With Me and with My Father not alone.

mp Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won:
di My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

mp Come ye and rest: the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink:
cr The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

mf Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even:
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven. Amen.

598. CONFIDENCE.

C.M. D. J. Wood.

Rather slowly.

p

ritard.

A-men.

"*In returning and rest shall ye be saved: in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.*"—Isaiah xxx. 15.

mf With weary feet and sadden'd heart,
From toil and care we flee,
p And come, O dearest Lord, apart
To rest awhile with Thee.

The courts of heaven were lost to view,
The world had come between;
cr But here the veil is rent in two;
We see the things unseen.

p Our sins, in Thy pure light descried,
Stand out in dread array;
cr But here in love's absolving tide
Their guilt is wash'd away.

p With strife of tongues distraught and worn
Our troublous way we trod;
But cast ourselves, this holy morn,
Into the peace of God.

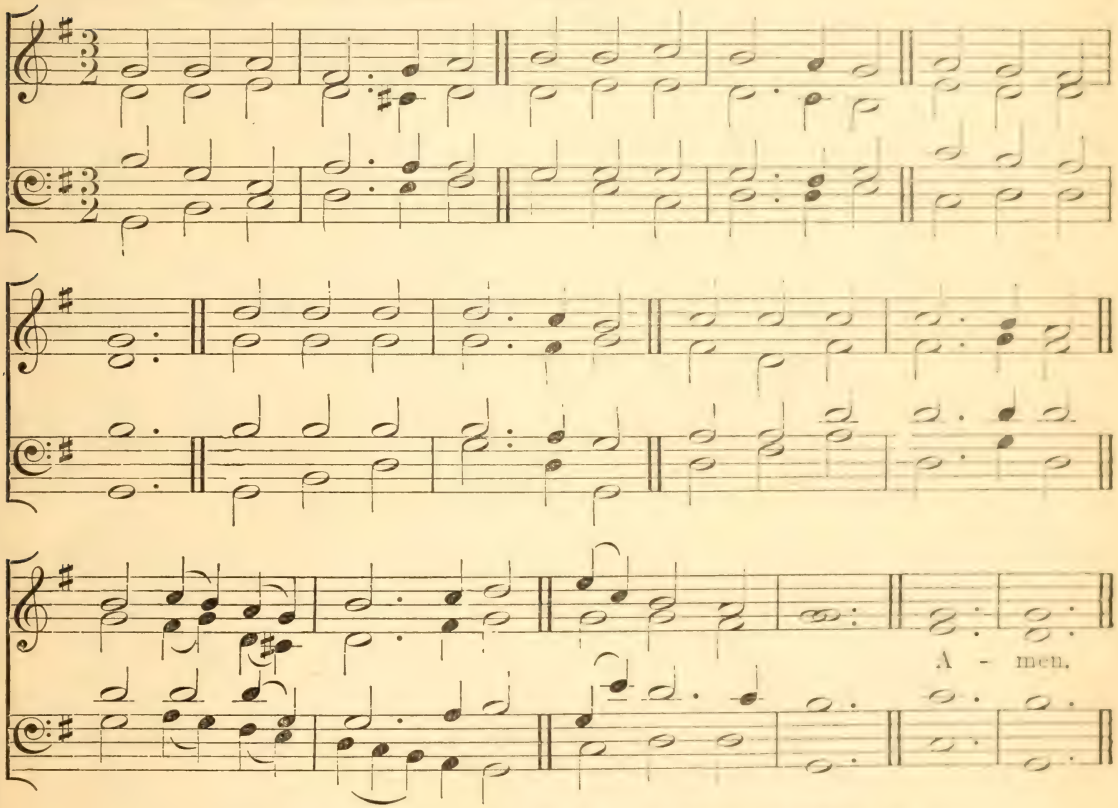
mf And oh! what depth of joy, as thus
We bend the trembling knee,
To know that Thou art one with us,
And we are one with Thee. Amen.

May be sung to "Southwell," No. 338.

See also Hymns 50, 51, 252, 259, 262, 344, 345, 347.

"O Lord, save the Queen; and mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee."

599. NATIONAL ANTHEM. 6s. 4s.



"And all the people shouted and said, God save the King."—1 Samuel x. 24.

f God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen:
ff Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the Queen.

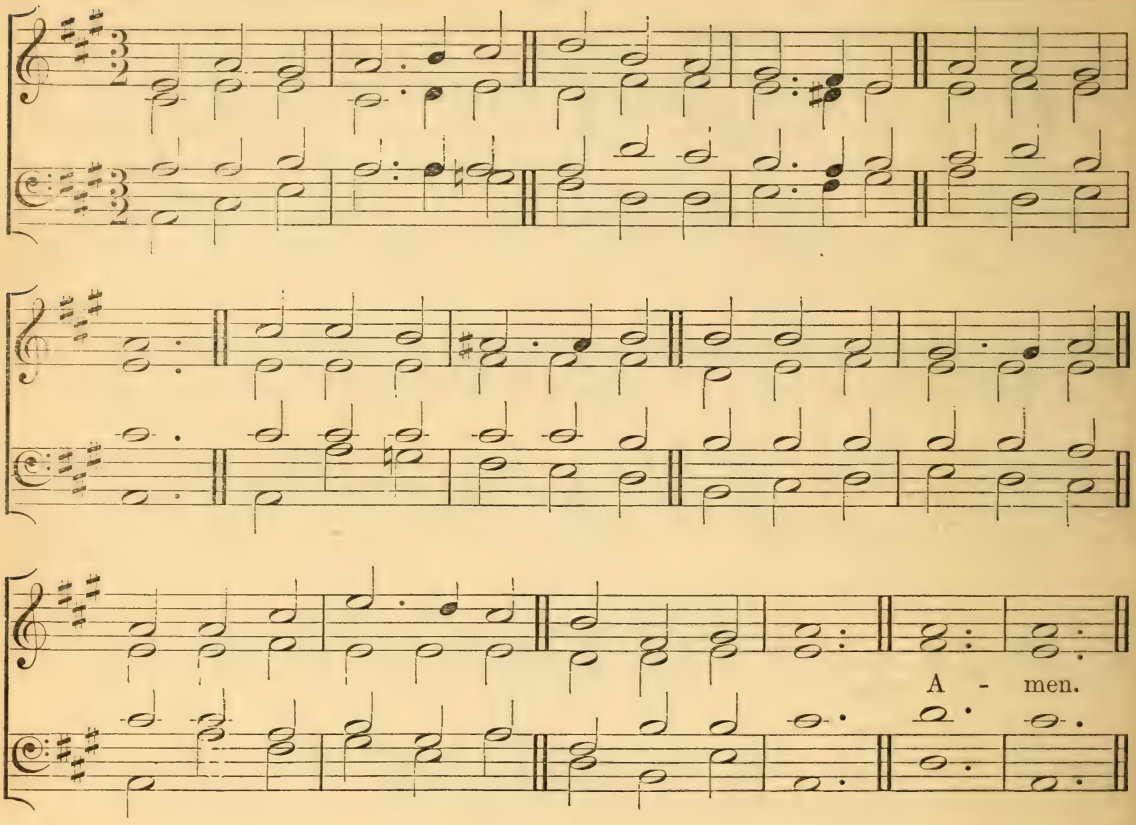
mf O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all.

f Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign:
cr May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
ff God save the Queen. Amen.

600. FATHERLAND.

6s. 4s.

GEORGE ELVEY.



"Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine anointed."—PSALM lxxxiv. 9.

f GOD of our fatherland,
Stretch forth Thy glorious hand
And shield our isle!
Beautiful, brave, and free,
As her own guardian sea,
May she for ever be
Under Thy smile!

mf O God, the King of kings,
Spread Thou Thy sheltering wings
Over our throne!
Blest in her people's love,
Thrice blessèd from above,
Safe as a cherish'd dove,
God keep His own!

cr Still be Thy Gospel's light
Shining by day and night
Buckler and sword:
f And where our fathers pray'd,
None making them afraid,
Vouchsafe Thy mighty aid:
Help us, O Lord!

mf Great Father of us all,
On Thee Thy children call,
Save and defend!
cr May we be one in Thee,
Knit as one family,
f One for eternity,
World without end! Amen.

See also Hymns 44, 47, 49, 52, 54, 62, 63.

I. [L.M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

II. [L.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

III. [C.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

IV. [S.M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd. Amen.

V. 7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

VI. [D. 7s.

Holy Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

VII. [8s. 7s.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One,
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen

VIII. [8s. 7s. 4.

Praise the Father throned in heaven:
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise the Spirit freely given;
Praise the blessèd Three in One.
Hallelujah!
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

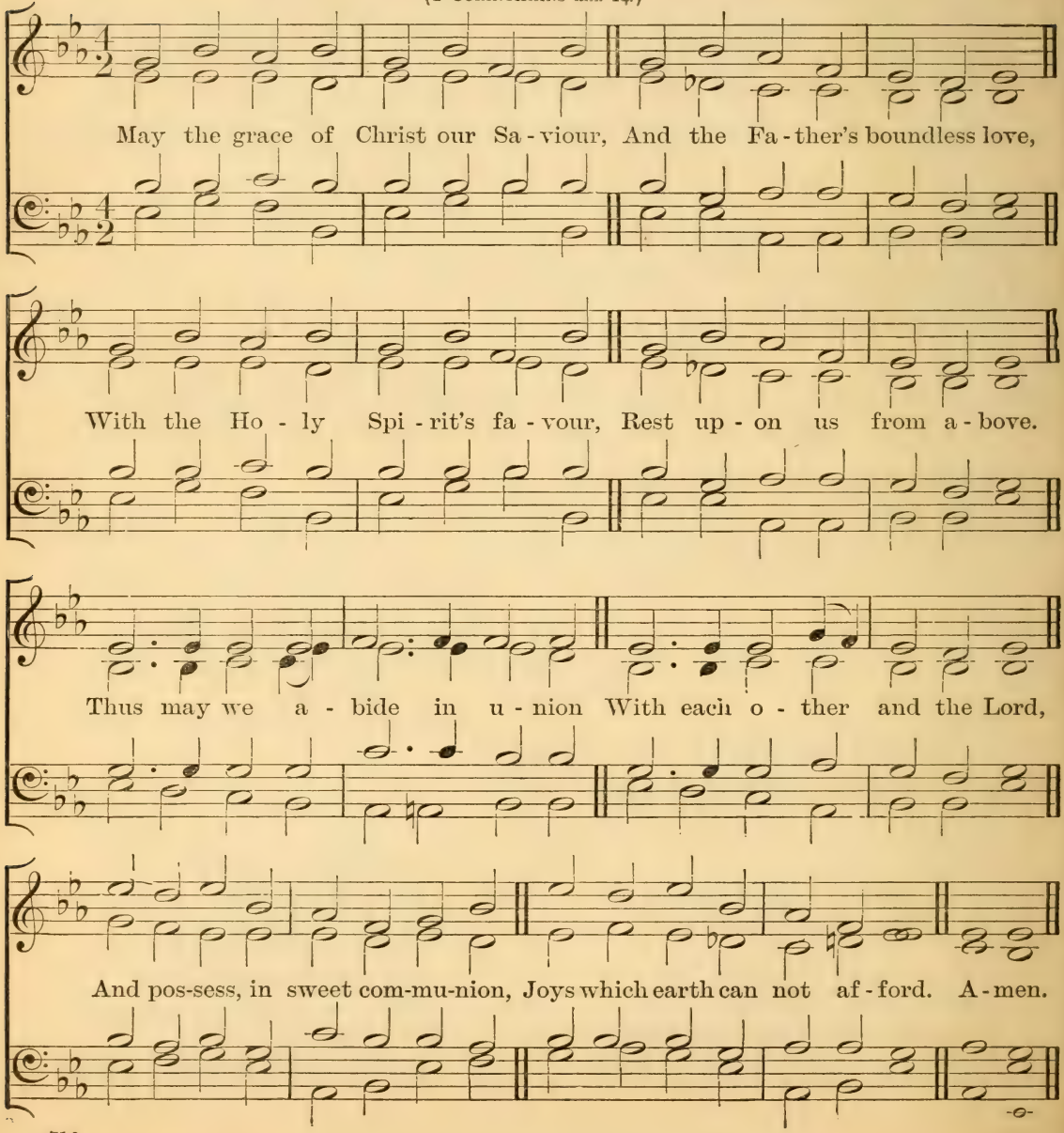
IX. [D. 7s. 6s.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

This Grace may be sung by itself, or at the close of any Hymn of 8s. 7s. metre.

X. VESPER HYMN. D. 8s. 7s.

(2 Corinthians xiii. 14.)



This Refrain may be used at the end of every verse of certain Hymns of praise if desired.

XI. P.M.

Glo - ry, honour, praise, and power Be un - to the Lamb for ev - er; Je-sus Christ is

our Re-deem-er, Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! praise the Lord. A-men.

XII. [10s. 4s.

Sequel to Hymn 22, "Lead, kindly Light."

Meantime along the narrow rugged path,
Thyself hast trod;
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God;
To rest for ever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life. Amen.

XIII. [7s. 6.

This verse may be sung at the beginning or close of the Metrical Litanies. 166, 262, 402, 513

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

XIV. [C.M.

This Refrain may be used at the end of every verse of Hymn 289.

I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood.
From sin to set me free.

(To be sung before Morning or Evening Prayer.)

XV. GOD IS A SPIRIT.

10s.

CHARLES VINCENT.

p God is a Spi - rit: they, who wor - ship Him,....

In spi - rit and in truth must bow the knee:

O Thou, who dwell - est 'mid the Che - ru - bim,....

Draw nigh to us while we draw nigh to Thee..... A - - men.

(To be sung after Evening Prayer.)

XVI. VESPERS.

S.M.

Very softly.

Now, Fa - ther, we com - mend Our - selves to Thee this night:

Oh watch us, keep us, and de - fend Till break of morn-ing light. A - men.

Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 1.

1. OLD THIRTY-SECOND. P.M.

Arranged and Harmonized by J. C. WARD.

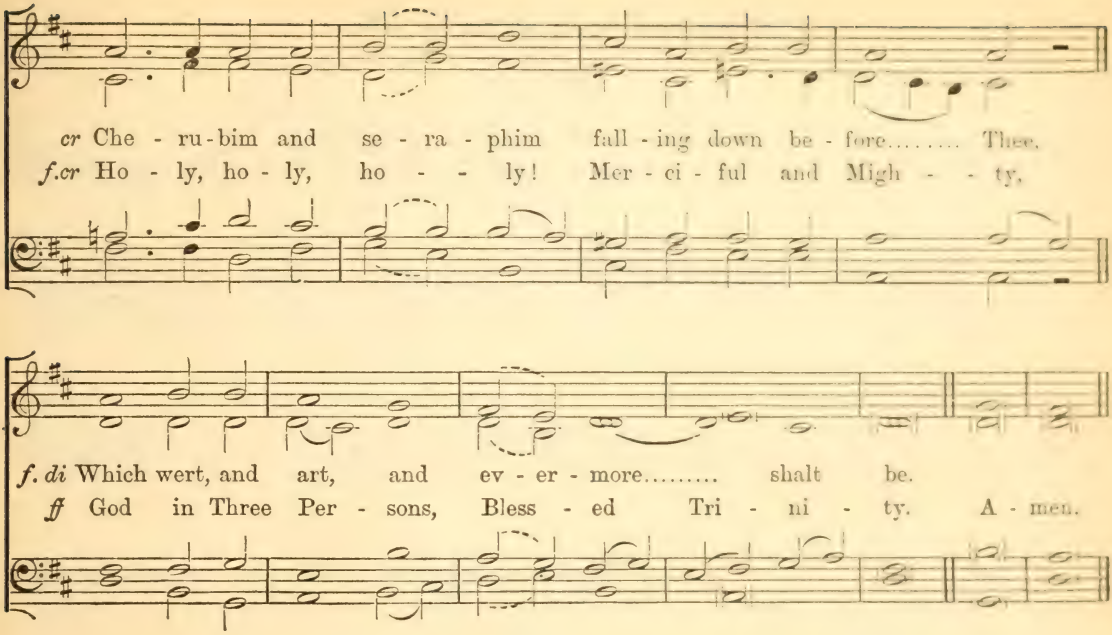
"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy."—REVELATION iv. 8.

p 1. Ho-LY, ho-ly, ho ly, Lord God Al-migh-ty, *mf* Ear-ly in the morn-ing our
p 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man

song shall rise to Thee;..... *p* Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Mer-ci-ful and Migh-ty,
Thy glory may not see,..... *mf* On-ly Thou art ho-ly: there is none be-side Thee

f God in Three Per-sons, Bless-ed Tri-ni-ty. *mf* 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly!
Per-fect in power, in love, and pu-ri-ty. *f* 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,

all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glas-sy sea;
Lord God Al-migh-ty, *ff* All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

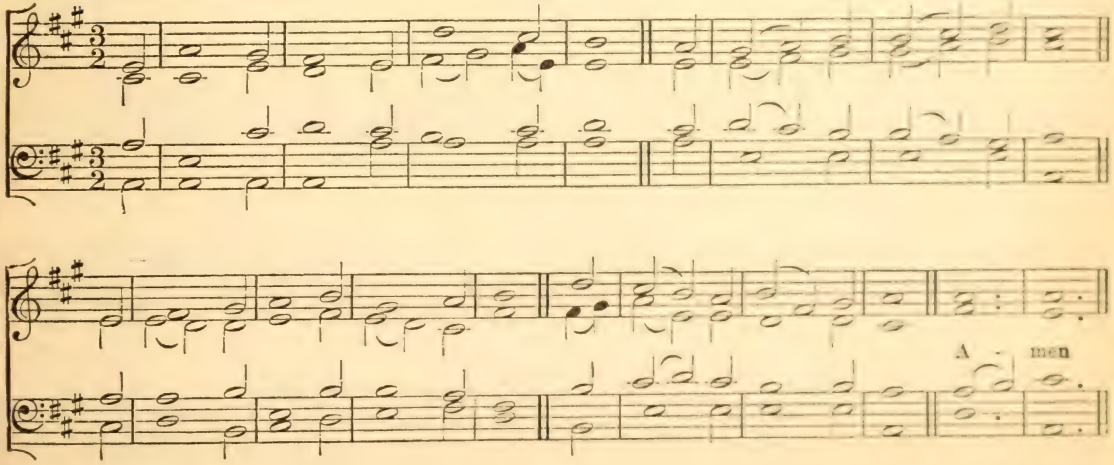


Alternative Tune for Hymns Nos. 18 and 338.

2. EVANGELIST.

C.M.

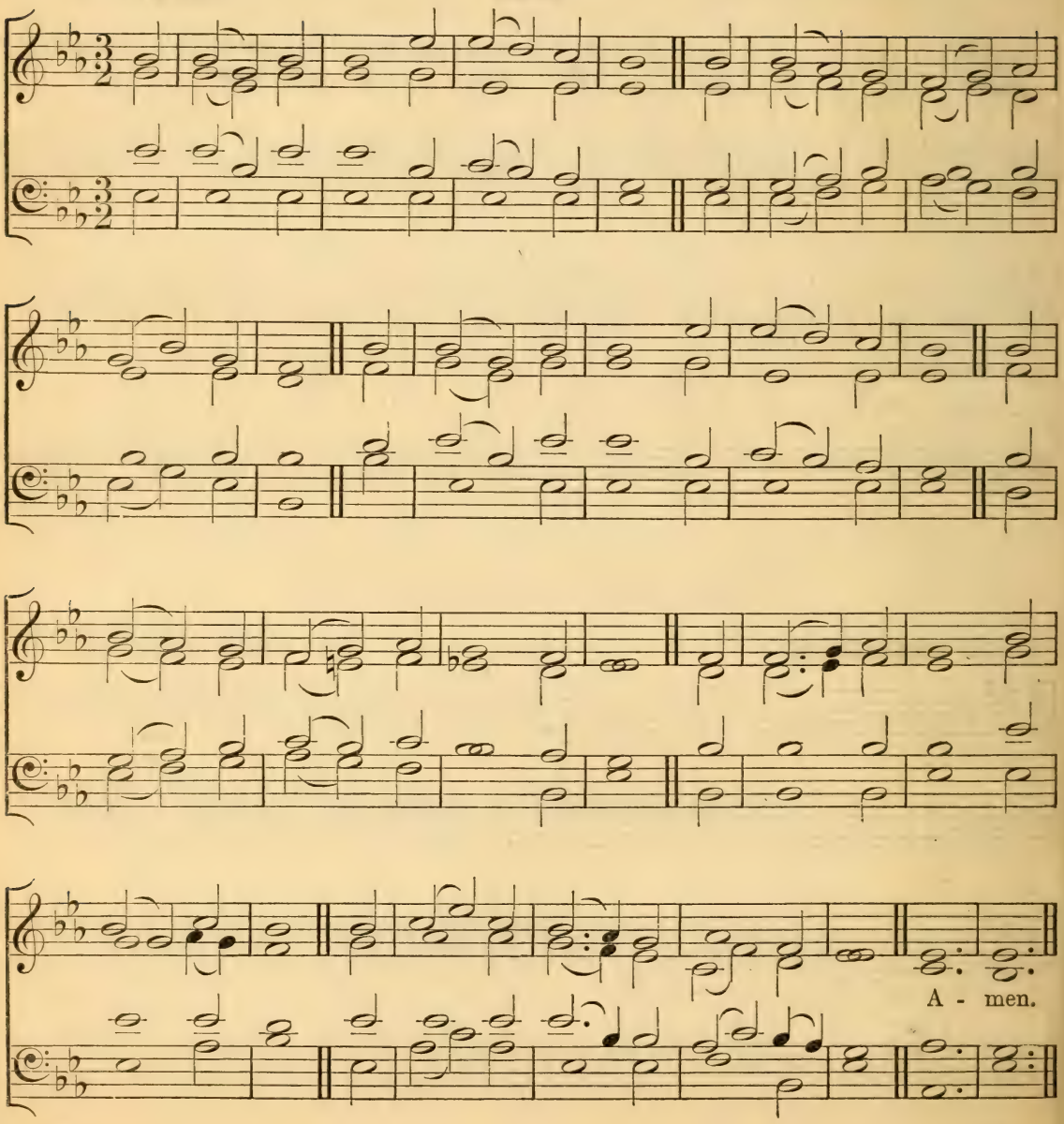
Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 326.

3. STELLA.

Six 8s.

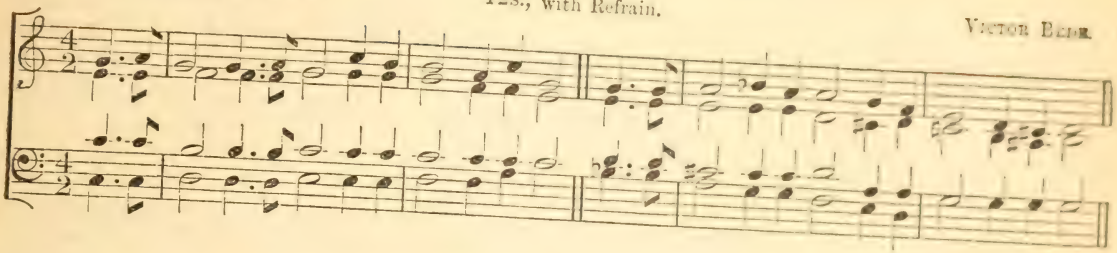


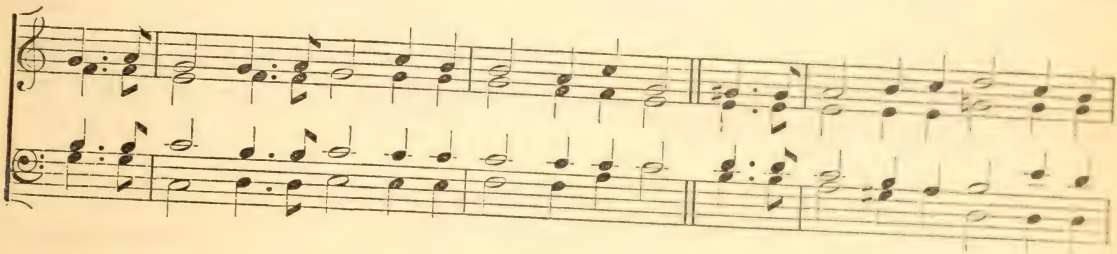
Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 353.

4. TOILING ON.

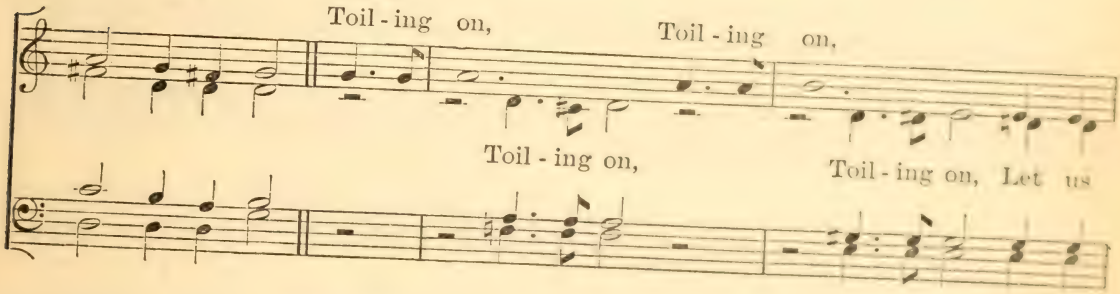
12s., with Refrain.

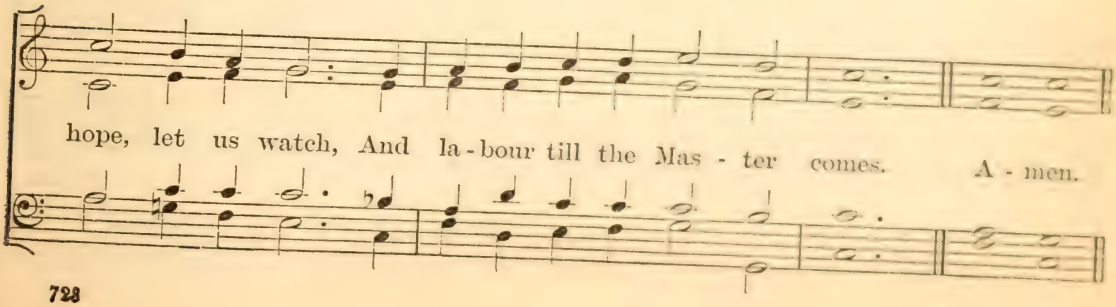
VICTOR BEDR.





REFRAIN.

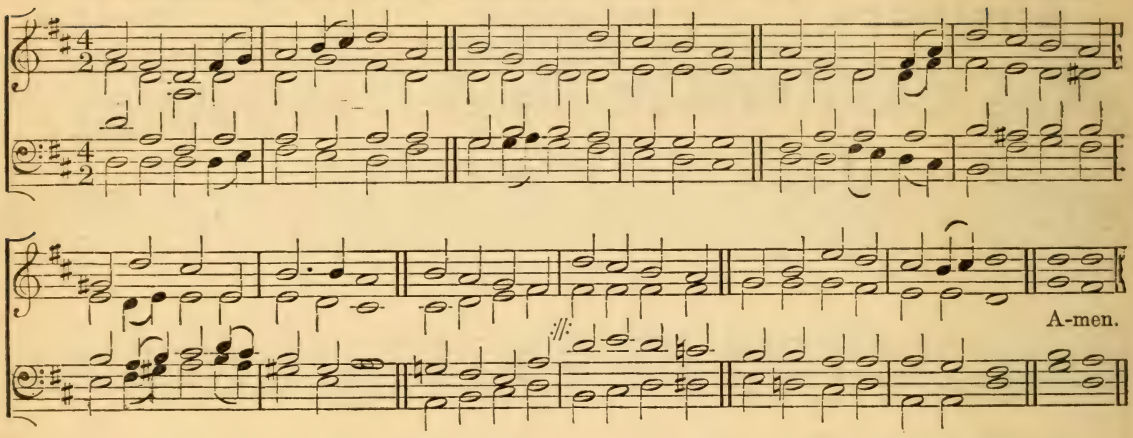




Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 91.

5. ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY. 8s. 7s.

D. J. Wood.

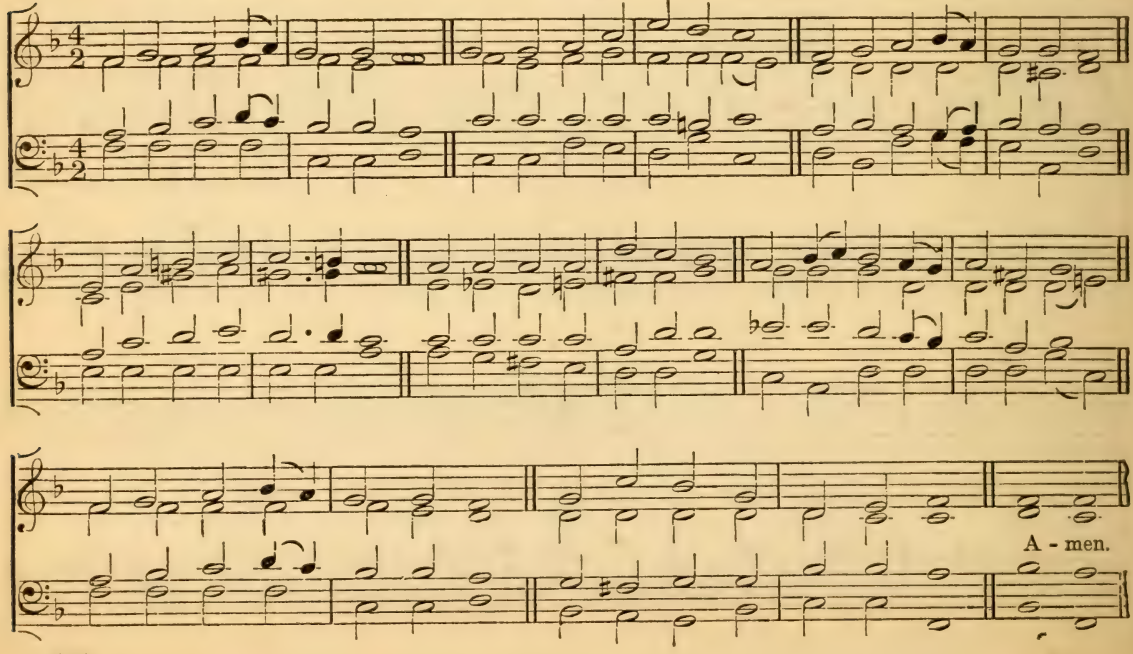


Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 319.

6. PRAYER.

D. 7s.

Charles Vincent.



Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 483.

7. GREEN HILL.

C.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.

A - men.

Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 38.

8. ST. CLEMENT.

9s. 8s.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

A - men.

"Their office was to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even."—1 CHRON. xxiii. 30.

mf THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

mf We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

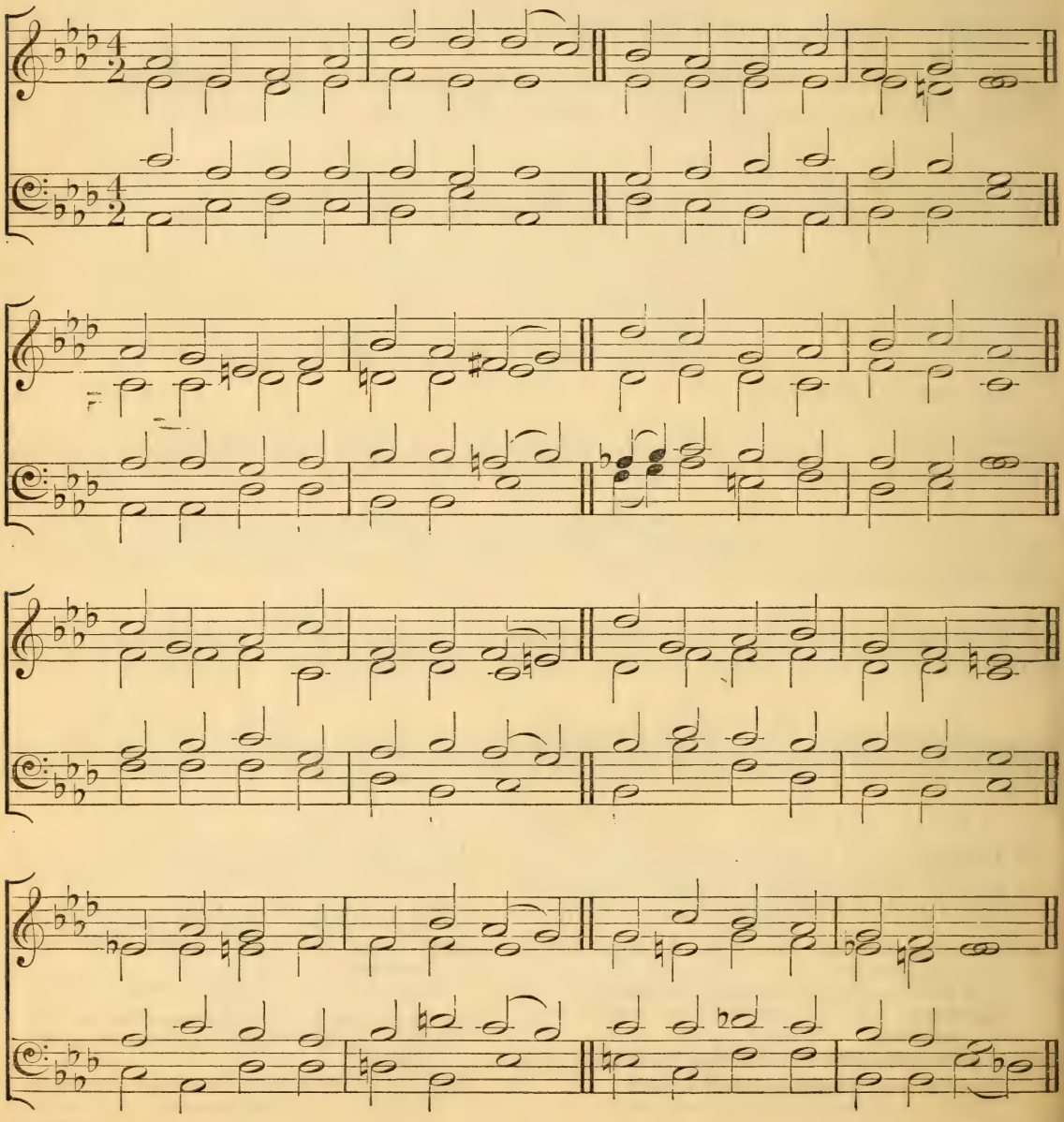
cr So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
f But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
Amen.

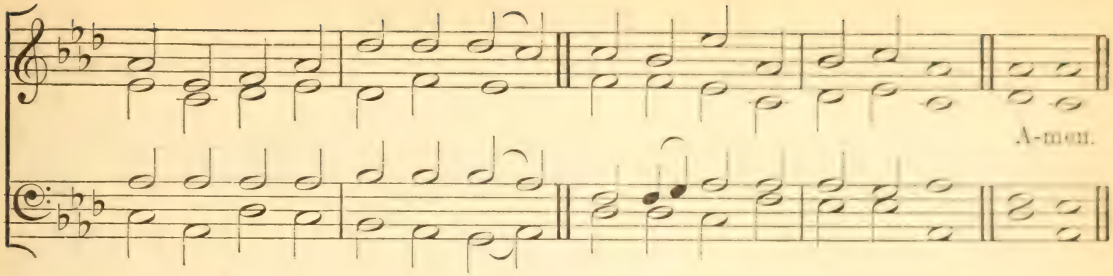
Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 37.

9. EVENING PRAYER.

Ten 7s.

D. J. Wood.



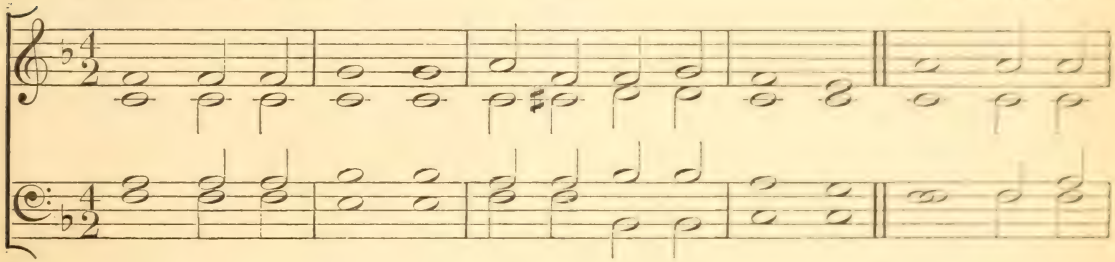


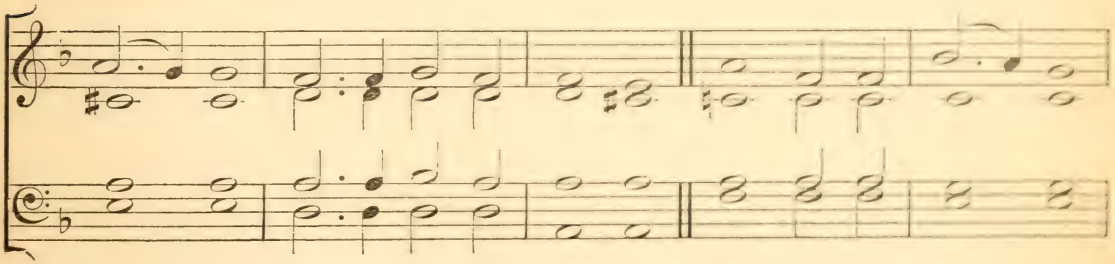
Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 48.

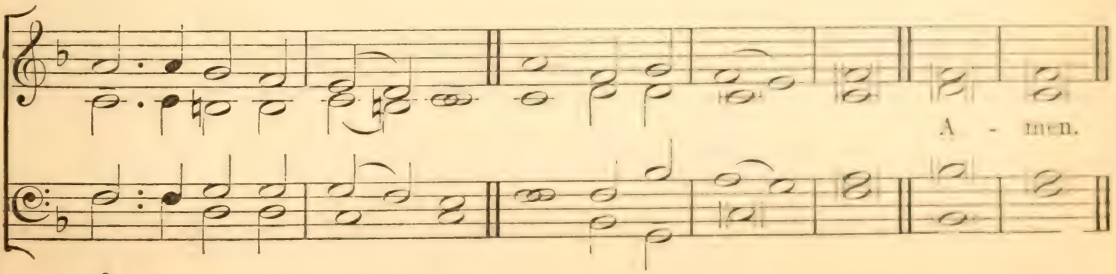
10. INTEGER VITÆ.

11s. 5.

F. F. Flemming.







Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 165.

11. WEARY OF EARTH. 10s.

C. E. Miller.

Unison.

Slowly.

Harmony. *cres.*

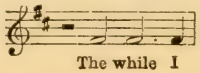
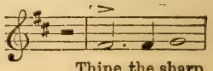
Unison. *mf*

Harmony. *dim.* *p*

A - men.

* The tie and the small notes in following bar to be used in verses 2, 3, 4 and 7.

† Tie and small notes for verses 2, 5 and 7.

Verse 3 may begin thus:—  &c.; and the 3rd line of verse 7 thus:—  &c.

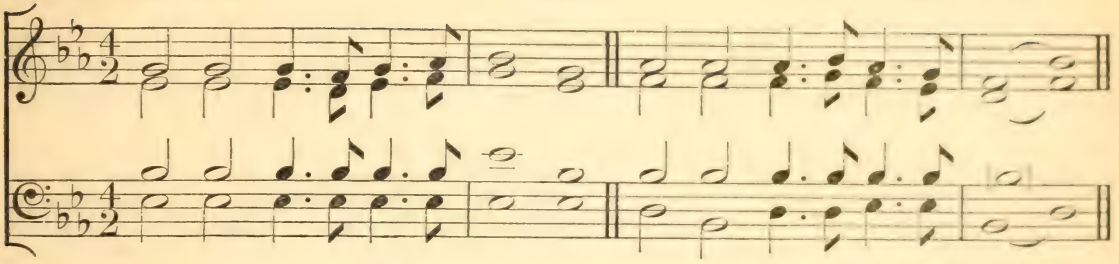
The while I

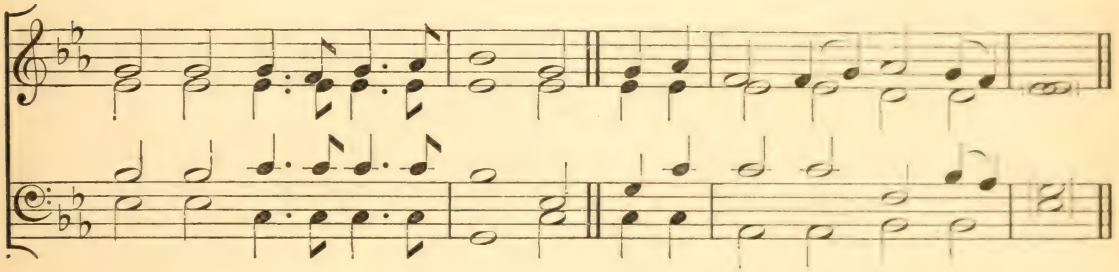
Thine the sharp

Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 510.

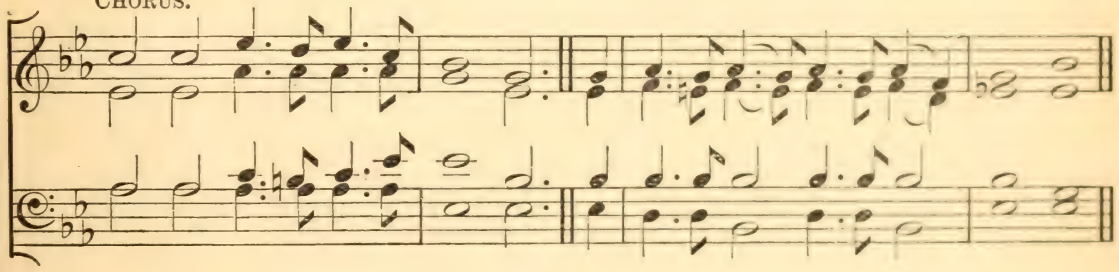
12. BOSTON.

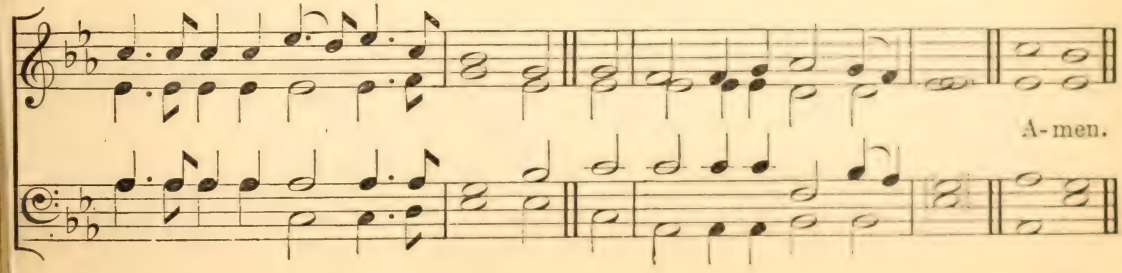
P.M.





CHORUS.





Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 126.

13. EVANGELIUM.

D. 7s. 6s.

HERBERT OAKELEY.

♩=126.

p e poco rall.

p

A-men.

Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 22.

14. LUX PERPETUA.

10s. 4s.

HERBERT OAKELEY.

p *ff*

p

pp

p *rit.* *f* *p*

A - men.

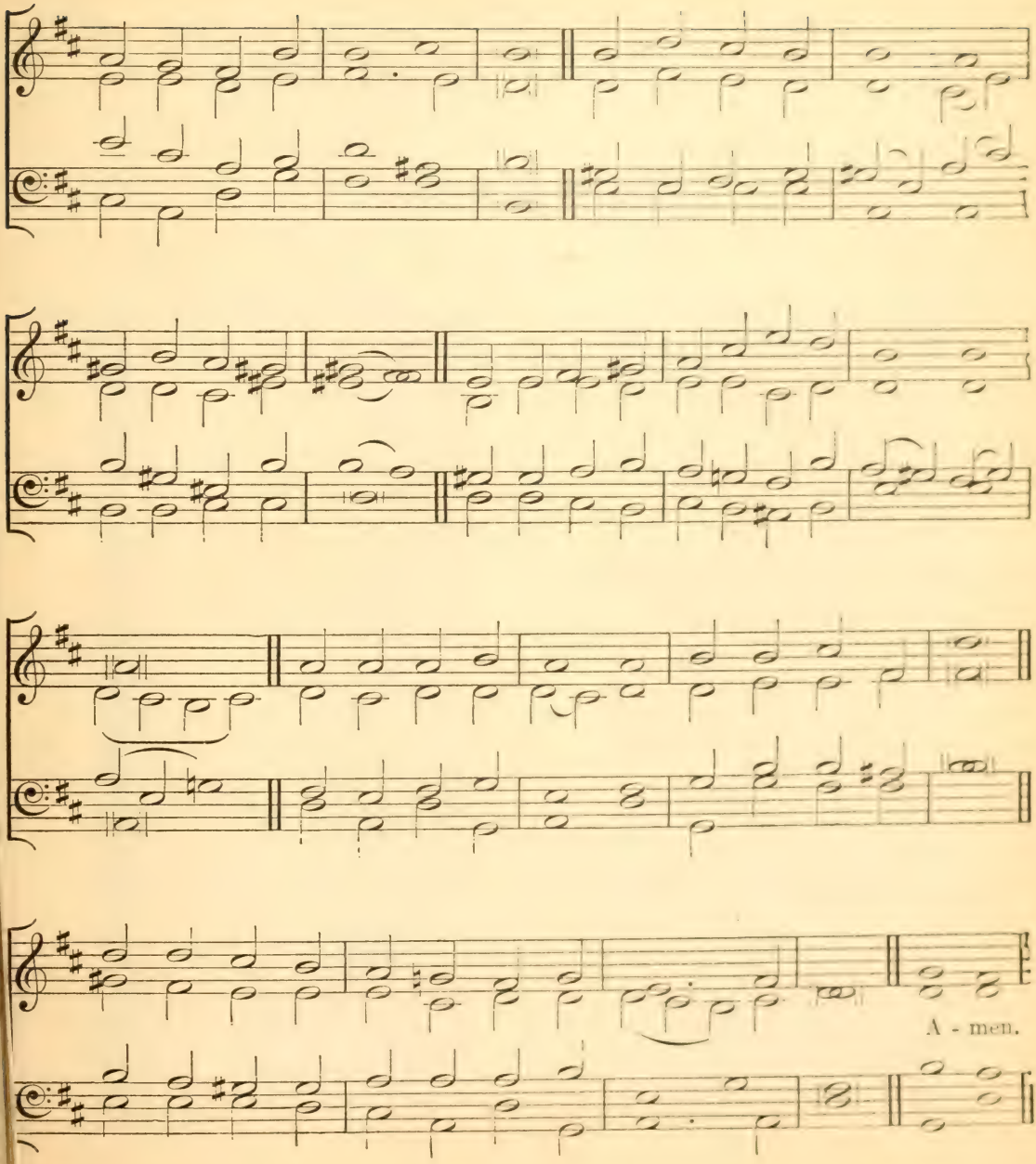
Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 151.

15. ROCK OF AGES. Six 7s. GEORGE ELVEY.

A - men.

Alternative Tune for Hymn No. 508.

16. NISSI. 11s. J. BARNBY.


A - men.

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Behold Me standing at the door	*Frances J. Van Alstyne*	174
Behold the Lamb of God who bore	*T. Haweis*	183
Behold us Lord a little space	*J. Ellerton*	18
Beneath the cross of Jesus	*Elizabeth C. Clephane*	188
Bless'd are the pure in heart	*J. Keble*	331
Blessed city heavenly Salem	*from the Latin, tr. Neale*	391
Blest day of God most calm most bright	*J. Mason*	221

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
Blow ye the trumpet blow	*C. Wesley*	111
Bound upon the accursed tree	*H. H. Milman*	194
Bread of heaven on Thee we feed	*J. Conder*	446
Bread of the world in mercy broken	*R. Heber*	445
Breast the wave Christian	*T. Stammers*	358
Brethren let us join to bless	*J. Cennick*	509
Brief life is here our portion	*from the Latin, tr. Neale*	249
Brightest and best of the sons, &c.	*R. Heber*	107
Brightly gleams our banner	*T. J. Potter*	508
Bright the vision that delighted	*R. Mant*	264
Brother thou art gone before us	*H. H. Milman*	542
By cool Siloam's shady rill	*R. Heber*	500
Change is our portion here	*J. H. Evans*	287
Children of the heavenly King	*J. Cennick*	372
Christian dost thou see them	*from the Greek, tr. Neale*	143
Christians awake salute the happy morn	*J. Byrom*	84
Christians seek not yet repose	*Charlotte Elliott*	356
Christ is our corner-stone	*from the Latin, tr. Chandler*	378
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	*C. Wesley*	210
Christ who once amongst us	*W. St Hill Bourne*	501
Christ whose glory fills the skies	*C. Wesley*	8
Cling to the Crucified	*H. Bonar*	189
Come ever blessed Spirit come	*C. Wordsworth*	517
Come gracious Spirit heavenly Dove	*S. Browne*	254
Come Holy Ghost descend from high	*T. Beck*	456
Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire	*Veni Creator (tr. Cosin)*	595
Come Holy Spirit come	*J. Hart*	258
Come Holy Spirit come (*a child's prayer*)	*Dorothy A. Thrupp*	406
Come labour on	*Jane Borthwick*	352
Come let us join our cheerful songs	*I. Watts*	500
Come let us join our friends above	*C. Wesley*	400
Come sing with holy gladness	*J. J. Daniel*	461
Come Thou Fount of every blessing	*R. Robinson*	573
Come Thou holy Paraclete	*from the Latin, tr. Neale*	259
Come Thou long-expected Jesus	*C. Wesley*	109
Come to me Lord when first I wake	*H. V. Tebbs*	17
Come to our dark nature's night	*G. Rawson*	260
Come to the morning prayer	*J. Montgomery*	11
Come unto Me ye weary	*W. C. Dix*	284
Come weary souls in Christ your Lord	*C. Wesley*	156
Come ye faithful raise the anthem	*Hupton & Neale*	553
Come ye sinners poor and wretched	*J. Hart*	169
Come ye thankful people come	*H. Alford*	57
Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile	*Editor*	597
Command Thy blessing from above	*J. Montgomery*	296
Conquering kings their titles take	*fr. the Latin, tr. Chandler*	101
Creator Spirit by whose aid	*J. Dryden*	256
Creator Spirit make Thy throne	*Veni Creator (tr. Ed.)*	252
Crown Him with many crowns	*M. Bridges*	235
Day of wrath O day of mourning	*from the Latin, tr. W. J. Irons*	76
Days and moments quickly flying	*E. Caswall*	98
Depth of mercy! can there be	*C. Wesley*	176
Do no sinful action	*C. Frances Alexander*	495
Draw nigh and take the body, &c.	*from the Latin, tr. Neale*	441
Draw nigh draw nigh Emmanuel	*from the Latin, tr. Neale*	67
Ere another Sabbath's close	*O. P. (1826)*	224
Eternal Father strong to save	*W. Whiting*	590
Fair waved the golden corn	*J. H. Gurney*	497

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
Far from my heavenly home	*H. F. Lyte*	155
Father again in Jesus' name we meet	*Lucy Whitmore*	24
Father before Thy throne of light	*F. W. Farrar*	418
Father breathe an evening blessing	*J. Edmeston and Ed.*	29
Father by Thy love and power	*J. Anstice*	37
Father hear Thy children's call	*T. B. Pollock*	166
Father I know that all my life	*Anna L. Waring*	303
Father let me dedicate	*L. Tuttiett*	102
Father name of love and fear	*J. Ellerton*	518
Father of heaven above	*Editor*	265
Father of heaven whose love profound	*E. Cooper*	263
Father of mercies in Thy word	*Ann Steele*	268
Father whate'er of earthly bliss	*Ann Steele*	292
Fierce raged the tempest	*G. Thring*	592
Fierce was the wild billow	*from the Greek, tr. Neale*	591
Fight the good fight, &c.	*J. S. B. Monsell*	375
For all the saints who from their labours rest	*W. W. How*	422
For all Thy saints O Lord	*R. Mant*	410
For ever ours	*Editor*	415
For ever with the Lord	*J. Montgomery*	247
For mercies countless as the sand	*W. Cowper*	564
For thee O dear dear country, part ii.	*fr. the Latin, tr. Neale*	249
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	*H. Downton*	97
Forth in Thy name O Lord I go	*C. Wesley*	16
Forty days and forty nights	*G. H. Smyttan*	142
Forward be our watchword	*H. Alford*	359
Fountain of good to own Thy love	*P. Doddridge*	428
From all that dwell below the skies	*I. Watts*	554
From all Thy saints in warfare, &c.	*H. Nelson*	403
From every stormy wind that blows	*H. Stowell*	275
From Greenland's icy mountains	*R. Heber*	126
From the guiding star that led	*Editor*	313
Gentle Jesu meek and mild	*C. Wesley*	465
Gentle Shepherd, &c.	*fr. the German, tr. C. Winkworth*	547
Give heed my heart, &c.	*fr. the German, tr. C. Winkworth*	475
Give me the wings of faith to rise	*I. Watts*	426
Glorious things of thee are spoken	*J. Newton*	398
Glory be to God the Father	*H. Bonar*	551
Glory be to Jesus	*fr. the Italian, tr. E. Caswall*	197
Glory to Thee my God this night	*T. Ken*	19
Glory to Thee, O Lord	*Emma Toke*	94
Glory to Thee who safe hast kept, part ii.	*T. Ken*	2
Glory to the King of glory	*Editor*	228
God moves in a mysterious way	*W. Cowper*	295
God of mercy loving all	*T. B. Pollock*	330
God of mercy throned on high	*H. Neele*	498
God of our fatherland	*Editor*	600
God of that glorious gift of grace	*J. S. B. Monsell*	454
God of the living in whose eyes	*J. Ellerton*	540
God save our gracious Queen	*National Anthem*	599
God that madest earth and heaven	*R. Heber and R. Whateley*	32
God the All-terrible, King who ordainest	*H. F. Chorley*	47
Go labour on spend and be spent	*H. Bonar*	347
Go when the morning shineth	*Jane L. Simpson*	273
Great God and wilt Thou condescend	*Ann Gilbert*	464
Great God of our salvation	*Editor*	379
Great God what do I see and hear	*based on the German*	74
Great High Priest we see Thee stooping	*J. Hart*	184
Great King of nations hear our prayer	*J. H. Gurney*	46
Great Shepherd of Thy people hear	*J. Newton*	385
Guide me O Thou great Jehovah	*W. Williams*	366

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
Hail the day that sees Him rise	*C. Wesley*	136
Hail Thou once despised Jesus	*J. Bakewell*	106
Hail Thou source of every blessing	*B. Woodd*	108
Hail to the Lord's anointed	*J. Montgomery*	141
Hallelujah hallelujah hearts to heaven	*C. Wordsworth*	214
Hark creation's Alleluia	*Editor*	120
Hark hark my soul angelic songs are swelling	*F. W. Faber*	419
Hark my soul it is the Lord	*W. Cowper*	319
Hark on high the joyful music	*J. M. Neale and others*	381
Hark the glad sound the Saviour comes	*P. Doddridge*	64
Hark the herald angels sing	*C. Wesley*	87
Hark the song of Jubilee	*J. Montgomery*	81
Hark the sound of holy voices	*C. Wordsworth*	427
Hark the swelling breezes	*H. B.*	114
Hark the voice of love and mercy	*J. Evans*	195
Hark 'tis the watchman's cry	*Anon*	66
Head of the church triumphant	*C. Wesley*	578
He is gone a cloud of light	*A. P. Stanley*	227
Here O my Lord I see Thee face to face	*H. Bonar*	444
Here we suffer grief and pain	*T. Bilby*	510
Hills of the north rejoice	*C. E. Oakley*	129
Holy Bible book divine	*J. Burton*	457
Holy Father hear me	*Editor*	15
Holy Ghost Illuminator, part ii.	*C. Wordsworth*	232
Holy holy holy Lord God Almighty	*R. Heber*	1
Holy offerings rich and rare	*J. S. B. Monsell*	303
Holy Saviour hear me	*T. B. Pollock*	540
Hosanna raise the pealing hymn	*W. H. Havergal*	430
Hosanna to the living Lord	*R. Heber*	217
How are Thy servants bless'd O Lord	*J. Addison*	588
How bright appears, &c.	*from the German, tr. Mercer*	110
How bright those glorious, &c.	*I. Watts and W. Cameron*	423
How shall a contrite spirit pray	*J. Montgomery*	146
How sweet the hour of closing day	*W. H. Bathurst*	515
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	*J. Newton*	318
Hush blessed are the dead	*Editor*	541
Hushed was the evening hymn	*J. D. Burns*	470
I am a stranger here	*T. R. Taylor*	570
I am not worthy holy Lord	*H. W. Baker*	448
I could not do without Thee	*Frances R. Havergal*	158
I gave My life for thee	*Frances R. Havergal*	340
I give myself to Thee	*Emily Symons*	505
I go the poor My poor are with you still	*Editor*	432
I have a home above	*H. Bennett*	245
I heard the voice of Jesus say	*H. Bonar*	285
I hunger and I thirst	*J. S. B. Monsell*	436
I know not what may befall me	*Mary G. Brainerd*	534
I know that my Redeemer lives	*S. Medley*	208
I lay my sins on Jesus	*H. Bonar*	163
I love to hear the story	*Emily Miller*	471
I sing the almighty power of God	*I. Watts*	484
I think when I read that sweet story of old	*Jemima Luke*	470
I want to be like Jesus	*W. M. Whittemore*	402
I'm kneeling at the threshold	*W. L. Alexander*	531
Immortal Love for ever full	*J. G. Whittier*	329
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer	*A. M. Toplady*	36
In the hour of trial	*J. Montgomery*	160
In token that thou shalt not fear	*H. Alford*	455
Is thy cruse of comfort wasting	*Elizabeth Rundle Charles*	595
It came upon the midnight clear	*E. H. Sears*	90
It is a thing most wonderful	*W. W. How*	482

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
It passeth knowledge that dear love of Thine	*Mary Shekleton*	317
I've found a Friend oh such a Friend	*J. G. Small*	306
Jerusalem my happy home	*Anon.*	239
Jerusalem on high	*S. Crossman*	244
Jerusalem the golden, part iii.	*from the Latin, tr. Neale*	249
Jesu from Thy throne on high	*T. B. Pollock*	514
Jesu in Thy dying woes	*T. B. Pollock*	200
Jesu lover of my soul	*C. Wesley*	299
Jesu meek and gentle	*G. R. Prynne*	368
Jesu my Lord my God my All	*H. Collins*	314
Jesu still lead on	*fr. the German, tr. Jane Borthwick*	369
Jesu Sun of righteousness	*fr. the German, tr. Jane Borthwick*	10
Jesu tender Shepherd hear me	*Mary L. Duncan*	463
Jesu these eyes have never seen	*Ray Palmer*	316
Jesu Thy blood and righteousness	*fr. the German, tr. J. Wesley*	288
Jesu to Thy table led	*R. H. Baynes*	437
Jesu we lift our souls to Thee	*T. Beck*	458
Jesu where'er Thy people meet	*W. Cowper*	386
Jesu with Thy church abide	*T. B. Pollock*	402
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	*C. Frances Alexander*	404
Jesus came, the heavens adoring	*G. Thring*	71
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	*Anon.*	211
Jesus I my cross have taken	*H. F. Lyte*	417
Jesus I rest on Thee	*J. G. Deck*	309
Jesus I will trust Thee	*Jane Walker*	305
Jesus lives :—thy terrors now	*fr. the German, tr. Frances E. Cox*	213
Jesus Lord of life and glory	*J. J. Cummins*	45
Jesus loves me this I know	*Annie L. Warner*	503
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*I. Watts*	122
Jesus stand among us	*W. Pennefather*	215
Jesus the very thought, &c.	*from the Latin, tr. E. Caswall*	315
Jesus Thou joy of loving hearts	*fr. the Latin, tr. Ray Palmer*	435
Jesus Thou wounded Lamb, &c.	*fr. the German, tr. J. Wesley*	339
Join all the glorious names	*I. Watts*	575
Joy fills our inmost heart to-day	*W. C. Dix*	88
Just as I am without one plea	*Charlotte Elliott*	159
King of Saints to whom the number	*J. Ellerton*	416
Lamb of God whose bleeding love	*C. Wesley*	447
Leader of faithful souls and guide	*C. Wesley*	367
Lead kindly Light amid the encircling gloom	*J. H. Newman*	22
Lead us heavenly Father lead us	*J. Edmeston*	363
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	*Charlotte Elliott*	238
Let us with a gladsome mind	*J. Milton*	574
Lift the strain of high thanksgiving	*J. Ellerton*	380
Lift up your heads eternal gates	*F. Pott*	231
Lift up your heads ye gates of brass	*J. Montgomery*	113
Light that from the dark abyss	*E. B. Birks*	82
Little drops of water	*E. C. Brewer*	493
Lo God is here let us adore	*fr. the German, tr. J. Wesley*	390
Lo He comes with clouds descending	*C. Wesley*	73
Lo round the throne at God's right hand	*Anon.*	424
Long did I toil and knew no earthly rest	*H. F. Lyte*	304
Long years I wandered far astray	*Editor*	342
Lord as to Thy dear cross we flee	*J. H. Gurney*	140
Lord cause Thy face on us to shine	*var. P. Doddridge*	50
Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing	*J. Fawcett*	396
Lord God the Holy Ghost	*J. Montgomery*	257
Lord her watch Thy Church is keeping	*H. Downton*	121
Lord I hear of showers of blessing	*Elizabeth Codner*	172

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
Lord I would own Thy tender care	*Jane Taylor*	704
Lord in the day Thou art about	*J. Mason*	34
Lord in this Thy mercy's day	*I. Williams*	141
Lord it belongs not to my care	*R. Baxter*	530
Lord Jesus are we one with Thee	*J. G. Deck*	195
Lord Jesus think on me	*A. W. Chatfield*	148
Lord of all power and might	*H. Stowell*	270
Lord of heaven and earth and ocean	*J. Cross*	62
Lord of mercy and of might	*R. Heber*	44
Lord of our life and God, &c.	*from the German, tr. P. Pusey*	48
Lord of the harvest Thee we hail	*J. H. Gurney*	321
Lord of the worlds above	*I. Watts*	383
Lord shall Thy children come to Thee	*S. Hinds*	615
Lord speak to me that I may speak	*Frances R. Havergal*	543
Lord teach us how to pray aright	*J. Montgomery*	6
Lord Thy ransomed church is waking	*Sarah G. Stock*	119
Lord Thy word abideth	*H. W. Baker*	207
Lord to whom except to Thee	*J. S. B. Monsell*	470
Lord when Thy kingdom comes	*W. D. Maclagan*	104
Lord when we bend before Thy throne	*J. D. Carlyle*	102
Love divine all love excelling	*C. Wesley*	324
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep	*Jane E. Leeson*	302
Mighty Father blessed Son	*J. S. B. Monsell*	40
More holiness give me more strivings within	*P. Bliss*	590
My blessed Saviour is Thy love	*S. Stennett*	721
My faith looks up to Thee	*Ray Palmer*	269
My Father for another night	*H. W. Baker*	3
My God accept my heart this day	*M. Bridges*	516
My God and is Thy table spread	*P. Doddridge*	493
My God how endless is Thy love	*I. Watts*	7
My God how wonderful Thou art	*F. W. Faber*	311
My God is any hour so sweet	*Charlotte Elliott*	12
My God I thank Thee	*Adelaide A. Procter*	571
My God my Father dost Thou call	*Editor*	113
My God my Father let me rest	*Editor*	348
My God my Father while I stray	*Charlotte Elliott*	571
My God the spring of all my joys	*I. Watts*	382
My hope is built on nothing less	*E. Mote*	294
My Saviour can it ever be	*J. Keble*	253
My times are in Thy hand	*W. P. Lloyd*	163
Nearer my God to Thee	*ver. Sarah Adams*	324
New every morning is the love	*J. Keble*	5
No not despairingly	*H. Bonar*	157
Not far from Jordan's ford	*Editor*	118
Not unto us but Thee O Lord	*ver. from C. Wesley*	302
Not worthy Lord to gather up the crumbs	*Editor*	443
Now I have found the ground, &c.	*fr. the German, tr. J. Wesley*	290
Now thank we all our God	*fr. the Ger., tr. Cath. Winkworth*	55
Now the day is over	*S. Baring Gould*	109
Now the labourer's task is o'er	*J. Ellerton*	344
O bless the Lord my soul	*I. Watts*	570
O brothers lift your voices	*Editor*	128
O Christ the Lord of heaven to Thee	*Ray Palmer*	587
O Christ Thou hast ascended	*Editor*	240
O come all ye faithful	*from the Latin, tr. F. Oakeley*	66

Hymns beginning with the word *Oh* are printed in this Index as if they began with O, for facility of reference.

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
O come and mourn with me awhile	*var. F. W. Faber*	190
O Comfort to the weary	*T. R. Birks*	525
O day of rest and gladness	*C. Wordsworth*	218
O Father who hast given Thine only Son	*Editor*	453
O for a closer walk with God	*W. Cowper*	164
O for a faith that will not shrink	*W. H. Bathurst*	281
O for a heart to praise my God	*C. Wesley*	332
O for a thousand tongues to sing	*C. Wesley*	565
O God I love Thee not that my, &c.	*from the Latin, tr. Ed.*	312
O God of Bethel by whose hand	*P. Doddridge*	104
O God our help in ages past	*I. Watts*	279
O God our strength our hope our rock	*Editor*	457
O God the Rock of Ages	*Editor*	96
O God unseen yet ever near	*E. Osler*	442
O happy band of pilgrims	*based on the Greek by Neale*	360
O happy feet that tread	*W. W. How*	387
O Holy Father who in tender love	*Editor*	439
O Holy Saviour Friend unseen	*Charlotte Elliott*	536
O Holy Spirit whom our Master sent	*J. Ellerton*	139
O Jesu consecrate to God always	*Editor*	99
O Jesu crucified for man	*W. W. How*	42
O Jesus I have promised	*J. E. Bode*	519
O Jesus Lord of heavenly grace	*fr. the Latin, tr. J. Chandler*	4
O Jesus Thou art standing	*W. W. How*	175
O King of mercy from Thy throne on high	*T. R. Birks*	452
O let him whose sorrow	*fr. the German, tr. Frances E. Cox*	307
O Light of Light whose glory is to dwell	*Editor*	93
O Light whose beams illumine all	*E. H. Plumptre*	337
O Lord how happy should we be	*J. Anstice*	291
O Lord my God do Thou Thy holy will	*J. Keble*	297
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	*C. Wordsworth*	429
O Lord our hearts would give Thee praise	*Anon.*	490
O Lord turn not Thy face from me	*var. from J. Marckant*	548
O Lord within Thy sacred gates	*from the German, tr. J. Wesley*	384
O Love divine how sweet Thou art	*C. Wesley*	325
O Paradise O Paradise	*F. W. Faber*	532
O perfect life of love	*H. W. Baker*	199
O perfect Love all human thought, &c.	*Dorothy Blomfield*	524
O quickly come dread Judge of all	*L. Tuttiett*	69
O render thanks to God above	*Tate and Brady*	552
O Rock of Ages one foundation	*H. A. Martin*	414
O Rock of Ages since on Thee	*Ray Palmer*	296
O sacred Head once wounded	*fr. the German, tr. J. W. Alexander*	192
O Saviour bless us ere we go	*F. W. Faber*	31
O Saviour I have nought to plead	*Jane Crewdson*	537
O Saviour may we never rest	*W. H. Bathurst*	343
O Saviour precious Saviour	*Frances R. Havergal*	561
O Saviour who in love didst take	*J. S. B. Monsell*	409
O Son of God our Captain of salvation	*J. Ellerton*	412
O Spirit of the living God	*J. Montgomery*	53
O Strength and Stay upholding all creation	*J. Ellerton*	23
O the bitter shame and sorrow	*T. Monod*	333
O Thou from whom all goodness flows	*T. Haweis*	154
O Thou to whose all-searching sight	*fr. the German, tr. J. Wesley*	161
O Thou who camest from above	*C. Wesley*	14
O Thou who by a star didst guide	*J. M. Neale*	105
O Thou who makest souls to shine	*J. Armstrong*	51
O Thou whose wondrous love had given	*Editor*	310
O why should Israel's sons once blessed	*J. Joyce*	116
O Word Incarnate full of grace	*T. R. Birks*	100
O Word of God incarnate	*W. W. How*	269
O worship the King all glorious above	*R. Grant*	579

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
Of the Father's love begotten	*from the Latin, tr. Neale*	85
Oft in danger oft in woe	*var. Kirke White*	361
Once in royal David's city	*C. Frances Alexander*	474
Once more with chastened joy	*W. Pennefather*	309
One sweetly solemn thought	*Phœbe Carey*	35
One there is above all others	*Marianne Nunn*	478
On the resurrection morning	*S. Baring Gould*	203
Onward Christian soldiers	*S. Baring Gould*	357
Our bless'd Redeemer ere He breathed	*Harriet Auber*	291
Our day of praise is done	*J. Ellerton*	223
Peace perfect peace in this dark world of sin	*Editor*	280
Pleasant are Thy courts above	*H. F. Lyte*	380
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high	*J. Montgomery*	506
Praise my soul the King of heaven	*H. F. Lyte*	580
Praise O praise our God and King	*H. W. Baker*	58
Praise the Lord His glories show	*H. F. Lyte*	576
Praise the Lord through, &c.	*fr. the Dutch, tr. J. Montgomery*	586
Praise the Lord ye heavens adore Him	*Anon.*	582
Praise to God immortal praise	*Anna L. Barbauld*	60
Praise to the Heavenly Wisdom	*J. Ellerton*	408
Praise to the Holiest in the height	*J. H. Newman*	136
Pray always pray	*Editor*	272
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	*J. Montgomery*	274
Quiet Lord my froward heart	*J. Newton*	340
Rejoice all ye believers	*fr. the Ger., tr. Sarah Findlater*	78
Rejoice believer in the Lord	*J. Newton*	293
Rejoice the Lord is King	*C. Wesley*	520
Rejoice to day with one accord	*H. W. Baker*	63
Rejoice ye pure in heart	*E. H. Plumptre*	572
Rest in the Lord from harps above	*Editor*	523
Rescue the perishing	*Frances J. Van Alstyne*	179
Return O wanderer to thy home	*T. Hastings*	171
Revive Thy work O Lord	*A. Midlane*	107
Ride on ride on in majesty	*H. H. Milman*	181
Rock of ages cleft for me	*A. M. Toplady*	151
Sabbath of the saints of old	*T. Whytehead*	202
Safe in the arms of Jesus	*Frances J. Van Alstyne*	301
Saviour again to Thy dear name we raise	*J. Ellerton*	395
Saviour blessed Saviour, &c.	*G. Thring*	374
Saviour sprinkle many nations	*A. C. Coxe*	125
Saviour when in dust to Thee	*R. Grant*	46
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph	*C. Wordsworth*	232
See the destined day rise	*R. Mant*	185
Shall we gather at the river	*var. R. Lowry*	510
Shine Thou upon us Lord	*J. Ellerton*	345
Sinful sighing to be blest	*J. S. B. Monsell*	145
Sing Alleluia forth, &c.	*fr. the Latin, tr. J. Ellerton*	555
Sinners turn why will ye die	*C. Wesley*	170
Soldiers of Christ arise	*C. Wesley*	354
Sometimes a light surprises	*W. Cowper*	583
Songs of praise the angels sang	*J. Montgomery*	135
Souls of men why will ye scatter	*F. W. Faber*	178
Sow in the morn thy seed	*J. Montgomery*	346
Speed Thy servants Saviour speed them	*T. Kelly*	127
Spirit blest who art adored	*T. B. Pollock*	262
Spirit Divine attend our prayers	*A. Reed*	255
Spirit of mercy truth and love	*Anon.*	250
Stand soldier of the cross	*Editor*	459

FIRST LINE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	NO.
Stand up and bless the Lord	*J. Montgomery*	566
Stand up stand up for Jesus	*G. Duffield*	355
Sun of my soul Thou Saviour dear	*J. Keble*	21
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